

THE HURON SIGNAL

Is Printed & Published every Thursday BY GEO. & JOHN COX.

Office, Market Square, Goderich. Book and Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

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

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

CURDS.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL. CAN be consulted at all hours, at Mr. LeTard's Boarding House.

IRA LEWIS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c. West-street, Goderich, June 18th, 1852.

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

DANIEL GORDON, CABINET MAKER, Three doors East of the Canada Company's office.

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

WILLIAM REED, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, &c. Lighthouse-street, Goderich.

STOKES, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, West-street, Goderich, July 1850.

HURON HOTEL, BY JAMES GENTLES, Goderich. Attentive Hostlers always on hand.

STRACHAN AND BROTHER, Barrister and Advocate at Law, &c. Goderich, Sept. 12, 1852.

JOHN STRACHAN, Barrister and Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Conveyancer.

ALEXANDER WOOD STRACHAN, Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer.

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

WHERE she intends to carry on the above business. Dresses made in the very latest fashions.

A. NASMYTH, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, one door West of W. E. Grace's Store, West Street Goderich.

WANTED. TWO good BOOT and SHOE Makers, who will find constant employment.

VICTORIA HOTEL, WEST STREET, GODERICH. (Near the Market Square.)

BY MESSRS. JOHN & ROBT. DONOGH, GOOD Accommodations for Travellers, and an attentive Hostler at all times.

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

EZRA HOPKINS, Hamilton, Agent for the Counties of Waterloo and Huron, August 27, 1850.

MR. JOHN MACARA, BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c.

MA. T. N. MOLESWORTH, CIVIL ENGINEER and Provincial Land Surveyor, Goderich.

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.

Huron Signal.

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE. "THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER."

VOLUME V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1852. NUMBER XXX.

Poetry.

"TEACH ME THY WAY." O thou unseen, eternal one, Whom myriad worlds obey—

At morn, when first thy golden beams Thy glorious works display, When'er the hill thy sunlight streams,

Nor less, when in life's solemn hour, Are sleeping silently, The wild bird, in his greenwood bower,

When by thy smile of summer bea, Thy fields and woods are gay, All in a robe of verdure dressed,

Or when thou stretchest forth thine arm, In awful majesty, In wintry skies, or climates warm,

Maker of all—Earth, Sea and Air, Ruler of night and day; Among the things to be done that day,

And when life's fleeting hours are past; When in Eternity, The undying soul on thee is cast,

AGRICULTURE. BEST ROOT A SUBSTITUTE FOR POTATOES.—Best root cannot be too much recommended.

Some hours afterwards Mr. Jones came in and among the first things that attracted his attention was the strange demijon.

"What is this?" was his natural inquiry. "Something that Mr. Smith left."

"I wonder what he has there," said Mr. Jones, taking hold of the demijon. "It feels heavy!"

"The cork was unobtrusively removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in close contact with the snuffing organ of Mr. Jones.

"Wine, as I live!" fell from his lips—"Bring me a glass."

"Oh no, Mr. Jones—I wouldn't touch his wine," Mrs. Jones said.

"Bring me a glass. Do you think I am going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without expecting toll?"

The glass, a half pint tumbler, was produced, and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as guiltless of the grape vine as the dyer's vat—which was poured down the throat of Mr. Jones.

"Pretty fair wine that—that little rough," said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips. "It's a shame," remarked Mrs. Jones warmly, "for you to."

"I only took toll," said the husband laughing. "My harm in that, I'm sure."

"Rather heavy toll it strikes me," replied Mrs. Jones. "Meaning, Mr. Smith, having completed most of his business for that day, stopped at a store where he wished two or three articles put up."

"I wish you would let your lad Tom step over for me to Mr. Jones. I left a demijon of common wine there, which I bought for the purpose of making into antimonial wine."

"O certainly," replied the store-keeper. "Here Tom!" he called for his boy.

