

THE HURON SIGNAL

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Book and Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

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Any individual in the country becoming responsible for six subscribers, shall receive a seventh copy gratis.

All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid, or they will not be taken out of the post office.

Terms of Advertising—Six lines and under, first insertion, 20 2 6

Dr. P. A. McDOUGALL, CAN be consulted at all hours, at the Medical Office, Boarding House, formerly the Hotel, Goderich, April 29th, 1852.

IRA LEWIS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c. West-street, Goderich, 2nd Jan. 1850.

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

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

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

WILLIAM REED, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, &c. Light-house-street, Goderich, October 23, 1849.

HURON HOTEL, BY JAMES GENTLES, Goderich—Attention! Hostelry always on hand. The dining room is supplied with the best of everything, and the accommodation is of the most comfortable description. Rooms for hire by the day or week, at moderate rates. The dining room is supplied with the best of everything, and the accommodation is of the most comfortable description.

STRACHAN AND BROTHER, Barrister and Attorneys 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.

MISS E. SHARMAN, (From Manchester, England.) MILLINER and DRESS MAKER.

W. H. WATSON, (3 doors East of the Canada Co. Office.) WHERE she intends to carry on the above business. Dresses made in the very latest fashions.

A. NASMYTH, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, One door West Street, Goderich, Feb. 19, 1852.

WANTED. SHOES, who will find constant employment and good wages, by applying at the Shop of the subscriber, West-street, Goderich. BUSTARD GREEN.

VICTORIA HOTEL, WEST STREET, GODERICH, (Near the Market Square.) BY MESSRS. JOHN & ROBT. DONOGH.

WASHINGTON Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co., CAPITAL \$1,000,000.

MR. JOHN MACARA, BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office: Ontario Building, King-st. opposite the Gore Bank and the Bank of British North America. Hamilton, 4 10

DR. HYNDMAN, QUICK'S TAVERN, London Road, May 1851.

JAMES WOODS, AUCTIONEER, is prepared to attend Public Sales in any part of the United Counties, on moderate terms.

STEFAN 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.

W. R. SIMPSON, (LATE HOPE, BIRRELL & Co.) ROGERS, Wine Merchants, Fruiterers and Grocers, No. 17 Dundas Street, London, C. W.

ROWLAND WILLIAMS, ATTORNEY, is prepared to attend Sales in any part of the United Counties, on the most liberal terms.

MARK LOT, are situated on ridge Street, in Pentastagon.

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, Ship, and Goods.

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

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

HORACE HORTON, [Market Square, Goderich.] AGENT for the Provincial Mutual and General Insurance Co., Toronto.

POETRY. INFLUENCES. FROM THE ATHENÆUM.

God's world is passing into ours; Its beauty, silent, ripe and sweet.

The sun round whom the planets glide, The moon that gives the light she takes.

The granite rock on which we stand, Level or slanted, slate or stone.

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solid excrementa, 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...

THE next morning came. An early breakfast was not 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...

STRACHAN.—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 spermaceti candle.

LITERATURE. FROM THE AMERICAN ULANS. 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 untried. They had accomplished the aims and ambition of four years of close labor, and now sat silent contemplating the wondrous change that awaited them.

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 verandah before the house, when young Jordan remarked to his companion that he wished to know what might be his pleasure during the day.

'Just what yours,' 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—'

Judson Jordan paused at this point. How it happened he probably might not be able to explain himself.

'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.'

'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 find you fishing, 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.

'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 not 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.

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

'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 Judson. '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 Judson.

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

'Perhaps,' thought Judson, 'there may be yet some things he will like just as well.'

Presently Judson thought gave him no present uneasiness.

They wheeled and rode up the long and winding avenue, beset on both sides by a tripling growth of various evergreens. Arriving near the door, they dismounted, and secured their horses. Judson 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 of one of her wood 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 perfectly 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—admired 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 Judson 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—no matter what they might have thought, or what they did think.

Judson 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. Judson 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.

They took up college topics, and chatted upon them as long as they yielded interest. Then they ran on, through high-way and bye-ways, until they touched upon the subject of nature. Here Agnes seemed entirely at home, and Judson no less so.

Motley—stunned, rather than talked, and they did not have thought him intent only upon a subject.

When the moment of leave taking came, the emotions were freely pressed upon both the minds to make the house of Agnes. Whiting their stopping-place, as frequently as they ventured, or desired to venture, in that direction.

The consequence naturally was, the young man made frequent visits together at the sequestered retreat of Agnes, where they enjoyed to their heart's desire the society of a charming girl as well as to be found the object of a projected ride 'over to Miss Whiting's.'

