HURON SIGNAL.

THURSDAY. SEPTEMBER 5. 1850.

EVIL RESULTS OF THE PRINTING PRESS.

We have frequently had occasion to lament the occurrence of the printing press being under the control of unprincipled, illiterate, or inexperienced men—or in the hands of what Sir Allan McNab would call "rif-raf,"—men who have no responsibility, either in character or means.—Under such circumstances, the press will, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, be productive of much positive evil, without even a single possibility of producing positive good. In fact, it is a serious calamity. Goderich has, perhaps, been subjected to a greater amount of this calamity during the last two years and a half than any other Town in Canada, and the cause of this may be stated in a few words. A number of individuals calling themselves the Conservative party, having got hold of a printing press, not by the most honorable means imaginable, (as Mr. Prescott of Buffalo can testify,) are ambitious to establish a Newspaper in the Conservative interest. The thing is utterly impracticable and hopeless, and a moment's reflection to a man of ordinary intellect, would convince him of the folly of such an attempt. The people of these United Counties, and especially the reading portion of them, are essentially Radical in their political sentiments. And although embarrassed circumstances and an undue influence might necessitate them to vote for a Tory candidate at the poll—no influence and no embarrassment can induce them to read or pay for a Tory paper. Now, supposing there are in the Conservative party of the United Counties of Huron, Perth and Bruce, *two hundred* men who are both *able* and willing to pay for a Tory paper, (and this is considerably above the mark,) still, in a place where there is so very little advertising, a paper published with two, three, or even *four hundred* paying subscribers, must be published at a weekly loss of at least *ten dollars*—that is, including the expenses of office rent, postages, and printers' wages. The parties who have control of the press in Goderich, and who, in defiance of every *reasonable* calculation, endeavor to establish a paper, have nothing to lose in the speculation—they are unable to pay a man capable of conducting a paper—they are utterly incapable of doing so themselves. And thus the paper hobbles on from week to week, now edited by one who steals a part of Roebuck's talented speech on the Colonies, and foists it on the readers as an editorial article,—next week, edited by another who strings a few common-place remarks together on some passing event that is engaging public attention, and the third week by a *fresh* hand who deals in squibs and falsehoods, merely to shew that he is in opposition to the *Huron Signal*.—These may all be clever men, in their own way—perhaps good business men—good professional men, or even what is commonly called "good scholars." But, certainly, we are not undervaluing their respective abilities when we say that beyond giving a common description of some occurrence that had come under their own observation—or writing a plain letter or communication on some subject, either relating to themselves personally, or to something or somebody in the immediate locality—or fabricating a few squibs, they are entirely ignorant of the art of literary composition. There is not one man among them capable of taking hold of any subject either in politics or in any other branch of useful knowledge, and writing a good, sound, substantial, common-sense article on it—nor of delivering such ideas or opinions on it as will cause it to be either read or quoted beyond the immediate locality. And thus the circulation of the paper is, with a very few exceptions, arising from personal friendship or acquaintance, confined to the county in which it is published, and even there is supported and read only by a very small portion of the population, merely as an opposition to the *Huron Signal*. The positive evil which it inflicts on the community arises from the preposterous notions which the little party entertain of the nature of *opposition*. We can safely aver that during the two brief periods which a Conservative paper has struggled for existence in Goderich, not one of the writers or *editors*, (if they please) has ever attempted to take hold of a single principle advocated by the *Huron Signal*, either in politics or philosophy, and tried to shew that it was either false or impracticable. The *Huron Signal* has been characterized by as many original articles on various subjects, as perhaps any other local Journal in Upper Canada, during the period of its existence. Many of these articles have propounded opinions altogether in opposition to the popular notions, and the fact that many of them have obtained a far more extended publicity from other respectable Journals, than they could possibly have gained through the circulation of the *Huron Signal*, satisfies us that they were not entirely unworthy of notice. Now, had the Conservative Editors of Goderich laid hold of these articles, and shewn, by fair logical reasoning, that they were false or pernicious, such conduct would have deserved the name of "opposition." But the opposition which the *Signal* has encountered, is of a different, and, certainly, of a very inferior cast;—for instance—certain individuals through mere party influence, for the accomplishment of the basest party purposes, are elected as Town Councillors. The Editor of the *Signal*, in duty to the public feels bound to denounce such proceedings, and to point out the reasons why these men should not be entrusted with the management of the Corporation. This [illegible] tion—not in the shape of an Editorial article, shewing that our statements were false—not in an attempt to shew that the individuals whom we objected to are respectable, trustworthy men, and really eligible and qualified to act as Town Councillors, but in the shape of a simultaneous attack from a nest of incensed *hornets*. Every man of the little party who can spell the common words of the English language, sallies forth into print, with his silly, scurrilous vituperation against the personal character of Thomas McQueen! This is no *opposition*. The public have a right and an interest in knowing the real character of men who are *boring* themselves into the management of the public business: but the public has neither right nor interest in the personal character of Thomas McQueen, so long as he is not a candidate for popular favors. The writers of the Conservative party, in Goderich, are incapable of understanding this important distinction, and hence the readers of the *Huron Loyalist* were lately compelled to pay for five columns of the veriest billingsgate, in which the name of Thomas McQueen flourished largely in almost every paragraph!

