1862 1863
Hum Signal
Notice to Entire Military
Constabulary
This 21st Feb 1862
213 Degas Clean

Huron Signal.

T. J. MOORHOUSE, Proprietor.] "The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

VOL. XV.—NO. 3] GODERICH, C. W., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 19, 1862. [$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE

The Huron Signal

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY

By the Proprietor, at his Office,

Market Square, Goderich, C. W.

THE HURON SIGNAL, being one of the oldest established *Reform Papers* in Western Canada, and commanding as it does, a circulation which warrants its being ranked with any other paper in the Province, affords to business men an advertising medium unsurpassed by any other paper.

All items of local interest will be duly inserted in the columns of the 'Signal.'

Subscribers and others throughout the United Counties are earnestly solicited to advise the Signal of all matters worthy of notice, with as little delay as possible.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

$1.50 per annum in advance. $2.00 if not so paid. Any person remitting five Subscribers' names with the Cash, will receive a Sixth copy free.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

7cts per line.....for first insertion.
5cts " .....each subsequent do.

Advertisements under eight lines, 50cts for the first insertion; 12½cts each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to parties advertising six months or over.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Dr. P. A. McDougall
CAN BE CONSULTED AT ALL HOURS at his residence on North Street, next door south of the residence of Rev. Mr. Elwood. 10:1

Dr. Claridge,
NORTH STREET, GODERICH, C. W
Feb. 8, 1856. 5:1

G. C. Shannon, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR

Dr. Cole,
LATE OF STANLEY—CLINTON, HURON Road. (Mr. Thwaites's former Store. y7:27

W. H. Miller, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c. Office at the Anglo-American Hotel, Bayfield. 13:23

Ira Lewis,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-Law, and Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Canada West. v14n40

M. C. Cameron,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ATTORNEY &c.; Goderich, C. W.

James Patton,
(PATTON & ARDAGH, BARRIE)
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ATTORNEY &c. Office over the Wesleyan Book Store, King Street, Toronto. jan.26-60

Shaw & Sinclair,
ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c. Offices, over the Store of A. Y. Delhoi & Son, Goderich, and Queen Street, Kincardine.
S. SINCLAIR, Goderich | A. SHAW, Kincardine. 12:23

John Macara,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, &c., &c., Goderich, C.W. 43

Strachan & McDermot,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Notaries Public, &c., West Street, Goderich. 10:1

John Davison,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, &c. Office, Market Square, Corner of Kingston Street, Goderich. 9:42

Lefroy & Patterson,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Office McKay's corner, West Street, Goderich. 9:42

John B. Gordon,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, Canada West. Office—on the South side of West Street, third door from the Court-House Square.
N. B.—A few hundred Pounds to lend in sums of $200 to $500, on moderate terms. v14n45

Libert Chandler,
CIVIL ENGINEER, PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor. Office next door to the Huron Hotel. 13:21

A. C. Robertson,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor. Office West side of Court House Square, Goderich. 13:35

A. Bay,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR AND Civil Engineer, Clinton. July 1, '61.

L. B. Hamilton,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, Land Agent and Conveyancer, Kincardine 11:

Mr. John Denison,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, CIVIL Engineer, &c. Office in Goderich and Bayfield, C.W. n68

John Campbell,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, Commissioner in Queen's Bench, for taking affidavits, Conveyancer, &c.&c. Office on Broadway, Village of Kincardine, C.W. 9:9

John Kaine,
COMMISSIONER IN THE COURT OF Queen's Bench, Conveyancer, &c. A Registry kept of Farm and Town Lots for Sale; parties having lots for sale, or desiring to purchase, will please send full particulars.
Dungannon, Feb. 20, 1857. 9:9

C. R. Barker,
NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSIONER IN B.R., General Commission Agent. Durham Street, Penetangore, Kincardine. 10:8

Charles Aspinall,
WEST STREET, GODERICH; DEALER in *Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry.* Repairing done in a superior manner, and warranted. 12:9

N. T. Custead & Co.,
NURSERYMEN, DEALERS IN FRUIT and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c. Orders promptly attended to. 11

River Hotel, Bayfield, C. W.
JOHN S. PORTER, Proprietor. Cash paid for Hides, Calf, Sheep, and deer skins, and all kinds of Furs. Gold and Silver Watches bought, sold and exchanged at the River Hotel, Bayfield, C.W. 52-y1y

Commercial Hotel, Mitchell, C.W
JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largest and best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stage Proprietor. Good stabling for 100 Horses. Horses and Carriages for Hire on the Shortest Notice. 14:

