Huron Signal.

"The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

VOL. XXV. NO. 10. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1872. WHOLE NO. 1310.

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C., A. F. A. A. M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION ... W. DICKSON, Sec.

I. O. OF G. T.
FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.
GODERICH TEMPLE NO. 22, OF THE ORDER ... R. CAMPAIGNE, Sec.

Huron Division No. 120
SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
THE REGULAR WEEKLY MEETING OF THIS ... D. CAMERON R. S.

I. O. O. F.
Huron Lodge No. 12
... Visiting brothers cordially invited. ... R. S. SHEWARD, Secretary.

Hotels.

ZURICH HOTEL.
H. Happel, Proprietor.
THE LOCATION FOR COMMERCIAL ...

HOTEL, Proprietor.

PORT ALBERT HOTEL
PORT ALBERT.
GEO WILSON, - - Proprietor.
Good accommodation. Ample stablerooms. This is admitted to be a first-class hotel, and ...

JULBORNE HOTEL,
CODERICH.
E. MARTIN Proprietor.
Good Accommodation. Ample Stable Room.
This is admitted to be a First class House kept in Good Style.

Insurance.

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.
INSURES AGAINST ACCIDENTS CAUSING ... S. H. DETLOR, Agent.

THE ISOLATED RISK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY Of Canada.
HEAD OFFICE: Kloep Block, Corner of Church, Toronto.
CAPITAL ... $500,000
DEPOSITED WITH GOVERNMENT, ... $50,000.
PRESIDENT, ALEXANDER McENZIE, Esq., M.P.
MANAGER, JOHN MADDAN, Jun., (Late Assistant-Secretary Western Assurance Co.)
BANKERS—Canadian Bank of Commerce.
ADVANTAGES OFFERED.
Absolute security to Policy Holders, in the ... Every large cash dividend ... introduced by this Company of insuring mercantile property only, ... Policy Holders ... Hotels, Churches, Schools, &c.
Full particulars and loan table may be obtained at the Society's Office, or by letter post paid, addressed to the Secretary, or from any of the Society's valuators.
CHARLES FLETCHER, Valuator, at Goderich.

Money to Loan on Real Estate, APPLY EITHER TO THE TRUSTS AND LOAN COMPANY of Upper Canada.
G. M. TRUEMAN, Market Square Goderich.

$25,000 TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c., Oct. 20th, 1871. 41tf Goderich.

Land Office,
A Register of Improved Farm and Wild Lands for sale.
G. M. TRUEMAN
Goderich, Aug 15 1870 swl

REPARATIONS. SPECIFICATIONS. PLANS AND DETAILS.
W. HICK, ARCHITECT
JORDAN'S BLOCK, Market Square, Goderich ONT.

New Butcher Shop
Opposite Henry Martin's
HOTEL, HAMILTON ST.
THE Subscriber has pleasure in intimating that he has opened a Butcher Shop at the above address. And he will be prepared to supply the choicest qualities of meats at a lower price than elsewhere in town.
Give him an early call.
Orders delivered in all parts of the town at all hours of the day.
ROBERT McLEAN.
Goderich March 7th, 1872.

MONTREAL OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
TICKETS to and from Liverpool, Londonderry, or Glasgow by the above Steamship Co'y ...

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE CORPORATION.
Assets, $27,000,000
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
CHICAGO FIRE ... TORONTO, on ... Equitable Terms. ... Fire and Life Policies issued with very liberal conditions.
Head Office, Canada Branch, MONTREAL.
D. L. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary.
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich.

Money to Lend.

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to Loan from two to fifteen years, at a very reasonable and favourable form of repayment, on the easiest instalment plan of expense all deducted.
HORACE HORTON
Agent for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD.
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies
PHOENIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVIDENT of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 20th 1870.

$30,000 TO LEND ON THE SECURITY OF Real Property IN THE COUNTY OF HURON, at 6 per cent by DOYLE & SQUIRE, Barristers, &c.
Aug 16, 1870.

