# Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION

W. T. FOX, Editor and Proprietor. "The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

$1.00 PER ANN IN ADVANCE, $2.00 AT END OF YEAR. GODERICH, ONTARIO, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1870. VOL. XXIII.—NO 14



## Business Directory.

**Dr. P. A. McDougall**
WILL BE AT HOME FOR CONSULTATION up to 11 o'clock, a. m. every day. Will visit clients at any hour afterwards, night or day w40

**G. C. Shannon M.D.**
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., GODERICH, C. W. 13:40-1y

**DR McLEAN.**
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER, &c. Office and Residence third door east of Central School. 49

**G. M. McMICKING, M.D.**
EXTENTIAT COLLEGE PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS C. E. Residence, the house formerly occupied by Mr. J. F. C Haldan, Elgin Street.

**DR. CASSADY,**
(of McGill College)
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, over his Drug store, Goderich, Ontario. sw103

**J. F. Dauter, M. D.**
SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, Homœopathic Physician, and Medical Electrician. Examining Physician of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company of Albany, N. Y.
☞ Office and Residence Park st., St. David's Ward, Goderich. 1yw42

### Medical.

**RICHARD MOORE, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND** Accoucheur, Manchester, C. W. February 7th, 1867. w8vr

**M NICHOLSON,**
**SURGEON DENTIST.**
Rooms over the Post Office, West Street, Goderich.
November 27th, 1869. w45-tf

**Ira Lewis,**
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Canada West. Office in Court House. v14n40

**M C Cameron,**
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, CONVEYANCER, &c., Kingston st., Goderich, Ont. w40

**Cameron & Garrow.**
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office—Kingston street, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON. w32 J. T. GARROW.

**D. Shade Gooding,**
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. Goderich, C. W. Office, upstairs Watson's Block, West street entrance first door west of Glasgow House. w40

**John S. Gordon,**
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont., Office—on the south side of West Street, third door from Court-House Square. w40

**Isaac F. Toms,**
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ontario. Office—Crabb's block, Kingston street sw77

**Doyle & Squier,**
BARRISTERS AND ATTORNIES, SOLICITORS in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont.
B. L. DOYLE. sw5 W. R. SQUIER, B.A.

**Hays & Elwood,**
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS in Chancery & Insolvency, Conveyancers, &c. Money to Lend. OFFICE: Crabb's Block, over Mr. Archibald's Store. sw37.

**William R. Bain, B. A.**
CHANCERY AND LAW OFFICE. CRABB'S NEW buildings, Kingston, Street Goderich.
N. B.—Conveyancing, Money lent on reasonable terms. Disputed and defective titles to real estate assisted. Goderich, Dec. 24 1868. sw34

**P. F. WALKER,** Attorney-at-Law Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office—the Clerk of the Peace, Court House, Goderich Ontario sw94

**T. B. Stokes,**
AGENT FOR STRATFORD AGRICULTURAL works (Joseph Sharman, proprietor). Residence, Hyde Park Road. w11-1y-8p

**S. Malcomson,**
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., &c. Clinton, Ont. w35
MONEY TO LEND.

**Strong & Squier.**
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS, NO. 6, Arcade Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
JAMES C. STRONG, Attorney-at-Law. H. R. SQUIER. Nov. 13th 1869. w43

**D. McDougall**
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD, County of Huron. Sales in village or country punctually attended to. w9-1yr8

**L. B. Hamlin,**
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, LAND Agent and Conveyancer, Kincardine. 1

**JOHN HALDAN, Jr.**
**OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE,**
INSURANCE, LAND AND GENERAL AGENT,
Money at 8 per cent.
Office—West Street, opposite the post office, Goderich

**SMAILL & CROOK**
**ARCHITECTS.**
PLANS and specifications of Buildings, &c. got up in a neat and correct style.
☞ Office over J. C. Detlor Co's store, Goderich. May 10, 1869

**HAZLEHURST & COOKE**
**AUCTIONEERS,**
**COMMISSION AGENTS, &C., &C.**
Crabb's Block, (VanEvery'soldstand)
**KINGSTON STREET, GODERICH**
ONTARIO.
☞ Sales in town and country punctual attended to.
Goderich July 12th 1869. w24

**I. FREDERICK,**

WATCHMAER, JEWELER, &c.,
WEST ST., GODERICH,
**Near the Post Office.**
BEGS MOST RESPECTFULLY TO RETURN HIS sincere thanks to the people of Goderich and vicinity for their liberal patronage during the past 8 years, and now that the holiday season has arrived with all its social enjoyments and amusiments would state that all who wish to purchase jewelry for presents or otherwise of warranted material and workmanship would do well to buy from him at rates comparatively cheaper than that asked for worthless trash.
All Jewelry Sold for Gold Warranted.
☞ Repairing done in the best style of workmanship.
ISAAC FREDERICK.
Goderich, Dec. 20th, 1869. w39-tf