In noticing the visit of the Governor General to Goderich, last week, we felt proud in awarding a full measure of credit to the Conservative party for their courtesy and truly becoming conduct towards His Excellency. The writers of the *Loyalist* foolishly supposed that they, as the *opposition*, were bound to differ from our statements by publishing daring falsehoods! and accordingly they have recorded to the disgrace of the Town generally, and of the Conservative party in particular, that His Excellency was *groaned* at and insulted by certain party *cries* and expressions of popular disapprobation! Now, this is a very foolish kind of opposition, and can only be productive of positive evil to the interests of the whole community. It arises from the ignorance and lack of principle in those few reckless and *irresponsible* individuals who have got control of the printing press. And we cannot possibly avoid the conclusion that the respectable portion of the Conservative party, by supporting a press under such injudicious control, and under such hopeless circumstances, are to a very considerable extent implicated in the *production* of the evil. The paper cannot, even with the utmost exertions of the whole Goderich Conservatives in its behalf, exist twelve months from this date—it could not exist *one* month were the respectable men of the party to withdraw their countenance and support, and however reasonable or natural it may be to support a paper in the interest of their own party, certainly no man pretending to any share of moral feeling, can be justified in countenancing a thing which can only be productive of evil. We do not write these sentiments from a selfish motive, nor from a fear that the *Huron Loyalist* will injure us in a pecuniary way, for, any one in our office can testify to the fact that our subscription list has increased very considerably since the *Loyalist* was started. But we have a decided hatred to all abuses of the power of the printing press—we detest falsehood—we are solicitous for the prosperity and character of our County—and certainly, the Conservative papers which have been got up in Goderich, although patronized *specially* by parties who have a much deeper interest in the prosperity of Huron than we have, cannot be viewed as an acquisition to the reputation of the place.

☞ Since writing the foregoing remarks, the following declaration has been handed us for publication. It is highly creditable to the Town, and complimentary to the Conservatives in particular, bearing, as it does, the names of some of the most respectable men in the party.

GODERICH, Sept. 4th, 1850.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HURON SIGNAL.

SIR,—In an Editorial of the *Huron Loyalist* of the 29th August, in speaking of the Governor General's visit to Goderich, the writer says, "When the *Mohawk* came to her moorings, an *attempt* was made to get up a cheer for his Excellency, which was a sickening effort, and proved a decided failure. * * * Such a reception for a Governor General was truly lamentable and heart-sickening to every British subject. * * * On his departure, three cheers were proposed, by John Stewart, Esq., for 'The British Navy,' which were heartily responded to by the people. Three *groans* were also given for 'Lord Elgin,' amidst cries of 'No Rebel-payers'—'No French Governor for a British Colony,' &c. &c. mingled with the *faint* cheers of the Radical opposition."

And believing, Sir, that the publication of such statements must necessarily be injurious to the character, and consequently to the prosperity of the Town, in so far as the *Huron Loyalist* may be read, credited, or quoted, we, the undersigned members of the Deputations, and others, that waited on His Excellency, feel bound in duty to the character of the Town of Goderich, and more especially in duty to the sacred cause of truth, publicly to declare that the above statements of the *Huron Loyalist* are utterly false and unfounded.

