

July 31, 1862
226

The Canadian Post
PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
AT THE
OFFICE—LINDSAY STREET, LINDSAY, C.W.
And contains Notices of the Political, Social, and
Moral Questions of the Day; Agricultural and
Commercial Notices; an Exposure of the General
and Local News of the week, together with carefully
selected Miscellaneous.
In sending money, or desiring a change of
address, subscribers should not neglect to give the
name of the Post-office where they have been re-
ceiving the paper. Many correspondents simply
give the name of the Township in which they re-
side, forgetting to state the Post-office, thus causing
trouble and loss of time. Letters containing
money, if paid and registered, will be at our risk.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
\$1.00 in advance; \$2.00 if paid within the year;
\$3.00 if not so paid.
G. CRIVICKHANK & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Office "Canadian Post,"
Lindsay, C.W.

The Canadian Post.

A LITERARY, POLITICAL, EDUCATIONAL, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

THE CANADIAN POST.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Ten lines and under, 75 Cents.
Above Ten lines, first insertion, per line, 3 " "
Each subsequent insertion, 2 " "
Professional and Business Cards, six lines
and under, \$5 per annum, \$3 for Six Months.
From Six to Ten lines, \$5 per annum, \$3 for Six Months.
Merchants and others can contract for a cer-
tain space, with the privilege of having new matter
inserted at the end of every 3 Months, on favorable
terms.
Displayed advertisements are measured by
a scale of solid Minion, and charged accordingly.
Advertisements sent without written in-
structions inserted until forfeit, and charged for
full time.
No casual advertisements inserted unless
paid for in advance. Merchants will be expected
to pay quarterly.
Orders or discontinuing advertisements
must be in writing, otherwise the Publishers will
not be responsible.
G. CRIVICKHANK & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Business Cards.

LINDSAY.

M. DUNSFORD, Attorney-at-Law, &c.,
Kent Street, Lindsay, C.W.
Sept. 6, 1861. 114-4f

A. LACOURSE, Barrister, Attorney-at-
Law, Conveyancer, &c. Office—McDonald's
Brick Buildings, Kent Street, Lindsay, C.W.
Sept. 6, 1861. 114-4f

J. HENDERICK WHITT, Attorney-at-Law,
Conveyancer, &c. Office—Kent Street, Lindsay,
Sept. 6, 1861. 114-4f

T. A. HUDSPETH, Barrister-at-Law, No-
tary Public, &c. Office—McDonald's Brick
Buildings, Kent Street, Lindsay, C.W.
Sept. 6, 1861. 114-4f

WELLER & BROTHER, BARRISTERS AND
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery,
Notaries Public, Conveyancers, &c. &c. &c. &c.
Office in Mr. Britton's Building, up stairs.
C. A. WELLER. GEO. JAS. WELLER.
Lindsay, Jan. 1862. 131-4f

J. MCPADYEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW &
Solicitor in Chancery, Office—McDonald's
Brick Building, corner of Kent and William Sts.,
Lindsay (above Broughall & Co's Store), 1114-4f

J. B. KNOWLSON, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE
AGENTS. Fire and Life Insurance effected on the
most favorable terms. Farm buildings and contents
insured against loss or damage by fire, at very low rates, and all losses promptly
paid. Office: Ross's Brick Buildings, 127-6m

M. DEANE, County Engineer and Pro-
vincial Land Surveyor, Russell Street,
Lindsay, C.W. 114-4f

ROBERT T. BURNS, Provincial Land
Surveyor, Civil Engineer, Draughtsman,
Land Agent, &c. Wild and other Lands valued.
Office—Corner of Kent and William Streets, over
Mr. Thompson's Store, Lindsay, Sept. 6, 1861. 114-4f

D. B. PLEAT, Graduate and Medicalist
of Toronto University, formerly Clinical As-
sistant in Toronto General Hospital, Wellington
Street, near the Methodist Chapel, Lindsay.
Hours for Consultation—11 A.M. to 1 P.M.,
and 6 to 7 P.M. 115-4f

DR. MARTIN,
(LATE OF MANILLA), for the practice
of his profession, Office in Kemp's New
Buildings, off of Kent St. (up stairs),
Jan. 8, 1862. 131-4f

YOU DON'T SAY SO!
D. R. LLOYD & KENNEDY,
SURGEON AND MECHANICAL DENTISTS,
Have removed their Dental Office to WILLIAM
ST., opposite Mr. Little's Butcher Shop.
Lindsay, Dec. 11, 1861. 127-4f

JAMES H. KNIGHT,
(Late Organist of Trinity Church, Galt),
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE AND
MELODEON.
Residence at Mr. C. Britton's, Kent Street,
LINDSAY.