**MONEY TO LEND.**
**EASY TERMS.**
J. B. GORDON.
Goderich, Jan. 14th, 1868. w51

## Business Directory.

**EDWARD SHARMAN,**
**BRICKLAYER,**
**PLASTERER AND SLATER,**
STILL continues to do any work in the above branches on reasonable terms. Whitewashing and Jobbing attended to promptly. Parties building through the country who desire to put on a Substantial Covering would do well to correspond with the subscriber, and have their Houses covered with Slates, as they will find them cheaper than any other covering in the end.
Goderich, 19th March, 1870. w8-3m

**S. R. M'DOUGALL,**
PRACTICAL VETERINARY SURGEON, Goderich. Veterinary Medicines always on hand.
Will be in Dungannon every Wednesday, and at Lucknow every Thursday and Friday.
☞ Horses examined as to soundness. sw56-2m

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

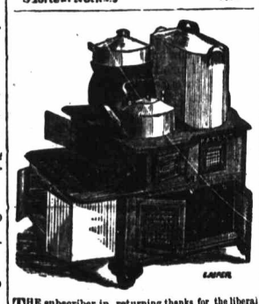
**F. R. MANN,**
**House Sign & Carriage Painter.**
DESIRES TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLIC THAT he has fitted up a shop on North street next to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with varnish room attached where he is prepared to fill all orders promptly, and at reasonable prices. Thankful for the patronage of the last 7 years solicits a continuance of the same.
**Now is the time to Paint your Cutters, Sleighs, and Carriages.**
☞ Orders from country Carriage shops attended to with dispatch.
Sign Painting, Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Papernanging, &c., &c.
F. R. MANN.
Goderich, Nov. 8, 1869. w42

**HURON HOTEL,**
ZURICH, CO. HURON.
JOHN PRANG, - - Proprietor.
This house is fitted up with every convenience for the travelling public,
☞ Good Stabling and prompt attendance.
February 1st, 1870. w2-tf

**MRS. DAYS' HOTEL**
**WROXETER.**
ON the direct road from Seaforth to Walkerton. Every necessary accommodation for the travelling public.
HANNAH DAYS.
Wroxeter, Nov. 5, 1867. w4

**COLBORNE HOTEL,**
**GODERICH.**
**E. MARTIN & SON.**
Good Accommodations. Ample Stable Room.
☞ This is admitted to be a First class house kept in Good Style.
Dece 20th, 1870. sw44-tf

**Commercial Hotel, Mitchell, C. W**
JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largestand best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stage Proprietor. Goods Stabling for 100 Horses Horses and Carriages for Hire, on Shortest Notice. 14y7



THE subscriber in returning thanks for the liberal patronage so long bestowed upon him, begs to inform his numerous customers and the public generally that in consequence of the late fire, he has removed his business to the store formerly occupied by Mr. Booth, West street, next Bank of Montreal, where everything in his line will be found and
**All Kinds of Job Work will be Done**
the same as usual.
G. N DAVIS.
Goderich, 29th March 1

**G. BARRY & BRO.,**
**CABINET MAKERS**
**WOOD-TURNERS**
**AND UNDERTAKERS,**
**Hamilton St., Goderich,**
KEEP constantly on hand for sale all articles in their line, such as
**Bedsteads, Chairs, Tables, Sofas, &c.,**
☞ All kinds of wood-turning done, such as Newel posts, stair bannisters, neckyokes, &c
Always on hand, a complete
**ASSORTMENT OF COFFINS**
and a HEARSE to hire on reasonable term
Goderich, May 3rd, 1866 15w6m

**Mrs. Mack's**
**REFRESHMENT ROOMS,**
WEST SIDE MARKET SQUARE,
Now Re-opened in the New Building
ICE CREAM, SODA WATER AND OTHER TEMperance beverages Fruit of all kinds in season Pastry, &c. Mrs. Mack will be glad to see her old customers at the New Building on the old stand.
Goderich May 27th, 1869 w4tf

**CHEESE, CHEESE.**
**Shephard & Strachan,**
GROCERS, GODERICH.
HAVE been re-appointed sole agents at Goderich for the sale of the celebrated Exeter Factory Cheese.
Local dealers supplied at the Factory Prices.
SHEPHARD & STRACHAN.
Goderich, May 27, 1867, w19tf