G. M. TRUEMAN
LAND AGENT,
Market Square, Goderich.
Attends CLINTON every Wednesday, from 11 a.m to 3 p.m. 81:10.

STORY & DAVIS,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Stoves, Ploughs and Castings of every description. Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, at the Stove Depot, West Street, Goderich.
Coal Oil Lamps, &c., &c. Old Iron, Copper, Brass, Rags and Sheepskins taken in exchange. v14n49

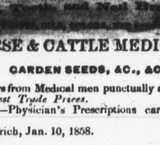
COAL! COAL! COAL!
W. PRICE,
DEALER IN COAL
Of different varieties, by the *Cargo, Car-load, or Smaller Quantity, for*
Foundry, Stove, Grate & Smithing purposes
Coal for Stoves or Grates always Screened. Coal, below the Warehouse nearest the Lake, and office in Building lately occupied by Messrs. Gamble & Co., HARBOR QUAY, Goderich, C.W.
All Communications through the Post-office will receive prompt attention. 38

DRUGS, DRUGS!
F. JORDAN,
(Successor to R. R. Reynolds)
Medical Hall,
Court-House Square, Goderich,
DISPENSING CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,
Dealer in, and Importer of
GENUINE DRUGS!
Chemicals, Perfumery,
HORSE & CATTLE MEDICINES
GARDEN SEEDS, &C., &C.
Orders from Medical men punctually attended to at *Lowest Trade Prices.*
N.B.—Physician's Prescriptions carefully dispensed.
Goderich, Jan. 10, 1858. 49

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!
ROCK & COAL OILS,
Burning Fluid, Lamp Oils.
For Sale by F. JORDAN.
Goderich, Jan. 17, 1859. 50

VANEVERY & RUMBALL,
Forwarders, Commission Merchants,
GENERAL STEAMBOAT AGENTS,
CUSTOM HOUSE BROKERS
DEALERS IN
Flour, Salt, Pork, Whisky, Coal, Lumber
Harbor Quay: Goderich, C.W.
THOS. R. VANEVERY | GEO. RUMBALL

W. J. KEAYS & CO.,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING AGENTS,
GENERAL FLOUR & PRODUCE DEALERS.
No. 11 foot of Washington Street.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
W. J. KEAYS & CO., Buffalo. | GAMBLE & CO., Goderich, C.W v1y14

J. HENRY,
Dealer in
ALL KINDS OF JEWELLERY.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF REPAIRING done and warranted. Jewellery made to order. Wedding rings of my own make constantly kept on hand; at the old stand, next door to the *Signal* office. 19

Goderich Cabinet Warehouse
D. GORDON
CABINET MAKER & UNDERTAKER
Begs to inform the inhabitants of Goderich and the surrounding Country, that he has now on hand at his Warerooms,
WEST STREET, GODERICH
A complete assortment of Furniture of everydescription, such as
Tables, Bedsteads, Sofas, Bureaus, Chairs, Mattresses, &c.
All Home Manufacture and Imported. Furniture made to order on the Shortest notice.
Goderich 8th, 14th, 1860.

RIFLES & SHOT GUNS
FOR SALE,

AND MADE TO ORDER.
Best Rifle Powder kept for Sale
BY
JOHN McINTOSH,
Opposite the Market.
ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING DONE.
Goderich, June 24, 1861. 21

Goderich
PLANING MILL!
Sash, Door, and
BLIND FACTORY.
John McDonald & Co.
HAVING COMPLETED THEIR NEW Factory, are now prepared to take in orders to any extent. From their long experience in the business, and having experienced workmen, and a first-class set of machinery, they flatter themselves that they can do as
Good Work,
As any Establishment in Canada. Parties having work would do well to
CALL & SEE.
There is also any quantity of
SASH, DOORS & MOULDINGS,
Of
ALL KINDS, ON HAND,
They also offer
To Carpenters & Builders
—A—
LIBERAL DISCOUNT FOR THEIR WORK.
TERMS,
Without Distinction must be CASH.
Remember the place: *Opposite the old Planing Mill.*
Goderich, 26th August, 1861. 30

FIRE INSURANCE.
Gore District Mutual Fire Insurance Company; established 1840.
Phœnix Insurance Company, of Hartford; Capital, $600,000.
MARINE AND FIRE INSURANCE.
Provincial Insurance Company, of Canada; Capital, $1,765,000.
Marine and Fire Risks taken on the most favorable terms in the above offices.
Office: Market Square.
HORACE HORTON, *Agent.*
Goderich, 10th April, 1861. 10-yr