John Galt, Registrar.
P. A. McDougall, M. D.*
James Watson, J. P.*
Geo. Brown, Jr., County Treasurer.*
Benj. Parsons, Mayor.
Dan. Lizars, Clerk of the Peace.*
John Clark, Crown Lands Agent.*
John Longworth.*
Wm. Story.
William Wallace, Town Reeve.
Robert Moderwell, J. P.
John Kay.
James Porter.
Thomas Kydd, Town Clerk.
Christopher Crabb, Town Councillor.
Rev. Charles Fletcher.
Horace Horton, Town Councillor.
Jacob Seegmiller, J. P.*
R. Gibbons, J. P., Town Councillor.
Dan. Henley, Town Councillor.
James Bisset, Town Councillor.
Joseph Herr.

Those marked thus* were members of the Sheriff's Deputation. The absence of the Sheriff at present will account for the omission of his name.

"THE COLONEL AGAIN!"

AMONG the very latest of the REMARKABLES is an attempt of our highly-gifted friend, the dauntless Col. of the *First Hurons*, and *ex*-proprietor of the *Huron Loyalist*, to ruin our editorial reputation! In a letter to the *imaginary* Editor of the *Loyalist* on Thursday last, the Hero of the sword says:—

"In a late Ayrshire paper I met with the following puff:—'The following poem is from the pen of Mr. Thomas McQueen, formerly mason at Bar Kip, Ayrshire, now editor and proprietor of the *Huron Signal*, one of the most tastfully conducted of Canadian newspapers.'"

What a humiliating affair! An Ayrshire Editor—an Editor of our native town telling his readers that Thomas McQueen was once a Mason at Barkip! A fact which every schoolboy in Ayrshire (we might say in the west of Scotland), knew just as well as the Editor himself! We do not know which of the two Ayr papers the gallant Colonel is in the habit of reading. We do not know what poem of ours the Ayr Editor had been giving to his readers, but we *do* know that no Editor in Ayrshire nor in Scotland, would introduce Thomas McQueen or his poetry in exactly the language which A. F. Morgan has here quoted. The Colonel, however, feels mortified with the Ayrshire Editor's opinion of the *Huron Signal*—and after calling it a "*puff*," exclaims "*O Tempora, O Moses.*" When an Editor *puffs* either for reward or friendship, he at least expects that the person so favored will have an opportunity of seeing it.—But the Editor of the Ayr paper could have no such expectation, for we do not exchange with any of them, and rarely ever see one of their papers. And, certainly the Colonel might have saved his Latin exclamation, for, the question which will naturally present itself to every reasonable man is, simply, whether the Editor of a Scotch newspaper or A. F. Morgan of Goderich is likeliest to be the best judge of newspaper writing! We do not pretend to understand the gallant Colonel's allusion to an attempt to foist us upon the Book Club as a member. We can only say that if ever such an attempt was made by any of the members, it was *without any request of ours*. For, however much we may value the friendship of some gentlemen in Goderich, there is no man or no club, either in Goderich or elsewhere, on which we have the slightest desire to be *foisted*—in short, we do not possess one particle of that crawling, lick-spittal disposition which the school-boys are beginning to call "*Morganism!*" It may be all well enough now for the Hero of a thousand eating-matches, to blubber and whine about the harshness of the *Signal* towards him! But the man who could publish such an article as appeared in the seventh number of the *Huron Loyalist*, over the name of A. F. Morgan, must aggravate his cowardice by a fearful amount of impudence before he dares to expect lenity. He chose his man and his weapons, and he must now take them as he finds them. We do not intend to bore our readers with such an insignificant subject; and when we we do notice him it is for his own good. We saw that two or three cormorants, merely for sake of a feed or a few dollars, had puffed the poor creature into the delusive notion that he is *somebody*—we are anxious to disabuse him of this delusion, and to convince him that he is *nobody*—we believe we are succeeding, and we feel confident that we have the good wishes of the town for our success.