"Tom came, and the store-keeper said to him—'Run over to Mr. Jones and get a jug of antimonial wine which Mr. Smith left there. Go quickly, for Mr. Smith is in a hurry.'

"Yes, sir," responded the boy, and away he ran. After Mr. Jones had disposed of his half pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff which he had burndred it.

"I wonder if that truly is wine!" said he, turning from the window at which he had seated himself, and taking up the demijon again. The cork was removed, and his nose applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

"Yes it's wine; but I'll vow it's not much to brag of!" And the cork was once more replaced.

Literature.

TAKING TOLL. BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in a little village of Q—, which was situated a mile from Lancaster.

One day he drove off towards Lancaster in his wagon, in which among other things was a gallon demijon. On reaching U town he called first at a grocer's, with the inquiry—

"Have you any common wine?" "How common?" asked the grocer. "About a dollar a gallon. I want it for antimonial wine."

"Yes—I have some just fit for that, and not much else, which I will sell at a dollar."

"Very well. Give me a gallon," said Mr. Smith. The demijon was brought in from the wagon and filled. And when Mr. Smith drove off to attend to other business.

Among the things to be done that day, was to see a man who lived a half a mile from Lancaster. Before going out on this errand, Mr. Smith stopped at the house of his particular friend, Mr. Jones.

"Mr. Jones happened not to be in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman, and he chatted with her for ten minutes or so. As he was about stepping into his wagon, it struck him that the gallon demijon was a little in his way, and so lifting it out, he said to Mrs. Jones—

"I wish you would take care of this until I come back."

"O, certainly," replied Mrs. Jones, "with the greatest pleasure."

And so the demijon was left in the lady's care. Some hours afterwards Mr. Jones came in and among the first things that attracted his attention was the strange demijon.

"What is this?" was his natural inquiry. "Something that Mr. Smith left."

"I wonder what he has there," said Mr. Jones, taking hold of the demijon. "It feels heavy!"

"The cork was unobtrusively removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in close contact with the snuffing organ of Mr. Jones.

"Wine, as I live!" fell from his lips—"Bring me a glass."

"Oh no, Mr. Jones—I wouldn't touch his wine," Mrs. Jones said.

"Bring me a glass. Do you think I am going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without expecting toll?"

The glass, a half pint tumbler, was produced, and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as guiltless of the grape vine as the dyer's vat—which was poured down the throat of Mr. Jones.

"Pretty fair wine that—that little rough," said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips. "It's a shame," remarked Mrs. Jones warmly, "for you to."

"I only took toll," said the husband laughing. "My harm in that, I'm sure."

"Rather heavy toll it strikes me," replied Mrs. Jones. "Meaning, Mr. Smith, having completed most of his business for that day, stopped at a store where he wished two or three articles put up."

"I wish you would let your lad Tom step over for me to Mr. Jones. I left a demijon of common wine there, which I bought for the purpose of making into antimonial wine."

"O certainly," replied the store-keeper. "Here Tom!" he called for his boy.

"Tom came, and the store-keeper said to him—'Run over to Mr. Jones and get a jug of antimonial wine which Mr. Smith left there. Go quickly, for Mr. Smith is in a hurry.'

"Yes, sir," responded the boy, and away he ran. After Mr. Jones had disposed of his half pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff which he had burndred it.

Just then came a knock at the door.—Mrs. Jones opened it and the store-keeper's lad appeared.

"Mr. Smith says, please let him have the jug of antimonial wine he left here."

"Antimonial wine!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, his chin falling, and a pale instantaneously overbearing his face.

"Yes, sir," taking up the demijon to which Mrs. Jones pointed with her finger, and departing without observing the effect his appearance had produced.

"Antimonial wine!" Dreadful! exclaimed Mrs. Jones, now as pale and frightened as her husband. "Do you feel very sick?"

"Oh, yes. As sick as Death." And the appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied his words. "Send for the Doctor, instantly, or it may be too late."