## Business Directory.

**NOW IS YOUR CHANCE**
CRABB'S BLOCK, KINGSTON STREET,

**Prices to Suit the Times!**
Photographs reduced to $1.00 per Doz.,
OR 75cts. PER HALF DOZEN.
**Large Photograph Reduced in Proportion.**
Also will make the largest Photographs made in Goderich, very cheap. Porcelain pictures from one dollar upwards at
D. CAMPBELL'S
Photograph Gallery.
Goderich, Oct. 19th, 1869. w27

**REMOVAL.**

ALEX. WALLACE,
WATCHMAKER
AND JEWELER,
WEST STREET,
GODERICH.
THE Subscriber having removed to the Store lately occupied by A. Naysmith, West Street, opposite the Post Office, wishes to thank his friends and the public for the liberal support with which they have favored him for the last 23 years, and begs to assure them that no effort will be spared to merit a continuance of their patronage, his anxious study will be to supply
**Watches Clocks and Jewelery**
which will give satisfaction to the purchaser, and as all work has been done by myself, customers may depend on having it well executed.
☞ A good assortment of Gold and Plated Jewelry Watches, Clocks &c., always on hand.
**ALEX WALLACE.**
Goderich Oct. 26th 1868. w40

**TWO FARMS for SALE**
FOR sale two very valuable FARMS in the Township of Goderich. For particulars apply to JOSEPH SHAW, Huron Road, Goderich Township
November 25th, 1869. w46tf

**1868.**
**THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY**
Has been in existence Thirty-two years, and during that period has paid Losses exceeding **Five and a half million pounds sterling,**
The disbursement of this enormous sum over a wide area, has without doubt contributed to the establishment of this Institution, in the confidence of Public Corporations, Merchants, Householders, and business men generally, wherever it is represented.

| | |
|---|---|
| In its 1st year, 1836, the Fire Premiums alone amounted to | £9,970 |
| In its 10th year, 1846, " " " | £17,763 |
| " 20th year, 1856, " " " | £221,279 |
| " 30th year, 1866, " " " | £379,332 |
| One year later, 1867, " " " | £316,055 |

The Fire Reserve Fund is now $4,727,464
The Life Reserve Fund is now $9,283,468
The company is represented throughout Ontario and Quebec, by influential Agents, to whom application for insurance may be made.
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL.
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich; B. V Ellicott, for Exeter; W. N. Watson, for Seaforth
Goderich, Feb. 11, 1868. w41

**SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.**
THE undersigned having purchased the Planing Mill and Sash Factory owned, and occupied by Donald Cumming, are now prepared to carry on the business of manufacturing
**Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Flooring, Siding,**
and all kinds of
**CIRCLE WORK,**
such as Circle and Gothic Sash and Frames
They think from their experience in Factory Work, that they can give satisfaction to all who may favor them with a call.
N. B.—A liberal discount to the trade.
**20,000** feet of Dry inch and a quarter Flooring on hand.
JAS BUCHANAN,
DAVID LAWSON,
WM ROBINSON.
Goderich, March 4th, 1867. sw55

**Stoves! Stoves!**
CISTERN PUMPS, LEAD PIPES, &c., &c.

EAVE TROUGHS & CONDUCTING PIPE.
PLAIN AND FANCY
**TIN WARE,**
**COAL OIL,**
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
☞ Coal Oil Lamps, &c. &c. Old Iron, Copper, Brass, Wool Pickings, and Sheep Skins taken in exchange.
J. & J. STORY,
☞ Sign of the Large Coal Oil Barrel,
Goderich, March 1st, 1867 6-

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, at the session thereof next after the expiration of six months from the date of this notice by Robert Sharman, of the Town of Goderich, in the County of Huron, for a Bill of Divorce from Matilda Sharman, formerly Matilda Borland and now called Tillie Hunt, on the ground of adultery.
Dated at Goderich, the 6th day of October, A. D 1869.
CAMERON & GARROW, Solicitors for applicant
w38-tf

**Maitland Salt Well**

PLATT'S PATENT EVAPORATOR,
The undersigned is prepared to
**FURNISH No. 1 SALT,**
IN ANY QUANTITY AT THE
**Lowest Price,**
FROM THE ABOVE WELL.
S. H. DETLOR.
Goderich, August 3rd, 1869. w27

**PHOTOGRAPHS**
**$1.00 Per Dozen.**

HALF DOZEN FROM BACK NEGATIVE 51 cents, postage free. One dozen from back negative 87 cents, postage free, to any address.
☞ Particular Attention paid to Copying old Ambrotypes.
For either large or small photographs. The subscriber in returning thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, would just say that he has made such improvements in his gallery as will merit a continuance of the same.
☞ **A Great Reduction on Large Photographs.**
E. L. JOHNSON.
Goderich, Oct. 26, 1869. w44tf.