MARINE & FIRE INSURANCE
HOME INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.
CASH CAPITAL, $1,000,000; SURPLUS OVER $600,000.
THE Home Insurance Co. having deposited Fifty Thousand Dollars in Canadian securities in compliance with the Canada Insurance Law, will issue policies on Marine of Inland Navigation and Fire, on very favorable terms.
Goderich, March 19, 1861. 7-tf

MARINE INSURANCE.
C. CRABB,
AGENT FOR
BRITISH AMERICA INSURANCE Co.
Office—Market Square, Goderich
March 27, 1860.

INSURANCE AGENCIES.
D. SHADE GOODING, Agent for the following Responsible Insurance Companies: Royal Insurance Co.; Unity Fire Assurance Association, of London, England; the International Life Assurance Co. Risks taken in above companies at very low rates of premiums. Applications received at Mr Lewis's Law Office.
Goderich, July 1, 1861.

INSURANCE.
WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY. British America Assurance Company; Head Offices, Toronto. Marine, Fire and Life Insurances effected on favorable terms by JOHN HALDAN, jr.
N.B.—No business can be attended to during hours of attendance at Grammar School.
Goderich, Nov. 24, 1860.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Capital, £2,000,000, Stg.; *Accumulated Fund,* $5,671,728.
Brittania Life Assurance Co. of London.
THE undersigned having been appointed Agent for the above highly respectable Companies, is prepared to accept both Fire and Life Risks, at moderate rates of premium.
A. M. ROSS, Agent.
Goderich July 1st, 1859. v12n2.

GODERICH
LEATHER MANUFACTORY,
AND
Leather & Findings Store

J. & J. SEEGMILLER
Having greatly enlarged the facilities of the Manufactory, now keep constantly on hand a
Large and well Prepared
STOCK OF LEATHER!
Of every description, including
SOLE, HARNESS & UPPER LEATHER
Calf and Kip Skins,
For Sale on
REASONABLE TERMS, FOR CASH
or approved credit. In their Leather and Findings Store, they keep, together with the above articles of their own Manufacture, a large and well selected stock of
French & Patent Calf Skins, Morocco, Seal, Grain Goat, Enamelled Cow, Patent Splits,
And other Leathers, besides a large supply of
LINING, AND BINDING SKINS.
THEY HAVE ALSO
Crimping Machines, Boot Trees, Crimping Blocks, and Lasts,
Of every description, *Zinc and Iron Nails, Pegs, Elastics, Prunella, &c. &c.,* together with a full stock of the best
SHOE KIT ARTICLES!
A call at their store on the *Market Square,* is respectfully requested before purchases are made elsewhere.
Goderich, May 28, 1861. 17

GODERICH FANNING MILL
AND
Pump Factory!
THE subscriber begs to inform the inhabitants of the Counties of Huron and Bruce that he is still Manufacturing and has on hand a number of his **Superior Fanning Mills** and PUMPS. He would particularly draw attention to his Mills, as he will warrant them to free Wheat from oats, cockle, chess, &c. Pumps made to order and warranted.
Factory on NELSON-st. between Victoria Street and Cambria Road.
HENRY DODD.
Goderich, October 30, 1860. 39tf

THE NATIONAL SERIES
OF
SCHOOL BOOKS
CAN BE BOUGHT WHOLESALE AT THE
SIGNAL OFFICE,
AT THE
Same Price as in Toronto.
CALL AND SEE!

BLANK TRANSFERS
OF LAND, WITH THE NEW FORM OF Affidavit on the back, just published and for sale CHEAP, at the
SIGNAL OFFICE.
June 3rd. 1861.

Poetry.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

[The uncivilized practice of shooting pickets, which has been largely practiced on both sides during the present civil war—it is, however, said now to be abandoned—is placed in a strong light by the following lines, which we take from an American paper.]

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire gleaming.
A tread echoes back and forth; a sentinel's eye
Watches and waits with watchfulness weary;
Through the night with the bayonet fixed goes by
What gains up above, with their glittering eye—
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain;
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
And he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may heaven defend her.

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, when love-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeves roughly over his eyes
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves,
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing!
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

PICKING UP A POCKET-BOOK.

Continued from our last.