MONEY TO LEND ON EASY TERMS
INCORPORATED - THE - A. D. 186
HURON & ERIE SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY.
CAPITAL, - - - - $700,000.
THIS SOCIETY ADVANCES MONEY ON SECURITY of Real Estate, and on Terms very favorable to borrowers.
NO LAWYERS' COSTS ARE CHARGED
The Society pays its Solicitor's charges. Any sum of money, from $200 upwards, is lent for any number of years, from one to fifteen. Money may be obtained any time with little or no delay beyond the time required in investigating the title and preparing the Mortgage, the cost of which is paid by the society. The full amount of the loan is advanced—no deduction being made for commission or other charges, which often add so materially to the cost of a loan from other Societies or from individuals. The borrower can repay his loan by yearly, half-yearly, or monthly payments. The periodical instalments include, besides interest, a small sum for principal, and they are so divided that by their payment the debt is entirely extinguished, and the mortgage discharged at the end of the time stipulated.
EXAMPLE.—A Borrower obtains $600 for 15 years; he pays $60.70 each year, and at the end of the time his Mortgage is paid off. The rapidly increasing business of this Society is the best indication of the favor with which it is regarded by the farming community, and its popularity will become greater as the merits of its system of lending become better known and understood. By the small payments of principal included in the yearly instalment, the borrower gradually, and without trouble, pays off his loan—thus avoiding the risk of losing his property, which too often happens when the principal falls due in a large sum at the end of the term.—He can, at any time, pay off his loan in advance on favorable terms which can be settled at any monthly meeting by the Directors, on the application of the borrower, and interest at six per cent. per annum will be allowed on all payments in advance.
Full particulars and loan table may be obtained at the Society's Office, or by letter post paid, addressed to the Secretary, or from any of the Society's valuators.
D. MACDONALD, President.
JOHN MACDONALD, Sec.
Toronto, 1st Feb. 1872.

Poetry.

Love Lightens Labor.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a serious dread,
Of the pile of clothes to be washed, and
iron
Then a dozen mouths to be fed.
There were the meals to get for the men
in the fields,
And the children to send away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed
and churned;
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the
wood
Was so wet as not could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake,
besides
A loaf of cake for tea;
And the day was hot, and her aching
head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If maidens but knew what good wives
know
They would not be in haste to wed!"

Jennie, what do you think I told Ben
Brown?
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eye half bashful fell;
It was this, he said, and coming near,
He smiled—and stooping down
He kissed her cheek—'Twas this—that
you were why this best
And dearest wife in town!

The farmer went to the field, and the
wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and
the clothes
Were as white as the foam of the sea!
Her bread was light, and butter was
sweet,
And as golden as could be.

Just think the children all called in a
breath,
Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we.
The night came down, and the good wife
smiled
To herself as she softly said,
'Tis sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maidens will wed!

IN THE SUDS.

BY CHARLES J. CHAFFIELD.

"A most unpoetic theme, promising little save steam, and a combination of Mondayish odors;" say you, oh faithful reader, who, having conscientiously paid your subscription and filed your receipt, seek to glean from these pages instruction and amusement?

Didst thou ever pass on the windward side of a pearl oyster, just ready for the knife of the seeker for bad treasures? No!

Then you may fail to appreciate the fact that your hasty decision is by no means based upon a logical course of reasoning.

Carrie Allen would have agreed with you, though, as, on a sultry morning in July, she toiled over a wash-board under a great apple tree in the back yard. Her plump arms suffered little by contrast with the soapy foam which she so vigorously conjured up, until it rose nearly to a level with the top of her tub, and the clearness of her complexion proved that she had been reared in a family where the pork-barrel was not the Alpha and Omega of dietetics.

Doty washers and Universal wringers were deemed a useless waste of money by Farmer Allen, whose mother and grandmother had never used them, and hence they found no place in his household.

The line full of half-dried garments, and the pile of bed and table linen in the mammoth basket by her side, bore witness to the industry of the girl who, as she gave the last twist to a snowy counterpane and turned to place it among its fellows, was surprised to find a stranger regarding her movements.