Mrs. Jones ran first in one way and then in another, and finally had presence of mind enough to tell Jane, her single domestic, to run with all her might for the Doctor, and tell him that Mr. Jones had taken poison by mistake.

Off started Jane at a speed outstripping that of John Gilpin. Fortunately the Doctor was in his office, and he came with all the rapidity a proper regard for the dignity of his office would permit, armed with a stomach pump and a dozen antidotes. On arriving at the house of Mr. Jones, he found the sufferer lying upon a bed, ghastly pale, and retching terribly.

"Oh, Doctor, I'm afraid it's all over with me!" gasped the patient. "How did it happen?" what have you taken?" inquired the Doctor.

"I took, by mistake, nearly half a pint of antimonial wine."

"Then it must be removed instantly," said the Doctor, and down the sick man's throat went a long flexible India rubber tube, and pump pump! pump! went the Doctor's hand at the other end.

The result was very palatable. About a pint of reddish fluid strongly resembling wine came up, after which the instrument was withdrawn.

"There," said the Doctor, "I guess that will do. Now let me give you an antidote. And a nauseous dose of something or other was mixed up and poured down to take the place of what had just been removed.

"Do you feel better now?" inquired the Doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, and scanning with a professional eye, his pale face, that was covered with a clammy perspiration.

"A little was the faint reply. 'Do you think all danger is passed?'"

"Yes I think so. The antidote I have given you will neutralize the effect of the drug, so far as it is passed into the system."

"I feel as weak as a rag," said the patient. "I am sure I could not bear my own weight. What a powerful effect it had!"

"Don't think of it," returned the Doctor, "Compose yourself. There is now no danger to be apprehended whatever."

The wild flight of Jane through the street, and the hurried movements of the Doctor, did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry followed, and it soon became known about that Mr. Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith having finished his business in Lancaster, was just stepping into his wagon, the storekeeper standing by, when a man came up and said to him—

"Have you heard the news?" "What news?"

"Mr. Jones has taken poison."

"What?" "Poison!"

"Who? Mr. Jones?" "Yes. And they say he cannot live."

"Dreadful! I must see him," and without waiting for further information, Mr. Smith spoke to his horse, and rode off on a gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs. Jones met him at the door, looking very anxious.

"How is he," inquired Mr. Smith in a serious voice. "A little better, I thank you. The Doctor has been to see him."

Mr. and Mrs. Jones. "Why, no! It was only wine that I had bought for the purpose of making antimonial wine!"

"Mr. Jones rose up in bed. 'Not antimonial wine?'"

"No." "Why the boy said it was?"

"Then he didn't know anything about it. It was nothing but some common wine which I had bought."

"Mr. Jones took a long breath. The Doctor arose from his bedside, and Mrs. Jones exclaimed—

"Well, I never!" "Then come a long silence, in which one looked at the other doubtfully."

"Good day," said the Doctor, and went down stairs.

"So you have been drinking my wine, it seems," laughed Mr. Smith, as soon as the man with the stomach pump had retired.

"I only took a little toll," said Mr. Jones; back into whose pale face the color was beginning to come, and through whose almost paralyzed nerves was again flowing from the brain a healthy influence.

"But don't say anything about it. Don't for the world."

"I won't on one condition, said Mr. Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent, so strongly was he convulsed with laughter.

"What is that?" "You must become a teetotaler."

"Can't do that," replied Mr. Jones. "Then I can't promise."

"Give me a day or two to make up my mind."

"Very well. And now good bye—the sun is nearly down, and it will be night before I get home."

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner.

Long before Mr. Jones had made up his mind to join the teetotalers, his story of his taking toll was all over town, and for the next two or three months he had his own time for it—After that it became an old story.

TOO MUCH BLUE. Early on a fine summer morning, an old man was walking on the road between Brussels and Namur.

He expected a friend to arrive by the diligence, and he set out some time before it was due, to meet it on the road. Having a good deal of time to spare, he amused himself by watching any object of interest that caught his eye; and at length stopped to inspect the operations of a painter, who, mounted on a ladder placed against the front of a wayside inn, was busily employed in depicting a sign suitable to its name, "The Rising Sun."