I then took out my tin box of lucifers, struck a light, and kindled a fire: though it was very easily, for the heavy dew stood in great glistening beads on grass and shrub, and the moistened wood emitted many a cloud of pungent and dark smoke, before I could coax the sullen embers to burst forth in the required blaze. All this time, I had to give an occasional halloo, rattling a tin cup against the barrel of my revolver, for the purpose of intimidating the wolves; while *it was necessary to pat and soothe by voice* and hand the poor horse itself, which was tugging at the tethering-rope in a way that threatened to break it every instant. At last to my great joy, the fire leaped up, red and cheery, its bright beams illumined a little radiant patch of prairie, and hovering in the shadows on the edge of this illuminated spot, I saw the slinking coyotes, the smallest and most timid, but also the most cunning, variety of the wolf of America. Presently I flung a firebrand among the pack, and they vanished into the darkness, but for half an hour I could hear their howls of disappointment, growing fainter and fainter, as the distance increased. My horse was quieter at the disappearance of the wolves, and in about an hour I ventured to return to my blankets and my repose, after piling a fresh heap of brush on the steadily glowing fire. Not very long afterwards, a feeling of intense cold awoke me by slow degrees. I opened my eyes. The fire was low; its embers glowed crimson, fading gradually into blackness. Overhead was the dim sky, the vast host of stars having the peculiar pale and sickly hue which heralds the dawn. It was very cold. There was a rushing sound in the air, and the grass of the prairie was tossed to and fro in wild confusion; a strong wind was blowing—the norther.—This was the first blast of the chilly north wind that annually sets in at the close of the unhealthy season in the south. It had a piercing and glacial effect, coming, as it did from the Polar ice-fields, and across the Rocky Mountain range; but I gladly bailed it, for I remembered that it would be dead against the mail steamer that was breasting the waters of the Mexican Gulf with Joram Heckler and his plunder on board.

I might beat him yet!

But the wind increased in force; it was blowing like a hurricane, and I shivered in spite of my warm poncho and blankets. My horse had lain down, and was trembling with cold. I was obliged to spare him a blanket; he was a "States" horse, swifter but not so hardy and useful for prairie travel as the mustangs of the plains. The wind did not diminish as the sun rose, red and angry, and a new cause of alarm began to haunt me I had heard of travellers utterly weatherbound for days among the prairies on account of the fury of the resistless wind. And time was so valuable to me. I felt sick at heart as the chilly hours of morning crept on, and almost despaired of success. I was benumbed and stiff; the dew had been turned to icicles by the sudden cold; and now every waving blade of grass seemed crested with a diamond glittering and glistening in the level sunshine. By nine o'clock the wind began to abate; it slackened very gradually, and at half-past ten I considered that I might resume my journey. My breakfast was not a luxurious one; a mouthful of beef and parched maize, swallowed in the intervals of saddling my horse and rolling up my blankets. Then I drew up the iron peg to which the halter was attached, rolled up the halter, lasso fashion, at my saddle bow, and mounted. I was less awkward in the every-day routine of prairie life than might be supposed. Years ago, before I entered Spalding and Hausermann's employ, I had spent some weeks in a frontier fort, as the guest of the officers of a United States Ranger regiment. I had accompanied my hosts on several hunts and scouting expeditions against hostile Indians, and had found some amusement in picketing my steed, lighting camp fires, and so forth: little dreaming that my whole earthly happiness would ever depend on my proficiency in such arts. As the sun rose in the pale blue sky, nature assumed a more cheerful appearance, the icicles and hoar frost melted, and the air became merely bracing and agreeable, as the bitter cold passed away. On we went, following the plain trail of the waggon trains, up and down the gentle rolling slopes of the undulating prairie. I noticed with some dismay that my horse was no longer the mettled creature that had pranced so gaily out of Carson the day before. At first he certainly answered my voice and the pressure of my knee, by stepping out gallantly; but after a while he began to flag, more heavily on the bit, and required a more frequent touch of the spur. It was clear I had taxed his powers too severely on the previous day. He was going weakly under me, in a spiritless way that spoke volumes. What was I to do? I had plenty of money, but money cannot prove a talisman in the wilderness. There was not a farm between the place where I stood and the Great Salt Lake itself. My only chance in procuring a remount, lay in meeting some one who would sell me a steed, and this was far from a certainty. I was chewing the cud of bitter reflection when I heard the light tramp of a galloping horse behind me. Quickly I turned my head, and saw a booted rider dashing gaily along over the swells of the prairie; his trim coat, half opened, showed a red flannel shirt; and his Mexican sombrero was bound with a cord of tarnished gold. He had a revolving carbine pistol at his saddle-bow, and at his side hung from his shoulder-belt his leathern despatch bag. It was my acquaintance of yesterday—Shem Grindrod.