His step, upon the velvet turf of the old farmyard, had been so light as to render her unconscious of his approach, and her color heightened as, removing his broad-brimmed straw hat, he said:

"I beg your pardon, Miss, I am in search of a trout-stream, which I was told at the station lay somewhere in this direction; may I trouble you for some information in regard to it?"

"The little stream among the hazels yonder must be the one, I think;" replied, she in a courteous tone, glancing toward a belt of dark green, that skirted the further side of a meadow, behind the farm buildings; 'my brother sometimes fishes in it further up the glen; trout seldom come down so far as this.'

'A college chum of mine used to live somewhere in this neighborhood,' he remarked apparently less anxious to pursue his piscatorial adventure than to continue the conversation; 'I should be glad if you could tell me whether Harvey Allen is about home.'

'He is, sir;' said she, smiling; Harvey Allen is my brother. He is at work somewhere about the farm.'

'Johnnie, Johnnie!' she called to a little fellow, who was approaching from the direction of the barn, with a half rimless palmleaf filled to overflowing with eggs, 'where are they working this afternoon?'

'Cradlin' up on the hill lot,' answered the youngster, scratching the turf with the toes of one bare foot, while poised upon the other, he viewed the elegant fishing-rod of the stranger with open-mouthed admiration.

'Go up and tell Harvey that a gentleman wishes to see him.' John moved at a slow pace toward the house, casting every now and then a glance at that wonderful fishing-rod. Hurrying back as soon as he had emptied his hat, he began: 'Now, Sis, pa is awful busy, and I can show the man where he can catch more fish than Harv can; I know where is some reg'lar busters.'

The stranger laughed.

Carrie blushed at Johnnie's ill-timed remark, and bade him go for his brother at once.

Seeing that she was in earnest, he started off at a brisk pace, not even looking back until he reached the first fence.

'If you will step into the house, sir, my brother will be here very soon,' said she, unpinning her sleeves, and rolling them down as she spoke.

'With your permission, then, I will wait for him here,' he replied, seating himself upon the tongue of a waggon drawn in front of the corn-crib.

'Pray do not let me disturb you in the least.'

'Then I will go on with my washing, and take you at your word,' was her pleasant rejoinder, as she turned to her tub and resumed the task.

George Merrill watched and wondered.

Here was a simple country girl at her ease, beside a wash tub in her father's yard, as though he had been a thousand miles distant, instead of noting every turn of her nimble fingers. To be sure she was Allen's sister, and Allan had plenty of good sense and genuine manliness about him; but then the young women whom he had known had all the strength, even if they been inclined, to [illegible] washing in that fashion.

'Do you, Miss Allen?'

'Why, you are a regular enthusiast. Allan; you, whom we used to consider so calm and unmoved, as you worked among us in the laboratory.'

'It's enough to make one enthusiastic, to see the future that is before the agriculturists of this country, if they will but reach forth and grasp it,' replied Allan, his clear eye kindling as he spoke.

'Such an army of non-producers to feed around every manufacturing village, and 'wars and rumors of wars' in Europe, enough to insure a ready market for all the breadstuffs which we can spare.'

'Dinner is ready, Harvey,' said a pleasant voice in the doorway, behind Merrill.

He turned and saw Carrie, in a fresh white muslin, with a rosebud at her throat, and two or three twisted carelessly among the braids of dark brown hair.

She presided at the table with a grace which charmed the fastidious young physician, even more than her self-possession, which he had left his station in the city to enjoy.

'Good-by, George,' said Harvey Allan, six months later, the bridal party entered the sleigh which was to convey them to the railway.

'Many a fine fish has been taken by anglers from the city, on this farm; but you are the first one who ever ventured to cast a line in the Suds.'

Donald and Hans.

A CANADIAN TALE.

BY CAPT. SOTHERBY.