But, in speaking of "*puffing*," did ever any body see Colonel Morgan or his poetry puffed in a newspaper? Yes! the brave Colonel puffed himself lustily in last week's *Loyalist*, and we have seen a puff by Dr. Stewart, late Editor of the Kingston Argus, which is very *gratifying*.

☞ The *Lanark Observer* is the title of a very neatly got up and interesting sheet, which has just reached us from the thriving Village of Lanark in the county of the same name. It is liberal in politics, but is chiefly intended as a Family paper, being principally devoted to polite literature and the more useful departments of science. It is to be published semi-monthly, and if the first number can be taken as a fair specimen of the future, we have no doubt of its success in the intelligent County of Lanark.

☞ Our remarks on the Show of Fall Wheat have been left out for want of space, but will appear in our next.

☞ The communication referred to by our Stratford Correspondent has been mislaid, otherwise we believe it might be inserted.

Communications.

FOR THE HURON SIGNAL.

COLONEL FUDGE; OR THE POETICAL MACHINE.

A FACT OF THE 19th CENTURY.

BY A CONNOISEUR.

CHAPTER II.

[Concluded.]

In mentioning the word "tallow," Chickabibby had given poor Fudge a dose of a sickening quality, and he immediately retired to his home, where, after taking a little restorative, in the shape of a couple of turkies and a haunch of venison, he sat for two mortal hours in intense study, scratching the sides of his head, rubbing his brow, muttering inaudibly, slapping the table emphatically, with the little fin, and occasionally giving a loud, decisive knock on the floor with the heel of his boot, as much as to say, "I'm doing it!" At length he leaped up, in a sort of frantic ecstacy, and with glistening eyes exclaimed, "I've got it! I've got it!" The joy of Columbus when he discovered America, was but a mere circumstance to the raptures of Fudge.—Chickabibby and *Hurrah*, who, after visiting the several bar-rooms of the Town, and drinking half a dozen glasses on the strength of the few coppers, were sitting basking in the mid-day sun at the office door, and each on his own hook, was meditating and wondering if the manufacturing of poetry would or would not turn out a profitable speculation, that is, in as far as his own wages was concerned—as for poor Fudge's profit, that was a settled point—*he was to be fleeced!*—They were roused from their meditations by seeing the little broad, fat Colonel coming paddle, paddling through a cloud of dust, as if a flock of sheep had just passed down the street. He carried his little cap under his arm—the fin flapped incessantly, one eye was shut, and the sweat run down in streams over his fat cheeks, as he came along puffing and blowing like the steam valve of the Samson tug-boat. When he came within about forty paces of the office door, he bawled out with rapturous emphasis, "I'm pregnant, Gentleman! I'm pregnant with"——"A stranger would think so!" interrupted Hurrah, "Deformed in body as thou art in mind!"—"What, sir?" said Fudge, in a fury. "Beg your pardon, sir," said Hurrah, "I was just repeating a line of Shakspeare." "It's a line of my *Impromptu* on the *pauper Editor!*" said Fudge, indignantly. "What a pity," replied Hurrah, "that Shakspeare was born before you, but—great minds will think alike!" This was a soothing [illegible] dest smiles, nodded assent, and instantly assuming his air and attitude of consequentiality and astonishment, cried out, "Gentlemen! I'm pregnant with a great thought!! Here! Chick, get the machine instantly in order, and relieve me." "Yes, sir," said Chick, considerably agitated, with his eyes blazing amazement that would have ignited a lucifer match. "Yes, sir," said he, "You're in a dangerous predicament just now. I knew a great many poets who just burst right open with the pressure of great thoughts! The machine is ready, sir." Fudge flurried upon the chair, and putting forth one foot as if he was prepared to lead off a country dance, and extending both arms in the attitude of a swimmer, he delivered himself of the "great thought," in the following harmonious and truly poetical couplet:

"Yes! Baldwin, Hincks, Lafontaine and their fry
Should all be swilled in one large pig-sty!"