'Mornin, stranger,' he called out cheerily; 'I didn't skeer you, yesterday, it seems, by my yarns about Injuns. 'Twas Gospel truth for all that. Camped out, I reckon? Your hoss does look a little the wuss for wear, mister, though. You've pushed him a goodish stretch, you have.'

We rode on for some distance side by side. My poor horse was inspired to do his best by the presence of the other horse, and together we sped over the country: my steed trotting, Shem's mustang galloping, for Spanish-American horses have but one pace when urged beyond a walk. Shem was even much more kind and even polite in his manner than on the previous day. He told me, bluntly, that he respected a fellow that proved himself a man, but that what he hated worse than copper headed snakes was a Broadway dandy giving himself adventurous airs. My horsemanship had won Shem's esteem, and he sympathized heartily with me when he saw that I was really bent on crossing the desert at my risk.

'Your hoss is a good bit of stuff, mister,' said he, 'but I'm afraid he's pretty nigh used up for one while. Now you listen to me.—The best thing you can do, is to buy a mustang fast chance you get. There'll be hunters passing south, and p'raps they'll trade, when you get right out among the plains, you stick to the trail well, and if a grass fire blinds it, you tak your compass and bear up east by north. Keep that pistol of yours ready, and if you do see Injuns, keep cool. Don't waste a shot. Every round bit of lead is worth a life on the parara. Good-by, wish you luck.'

Shem headed his horse for one of the Express stations, a little lonely block-house, with a stockaded yard, which was garrisoned, by a few of his comrades, and where a relay of fresh horses was kept. I looked wistfully at the block-house and the well stocked corral, and then turned away with my tired steed to resume my weary travel. I knew that early in the afternoon I should reach another station of the same kind, and there I meant to apply for refreshment and shelter, in case my horse should knock up altogether. Before I had gone a mile, I saw my friend Shem on a fresh steed, scouring the plain. He waved his hand, and gave me a cheer of recognition, and I looked after him enviously as he flew like an arrow up the slope, and vanished in the distance. By good luck, however, I almost instantly fell in with a party of white men, the first travellers I had seen. These turned out to be three trappers returning from Oregon, with a fair stock of peltry loaded on two mules. They were all well mounted on Indian ponies, and one of them led by a lariat a powerful and shapely mustang, whose bright eye and wide nostrils matched well with his wiry limbs. He had been captured on the plains, not two months before, one of a wild herd; but he was sufficiently broken in to be useful in prairie fashion. I struck a bargain with the trapper, by which my exhausted but more valuable quadruped was bartered for the half-wild mustang; the trapper also receiving four gold eagles. The arrangement was mutually satisfactory, and as the tall Kentuckian helped me to shift my saddle and bridle to the spotted nag I had just acquired, I saw his eyes twinkle with self-congratulation.

"One word of advice, colonel," said the trapper, as I placed the gold in his hard brown hand, 'keep your eyes skinned as you go along, and don't let the cussed Redskins doublie upon you. There's Indian sign about there is. I saw the print of a moccassin, down yonder by the spring, where the Indians never come for any good, mister. You mind—Utahs ain't to be trusted, and Shoshonies are worse. As for Rapshoes, Heaven help you, Colonel, if they ketch you alone! There's Injins about. I smell 'em."

'I wish you'd got a good rifle on your shoulder, mister,' said another as I mounted 'six shooters is very handy tools, but nothing sickens the Indians like a good five-foot bit of holler iron, that air true.'