"Here," said the old man to himself, "is an honest duffer, and who'll warrant fancies himself a Rubens. How he brushes in that ultra-marine sky!"

The critic then commenced walking backwards and forwards before the inn, thinking that he might as well loiter there for the diligence as walk on farther. The painter mean time, continued to lay on fresh coats of the brightest blue, which appeared to aggravate the old gentleman very much.

At length when the sign painter took another brush full of blue paint to plaster on, the spectator could endure it no longer, and exclaimed severely—

"Too much blue!" "The honest painter looked down from his perch and said, in that tone of forced calmness which an angry man sometimes assumes—

"Monsieur does not perceive that I am painting a sky?" "What?"

"Oh, yes, I see very well you are trying to paint a sky, but I tell you again there is too much blue!"

"Did you ever see skies painted without blue, Master amateur?" "I am not an amateur. I merely tell you, in passing—I make the casual remark—that there is too much blue, if you don't think you have trowelled on enough already."

over his shoulder, and looking very fierce. "I dare say you are a very worthy old fellow when you are at home; but you should not be let out—alone."

"Why not?" "Why not? Because you must be crazy to play the critic after this fashion; too much blue, indeed! What, I, the pupil of Ruysdael, the third cousin of Gerard Dow's great grandson, not know how to color a sky? Know that my reputation has been long established. I have a Red Horse at Malines, a Green Bear at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, before which every passenger stops fixed in admiration!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the critic, as he snatched the palette, from the painter's hand. "You deserve to have your own portrait painted to serve for the sign of the Flemish Ass!" In his indignation he mounted the ladder with the activity of a boy, and began with the palm of his hand to efface the chef d'œuvre of Gerard Dow's great grandson's third cousin.

"Stop! You old charlatan!" shouted the latter. "You are ruining my sign!—Why, its worth thirty-five francs. And then my reputation—lost! gone for ever!"

He shook the ladder violently to make his persecutor descend. But the latter, undisturbed either by that or the presence of a crowd of villagers, attracted by the dispute, continued mercilessly to blot out the glowing landscape. Then using merely the point of his finger and the handle of a brush, he sketched in masterly outline, three Flemish boors, with beer-glasses in their hands, drinking to the rising sun; which appeared above the horizon, dispersing the gloom of a greyish morning sky.

One of the faces presented a strong and laughable caricature of the supplanted sign-painter. The spectators at first were greatly disposed to take part with their countryman against the intrusive stranger. What right had he to interfere? There was no end to the impudence of these foreigners.

As, however, they watched and grumbled, the grumbling gradually ceased and was turned into a murmur of approbation when the design became apparent. The owner of the Inn was the first to cry "Bravo!" and Gerrard Dow's cousin nry came forward, felt his fury calm down into admiration.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, you belong to the craft, honest man, and there's no denying it. Yes, yes," he continued, laughing, as he turned towards his neighbors, "this is a French sign painter, who wishes to have a jest with me. Well, I must frankly say he knows what he is about."

The old man was about to descend from the ladder, when a gentleman, riding a beautiful English horse, made his way thro' the crowd.

"That painting is mine!" he exclaimed in French, but with a foreign accent. "I will give a hundred guineas for it!"

"Another madman!" exclaimed the native genius. "Hang me, but all these foreigners are mad!"

"What do you mean, Monsieur?" said the inkeeper, unconsciously interested.

"What I say—I will give one hundred guineas for that painting," answered the young Englishman, getting off his horse.

"That picture is not to be sold," said the sign-painter, with an air of as much pride as if it had been his own work.

"No, quoth mine host, 'for it is already sold and even partly paid for in advance.'—However, if Monsieur wishes to come to an arrangement about it, it is with me that he must treat."