"Bravo!" shouted *Hurrah*, "You have immortalized yourself, sir, though you had never composed another line! Yes, sir! *Fry, sty, sly, fry*—that is true poetry." "Its capital, sir,—It's capital!" cried Fudge, in perfect raptures. "Yes, sir," rejoined *Hurrah*, "the idea of *swilling* a Radical Government in a pig sty is worthy of *Hudibras!* But, pray, which poem does this sublime couplet belong to?" "That, sir, is the *climax* of the poem on the Queen's Birthday, and it's capital, sir, it's capital!" and here the little fin played slap, slap, in triumph upon the short, thick thigh. "Yes, sir," said Chick, "many a Radical Government, in the parish that I came from, were *swilled* in pig sys till they were completely petrified into pork, and then they were sent to the work-house to feed the vagrants!" "Excellent," quoth *Hurrah*. The *business* of the day was over, and the Colonel, puffed up with the idea that he had honestly earned an earthly immortality, and mightily gratified with the success of the poetical machine, made a very extensive and expensive *night guzzle*, to which were invited a large party of his companions in pic-nics. Chickabibby scraped on the old fiddle, and Goliah, who had just finished his education at a dancing school, gave a few specimens of modern "*Calesthenics.*" Goliah was not exactly as tall as the man of Gath, nor as heavy as the Ammonite that required the iron bedstead to support his giant frame; but he had reached the age of twenty-one, and the astonishing altitude of *four feet three inches* at the same time! He was clever, but the merit of the cleverness was far more than neutralized by the hereditary transmission of the Colonel's pomposity. And, not the least amusing part of the evening's entertainment, was to behold Goliah retching and stretching like a man of six feet, and rubbing his would-be drowsy eyes, saying—"I'm not in a dancing humor, *I was on a spree last night!!!!*" In short, such a night of feeding, and guzzling, and scraping, and jumping, is only rivalled by the celebrated "Wedding of Ballyporeen." Chickabibby scraped on and told *whoppers* about the Queen's dominion in the United States—the supernatural influence of the *thirty-nine Articles* over the Japanese, and the other inhabitants of the world, and, above all, of the immense fortunes that he had seen realized from the *proper management* of poetical machines, till the fiddle-bow beat with the pressure, and his eyes glistening and smoking with the force of the falsehood, threatened to leap from their sockets. *Hurrah* stuck by the Colonel like a leech, puffing him up by telling him how much his poetry resembled the productions of the great poets, and declaring that, only for the fact that Shakspeare and a few others, had lived before him, and had stolen, or at least anticipated, all his best ideas, Colonel Fudge might have been the poet of the world! The poor Colonel swallowed and swelled like the frog in the meadow. "Why," said he, "Chick informs me that the person for whom he formerly wrought this machine, (and his was no poetry compared with mine!) made, under Chick's own management, upwards of *six hundred pounds a year!*"—"Chickabibby should wear a *pinafore*," said *Hurrah*, "He's just a great overgrown baby—an ignorant, conceited, opinionative, waspish blockhead, who scarcely knows the difference between his own foot and the shoe that covers it. Still, I believe if we succeed as we have begun, you will realize a very handsome income from your poetry, for, it is certainly excellent." "It's capital, sir! it's capital!" said Fudge, as he exercised the little fin with great dexterity and apparent delight. "Yes," continued *Hurrah*,—"Lafontaine and their fry," conveys a sublimity of poetical thought and expression that would have been no disgrace to the genius of Milton.—For my own part, Colonel, I have resolved that no pains shall be spared by me in endeavoring to make a profitable speculation of the affair. By the by, Colonel, have you a few dollars about your pockets? There's a *slight pressure from without* just now, which would require to be relieved!" "Money on demand!" replied the Colonel, very pompously, and shuffled out a few dollars.

Next morning found the Colonel standing in front of his own door, blandly saluting everybody that passed to and fro on the street. He had only taken time to put on half his clothes, and without coat or hat, with one eye shut, and the other glimmering to avoid the dazzling brightness of the sun, he accosted every man that passed, as follows:—"Did you read my poem on the Queen's Birth Day? It's capital, sir, it's capital! Wrote it exactly in ten minutes and fifty-nine seconds! No trouble to me, sir, comes *natural* to some men! Splendid party last night—good *feeding* and glorious fun! Pon my word I was just saying to Goliah that I never felt so happy in my whole life!"—And here the little fin slapped furiously on the thick, short thigh.