Old Donald McDonald, a Highland Scotsman, and his neighbor, Hans Van Duser (both wealthy farmers,) lived on opposite sides of a certain road in Waterloo, Ont., and they were opposite in almost every way. Donald's farm was hilly, and he delighted in the hills and laughed at the Dutchman's meadows. He kept a fine stock of sheep and a couple of collie dogs to drive them about the farm, while Hans was proud of his herd of sleek cows and vowed they were far more profitable than sheep. Donald lived in a little log house without a bit of paint either inside or out; Hans lived in a great two story dwelling painted a bright red. Hans was short and fat; Donald was long and thin. Hans loved a mug of beer and his big pipe. Donald was partial to snuff and whiskey. Hans wore baggy white breeches, and when it was cold weather an overcoat with a dozen capes on the shoulders, while Donald wore his long plaid, and as for breeches, had it not been for the cold in winter and the mosquitoes in summer he would have worn none at all. Hans had sourkrout all the year round; Donald could not do without his oatmeal parritch, with an occasional haggis. Hans was a great singer, with a full, mellow voice, and often in the summer evenings he would seat himself on his stoop in front of the house and sing lustily the songs of "Faderland." Then Donald would come out with his bagpipes, and placing his open snuff-box on the window sill would march back and forth like a conquering hero, making the hills and valleys resound with his shrill music as he played, "The Campbell's are Comin'," and a host of other Scotch tunes, till the Dutchman was fairly drowned down and driven into the house with a finger in each ear. In fact, they carried the spirit of opposition and antagonism so far that they would scarcely speak to each other when they chanced to meet, and as for those little neighborly exchanges of help and the lending of tools, so common among farmers, they would have lost their whole season's crop or the best of their stock before they would have asked help one from the other. In one or two things only were they alike; they were both widowers, and they had each an only child, and though the one doated on his strapping son Duncan, and vowed he was "as braw a lad as ever picked a mutton bone," and the other dearly loved his fair haired pretty Maria, I verily believe that at the time my story begins they would rather have seen them fall into their graves than fall in love with each other. But the young people were far from harboring unkindly feelings, and were evidently well pleased to meet occasionally, and the softly whispered "gooten nacht" of Maria, and Duncan's fond "guid nicht," accompanied with a sly kiss at parting, proclaimed them to be lovers. And their love might have glided quietly along for an indefinite length of time had not old Highland Katie, who kept house for the McDonalds, happened to be a witness of one of their stolen meetings and carried the news at once to her master. Great and fearful to behold was old Donald's wrath at the discovery, and he vowed that if ever his son spoke to the girl again he would turn him from the door without a penny. And the matter coming to the ears of Hans, he too was very indignant, and scolded Maria at the top of his voice until the poor girl was glad to steal off to her room and have what women folk call "a good cry."

But the stream of true love that had started to run, was not to be dammed up or turned into other channels by all the cross words of Donald and Hans, and though they had to be a little slyer they still had their interviews, and at length they planned a runaway marriage.

Everything was quietly arranged, and one fine winter morning, while the old men were comfortably snoring in bed, Duncan hitched his father's horse to a cutter, and tucking sweet Maria in by his side, set off for a minister's house some ten miles distant.

Oh, what an uproar there was on each side of the road when their flight was discovered. Hans came out to his gate and shook his fist at the opposite house and went through a string of high Dutch expletives in his highest key, and as though they were not high enough, he hopped up and down in the snow as he jerked them out till at length his heels slipped from under him and he measured his length in a snowdrift, just in time to escape a blow from Donald's walking stick that came whizzing over him. The Scotchman was not at a loss for hard words, both Gaelic and English, to hurl at his neighbor; they kept up a steady fire until both were tired of the game, and then they made preparations to follow the fugitives. Donald mounted his mare and Hans got into a sleigh and started almost simultaneously from their gates in pursuit. Donald was a little ahead and bound to keep ahead, while Hans seemed determined either to pass him or run over him. Donald's blue bonnet was pressed firmly on his brow, his switch played nimbly on the mare's ribs, and his plaid streamed out behind, while Hans puffed great clouds of smoke from his pipe, and flourishing a long whip shouted to his team.