"Not at all, not at all," rejoined the Flemish painter of signs, "it belongs to me. My fellow-artist here gave me a little help out of friendship; but the picture is my lawful property, and I am at liberty, sell it to any one I please."

"What rogues!" exclaimed the inkeeper. "My rising sun is my property; fastened on the wall of my house. How can it belong to anybody else. Isn't it painted on my boards. No one but myself has the least right to it."

"I'll summon you before the magistrature," cried he who had not painted the sign.

"I'll prosecute you for breach of covenant," retorted the inkeeper who had half paid for it.

"One moment!" interposed another energetic voice; that of the inkeeper's, "it seems to me that I ought to have some little vote in this business."

"Quite right, brother," answered the painter. "Instead of disputing on the public road let us go into Master Martzen's house, and arrange the matter amicably over a bottle or two of beer."

"To this all parties agreed, but I am sorry to say they agreed upon nothing else; for within doors the dispute was carried on with deafening confusion and energy. The Flemings contended for the possession of the painting, and the Englishman repeated his offer to cover it with gold.

"But suppose I don't choose to have it sold!" said the real author.

"Oh, my dear Monsieur!" said the inkeeper, "I am certain you would not wish to deprive an honest, poor man, who can scarcely make both ends meet, of this windfall. Why it would just enable me to lay in a stock of wine and beer."

"Don't believe him, brother," cried the painter; "he is an old miser. I am the father of a family; and being a painter, you ought to help a brother artist, and give me the preference. Besides, I am ready to share the money with you."

"He!" said Master Martzen. "Why, he's an old spendthrift, who has no money left to give his daughter as a marriage portion, because he spends all he gets on himself."

"No such thing: my Susette is betrothed to an honest young French cabinet-maker; who, poor as she is, will marry her next September."

"A daughter to portion!" exclaimed the stranger artist; "that quite alters the case. I am content that the picture should be sold for a marriage portion. I leave it to our English friend's generosity to fix the sum."

"I have already offered," replied the sketch bidder, "one hundred guineas for the sketch just as it is; I will gladly give two hundred for it, if the painter will consent to sign it in the corner with two words."

"What words?" exclaimed all the disputants at once.

"The Englishman replied, 'PIERRE DAVIE.'"

The whole party were quiet enough now; for they were struck dumb with astonishment. The sign-painter held his breath, glared with his eyes, tragically clasped his hands together, and fell down on his knees before the great French painter.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, "forgive me for my audacious ignorance."

David laughed heartily; and, taking his hand, shook it with fraternal cordiality.

By this time the news of the discovery had spread; the tavern was crowded with persons anxious to drink the health of their celebrated visitor; and the good old man, standing in the middle of the room, pledged them heartily.

In the midst of the merry-making, the sign painter's daughter, the pretty Susette, threw her arms round her benefactor's neck, and her intended husband raised a cloud of sawdust out of his jacket, from the violence with which he shook the French-master's hand.

At that moment, the friends whom he was expecting arrived. They were M. Lessee, a theatrical manager, and the great Talma.—Chambers Journal.

AN IRISHMAN'S MISTAKE. A correspondent of the Boston Herald tells the following good story.

A few months ago, Bro. Ignatius, of Sweetmeat, was travelling thro' the Western part of the State of New York, he was in with an Irishman who was in quest of a brother that came on before him and settled in some of the digging in that vicinity.

Pat was a strong, athletic man; a true Catholic, and never had seen the interior of a Protestant Church. It was a pleasant Sabbath morning that Bro. Ignatius met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest Church.

Ignatius is a good pious man. He told Pat he was going to Church himself, and advised his new made acquaintance to keep his Company, as the place of destination being a small Methodist-meeting house near by. There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the deacons (who, by the way, was very much excited) invited Crother I. to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the deacon's seat.

After he was seated he turned to Brother I., and in a whisper which could be heard all around, inquired: "Rise, and isn't this a heretic Church?"

"Likely," said Ignatius, "if you speak a loud word they will put you out immediately."