**THE**
**Oldest Establishment in Town.**

**MARTIN AMANN**
BEGS TO INFORM HIS OLD CUSTOMERS that he is still able to sell for cash, at the lowest rates,
**ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE,**
At his shop on Kingston Street, opposite the Huron Hotel, Goderich. Give him a call.
Goderich, Oct. 3, 1868. sw11w37.

The Last Crowning Success.
**Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S**
IMPROVED
**HAIR RESTORER**
FAVORITE
**HAIR DRESSING**
**New Style in one Bottle**
BY ITS USE
Gray or Faded Hair is quickly restored to its youthful color and beauty, and with the first application a beautiful gloss and delightful fragrance is given to the Hair.
It will cause Hair to grow on Bald Spots.
It will promote luxuriant growth.
FALLING HAIR is immediately checked.
Sold by all Druggists. Price One Dollar.
Manufactured by
S. R. VAN DUZER & CO.
Wholesale Druggists,
35 Barclay Street and 40 Park Place, New-York, and
266 High Holborn, London, Eng.

**TAILORING**
**D. ADAMS**
RETURNS HIS MOST SINCERE THANKS for the very flattering encouragement he has received since he commenced business in Goderich, not being able to execute over one-half of orders brought to him last season having now secured premises so
**Carrying on Business Extensively**
and employing none but first-class tradesmen And as D. A. believes his experience as Cutter is second to none in the Province, having carried on business extensively and successfully in Hamilton, principally first-class customers, and having been Cutter in one of the Principal Establishments in Edinburgh, Scotland, he earnestly states to a discerning public that
**CLOTHING CAN BE MADE**
a first establishment equal to the best Establishments in Toronto or Montreal.
Goderich, October 3rd, 1863. sw17

**INSURANCE.**
**Fire, Marine and Life Insurances**
EFFECTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.
Offices—Kay's Block, corner Court House Square and West St., Goderich, C. W.
JOHN HALDAN, JR. Agent
Goderich, 27th Sept., 1866. w36tf


### A Choice Piece of Blasphemy.

M. Pamphile Lemay, the poet of the French-Canadian idea, and (be it remembered) a civil servant of the Quebec Government, has assumed the execrable task of setting fire, Guy-Fawkes-like, to the inflammable spirits of his compatriots (?) by a blasphemous effusion in *Le Canadien*. The following translation will give our readers an idea of what distorted images may present themselves to the jaundiced eye "in a fine frenzy rolling" of a crazy political rhymer. We would rather go down to the grave "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown," than have our humble name detested as M. Pamphile Lemay's will henceforth be by every true Canadian. Here is the precious bantling of a Quebec Government official :—

TO THOSE WHO DEMAND THE EXECUTION OF RIEL.

"Crucify him! Crucify him!"

"Crucify him! he's a false king, a criminal, who apes at royalty! He's a sacrilegious bandit applauded by the mob and whom it calls His Majesty.

"Crucify him! I say, or our long pent up tears will break forth from their hidden wells. Crucify him! his hands are stained with innocent blood. This petty king has turned executioner!"

What are those execrations and those cries for vengeance, which fill me with so much fear? Who, then, amongst us is so innocent, that he demands the death of the sinner?

Who is this brigand king? and what is his crime? That he should be thus thought worthy of death? And who, great God! is the innocent victim for whose death ye mourn?

Ah! we know him well, and we know who ye are, hypocritical Jews of these days, well we know, why ye make this rampage, and why ye call for help, and we know, too, the frank, noble, and just man, ye wish to crucify, as we also know the ignoble victim ye desire to deify!

Riel has been nominated sovereign by the voice of the people, and do ye consider this remarkable that these people should ask that his guardian arm should be extended for their protection.

Like the nest-seeking serpent insinuating itself beneath the herbage, and unfolding its slimy rings, waiting for the birds' sleeping time to surprise the nest amidst the foilage.

In this manner did the infamous Scott, whose scrowful execution, causes ye such profound grief; filled with malice, wish to plunge his sword, into the heart of his sovereign.

And Riel, who swore before a free people to inaugurate a reign of happiness, he whose heart knows no vibration but to the key of justice and of honor, could not make this man respect the sacred diadem, on the noble forehead where it had been placed; and vouchsafed peace to a people who love him even though it cost the life of a vile spy.

But tell me, by what right do you desire that your masters should avenge the death of your friend? Fort Garry does not belong to you; is it then by the right of a traitor, or by the iniquitous right of the strongest?