Your readers, Mr. Editor, will, ere this time, have anticipated the result of the Colonel's pomposity and poetry. It may be related in a few words. *Hurrah* needed a few coppers to procure his bitters at least once every two hours—the "slight pressure from without" that could only be relieved by a *few dollars*, came at least daily. And at the end of seven weeks poor Colonel Fudge made the following important discoveries—*first*, that nobody would either purchase or read his poetry. *Second*, that, for his own use, he could *buy rhymes* much cheaper than he could *make* them!—and *third*, that he had been *fleeced* of nine hundred dollars, merely through the preposterous delusion of thinking he was a poet!—The poetical machine, as a matter of course, fell into the possession of Chickabibby, as the price of his labor. And to this day, and, in all probability, a thousand years hence, the old, thin, grey-haired man may be seen sitting stride-legged on his favorite machine, grinding *whoppers*, and occasionally playing *twaddle-dee! twaddle-dum!* which is the full extent of his poetical *gamut*.—*Hurrah*, like a broken-down thimble-rigger returned to his loafing and *cracking-lue* in the bar-rooms; and poor Colonel Fudge, after being "robbed of his patronage by a rascal!" and again passing through all his former hardships and helpless destitution, died of a surfeit, resulting from an extra pic-nic feed! His *flesh*, for I think he had no *bones*, was deposited to melt in the shade of the old hemlock, where he first thought he was a poet; and the good-natured "pauper Editor" has cut, upon a wooden slab, placed at the head of his grave, the following appropriate motto:—"BLEST IS THE VAIN MAN WHO LIVES LONG ENOUGH TO DISCOVER THAT HE IS A FOOL, AND, THEN, LIVES LONG ENOUGH TO REPENT OF HIS FOLLY."

POTATOE ROT.

HURON ROAD, 3d Sept., 1850.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HURON SIGNAL.

DEAR SIR,—Under an impression that it is our duty, if we know any thing that will benefit our fellow men, or that will tend to check or ward off an impending calamity, to make the same as widely known as possible, I request that you will give publicity to the following.

About this time in the year 1848, I read in some newspaper that the above disease always appeared first on the upper part of the stem or on the leaves, and that if on the first appearance of premature discoleration the stems were pulled up, or cut down to the ground with a scythe, the disease would be staid, and the crop thereby saved. This led me to look carefully to my potatoe crop, and shortly after, I found the leaves get black, while at the same time there were brown unwholesome looking spots on the stems, I considered these unmistakeable signs of the presence of the enemy. I therefore lost no time in following the newspaper's advice, I pulled up the stems from a portion, which is easily done by pressing the foot on the hill or drill, and pulling them up with the hand; but getting tired of this, I had recourse to the scythe and cut the remainder as close to the ground as I could, leaving only a part of a row untouched. The result was, that the portion from which the stems were pulled were smaller than usual, but perfectly free of Rot; those that were cut with the scythe were of a good medium size and perfectly sound, while the part of a row left with the shaws on, were to a considerable extent affected by the disease. My crop kept perfectly sound till next summer, while some of my neighbors who took no such precautions suffered severe loss.

I believe the enemy is now upon us, as I yesterday discovered the same symptoms, namely, black leaves and the ominous looking brown spots on the stems, although they looked perfectly healthy on Saturday last. I therefore caution the farmers to keep a sharp look out, and if they discover these symptoms of his approach, instead of indulging in vain speculations as to whether he has hitherto lain concealed in the earth or the air, lose no time in cutting off his means of communication with this valuable root. If the brown spots already reach to the bottom of the stem, or below the surface of the ground, I would say pull up the shaws, on the principle that half a loaf is better than none, but if not, cut as low as you can. Any one who may choose to call upon me will see my Potatoe field thus "curtailed of its fair proportions," which will show that I do not recommend to others what I hesitate to adopt myself.

I do not pretend to account for this acting as a cure, I do not even say that it will act as an infallible cure, I merely (to use an expression now much in vogue) tell my own experience that others may profit by it, if they choose.