"Divil a word will I speak at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened by prayer at the Pastor. Pat sitting him very cozily, seen suddenly an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "glory!"

"He-ass at ye devil," rejoined Pat, with his hand whisper, which was heard by the Minister, who descended, and don't make a background of yourself."

The patron grew more and more fervent in his devotion. Presently the deacon entered an audible groan—"He's at ye blackguard, have ye no decency at all!" said Pat, at the same moment giving the deacon a punch in the ribs, which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The Minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner said: "Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way; will some one put that man out!"

"Yes, your reverence," shouted Pat, "I will, and snuffing the action Jo the word, he called the man, and led him to the outer door and astonishment of the pastor, Bro. Ignatius, and the whole congregation, he dragged him thro' the side, and with a tremendous kick, a parterrier, as the Irishmen have it, he landed him in the vestibule of the Church.

Brother Ignatius smiled. It is not probable that he has seen the interior of a country church since.

THE EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA. The tide of Emigration has not yet experienced an ebb; it continues to flow in one continuous flood toward the shores of New South Wales. Although the magnitude of the movement might lead to the supposition that the thousands leaving their native country, are so far distant and to them unknown, yet the fact is, that the emigrants are actuated by the most rational views of improving their condition, rather than impelled by a wild spirit of adventure, impossible of realization. One singular feature in the Australian

HURON SIGNAL.

Washington, August 12. The capture of the United States steamer Mississippi...

COMMERCIAL TRIUMPHS OF ENGLAND.

The pride with which the Briton, equalled to the Roman, is only justified by the fact that he never saw one of his kind...

THE CAYLEYITES AND 'NO SURRENDER.'

Our readers will recollect the great gathering of boys to the time of 'no surrender'...

ARRIVAL OF THE AFRICA.

The steamer Africa, arrived 9 o'clock the morning with four days later news from Europe...

ART OF FLOATING.

Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith...

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

We have stopped the press to announce that the most destructive fire that ever visited our town, occurred last evening...

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

As the facts relating to the seizure of the American vessels by the British Authorities for breaches of the Convention...

The bill will provide for interchange, free of duty, between the United States and the British American provinces...

The editor of the N. Y. Tribune says he has repeatedly shown the impolicy, injustice and iniquity of the scheme for procuring an interchange of commodities...

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.

It seems to be expected at Washington that the fishing troubles will stimulate Congress to act upon the rejected measure...

Lumber is becoming an article of prime necessity in the United States...

THE STEAMER 'CORAL'.

The steamer Coral, of the New Bedford line, was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia...

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says the project to be presented to the House as follows...

The following is an extract from the letter of a young man who suggested to Mr. Jones...

A citizen, named Hugh McGregor, emigrated about fourteen years ago from Ontario to Australia...

AN EFFICACIOUS CHARTERMENT.

A most exemplary wife had the misfortune to lose a husband, who shortly after his death, had withdrawn his additional allowance...

THE AFRICA.

The steamer Africa, arrived 9 o'clock the morning with four days later news from Europe...

ART OF FLOATING.

Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith...

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

We have stopped the press to announce that the most destructive fire that ever visited our town, occurred last evening...

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

As the facts relating to the seizure of the American vessels by the British Authorities for breaches of the Convention...

The bill will provide for interchange, free of duty, between the United States and the British American provinces...

The editor of the N. Y. Tribune says he has repeatedly shown the impolicy, injustice and iniquity of the scheme for procuring an interchange of commodities...

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.

It seems to be expected at Washington that the fishing troubles will stimulate Congress to act upon the rejected measure...

Lumber is becoming an article of prime necessity in the United States...

THE STEAMER 'CORAL'.

The steamer Coral, of the New Bedford line, was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia...

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says the project to be presented to the House as follows...

The following is an extract from the letter of a young man who suggested to Mr. Jones...

A citizen, named Hugh McGregor, emigrated about fourteen years ago from Ontario to Australia...

AN EFFICACIOUS CHARTERMENT.