A beautiful morning, perhaps more beautiful than summer mornings ordinarily are, entered the two young men out, and as a matter quite to be expected, they rode to the house of Agnes. They found her at home, sitting in the cool shade of the broad piazzas. The refreshing wind blew pleasantly through the pendulous boughs, as through a well formed lattice. In the shaded distance the water slept quietly in the cool shadows, and lay lovingly against the soft banks of emerald. It was a serene and soothing spectacle.

When they first caught a glimpse of her, sitting upon the piazza, clad, to wit, in spotless and attractive white, she seemed to them to be some angel who might have stolen away to this romantic seclusion, and there taken up a long residence. Motley wondered within himself whether she might be really human.

In a few moments they were with her, chatting gayly and agreeably. On some pretext or another, perhaps to volunteer his unaided services in gathering the white lilies in the distant pond for Agnes, Judson absented himself, leaving her and his friend on the piazza together.

It was a most unfortunate hour for the devoted absent one, though his own heart was filled with nothing but trust.

William Motley told Agnes the story of his brief, but burning love. The words slipped from his lips almost before he knew it. They fell upon her ear with a strange and fascinating power. She was quite spell-bound.

Mr. Jordan sat alone in speechless amazement.

Presently, however, she returned again. She brought a letter in her hand, whose seal had been broken. Handing it to Judson she observed to him—

'I owe, perhaps, a full explanation as to why I have changed in my feelings to you, and you will find it all in there.'

Judson took the letter from her hand, and glanced at the superscription. He was thunderstruck with surprise.

He opened it and read. It was, briefly, an abstract of some one's estimate of his character. If ever a fiend went deliberately to work to accomplish the destruction of another, then assuredly the author of this letter was the fiend—Charges were heaped plentifully against him, of whose foundation neither he nor any one else had the least idea. It was, altogether a most base and malicious production.

Yet so artfully had it been got together, and presented to the attention of Agnes, that it had already wrought the whole effect desired in its origin.

For some moments after reading it, Judson was quite unable to speak. Gathering courage and strength, however, with necessity, he said—

'You believe this Agnes, do you?'

'It has its influence on my mind,' replied she.

'So unfortunately seems; and rather than attempt the refutation of any of these charges at the time, I will have you to your own conclusions. It is hard, Agnes—very hard, but time will work out greater changes than these.'

And he took his hat, and bade her good morning. He had the author of the letter was William Motley.

He had found it necessary to take this first and fearful step, to supplant his old friend in the trustful and true affections of Agnes.

Three months intervened. On a cold and rainy day in early December, a letter reached Agnes, directed in an unknown hand.

She took it and hastily broke the seal. It simply enclosed a slip of paper, clipped from a city daily. She took it between her fingers and read.

It contained the intelligence of the arrest of Mr. William Motley, of Philadelphia, for being implicated in the crime of forgery to a large amount.

Good order, we skip over all else. Agnes instantly sent for her old lover, confessed to him her deep and hasty wrong, begun only on the impulse of prejudice and scandalous report, and desired to be as much his friend as she ever was before. Nay—soon she was more than friend to him. She was his wife.

And Judson Jordan had his own character abundantly vindicated, if it needed it, while that of his old friend was quite as thoroughly explained and illustrated.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. The editor of the Boston Bee is a wag, and a gallant as well. He puts forth queer essays, and his little paper is called "Freedom of the Press," in not a little peculiar. Take an extract from it by way of a specimen:

Arrog! her waist I put my arm— It felt as soft as a cake: "Oh dear!" says she "what liberty you Printer men do take!"

"Why yes, my Gal, my charming Gal!" (I sneezed her some, I guess.) "Can you say no, my chick, against The Freedom of the Press."

I kissed her some—did my gum— She coloured like a beet: Upon my living soul she looked Almost too good to eat!

I gave her another kiss, and then— Says she "I do confess, I rather sorter kinder like The Freedom of the Press."

The Boston Commonwealth says that fifteen or twenty young ladies belonging to that city, have hired a house for the season, on the White Mountains, near Conway, where they are keeping "bachelor's hall," wearing the bloomer dress, hunting, fishing, picking berries, and enjoying themselves immensely.

ATTEMPTED FLIGHT OF THE TOPE The following extraordinary story is told in the Official Gazette of Savoy: "According to a letter from Genoa, Pisa IX. had actually attempted to make his escape from Porto d'Anzio, and was only prevented from effecting his design by the impossibility of getting out of the reach of Capt. Oliver's steamer, which accompanied him under the pretext of showing him respect."

On that day nearly one hundred young men were to enter upon life from the shaded recesses of academic existence. It was a new step for them all. Some regarded it with thoughtless indifference. Some imagined they were just free from some tyrannical thraldom. And there were others still, who shrink from the rude jostle and contact they had it not in their power to avoid.

It was a brilliant scene, and Judson Jordan acquitted himself of his allotted part with unusual credit. At the sunset hour having assembled on the Lawn before the College Buildings, the students took a final leave of each other, some of them never to resemble in that hall forever.