I took leave of these good fellows, who wished me a safe journey in the heartiest way, though evidently disbelieving in the likelihood that a "greenhorn" could carry his property and scalp safe across the desert. The mustang was fresh, and darted along at that untiring, though not very speedy gallop, which animals of that hardy race can maintain for a very considerable time. We made capital progress: the country grew dryer, and the grass shorter, and the swampy bottoms and trickling brooks were fewer. I met with no adventure, except that my new purchase put his foot into an outlying burrow, as we skirted a 'village' of prairie dogs, and gave us both a roll on the turf; but were unhurt, and I had luckily kept my grasp of the bridle or I should have lost my horse. Once I thought I saw something hovering on the edge of the horizon, but whether savages or buffaloes, or wild horses, I could not determine. After riding several miles I came to a place where the trail dipped suddenly into a low tract of alluvial earth, intersected by a stream of some magnitude, and shaded by a belt of lofty cotton-wood trees. I traced here the fresh footprints of a horse which must just have passed, for the bruised grass had but partially risen around the edges. 'Crack, bang!' went the sharp report of fire-arms ringing from the thicket below, and with the reports mingled the horrid war-hoop of the savage. Grasping my pistol, I dashed in among the trees and beheld poor Shem Grindrod, bleeding, reeling in his saddle, and beset by a party of six or seven Indians, mounted and in their hideous panoply of war. Shem had been pierced by three arrows: he was fainting with loss of blood; but he frowned the savages boldly, and one of the Indians lay at his feet, rolling in the agonies of death My arrival changed the current of the fight; two rounds from my revolver, the second of which laid low a muscular barbarian, smeared with yellow ochre, who was pressing on Shem with an uplifted tomahawk, sufficed for their discomfiture. Probably they took me for the advanced guard of a party of whites. At any rate they fled at speed across the plain.

I was just in time to break Shem's fall, as the poor fellow dropped from his saddle, feebly murmuring, 'That ye mister. You've saved my scalp, any way, if 'twas just too late to save——' His voice was hushed here, and he fainted in my arms.

There was a metal flask of whiskey dangling at the mail-bag rider's saddle-bow, along with his blanket and haversack. I hastily unscrewed the stopper, and contrived to force a few drops into the mouth of the wounded man. Then, I tore my cravat into strips, and with it and my handkerchief tried to bind up the hurts Shem had received, after vainly attempting to withdraw the barbed arrows.—Two of the injuries were mere flesh wounds more painful than dangerous; but the third was of a serious character; the shaft was imbedded in Shem's side, though the hemorrhage was trifling in appearance when compared with the abundant flow of blood from the other injuries. In about a couple of minutes, Shem revived sufficiently to look up. I was touched by the gratitude his eyes expressed. Probably, poor lad, he had received but a scanty share of kindness [illegible]

'Do you suffer much pain from the arrow wounds?' I asked. 'Take a drop more of the whiskey; it will give you strength, and if I can once help you to proceed as far as the block house——'

'Tain't no manner of use, stranger, my duty to ye, all the same,' replied the rider, after swallowing a small quantity of spirits. 'I've got my finish at last. A chap that's fit in the border fights ever since he could s' point along a gun, don't need no doctor to tell him when he's got goss, *he* don't.

I could not dignise from myself that Shem was right. His face showed a ghastly change it was ashen white, pinched, and thin; while the lips twitched, and the eyes had acquired that peculiar eager glance, and restless craving brightness which we never notice except in those over whom death hovers. But I tried to cheer the poor fellow; succeeded in stanching the blood that flowed from his arm, transpierced by two of the iron-tipped reeds, and begged him to keep up his hope and courage.

'Tain't worth wasting words upon, mister,' gasped Shem: 'I knowed I'd my call; onst I felt the cold and rankling pain that tollered the smart of that cursed arrow in my ribs. I'm just bleedin' to death, inwardly, I am, and all the surgeon chaps in the States could not help me, no, nor yet the cleverest bone-setter in the pararas. But you cheated the curs out of my scalp, stranger. They had a hanker to get this child's ha'r, they had, to dance round in their darned village, them Shoshonies. Ay! How the squaws will jeer and mock 'em when they go back empty-fisted, and leavin' two of the pack behind 'em, too!' And Shem, with death in his face and at his heart, actually laughed. *He had to* catch painfully at his breath before he spoke again. 'Stranger, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. You bark to me. What I couldn't give you, nuther for dollars nor axin', you'll get now. Go on to the station; take this bere mail bag along, give it 'em and tell 'em the rights of what's chanced.—They'll turn out fast enough. I'll warrant, and they'll put me under the turf afore the wolves pick my bones. And another rider must go on with the bag. And tell 'em 'twere my dyin' wish, they'd give you a fresh hoss at each block, and so let you go with the rider, and push ahead. The Co. won't be riled at the breach of rules—seein' you saved the bag, let alone my scalp, and——'

He broke down here. I was quite melted at the unselfish thoughtfulness of this poor dying creature, this untaught, half-wild frontier-man, who could care for my speedy journey while his own vital breath was trembling on his livid lips. I gave him a third sup of whisky, begging him to let me know if I could communicate his last wishes to any distant friend or relation?

'There's a gall that lives to Hampton Town,' said Shem, almost in a whisper, 'the darter of a dealer that trades in mules, she be, and Ruth and I——Oh, tis a pity the wedding day were put off, cause the Co. gives pensions to wives, but none to sweethearts, and Ruth's father met with misfortins in trade and she'd ha' been glad of a few dollars a year poor thing.'