A most exemplary wife had the misfortune to lose a husband, who shortly after his death, had withdrawn his additional allowance...

THE AFRICA.

The steamer Africa, arrived 9 o'clock the morning with four days later news from Europe...

ART OF FLOATING.

Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith...

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

We have stopped the press to announce that the most destructive fire that ever visited our town, occurred last evening...

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

As the facts relating to the seizure of the American vessels by the British Authorities for breaches of the Convention...

The bill will provide for interchange, free of duty, between the United States and the British American provinces...

The editor of the N. Y. Tribune says he has repeatedly shown the impolicy, injustice and iniquity of the scheme for procuring an interchange of commodities...

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.

It seems to be expected at Washington that the fishing troubles will stimulate Congress to act upon the rejected measure...

Lumber is becoming an article of prime necessity in the United States...

THE STEAMER 'CORAL'.

The steamer Coral, of the New Bedford line, was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia...

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says the project to be presented to the House as follows...

The following is an extract from the letter of a young man who suggested to Mr. Jones...

A citizen, named Hugh McGregor, emigrated about fourteen years ago from Ontario to Australia...

AN EFFICACIOUS CHARTERMENT.

A most exemplary wife had the misfortune to lose a husband, who shortly after his death, had withdrawn his additional allowance...

THE AFRICA.

The steamer Africa, arrived 9 o'clock the morning with four days later news from Europe...

ART OF FLOATING.

Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith...

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

We have stopped the press to announce that the most destructive fire that ever visited our town, occurred last evening...

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

As the facts relating to the seizure of the American vessels by the British Authorities for breaches of the Convention...

The bill will provide for interchange, free of duty, between the United States and the British American provinces...

The editor of the N. Y. Tribune says he has repeatedly shown the impolicy, injustice and iniquity of the scheme for procuring an interchange of commodities...

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.

It seems to be expected at Washington that the fishing troubles will stimulate Congress to act upon the rejected measure...

Lumber is becoming an article of prime necessity in the United States...

THE STEAMER 'CORAL'.

The steamer Coral, of the New Bedford line, was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia...

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says the project to be presented to the House as follows...

The following is an extract from the letter of a young man who suggested to Mr. Jones...

A citizen, named Hugh McGregor, emigrated about fourteen years ago from Ontario to Australia...

AN EFFICACIOUS CHARTERMENT.

A most exemplary wife had the misfortune to lose a husband, who shortly after his death, had withdrawn his additional allowance...

THE AFRICA.

The steamer Africa, arrived 9 o'clock the morning with four days later news from Europe...

ART OF FLOATING.

Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith...

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

We have stopped the press to announce that the most destructive fire that ever visited our town, occurred last evening...

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

As the facts relating to the seizure of the American vessels by the British Authorities for breaches of the Convention...

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including 'The following letter...' and 'The Washington correspondent...'.

HURON SIGNAL.

The following letter was originally published in the Bradford Herald, and overlooked by us, until we found it republished in the Buffalo papers.

To the Editor of the Herald: Sir, - I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your issue of the 29th inst., containing the proceedings of the 29th June, in relation to the Buffalo and Toronto Delegates.

The Toronto Delegates, in their Report to the speakers in favor of the Buffalo line, were heard with patience and attention, interrupted only by cheers and shouts in their favor.

The Buffalo and Toronto Delegates, in their Report to the speakers in favor of the Buffalo line, were heard with patience and attention, interrupted only by cheers and shouts in their favor.

The Buffalo and Toronto Delegates, in their Report to the speakers in favor of the Buffalo line, were heard with patience and attention, interrupted only by cheers and shouts in their favor.

Hamilton and Buffalo; as a means of facilitating the export and import trade of the Huron.

The Toronto Delegates, in their Report to the speakers in favor of the Buffalo line, were heard with patience and attention, interrupted only by cheers and shouts in their favor.

The Buffalo and Toronto Delegates, in their Report to the speakers in favor of the Buffalo line, were heard with patience and attention, interrupted only by cheers and shouts in their favor.