Ah! stop your execrations, human faced tigers in sheep's clothing. Blood must please ye greatly, since in your hate, ye would erect a scaffold

What ye regret, is not the execution of your traitorous and venal friend, but the sceptre, and that alone, the beloved sceptre passing into the hands of a more prosperous rival!

That which ye demand in your blind rage is, that the Canadian French, whose generous spirit, o'er shadows you everywhere, should be trampled beneath the feet of Englishmen.

That which ye demand, is that the Catholic by whom ye were always well treated, should O fanatical sect, expire on the cross like his Christ of Golgotha!

Dry! O dry your crocodile tears, cruel assassins of the Aylwards! Justice has never been known among ye, and your sceptres are but poignards.

When the African lion is disturbed from his repose by the sanguinary tiger, he asserts his might, when in his ragche bounds upon him and crunches his bones.

We are like the lement and redoutable lion, in his just and noble rage, and ye are but like the insatiable tiger who would live but by the terror he creates.

But we fear nothing. We laugh at the chains ye are forging all around. If ye are numerous, we are the bravest. We fight the good fight.

Go most valiant apostles elsewhere and spread abroad your black venom, I uncloak your designs and defend ours against your inhuman projects.

PAMPHILE LEMAY.

What think you of the above, men of Huron?

A ROYAL ACT OF JUSTICE.—The Queen of Prussia was, the other day, the heroine of the following little adventure: She was walking with one of her ladies on the road leading from Sans Souci to Potsdam, when she saw an old soldier, who had lost one leg and one arm, sitting by the wayside. The old man looked very sad, and the Queen stopped in order to inquire what was the matter with him. "O, madame," said the veteran, who evidently did not not know who the lady was, "I am in the deepest distress, I have but one child—a daughter—a young girl, who until recently, was employed as a chambermaid at the Royal Palace in Potsdam. She received good wages; but the other day one of the girls that hated her for some reason or other, charged her with having stolen some articles of value, and although my dear girl strenuously protested her innocence, she was discharged. Now she cannot find another situation, and so I am deprived of my only support, for my scanty pension is not sufficient to buy bread enough for us." "I believe I can help you, my friend,' said the Queen. The veteran looked at her incredulously. The Queen, however, took down his name and that of his daughter, and, giving the old man some money, continued her walk. The Berlin correspondent of the Baltic Gazette, who relates the above, adds that the Queen, after examining the case of the veteran's daughter, ordered that a more lucrative position should be given to her, and sent a handsome present to the veteran.

The Era.—"Muggins, what era in the world's history do you regard with the deepest horror?" "The *chol-era?*" gasped Muggins, with a spasmodic shudder.

The Bay at Collingwood is free from ice

### The Court of To-Day.

The *Saturday Review*, in a pungent article on 'high life,' suggested evidently by the Mordaunt scandal, observes,' 'The court of the English sovereign is now only an historical institution, but it did some good, and now that we have lost it we are persuaded that it did more good than we gave it credit. It was a standard. The Crown did give hints about moralities and indecencies. We used to hear how Queen Charlotte and Queen Adelaide managed to convey little hints, which we never hear of now. Since we have had no court in England, high life has sensibly deteriorated. Basinghall street [the Insolvent Court,] and the Divorce Court disillusionize. Bankrupt dukes, spendthrift and profligate lordlings, turfite peers, the noble habitues—and still worse habituees—of Cremorne and the Alhambra are bringing into contempt, and, perhaps into danger, institutions and systems.'

Two large lumber vessels painted black, being afraid of the ice and the darkness tried to anchor at the mouth of Sarnia harbor the other night and scared the Volunteers out of their beds, but not out of their wits. The boys were sorry to find that instead of 'blood-thirsty Finneganns,' the suspicious craft were peaceful lumberers.

Watery—A man, boasting of his temperate habits, said he never saw a glass of wine without his mouth watering.

Hook and Eye.—A celebrated wit was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied he, "Hoek and eye are old associates."

### Tabitha Trenoodle and Nat Treloob's Cow.

Did you ever drive a cow to pound? No, of course not.

Did your mother ever drive a cow to pound? or your wife?

Of course not, again.

Well, *I* have. I Tabitha Trenoodle, of Tregawk, spinster, drove a large brindled knot cow to pound. And since I am neither first cousin to Mrs Squeamish, nor first toady to Mrs Grundy, I see no reason whatever why I should deny the fact.