On they went, up hill and down, over bridges and through toll gates without drawing rein on their reeking horses until at a distance of some ten miles from home they reached a little village where two taverns were kept, Donald drew up at the one and Hans at the other. Here they learned that a young couple answering to the description of the fugitives had been seen stopping at the door of the Rev. Baldwin Bobchick, the village minister, and most likely they were now in the act of getting married. No time was to be lost, and the old fellows were instantly on the road to the parson's house, Hans puffing and blowing a little in advance of the more nimble Donald in the rear. Just as the Scotsman overtook him, Hans stubbed his toe and fell sprawling in the road, and Donald being unable to slack himself tumbled over him. Very wrathy were they both at being thus brought together, and their first impulse was to fight it out on the spot, and the plaid and the many-caped overcoat were thrown off with that intent, when, recollecting the more important business on hand, they renewed the race to the parson's. The Rev. Baldwin was quietly finishing his breakfast, well pleased with the coming fee; Duncan and Maria were in the front parlor impatiently waiting to have the knot tied. Maria looked through the window, and, at sight of her father's well-known dumpy figure, she gave a little scream and fell into Duncan's arms. He looked out and was just going to bolt out of the back door with his precious armful, when two other parties hurried on the scene, the spirit which he had left his station in the city to enjoy.

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He offered to give his note, but the Magistrate did not know him and would not take it. He must pay the fine or he would send him to jail.

"Ta tocco tak to man," said Donald, does she no ken Donald McDonald o' ta Craigieknowe farm, and her mainsel fra a shanelmans, wort lasir tan a tousan' pund, and fat for well she no trust her."

"It may be all very true; what you say," said his honor, "but I'm not supposed to know every culprit that is brought before me, and if you are the gentleman you represent yourself to be, how is it that you are guilty of the very ungentlemanly act of running a toll gate? You have to go to jail unless some one here will lend you the money."

Donald looked around the room, but among the few present there was not a familiar face, save that of Hans, and he could not think of asking him for money; he would go to jail first, and he was just about to express his readiness to start when Hans stepped up and paid the fine for him, and turning to the surprised Donald thus addressed him:

"Myn dear Mack, you iah a fool, unt I ish a fool, unt we has peen fools dish long time, now let us be frents. Mine daughter unt your poy will be married some time pretty soon pefore now. I can't shpare mine leettle pet, unt you can't shpare do poy, unt to peshtest ding we can do ish to go home togessers and fool the young rascals py not pein mat at them, ven dey expect it."

Donald's Highland pride and the better feelings of his heart had a hard struggle, but at length he grasped the Dutchman's hand and shook it heartily. They left the room side by side, and pretty soon they started for home together in the sleigh with Donald's horse tied behind. When they got into their own neighborhood the people could scarcely believe their own eyes when they saw the two together, but still greater was their surprise when they heard of the marriage, and got invitations to come over to a grand supper to be given at Van Duser's the following night. Duncan and Maria were sitting in the kitchen eating a hearty meal after their ride, and thus fortifying themselves for the storm they expected to burst over their heads. But had a real thunderbolt come smashing through the room, they could scarcely have been more thunderstruck than they were when Hans and Donald came bouncing in like a couple of boys, and kissed the blushing bride, and shook the hand of the bridegroom till his arm ached. That night, as they sat around the Dutchman's great open fire, it was agreed that they should all live together in the big house, and Duncan should work both the farms. On the following night there was a great supper and great rejoicing. A fat turkey graced one end of the festive board, and a huge haggis the other, while the intervening space was filled with dishes of sourkrout, sausage, roast beef, mince pies, and all the other dishes and dainties that Maria, with the aid of old Katie, could devise. After supper they had a jolly dance, Donald leading off with the bride, and cutting such capers as only a Highland man can go through; and when he finished of with the Highland Fling, there went up such a shout of glee as might have been heard a mile off. After the party, things settled down into a quiet routine. Hans smoked his big pipe, and passed it to Donald. Donald took his snuff, and passed the box to Hans; and they lived quietly together, without a word of dispute, save that when young Donald Van Duser McDonald made his appearance, Donald would insist that he was a Scotchman to the back bone, and Hans was equally positive that he would "shoost pe a Van Duser vrom top to toe." But these little differences never came to a serious quarrel, and they still live in peace and plenty, and always celebrate the anniversary of the happy day that made them friends, and witnessed the happy union of Scotch and Dutch.