MESSRS. CUMBERLAND & STORM,
Civil Engineers and Architects,
LINDSAY,
and Romaine Buildings, Toronto.

R. YODAN,
FROM PORT HOPE,
Contractor for Stone and Brick Work,
Opposite the Post Office,
LINDSAY, C.W.
27 Good References from Port Hope.

W. C. COX, House and Ornamental
Painter and Glazier, William Street, Lin-
dsey.—Country and other work attended to with
punctuality and despatch. 114-4f

HENRY ROWLAND, Plain and Orna-
mental Painter and Paperhanger, Kent
Street, Lindsay. 27 All orders promptly and
faithfully executed. 118-4f

WINTERS & GOODWIN, Painters, Gla-
siers and Paper-Hangers. William Street,
Lindsay. Work executed promptly, neatly, and
at the lowest prices. 123-4f

JOHN DOUGLASS, General Agent and
Licensed Auctioneer, Cambridge Street, Lin-
dsey. Orders solicited. 130-4f

J. LITTLE, Butcher, and Dealer in all kinds
of Meats, William Street, three doors from
Post Street, Lindsay. N.B.—Orders for de-
scription of Meat solicited. 118-4f

BOVARUM.

GOOD Meat I keep, as all do know,
The fies I warrant, do not "blew"
Upon my tender joints.
Beef, Mutton, Lamb, and Veal also
In season you may find;
And if of Soup you want a "go,"
Speak for the tale in time.
Good Marrow-bone, Kidneys likewise,
Sweet-breads, and Tit-bits all,
Livers and Tongues—if you are wise,
You'll soon give me a call.
NED MORRIS.
Lindsay, Sept. 6, 1861. 114-4f

LINDSAY.

SADDLERY ESTABLISHMENT,
South side of Kent Street, Three Doors West of
Thompson's T Store.
A choice lot of Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Whips,
Spurs and Brushes, kept on hand.
Superior Workmen employed, and choice
material used. All work warranted.
A call is solicited.
GEO. C. ATKINSON.
Lindsay, Sept. 6, 1861. 114-4f

PHENIX-LIKE I RISE.

HAVING been burned out by the late fire,
I would inform the Public and my nume-
rous Patrons, that I have opened my Shop on Kent
Street, in Mr. Thirkell's Waggon Shop, three doors
East of the Town Hall, where I am prepared to
stock and repair them. New Guns and Ri-
fles made up to order, and warranted to shoot well.
Double and Single Guns bored out, and warranted
to improve the shooting of them.
Feeling grateful for past favors, he solicits a con-
tinuance of them.
C. PASSAGE.
Lindsay, Sept. 6, 1861. 114-4f

Business Cards.

BEAVERTON.

GIBSON & BURNET, Provincial Land
Surveyors, Draughtsmen, Land Agents, Con-
veyancers, &c. Plans and descriptions drawn up,
Writs and other lands valued. Valuable lands for
sale in adjoining townships.
Office—Beaverton and Woodville.
GEO. GIBSON. P. BURNET.
Woodville. Beaverton. 134-4f

CHARLES ROBINSON, Clerk Sixth Di-
vision Court of the County of Ontario, Com-
missioner in B.R., Conveyancer, Issuer of Marriage
Licenses.
1-4f

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Agent for
the Canada Land Credit Company, 1-4f
—Victoria Street, Beaverton.

ELDON.

ANGUS RAY, General Agent, Convey-
ancer, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, and Town
ship Clerk, Eldon, P. O. 18-4f

JOHN MCKAY, Blacksmith, Argyle, Eldon.
All orders promptly executed. Horse-shoeing
carefully done. Charges reasonable. 3-4f

Removal—Argyle Hotel.

DONALD MCKINNON begs to inform his
numerous customers and the public generally,
that he has now removed from his old stand, to
the opposite side of the street, where he stands by
renewed exertions, to merit a continuance of that
patronage which he has so long experienced in his
capacity of Innkeeper.
The best brand of liquors and an attentive host-
ler are always on hand.
DONALD MCKINNON.
Argyle, Jan. 14, 1862. 133-4f

MANILLA.

**S. G. WOOD, LL.B., Barrister and
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.**
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCER,
&c. &c.
MANILLA, C.W. 157-4f

FARMERS' INN.