The Buffalo and Toronto Delegates, in their Report to the speakers in favor of the Buffalo line, were heard with patience and attention, interrupted only by cheers and shouts in their favor.

statement to show that he has another "string to his bow"; but unfortunately for this purpose I find the following relative to the affairs of this last Company.

After some conversation the Report was adopted and the Directors were advised to take prompt measures for the dissolution of the present company.

THOMAS KYDD. Goderich, 17th August, 1852.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ABOVE STATEMENT. Sir, - In the opening column of "Anti-Humburg's" second, very poetical, logical and mythological production, he asserts that every argument of mine contains its own refutation.

ARITHMETIC. 1st Grade - Alex Wallace - For solving the greatest number of sums given in six hours.

WANTED, An active young lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, at the Signal Office. Goderich, Aug. 19th, 1852.

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

WE THE undersigned hereby give notice that we will apply at the next session of the Provincial Parliament for an act to authorize the construction of a Railway from Goderich, to connect with the Huron and Detroit line at such point as shall intersect the Great Western Rail Road.

HURON BUILDING SOCIETY. THE next Meeting of the Shareholders of this Society will be held at the BRITISH EXCHANGE HOTEL, Saturday evening, the 29th instant, for the receipt of subscriptions, and for the election of a new Board.

WANTED, An active young lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, at the Signal Office. Goderich, Aug. 19th, 1852.

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

WE THE undersigned hereby give notice that we will apply at the next session of the Provincial Parliament for an act to authorize the construction of a Railway from Goderich, to connect with the Huron and Detroit line at such point as shall intersect the Great Western Rail Road.

HURON BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY. THORNHILL & KEMP, Manufacturers and Dealers in every variety of Ladies' and Gentlemen's BOOTS and SHOES.

FAIRM FOR SALE. A VALUABLE FARM, containing 30 acres, which are cleared, 25 free of stump well watered, with a good mill race, through the centre of the lot, a good house, a young Orchard now bearing situated within the Town of Goderich.

Grand Lottery. ALL PRIZES!! NO BLANKS!!! Valuable Real Estate, in the Village of Mitchell - and a variety of other articles.

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING in the Bell's Columns up to July 5th, 1852.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Of the United Counties of Huron, Perth and Bruce. The yearly Examination of the scholars attending the above school, took place in the School Room on Friday, the 30th July, in presence of two of the Trustees.

ARRIVAL OF THE FRANKLIN. The "Franklin," with four days later news from Europe, is below.

MARKETS. There is not much change this week in the value of FLOUR.

MONTECALM. There is not much change this week in the value of FLOUR.

Communications.

NO. II. TO THE WARDEN AND REEVES OF HURON, PERTH AND BRUCE.

Before proceeding further in the consideration of Mr. Gwynne's letter of 21st June, I would express my sincere regret at having heard that he has gone to England; as my sole object in addressing you, was to afford these Counties an opportunity of judging for themselves, as to the advantages which they might derive from either of the two Railroad projects, now claiming their support; by a full, calm and dispassionate discussion of the merits of each line, during the period in which the By-Law of the Council must have been passed before it can be finally confirmed, and I do not doubt, from what I have hitherto known of Mr. Gwynne, that he would have done so.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Of the United Counties of Huron, Perth and Bruce. The yearly Examination of the scholars attending the above school, took place in the School Room on Friday, the 30th July, in presence of two of the Trustees.

ARRIVAL OF THE FRANKLIN.

The "Franklin," with four days later news from Europe, is below.

MARKETS.

There is not much change this week in the value of FLOUR.

MONTECALM.

There is not much change this week in the value of FLOUR.

AUSTRALIA.

PIONEER LINE OF CLIPPER SHIPS, SAILING MONTHLY.

MAIL CONTRACTS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, Quebec, and mailed by the 10th inst., will be received at Quebec, until 12 o'clock, noon.