I am, Sir,
Your most obd't serv't,
JOHN CLARK.

FOR THE HURON SIGNAL.

STRATFORD.

STRATFORD ASHERY.—The extensive premises owned by Mr. Daly, and known as "Stewart's Ashery," near the Steam Saw Mill, have been leased by Mr. Wm. Irwin, whose activity and straight forward manner hitherto, will be an earnest of a successful business. Black salts and ashes are being sent in daily in pretty large quantities. The "Ash" trade is carried on in several localities around Stratford; and I believe it is remarked, that the Pearls sent to market from Stratford, bear a good mark. Mr. U. C. Lee also continues business in the "Old Ashery" belonging to Mr. McCulloch, and each week loads of this cash article, goes from Stratford.

CROPS.—The Potatoe blight and rot has appeared in Stratford and neighborhood. The crops are heavy. The kind of potatoes called pinks, reds and long blues, are affected more than the cups. The latter kind is pretty extensively planted; and in previous years when the rot was prevalent, this kind escaped pretty much. It is a hardy potatoe, and well known to the sons of St. Patrick. The rainy weather, every other day, has to some small extent injured the fall wheat. Some will be grown and musty. In the township of North Easthope, and down the river in Downie, splendid crops of fall wheat have been housed. Oats are a heavy crop. The spring wheat may be hardy an average. Pease a good crop. Such as have orchards, will have an average crop of fruit. Mr. Fryfogle has his plum trees loaded.

NEW GRIST MILL.—The new Mill, building by Mr. McCulloch, by contract, is progressing, though slowly. It is to be placed to the south of and to be joined to the old mill. There will be room for an oat meal mill, and other works. Writing of buildings, there are several brick houses going on. There is a good supply of brick, and if more were made, they would be sold. The Provisional Council, some of them at least, are asleep, as to the progressing with the public buildings! The settlers should overhaul them.

BELL'S CORNERS.—From the buildings erecting, and in contemplation, this place bids fair for a rising village. Mr. Mitchell's Store and brick Tavern is building, with a very large stable attached. The stock of goods in Mr. Worsley's Store, will compete with most of the Stratford stores. If the proprietors of the lands at this place, act liberally in disposing of their lots, Bell's Corners will go ahead.

TORONTO, 12th Aug. 1850.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that the Commissioners appointed by his Excellency the Governor General to conduct the Provincial Industrial Fair, to be held at Montreal in October, with a view to the representation of Canada at the Great Exposition of the Industry of all Nations, at London, in 1851, have, by virtue of the power to them committed, nominated you a Local Commissioner for the County of Huron, Perth and Bruce, together with the President and Secretary of the County Agricultural Society, and the President and Secretary of each Mechanics' Institute established within the said County; and I am directed to request that you will accept the said nomination, and thus strengthen the Commission by your aid and influence.

I am further to beg that you will be pleased to notify their appointment to the several parties above alluded to, and that you will call them together for the purpose of considering what action should be taken best calculated to promote the object for which the Commission has been established, by securing the exhibition of the best samples of the Produce or Manufactures of your County on the occasion above referred to.

Copies of the Prize List, which will contain premiums for all articles of interest or value in Agriculture, Manufactures and the Mechanical Arts, will be transmitted to you immediately on publication; but you will doubtless consider it expedient in the interim to promulgate in your locality the intention of the Commissioners to award such Prizes, and to defray the expenses of transmission to England of all such articles as may be settled for Exhibition there, that thus parties may be induced to prepare for, and enter upon, the desired competition without delay.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most humble Servant,
FRED. CUMBERLAND,
Secretary.

His Worship the Mayor of Goderich.

P. S.—The Warden of the United Counties having also been notified of his appointment to the Commission, I am respectfully to suggest your co-operation with that Gentleman.

HURON DISTRICT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Premiums awarded by the Huron District Agricultural Society for the best samples of Fall Wheat (white and red), at the Annual Show, which took place on Wednesday the 28th day of August.

For best Red Wheat,	£2 0 0	John Hunter,
2nd best	1 10 0	Geo. Brown, Sen.,
3d best	1 0 0	Thomas Sowerby,
Best White Weat,	£2 0 0	John Elliott,
2nd best	1 10 0	Geo. Brown, Sen.
3d best	1 0 0	John Salkeld.