Perhaps up in England folks mayn't know what a knot cow is. I have heard there's a good deal of ignorance in London: and people at the Westend can scarcely tell a mabyer from a mugget. Well, a knot cow is a cow without horns, having a little knot or knob on the head instead of those appendages. If that brindle had had horns, I don't think—well, yes, I'll confess it—I don't think I should have driven her to pound.

I object to horns. They have an ugly look; and they give me a sort of a ripping feeling, highly unpleasant, in my backbone. Moreover, they make me say over to myself all the 'ifs' and 'ands' in the alphabet.

'If that beast knew his strength, and just took it into his head'—then a cold shiver, and I feel very glad I'm walking a long way behind the creature's tail.

In another minute I'm conjugating 'ifs' again, because the animal has turned and looked me mildly in the face.

'If he means mischief now by that look, and—' I catch up my long dress, and wonder, after a good run, whether I could take the next hedge at a flying leap. Then I begin thinking if I could climb a tree, or if a woman ever has climbed a tree, since Eve clambered to a top branch after that unfortunate apple. That's how I go on, if ever I'm near a horned creature. So, in town I dash into shops out of the way of horns; and in the country I tear off at full speed, with an imaginary horn in my back, all the way till I drop. As a child, I ran from a horned snail, and a stag's horn beetle I once took for a small devil, out for a walk without his nursemaid.

I've got a little meadow at Tregawk. I'm rather proud of it, because it's the best land and grows the best grass for miles round. The granite doesn't show up through the soil in ever so many places at once, as it does elsewhere in the parish.

Now when a person has got a meadow with good grass in it, that person doesn't like the grass to be eaten up night after night, nobody knows how. At least, I don't. My maid suggested:

'Evil sperrits.'

I said, 'Stuff! Evil spirits don't eat grass; they devour men.'

Then she said: 'Veers'

Now I believe Veer is a grand name in England; and I have heard of a Lady Clara Veer de Veer who cut somebody's throat in a good way, and wasn't found out. But with us veers are little pigs; and in some parishes heifers are called veers too. So you see it is not such a noble name with us, that I was going to be startled at the idea of a veer eating up my grass.

'No signs of 'em,' I answered. 'Nothing nozzled up.'

'Nebuchadnezzar,' said my maid.

'Nonsense! He's dead and gone these hundred years.'

'Not him. Her—the passon's wife.'

This seems ridiculous. But it was not, because that poor howling maniac fancied herself Nebuchadnezzar; and she was always trying to get out and eat grass. She took to calling herself the King of Babylon at first through fun, because of the herbpies she ate down in Cornwall, and because her husband's name was Daniel. Then getting a little wild,—through loneliness, as she chose to say—she stuck to her fancy. In fact, it got to be what the doctors call a fixed idea—though where fixed, or how, I can't say.

'She is capable,' I observed; 'so I'll watch.'

Accordingly that night I made Temper bring down into the fields the small kitchen table and a big stool, and by aid of these I clamber up pretty high into a tree, where I sit perched like Charles the Second in a crinoline. Temper stayed with me till nearly dark, and brought me my tea out there, as I had got into the tree quite early, thinking it wise to be in time. She had to climb to the top of the table to hand up the cups, and I found it rather novel, though a sofa cushion on the branch might have improved the situation.

When it grew dusk I made Temper leave, lugging the table with her of course, lest it should attract Mrs. Nebuchadnezzar's attention. I screamed after her for a cushion, but she did not hear me.

After nightfall, I thought of Charles the Second, and Robinson Crusoe, and Prince Absalom, till I didn't know which was which, or whether I was one or the other of them. Then cramp came on for want of that cushion, after that the shivers, then the cramp again. And my limbs took a kind of spontaneous locomotion, and wouldn't stay in any place where I put 'em. I was thinking that African travellers told awful stories about sleeping up trees with snakes and things, when suddenly I heard steps.

'No! it can't be!' I said, bumping myself frightfully, forgetting my sofa cushion was at home. 'Surely she won't carry out her ideas of Nebuchadnezzar as far as this, (in my meadow, too, to eat grass! Poor thing! Herb-pies indeed! Herb-pies are not grass; it's a judgment on her for despising good victuals.'

Harder steps, thick bootish steps, lumpy, then the gate swings, and I see coming into my field a big cow, with a man behind her! As the gate swings to and fro, and at last shuts, the man stays outside it, and leaning on the top rail he grins. I saw his grin in the moonlight quite plainly a very plain grin it was, and if the skirt of my dress had not been caught in a great hooked branch, I believe I should have sprung down on him and astonished him. But I had got up into the tree with the help of a stool and a table, and these being gone, I saw my coming down again was an impossible thing. In fact, it was a point Temper and I hadn't considered.