Judson and William Motley grasped each other hand with fervor, and bade each other "god-speed" through life.

Scarcely a month had passed away since the annual festival, so full of sad realities to young Judson Jordan, and he sat by the side of Agnes again.

He had been absent from her a much longer time than usual, and his heart almost imagined him that she—even such an one as Agnes—might in that comparatively brief time have changed. Perhaps it was only the shape some gloomy fancy had finally taken; yet it was the profit of much pain to him.

It was impossible for him not to remark the decided dignity, not to call it affected hauteur, with which she both greeted and continued to entertain him. Agnes, plainly enough to him, was not the Agnes of his other days. She shortly appeared to him not the old Agnes at all.

He ventured, at length, to ask the cause of this unexpected change in her feelings towards him.

At first, she made no reply. She must have been puzzled and embarrassed. But he urged her to make plain to him.

And then she entered upon her explanation. "She did so, too, in this way."

"That my regard for you has greatly subsided," Mr. Jordan said, with dignity, "you cannot have failed yourself to notice. It cannot be disguised. It is quite too true to admit of concealment."

She paused a moment.

"But what can be the reason of this Agnes?" inquired he, with impatience.

We have received the first number of a new weekly Reform Journal called the Leeds Free Press...

The Bears are pretty numerous in the settlements around Stratford...

We have also received the Conservative Express... a new Journal published at Stratford by Henry Rice...

DEATH BY DROWNING.—On the afternoon of Wednesday the 20th inst., a child the only son of Mr. Robert McLean...

DEMONSTRATION.—The County Council for the United Counties of Huron, Perth and Bruce...

Resolved, That the undersigned, members of the Municipal Council of the United Counties of Huron, Perth and Bruce...

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CONSUMPTION.—Every body knows it is a fatal disease. It commences and progresses so insidiously...

Births.—At East Oxford on the 9th inst., the wife of Jas. Rice, of a son.

AUSTRALIA.—Pioneer Line of Packets, sailing monthly for Port Phillip and Sydney.

WILL send the "Ones" as fifth ship of this line, and sail from New York punctually on the 20th November...

THE DOLLAR OF \$2 will be given to any person or persons who will give information that will lead to the discovery of the person or persons who entered...

AUSTRALIA.—PIONEER LINE OF CLIPPER SHIPS.

THE Subscriber will act at Stratford as Agent in directing passengers who intend going by this Line...

WILLIAM MALCOLM.—BEGS leave to request the inhabitants of the Towns of Huron, Perth and Bruce that he is now opening on his premises...

POCKET BOOK LOST.—On Saturday the 25th inst., between Oxford and Mr. D. Mann's Inn, Huron Road, containing four notes of hand...

NOTICE.—A Nice Parlor Stove for the small room of one dollar. Enquire at the Sign Office.

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—THIS Subscriber having been appointed Agent of the "CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO." is prepared to receive proposals for Assurance...

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the remaining CROWN LANDS in ASHFIELD and WAWANOSH are now open FOR SALE.

NOTICE.—ON Account of a non completion of the Subscribers' NAMES they have been unable to open at the time specified in their advertisement...

GOOD NEWS.—CHEAP GOODS at Port Albert, who calls there will find The Goods wait, the fashion, the price, the mind...

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—THE Subscriber offers for sale that commodious Brick Dwelling House...

FOR SALE, BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.—CRATES of Common Crockery, which will be disposed of at very low Rates.

CROWN LANDS DEPARTMENT.—Quebec 20th August, 1852. NOTICE is hereby given, that the same parties are desirous of further time to examine the timber Berths...

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.—H. BARTER, Merchant Tailor, would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Goderich and surrounding country...

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.—TENDERS will be received on or before Saturday the 16th of October, (instant) for the erection of a Brick Building...

NOTICE.—The Subscriber having been appointed Agent of the "CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO." is prepared to receive proposals for Assurance...

NEW HARDWARE STORE.—WHOLESALE & RETAIL.—"WALLACE BUILDING" MAIN ST., GALT.

CAPRON & Co.—CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.—THIS extensive Carriage Manufacturing Establishment is now in full operation...

ATTACHMENT.—By virtue of a Writ of Attachment issued out of the County Court for the United Counties of Huron, Perth and Bruce...

1852! 1852! BRANTFORD FOUNDRY.—THE SUBSCRIBERS are now making 50 of PATENT UNVALUED SEPARATE TORS, with improvements for this year...

BLANK DEEDS and Memorials, with and without Dower, for sale at the Office.

NOTICE.—THE Subscriber offers for sale one hundred acres of excellent land, 45 acres cleared and well fenced...

FARM FOR SALE.—The Subscriber offers for sale one hundred acres of excellent land, 45 acres cleared and well fenced...

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