The St. Clair River is now free from ice and the steamers have commenced running.

A wood chopper named Head, at work near Poughkeepsie, built a fire under an over-hanging rock on Tuesday, and, while eating his dinner, the heat thawed the frost around the boulder and it fell on the man, crushing him in a terrible manner.

The greater part of the Lachine Rapids are reported frozen over—an event which has not occurred since 1857. The residents in the vicinity hardly know what to make of the unusual quiet which reigns. The sight is said to be well worth going to see.

A "joke" is credited to an American visitor in England. "Wall, stranger," he is reported to have said, "I guess your English jurists ain't no way smart. If an American jury had tried the Tichborne case, I'll tell you what they'd have done. They'd just bought up all the Tichborne bonds, and then found a verdict for the plaintiff."

The estimate of the production of tobacco in the West this year give Kentucky and Tenessee 90,000 hhds., against 110,000 last year; Indiana and Illinois, 25,000 against 40,000 last year; and Missouri 15,000 against 20,000. Total, 130,000 hhds., of which 85,000 to 90,000 may reach the seaports.

Lord Napier, favorably known as British minister at Washington during a part of Mr. Buchanan's administration, subsequently as the representative of this government in the Netherlands, Russia, and Prussia, and later as Governor of Madras, is mentioned as likely to succeed Earl Mayo as Viceroy of India in 1872. The office has a salary of $125,000 a year, with palatial residences in Calcutta and princely country seats. Other emoluments swell the income to $125,000 a year more, and the office is tenable for five or six years. He is only fifty-three years old, and is confessedly one of the ablest men in the diplomatic corps of his country.

A BURGLAR'S DODGE.—It is related that a police officer in London, suspecting that something was wrong at a house through seeing the kitchen window open knocked at the door, which was duly opened by a man, to whom the constable communicated his suspicions. The man saying he would see, went down-stairs, and soon after returned, remarking that it was all right, the window was broken the day before, and would be mended on the morrow. The two men then bade each other good night, the policeman going away on his round, [illegible]

Bill of a Famous Law Suit.

A sudden and humble end has been made to the great case of Tichborne vs. Tichborne, which for more than a year, has been on trial in England. Perceiving that his claim was lost, the claimant decided to withdraw, whereupon he was arrested for perjury, and is now lying in Newgate jail. He has failed to obtain possession of the Tichborne estates, has proved himself to be only a swindler, and is lodged at last in a felon's cell. The history of the case is one of the most remarkable and romantic on record, and the claimant, Arthur Orton, or Thomas Castro, will be invested with a certain interest which will remind men of famous rascals or self-styled mysterious personages. In spite of the unveiling of Arthur Orton, he will always bear some suggestion of the Man in the Iron Mask, as well as Dick Turpin, or any of the famous impostors of history.