MAIN STREET, MANILLA, C.W.
Every attention paid to Travellers. Good Sta-
bling and a careful Ostler.
W. H. THOMPSON, Proprietor. 119-4f

Manilla House, Manilla.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his
Friends and the Travelling Public that he has
taken the above well-known Hotel, and trusts, by
his strict attention to business, and by endeavoring to
do all in his power for the comfort and convenience
of guests, to merit a share of public patronage.
GOOD LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Comfortable accommodation for man and horse.
High Pitts always in attendance to take
charge of Teams.
S. CONWAY, Proprietor. 117-4f

ADAM GORDON.

**DEALER IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
CROCKERY, &c. &c.**
MANILLA, C.W.

BEGS leave to inform the Public that he
still continues to purchase Wheat, Pork, and
other farm produce, at the Highest Market Price.
N.B.—Wheat and Shorts for sale.
Manilla, Sept. 6, 1861. 5-4f

OAKWOOD.

BANKS HOTEL, Main Street, Oakwood.
137 Good Stabling and a careful Ostler.
Wm. BANKS, Proprietor. 118-4f

WOODVILLE.

**N. AGNEW, M.D., PHYSICIAN, SUR-
GEON AND ACCOUCHER.** Office, Wood-
ville, C.W.

NORTHERN HOTEL, Woodville, C.W.
J. P. WOOD, Proprietor. Good accommo-
dation for travellers. Charges moderate. Sober
and industrious Orders in attendance. 130

WHITBY.

R. J. WILSON, Barrister and Attorney-at-
Law, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. &c. &c. &c.
Office—In Wallace Block.
Whitby, Sep. 6, 1861. 1-4f

**S. H. COCHRANE, LL.B., Barrister, At-
torney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary-
Public, &c. &c. Office—In Bigelow's new building,
Whitby, Sep. 6, 1861. 1-4f**

CAMERON & MACDONNELL, Barristers
and Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors to the County
Council, Ontario. Office—At the Court House,
South Whitty, Sep. 6, 1861. 1-4f

ROBERT CAMPBELL

BEGS to call the attention of the inhabitants
of Beaverton and North Ontario, to his ex-
tensive stock of **DRY GOODS**, consisting of
Dress Goods, Shawls, Mantles, Fur, Cottons,
Stripes, Shirtings, Broadcloths, Tweeds and Satin-
ettes, Hats and Caps, &c.
A large assortment of Men's and Boys' Coats, Vests,
and Pants, being made on the premises.
A fresh stock of Teas, Sugars, and Tobacco, &c.,
just received.
Call before purchasing elsewhere, as great bar-
gains will be given for Cash.
Perry's Brick Buildings, Whitby.
Whitby, Sep. 6, 1861. 8-4f

TORONTO.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned have entered into part-
nership as Attorneys, Solicitors, Conveyancers,
&c., under the style and firm of **McNAB & Mc-
DONNELL**. Office—Opposite Court House, Adelaide
Street, Toronto.
JOHN McNAB. WM. McDONNELL.
Toronto, Jan. 1862. 134-4f

Advertising Essential to Business.

AUGUSTUS WEBBER,
EUROPEAN and Colonial Advertising and
General Mercantile, Shipping and Railway
Agent, Wellington Street, Toronto, C.W., receives
advertisements for insertion in all the Canadian,
European and State Newspapers and Periodicals.
Acknowledged Agent for this paper.
June, 1862. 153-4f

Literature.

HOW I WAS CURED OF GAMING.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

My friend was captain of one of the mail
steamers plying between New Orleans and
Mobile. He spent some days with me not long
since; and, among other adventures which
had befallen him, he related to me the fol-
lowing:—

I had been engaged on board the steamer
something over a year, and was then serving
in the capacity of mate. During the first few
months I had been rather shy of New Orleans
by night. I had heard so many stories of
robberies and murders, and of strangers being
attacked from mere wantonness, that I pre-
ferred to keep myself to myself as far as possible.

Sometimes I spent the night at a hotel,
where the officers of various steamers had as-
sembled for a social time, and sometimes I
went to the theatre. At length, however, as I
became acquainted with the city, the old timi-
dity wore off, and I finally accompanied some
of my brother officers to places where the more
startling episodes of real life in the great city
occurred. From the hotel we went to the
theatre, and from the theatre went to some of
the most famous gambling-houses.

Suffer me, my friend, to inform you here
that I am not a gambler—I have played a
little, as I shall be obliged to confess; but the
charm was broken, as you shall hear.