This was nice, certainly. A woman perched up a tree with the cramp in every part of her body except her head, and her gown hooked up somehow, but how and where she can't screw her eyes round to see and remedy!

Nice, certainly! Worse, it was aggravating and awful, because here's a man grinning on a gate, who may look up, at any minute, and see her. However, the situation has to be borne, so I watch grimly, and wonder what's coming next.

This is what came next. The cow ate my grass. Chop, chop, munch, munch, chow, chow, as plain as a pikestaff, while the man, grinning like a Cheshire cat, called out in a clear voice:

'Go it, Brindle! Make a good meal, old girl! Miss Tab is greener than her own grass; she won't find us out yet awhile.'

Upon that, and whistling to himself the old Fade tune, which they play at Helston on the 8th May, when the mayor dances through the streets, he walked off, while the cow positively made herself at home, and lay down on my grass as comfortable as you please.

I was speechless. I was frantic. I propped myself against a branch and tore at my gown till it was all out of the gathers, and hung in lerrups. Still that horrid book wouldn't give way. Then I tried to be patient. I shut my eyes, and told myself I had not got the cramp, and a branch was not grazing my back, and a knob was not boring a hole in my shoulder, and I was very comfortable, and better off than Robinson Crusoe, or a Casual

But it wouldn't do. My limbs got dead and didn't belong to me. They might have been the cow's legs, or the legs of the kitchen-table, for anything I knew about them.

'Good gracious!' I said. 'Where's that girl Temper? Why doesn't she come and get me down? Why didn't I think about the getting down before I got up? No, Temper won't come. I remember now I ordered her not to show her nose here for the world. I was to run in and tell her when Nebuchadnezzar came. Run and tell her! I wish I could. I shall never run again; my legs are gone. Where were my wits when I got up this tree? O Tabitha! Tabitha! I never knew you were such a fool!'

A cold perspiration broke over me when I thought of Temper dozing by the kitchen fire, in tranquil unsolicitude, awaiting my return. No uneasy thoughts about me would rouse her. O no! nothing would but a red-hot cinder thrown at her, and that cinder I hadn't got to throw.

"Murey alive!" I groaned; "I shall be here all night. I shall be here till next week, I shall be here for ever I shall be a few bleached bones up a tree, when the end of the world comes. What o'clock is it? It's midnight. It's three o'clock tomorrow morning. It will be daylight soon, and that horrid man will be here for his cow. What shall I do? I shall have to forgive him I shall have to scream out to him to take pity on me, and get me down. He'll stare. He'll grin. He'll triumph. I shall go out of my mind. No; I'll never bear it I won't. I'll do something desperate. I'll come down from this tree if it tears everything off my back.—No, I can't. My hands are too cramped with holding on to this branch, this evil branch. This is a bad tree; this is the worst of trees; this is the very tree that Satan put his forked tail around. O, how did I get hooked in this forked branch?—This is the hook that could not take Levia- than, but it has taken me—me, an innocent spinster, who never did any harm.—I am going mad! I am certain of it. I shall howl soon. I'm a worse maniac than the parson's wife Look at that diabolical cow, how she eats to aggravate me! I'll be revenged on her. I'll be revenged on her master. I won't stay here like a scarecrow, pinned up in a tree by the wings.—I'll come down. I'll smash all my bones but what I'll come down.".

True to my word, I tore, I pulled, I gasped, I made a desperate spring. I got my head and the tips of my fingers to the ground; but my wretched feet were lodged among the birds'-nests. In this dreadful position I hung so long, that I thought my head was bursting, and balls of fire ran along the ground out of my eyes.

"Jerusalem!" I cried, "here's that emperor come to life, who turned heathen, and took to building. He's me. No, he isn't. I'm Absalom, only my cap ought to be where my shoes are. I'm turned upside down, and my ideas are confused. There's a lucifer-match manufactory in my head. That's it. That's the fire. I shall be in flames soon. There are a hundred thousand pins and needles in me, and I'm sprouting all over with acorns. My nose is taking root. I feel it.

At last the cow, like the animal that swallowed Tom Thumb, began to think there was something uncomfortable going on somewhere. And she positively came up and sniffed all round the tree. What I felt when that cow put her nose against my foot I can never express. If she had had horns, I should have died. As it was, her sniffing at me was horridly unpleasant, that I made a frantic effort, and down I came sprawling on the grass, while the cow ran off with her tail in the air, bellowing like a scared demon. I rushed home in such horrible indignation, that the ground flew and fired as I went. I seized Temper by the arm, and woke her up boiling. She screamed, and stood goggling for gapes, like an owl with his eyes out.

"What have you done to your nose, ma'am?" she cried.