The claimant pretended to be Roger Tichborne, son and heir of the late Sir James Francis Doughty Tichborne. The real Roger Tichborne, who, if living, would be his eleventh brother, of that name, sailed from England to South America in 1853, on a pleasure journey in the latter country. After a shortstay in South America, he left on the ship 'Bella' from Rio to New York; that ship was never heard of, and in due time the insurance officers gave her up as lost, and settled their claim accordingly. In 1863 the father of Roger Tichborne died, and the title and estates descended to a posthumous son of a younger brother of the absent Sir Roger, then given up for dead. Lady Tichborne, the mother of the missing man, could never be brought to believe that the ship 'Bella' and all on board had perished, and she offered large rewards to those who might find her son, or give any information concerning his existence. Advertisements to this end were widely circulated, and one, announcing the death of Sir James, and offering a reward for the discovery of his oldest son, was sent to the journals of Australia and New South Wales. No tidings reached this faithful mother until 1866, when she received a letter from a person writing from Australia, who professed to be her son. The writer of this letter arrived in Paris, where Lady Tichborne was then sojourning, Jan. 10th, 1867. This was the claimant in the late case; Lady Tichborne recognized him as her son in the most positive manner, and made him an allowance of $5,000 a year. This man immediately commenced proceedings in the English courts to recover the Tichborne estates from the trustees by whom they were held for the infant heir. In March 1868, Lady Tichborne, then 64 years of age, died, and thus the claimant lost a most important witness, whose death he ascribed to foul play by his antagonists in the case.

His story was, that being wrecked at sea, on the 'Bella' in 1854, he had been picked up, the sole survivor of the ship's company, by a vessel bound to Australia, where he had, for private reasons, passed as Thomas Castro.—Seeing the death of his father (as he called him), Sir James, noted in the Australian papers, he had returned to England to claim his own; and so his troubles began. The trial, finally, after many delays, commenced about a year ago, before Lord Chief Justice Bovill, and with brief vacations, has been continued ever since. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine and others appeared for the claimant, and the Attorney General, with other counsel, for the trustees of the estate. The evidence was at first contradictory and baffling, the question of identity being confused by witnesses, some of whom positively identified the claimant as Sir Roger, while others, equally competent and certain, showed that he could not by any possibility be the genuine Tichborne. The most damaging testimony was that of the claimant, who failed to give a clear and connected account of his wanderings, wreck and rescue. No evidence, concerning his rescuers was introduced, except his own word, and he was especially confused in this particular, and several times changed the name and nationality of the ship which picked him up at sea. Worse than this, when cross-examined, he showed by his ignorance of languages and literature, with which the missing Sir Roger, a well-educated gentleman, was familiar, that he was an untaught, illiterate person. He defined a quadrangle to be 'a staircase,' and translated *Laus Deo semper* 'the laws of God forever or permanently,' and made similar comical blunders.

The world was ransacked by both parties to the suit for evidence bearing upon the case, commissions being sent to Australia, South America and other lands where the missing man had been, and where the claimant is supposed to have travelled. The expenses of the claimant were finally met by the sale of bonds issued on the prospective termination of the suit in his favor and of his coming into his inheritance. But the tide has of late been steadily running against the fellow, who seems to be Arthur Orton, whose relatives now live in England. It is tolerably certain that he met Sir Roger Tichborne abroad, and learned from him some of the particulars of his early life, with which he afterwards was able to impose on some of the friends of the lost man. But he must have had, it seems, shrewd and subtle assistants, for his case has been made up with great skill, and the story of his imposition is one of matchless ingenuity and effrontery.

It was unavailing, however, and after one attempt to get permission to bring in a verdict, the jury again came in with a similar request the other day, which showed that the claimant's case was gone. The extraordinary argument of the Attorney General, which occupied seventeen days in its delivery, hastened the catastrophe to the wretched impostor; and so, after nearly five years struggling, this remarkable criminal, who has fearfully and ingeniously perjured himself, subsides to the level of an artful, vulgar ruffian, whose pretensions and adventures have filled the English courts with dismay, and have furnished two continents with materials for gossip and wonder.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Attorney General, Sir John Duke Coleridge, concluded his great speech for the defence on Feb. 21st; and in drawing his remarks to a close said:—"Everything about the man was unlike Roger. This man had a slouch in his gait and an in-turned knee which Roger never had. 'Far away among the motions of the crowd you could read rascal on his back, and scoundrel in the shufflings of his supple knee.' All the Tichborne family but two would deny the plaintiff's identity with Roger, as would also officers in the regiment, gentlemen from Paris, professors from Stonyhurst, witnesses from Ireland, and many other persons. He contended that the defendant's case was made out already, but the should prove it to a demonstration if necessary. Throughout this long and weary address to the jury he had endeavored to keep close to fact, and now at its conclusion to address exhortations to them would be waste of time. They had done their duty to the admiration of all; and he would not attempt to teach them what they should do. Yet a graver duty they could not have. The fortunes of a noble estate and family depended upon their verdict; and it rested upon them to say whether the estate should be held in future by a person whom he still called a conspirator, a perjurer, a forger, a slanderer and a villain. When Chedlock Tichborne came to [illegible]