I asked his sweetheart's name, for, as I assured him, that the house of Spalding and Hausermann would befriend her for his sake, if through the service I had rendered Shem I were really enabled to do my errand with a success otherwise unattainable.

'Ruth Moss,' said Shem, in his weak voice: 'that's her surname and given name. She's a good girl, pretty and good, is Ruth, and only too tender a flower for a rough borderman like me; goes to chapel reg'lar, and writes like a print book.'

He then begged that I would send to Ruth a certain knot of ribbon which he had received from her as a keepsake, or merely snatching in a lover's whim, I do not know which; at any rate I found it carefully wrapped in deer-skin, in the bosom of his dress, but ah! with a deep dark stain of blood marring the gay blue of the silk. The arrow had passed nearly through that humble love-token. Shem further prayed me, that as I passed by the Round Pond Station, between Fort Bridge and Red Creek, I would tell his old father, Amos Gindrod, that he, Shem, had "died like a man."

'The old man'll be cut up, I'm afraid,' murmured Shem, whose eyes were getting dim, 'but he'll be glad to know my ha'r warn't lifted. Tell him I were wiped out by the band of Mad Buffalo, the Shoshonie. 'Twar Mad Buffalo himself that sent the arrow thro' me, just as I kivered him with the carbine. The skunk! Many a noggin of drink I've given him when he come tradin' to the fort. But there was a grudge atween him and me, and he's ped it, but let him mind how he ever comes within range of old Amos Grinrod's rifle!'

Shem was anxious to know whether the Indian I had shot was quite dead, and what painted device his half naked body bore. His own glazing eyes could not distinguish; but when I described the yellor ochre barred with white, he said it must be the "Little Owl," one of Mad Buffalo's best warriors. The other Indian was of a slighter make, and daubed with black and vermillion. Both were stone dead. Shem asked me, half timidly, if I would be so good as repeat 'a bit of Scripture.' He had not been much of a chapel-goer, but Ruth had 'got religion,' and his mother, too, had been 'a Christian woman,' as he quaintly observed. I knelt beside him and held up his head as I uttered aloud the words of a brief and simple prayer such as little children are taught to lisp with their innocent lips, and once or twice I heard the husky tones of the dying man repeat the words. But there was a strong shiver thro' his frame, and [illegible] Shem Grindrod was dead before the prayer was prayed out.

About an hour later, I rode up to the station, mounted on my own horse, and leading Shem's by the bridle.

'Halloa! pull up, pull up, or I'll plug ye, sure as my name's Bradshaw!' shouted a stern voice through a loophole of a clouded block-house [illegible] long barrel of a *trombone* the pointing in my direction. *I halted,* of course.

'That's one of our hosses,' cried a second voice; 'the critter's stole it, I reckon. What is he?'

'I am a friend,' I called out; 'a traveller from California. Let me come in, and I will explain all.'

The garrison held a short but animated debate. One man avowed his belief in the truth of my story, another broadly hinted that I might turn out a 'renegade' or 'white Indian,' that I merely wanted to open the doors of the fortress to my ferocious allies, annihilate somewhere hard by, and that it would be as well to shoot me, as a provisional act of prudence. But the majority carries the day in America; and luckily for me, the majority decreed my admission. Loud was the surprise, and sincere the sorrow, with which the little garrison received the news of their comrade's murder. Three of the men caught up such rude tools as they possessed, and slipping their rifles, prepared to take the 'back trail' to the spot where the unfortunate young man's body lay, and where his remains would be hastily laid in earth, after the custom of the frontier. Another hurried, with all the discipline of a middle a horse for the purpose of carrying forward the mail-bag which poor Shem had [illegible] only with his life. His rider was the most affected of the group, by the melancholy tidings I had brought. He would have preferred to be one of those who were to lay his old associate beneath the prairie turf, but this could not be. He was 'next for duty,' he said, simply, with tears starting in his hardy eyes. So, he hurried to equip himself and steed for the perilous road. I now ventured, rather timidly and awkwardly, to prefer myself the request for the accommodation of fresh relays of horses along the rest of the route, speaking as modestly as I could of my own preservation of the despatches. The men looked puzzled as they scrutinised me and weighed my demand. One of them, he who had taken me for a renegade white in the Indian interest, gave me a piercing glance, and gruffly said, 'How do we know he ain't been bamboozling us with a pack of lies? He may have murdered Shem, ye see, just to get a remount, and——'

'You jest shut up!' thundered in tones of deep indignation, the rider who was to carry on the mails. 'You oughter to be ashamed of that tongue o' yourn, Jethro Summers.—Here's a gentleman, and what's more an honest chap, has fit by poor Shem's side, has saved his scalp from them Shoshonies, and brought on the bag for us, and you're to insult him with your mean talk. See! his hoss is fresh, and he's brought in Shem's hoss and you go telling him he'd murder a white Christian to get a hin. It's a bumin' shame, Jeth Summers!'