"My nose? Nothing. It's only a sting-nettle."

Then I sat down and told Temper all that had happened,

"And now," I concluded, "I mean to have revenge on that man and on that cow. Who is he?"

"Have he goot a nosse like a kittle-spout, and eyes looking too ways for Sunday?" asked Temper.

"Yes, he has—the beast!"

"Then it's Uncle Nat Treloob, as sure as am a sinner. You bet! And narra spell of work do he ever lay his ten talons to from waun year's end to t'other, the lazy lutter-pouch!"

"I'll give him something to do to-morrow. He shall go cow-hunting. I hope he'll tear up and down the country from Saltash to Breage. Temper, we must get a boy to drive that cow to pound, and hold his tongue."

"There's narra boy to do et. I's three miles to the pound. And a great bulcha, like a black dog, stood on the moor sunly lieet week."

"Uncle Dick, the Gunner, my grandfather's boy, will go."

He was called the Gunner because he was blind in one eye, which he kept shut.

"This clopping toad!" said Temper.—"He'd make a fine goose of et, sure 'nuff, Dot and go one for six miles, th' wind could drumble-drane!"

"He's spry enough, is Uncle Dick; he'll do it."

"Lor, ma'am, arr'y maned! And there's lashes of rain coming on; it's fine and slottery. Uncle Dick can no more stompey through Cliddy-lane, and over Gallishmoot, than he can fly in his gashly auld green breeches to heaven."

"Then I'll go myself," I said composedly. And I did go.

I went down to my meadow, and drove out that burglarious cow, leaving the gate open, that her thieving owner might be unsettled in his mind, and fly hither and thither after his strayed property. Their through Cliddy-lane—so called because the mud in it is stickly as treacle—and all along the dismal moor, Temper and I followed that fiend-ish brindle with all the spirit we could muster. Once we nearly drove her down a shaft. If Temper hadn't pulled her back by the tail, she would have gone in alam bang, and have disappeared for ever. I turned cold. I felt like a murderer. I began to repent. The beast was not to blame, and the driving of the innocent creature into that snare called a pound troubled my conscience. Especially as the rain came down upon us, as if the cow was going straight into the ark, and there wasn't much time to get there.

Not that the cow cared. O dear, no! She grazed, and stood still when she liked, which was mighty often. I pushed, and poked, and slapped her on the back with my handkerchief—with a knot in it—but that didn't improve the pace a bit.

'I know how it is,' said Temper; 'this cow has been used to swearing. Uncle Nat cusses awful.'

'Hi! Hip, hip! Gee up! Hi!'

The only reply to this was a sudden whoop from the cow's tail, and the sound of munching.

'Go it, Brindle!' I cried, remembering I had heard these words from her master.

She did go it; but then it was only into the grass by the wayside.

'Have you got a knife, ma'am? If we cut down a stick, I reckon we shall get along better.'

No, I hadn't a knife. I had a thimble, a bodkin, and a small pair of scissors in a morocco case. They wouldn't cut sticks.

Hi! Gee! G'long! Yi!

No movement except of the tail and jaws.

'Would you mind swearing a bit, Temper?' I asked pleadingly.

'No, missus, really I can't. I was converted only three weeks agone at the Revival, and I couldn't swear so soon. I durstn't, ma'am, indeed!'

'Then, confound the cow, and you too!' I cried. 'I'll do it myself!'

And I did. Such awful stuff I never spoke before nor since. Mrs. Squeamish would have dropped. And I must say, the next Sunday in Church, when Mr. Daniel read in the Epistle, 'Swear not at all,' I thought it very rude on his part to look at me as he did. 'Ah!' I said to myself. 'I should like to see you drive a cow to pound, I should.'

She went now, like the wind. If she stopped a bit, I tried Uncle Nat Treloob's receipt again—reluctantly and to Temper's horror—but there was no help for it.

One o'clock in the morning; and here's the farm and the pound.

'Now, Temper,' I said, 'I've done all the swearing, and the hardest part of the work; it is time I retired into the background, and pushed you forward. Go and wake up the farmer's man—you understand these folks better than I—and hand over the cow into his charge. Take care you don't wake the bull-dog instead (there was a terrible wild beast at this farm of that species); he might break his chain and kill us.'

Delivering the cow's tail into Temper's hand, I retired to the shelter of a moor stone, put over the mouth of an old shaft near; and there I waited the result calmly. Apparently the farmer's man was hard to rouse, for I heard screams and bellows and shouts enough to waken all the bulls of Bashan. However, I remained tranquil and serene, feeling I had done my duty. At last through the glimmering moonlight Temper came running breathless.

'It's all right,