[illegible] before the conquest. Three hundred and two years had rolled by since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the fortunes of this proud and distinguished family were now embodied in the little [illegible] he asked their verdict: he asked for no favor, no indulgence, but he asked only that they should do him justice, and that right according to the strictest letter of English law, and the clearest reason. He knew that they [illegible] a doubt, because he had [illegible] a jury of his countrymen [illegible] would not change them [illegible] the sword or strike down the innocent criminal, but it did fix its [illegible] justice. In conclusion [illegible] the result for [illegible] they were just. (Ap-

Bears on the Rampage.

[illegible] A number of the [illegible] public stairs in [illegible] have been making [illegible] and disloyal, [illegible] to train unfortunate [illegible] for the benefit of [illegible] Canada, while at the same time [illegible] arguments in support of [illegible] for the annexation of this [illegible] which has been taken exception to in the Cabinet, and which has led to a postponement of the entire speech from the throne. It may be relied on as [illegible] that to meet the [illegible] of this [illegible] grasp the whole Dominion, as he would add, that in no country had a poor heard or read of in ancient or modern times, was the strain on the mental and bodily powers of the whole position greater than it was in this Dominion. He could not afford to have a legend, an idler or a coward; there was at stake millions of us all told, and what underlaid to govern half a continent, with forty millions of ambitious aggressive people on the other side of a frontier three thousand miles long. If each British American could single himself five-fold we should be more than half the brain-power and physical force necessary to keep our ends in check, and to make our position secure. To enable them correctly to estimate their position, it would only be necessary to enquire into the reason why Russia, with a warlike population of forty millions, studded with fortresses, and with its capital, elaborately protected by engineering skill, was during last summer overrun, beaten down and stripped of hundreds of million of pounds by the victorious Prussians. What was the explanation of the extraordinary military phenomena which startled the whole world in '71? Why simply that the Prussians contained have one man and a-half and sometimes two, to one, on nearly every battlefield where they met their enemies. Whether they were better prepared, whether their combinations were more scientific or their strategy was more perfect, may be a matter of controversy, but so far as he had been enabled to study the aspects of war, the French were overpowered because they were outmanoeuvred. In any contest with our neighbors, assuming that we were united as a man, if the enemy knew his business we must expect to have ten men to one against us,—ten needle-guns to Snider, or Enfields, whatever the weapon might be,—so that they would receive that they must face at least five or six times the odds by which the French were overpowered. But that was not the worst of it. Ten children was born on the other side of the line for one that was born on this, and hence we might change the proportion by increased energy, five emigrants went to the United States for every one that came to Canada, so that at the end of every decade, the disproportion would be multiplied to our disadvantage. We overlook these inequalities and live in a fool's paradise of imaginary security, and it might be said, we are not a part of the great empire upon which the sun never sets, which contains three hundred millions of people, whose wealth defied estimate, whose army was perfect in discipline, and whose great navy dominated the seas? What had we to fear when such a nation protected us? This was our ancient faith and proud boast. Under every trial, in full belief that they were British subjects, that the allegiance which they had to the Crown of England entitled them to protection, our forefathers helped to conquer and organized these provinces. But of late new doctrines had been propounded in the mother country. The disorganization of the empire had been openly promulgated in leading organs; our brethren within the narrow seas had been counselled to adopt a narrow policy; to call home their legions, and leave the Provinces without sympathy or protection; and under the influence of panic and imaginary bubbles of Dorking, troops were to be massed in the British Islands, and their dress were to be surrounded by iron-cads. One Cabinet Minister told