'Tis, 'tis!' exclaimed the other two men. 'Did ye ever know a darned renegade look a chap in the face, bold and honest, like the colonel, there? He's a good chap, is mister; and if ever he wants a friend in a rough and tumble fight, we're his men, sure as minks can swim.'

The trio shook hands with me with genuine warmth. Now, when the iron was hot, was the time to strike. I therefore made an energetic appeal to them to supply me with horses, assuring them that my whole prospects and happiness, as well as those of others, depended on my speed. They listened with interest; but when I concluded with the words, 'Shem Gindrod wished it; he bade me ask it of you, as he lay dying,' the game was won. To be sure, the one ill conditioned member of the community grumbled something about 'soft-sawder, breach of rules, cunning Yankees, and dismissal.' But the tall rider cut him short, by affirming with an oath, that 'if the Co. chose to ride nasty on such a point, after the stranger's services, why the Co. was a mean scamp, and he wouldn't serve 'em for one.' I did not at first exactly comprehend this frequently recurring phrase of the 'Co.,' and was disposed to regard it as the name of some overlooker, or superintendent, but afterwards discovered that this monosyllabic impersonation meant the Express Company.

'Look sharp, mister. You shall have a mount, but there's time lost already, and we shall have to ride whip and spur. Come and pick out a nag out of the corral. There's a brindled mustang your saddle will fit like his skin. The roan's best, but his back's rubbed raw. Ask Jonas to give you some beef and buiscuit, we shan't pass many hot-eis, that air positive. Charge that revolver o' yourn, colonel I see two bullets a missing. Have a horn of whisky—old Monongahela? No? Do be spry with the saddle, you Jeth—a man should help in a case like this. Easy, mister, with the bridle—the mustang bites—so!—We'll take care of your nag, and you'll find as sleek as a slug when you come back our way. Good-bye, boys!'

So saying the impatient rider, finished his preparations, sprang to his saddle, waved his repeating carbine over his head, and off at a furious speed. I followed as rapidly as I could, shouting a farewell to those left behind, who were on the point of starting for the place where poor Shem was lying beside the corpses of his copper-hued foes, stiff and stark.

The *brindled mustang* was fat and lazy, compared with the nimble cream colored pony on which my guide was mounted. It took all my exertions to overtake 'Demus Blake, whose name was probably Aristodemus, though this curtailed by usage. We rode it a tremendous pace.

'Larrup your beast, colonel,' cried the rider, 'we're woful behind. Don't be stingy with the spur-iron, for that brindle does allays shirks when he can. Mind—'war the sappy ground, where you see them clubby mosses! Jordan! they'd take a hoss to the girths, and there you'd stop, like a tree'd coon. Push on, sir. Rattle him across them rivlets: not that a parara hoss can jump like critters from the United States.'

It struck me that 'D mas Blake was bawling and flogging in this excited way, for no other purpose than to quiet his own nerves and drown care. I was confirmed in this view by the fact that, after six or seven miles had been swallowed up by the foam flecked steeds, he reined his horse into a steady hand-gallop.

'There, mister, said he, 'we'll go quiet now. I feels kipder easier under my left ribs. Tell'ee, colonel, little as ye think it, to look at such as me, I was near making the biggest baby of myself—there, I was! Poor boy Shem! I knowed him, sir, uncommon well, and uncommon long. We played about together when we were as high as a ramrod, in Pequottie village, nigh to Utica, in Old Kentuck. And when old Amos—a white-haired old chap now, but pretty tough too. He's at Brown's Hole—no, at Round Pond—tracing for peltry. I wouldn't care to have the tellin' on him.' [illegible] a good while after this. He did not speak again till I paid a merited tribute to Shem's courage. I had found him, I said, fronting seven Indians like a stag at bay. The frontiers-man's eye glittered proudly:

'A brave boy, sir. I was with him first fight—that is, Shem's first, cause I'm two year an older man.