JUDGES.—James Watson, Esq., James Porter, Esq., C. Crabb, Esq.

UPPPER CANADA JURY BILL.

Continued.

III. *Jurors' Book.*

XVI. And be it enacted, that the Clerk of the Peace for every County and Union of Counties in Upper Canada, shall annually procure a Book to be kept as nearly as may be in the Form set forth in the Schedule to this Act annexed marked B, and agreeably to the directions contained in the notes to such Schedule to be called "The Jurors Book" for the County or Unions of Counties, of which he is such Clerk of the Peace as aforesaid, and the year for which such Book is to be used as hereinafter provided, and shall between the fifteenth day of September and the first day of October in each and every year, transcribe or procure to be transcribed into such Book, from the different Reports of the different Selectors of Jurors for the different Townships, Villages and Wards or other like local divisions of his County or Union of Counties, so made to him for such of them as shall have been so made to him as aforesaid, on or before such fifteenth day of September, the names and additions of all persons so selected to serve the Grand or Petit Jurors as the same are set forth and distributed in such Reports [illegible] transcribed into such Book LINTON, the first to be called "Roll of Grand Jurors to serve in her Majesty's Superior Courts of Criminal Jurisdiction;" the second "Roll of Grand Jurors to serve in Her Majesty's Inferior Courts of Criminal and Civil Jurisdiction;" and the fourth "Roll of Petit Jurors to serve in Her Majesty's Inferior Courts of Criminal and Civil Jurisdiction," and in each of such Rolls shall be transcribed as aforesaid, the names and additions of all persons so selected and reported by the Selectors of Jurors as aforesaid, to serve as such Jurors in such County respectively.

XVII. And be it enacted, That such Jurors' Rolls shall be each divided into Townships, Wards and Villages or other like subdivisions, answering to the local divisions of such Counties, and the Cities and Towns embraced within the limits thereof, and such subdivisions and also the names within each subdivision respectively, shall be arranged alphabetically and all the names in each of such Rolls thus arranged, numbered with a series of current numbers from one forward; and to each of such Rolls in the Jurors' Book shall be subjoined a certificate from such Clerk of the Peace, that he had carefully compared such Roll with the Reports made by the several Selectors of Jurors for the different Townships, Wards and Villages and other local divisions of the County or Union of Counties, and the Cities and Towns embraced within the limits of the same for the year, as such Reports remained on file in his office, on the fifteenth day of September of such year, and that such Roll contains a true and correct transcript of the names and additions of all persons so selected and reported to serve as such Jurors as aforesaid.

IV. *Balloting Jury Lists from Jurors' Rolls.*

XVIII. And be it enacted, That the Clerk of the Peace, for every such County or Union of Counties, shall annually prepare for each of the said Jurors' Rolls in such Jurors' Book, a separate and distinct set of ballots or pieces of parchment, card or paper of uniform and convenient size, and containing the same number of such ballots as there are numbers in the Jurors' Roll to which the same shall belong, upon each set of which ballots there shall be printed or written, the whole of the numbers of such Jurors' Roll, allowing one number to each ballot, and shall carefully fold and enclose the whole of each of the said sets of ballots in a separate and distinct sheet of paper or envelope, & securely fold and seal the same, so as to prevent any of such ballots from being lost from or out of the same, and shall endorse each of such parcels of ballots with the year and the name of the Jurors' Roll to which the same shall belong.

XIX. And be it enacted, That annually on the first day of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for each of such Counties or Union of Counties, held next after the first day of October in each year, the Clerk of the Peace for such County or Union of Counties shall bring into Court and publicly deliver to the chairman of such Court *sedente curia*, the Jurors Book so prepared by him as aforesaid, for the then next year, and also the four parcels of ballots belonging to the same as aforesaid, together with the Jurors' Books for such and so many of the then next preceding years as may be required for proceeding with the balloting of the Jury List as hereinafter directed, and shall thereupon make oath in open Court, first, that he has carefully compared the Jurors' Rolls in such first mentioned Jurors' Book, with the Re-