One evening, four of us officers were at the
St. Charles, and after supper the question was
started as to how we should dispose of the
next few hours. Two were for the theatre and
two were for the gambling-house. How
should it be decided? as neither party seemed
willing to give up. It was finally arranged
that we should go just as our inclinations led
us. Two went to the theatre and two started
for the gambling-house. I was one of the latter.

My companion was captain of an up-river boat,
and before we set out he informed me that he
must be on board by midnight, as he was to
start early in the morning. This was all pleas-
ant to me, as I had already made up my mind
that I would be in my own state-room before
the hour he mentioned. So off we went,
over towards the Third Municipality, nearly a
mile and a half from our hotel, where we
found the gambling-house had been planned to
visit. We sat in the bar-room a while and
smoked a cigar, and then went into the hall.

The company was large, and the playing
seemed to be spirited. We lounged about,
and observed the progress of the different
games, and finally stopped at a far-table,
where I made a venture and was successful.
I made another venture and lost; another and
won. Then I bought \$20 worth of cheques.

When I bought my cheques there were seven
players besides myself at the table. Two
of them were either merchants, or gentlemen
of that stamp. They may have been gamblers
by profession—regular blacklegs—but that
doesn't matter. They appeared to be gentle-
men, and certainly they behaved as such. The
seventh man at the table was a study, and had
there not been an over-balance of apparent
gentility in the company, I should not have
stopped where he was. He was evidently a
boatman, and when I heard him speak I made
up my mind that he was a Hoosier. He had
come down from the Ohio with his flat-boat,
had sold his cargo and his useless lumber, and
was now on a bit of a 'time.' He was truly
a tough-looking customer. He must have
stood six feet and two or three inches high,
with a frame like an ox. His shoulders were
broad and heavy, his arms long and muscular,
and his hands so hard and large that it was
difficult for him to put down his cheques. Of
his face but little was to be seen, the lower
part of it being covered by a thick, long beard
of a grizzly color, while the upper part was
shaded by the slouching of the broad rim of an
old felt hat. I could see his eyes, and they
were bright and keen enough. They looked
black when in the deepest shade, but when his
head was turned so that the light struck upon
his face, they seemed to have a metallic lustre,
changing from steel to brass. Presently those
eyes were turned upon me with a threatening
look, the owner seeming to intimate that I
had stared at him about long enough. At any
rate I took it as a hint, and went on with my
play.

My luck was changeable. I won and then I
lost. Then I won once more and then I lost
again. Finally I touched the knave with a
dozen cheques, worth five dollars each, and
won. The Hoosier had staked twelve cheques
on the queen. He lost, and the banker pushed
the pile on the queen over to me. I let the
twenty-four cheques remain where they were,
and the Hoosier put twenty-four upon the
queen. At this point my companion came
and told me that he must be going. I was too
much excited with the play to leave the table
then, and I told him not to wait for me. The
queen lost—the knave won—and again the
banker passed to me the cheques which the
Hoosier had lost.

Once more my companion asked me if I
would go with him. I told him I could not.
He went away without me. Forty-eight
cheques were now upon the table, in four
stacks. "Stranger, do you go on them yet?"
all?" The Hoosier asked me this question,
at the same time pointing to my cheques. I
told him "Yes." He brought more cheques,
and placed a number equal to mine upon the
queen. "This yer heard must win some time,"
he muttered, as he straightened up his stacks

of ivory, and then he added, glancing over at
my pile, "an' that yer knave's got to lose
before he's much older."

The dealer began to throw off the cards
again. The knave came first. It had won.
The queen came next. The banker turned it
upon his left hand—the bank won—the Hoosier
lost. As before the cheques, which came
from the queen were passed over to me.

I hesitated, but the spell was upon me, and
I could not break it. I piled up the cheques
—ninety-six of them—and ventured them upon
the knave again. The Hoosier eyed me
sharply, and then ventured a like amount upon
the queen, at the same time muttering to him-
self that such kind of luck couldn't last always.

Again the cards were slid off, and to the aston-
ishment of all who were watching the game,
the knave and queen came out very near to-
gether—the knave to the right, the queen to
the left. I had won—the Hoosier had lost.

The banker now took in my smaller cheques,
and gave me in exchange some worth twenty
dollars each. My last stake had been four
hundred and eighty dollars, and my present
pile was consequently nine hundred and sixty.

"Make it a thousand!" whispered the Hoosier.
"Done," I replied. And I added two
cheques to my accumulated venture.

Again the banker began to throw off his
cards, right and left. The knave came up
first, to the right. I had won. The queen
came to the left—lost. The Hoosier drove
his hand into his bosom, and brought forth a
roll of bank-notes. "Go yer two thousand,"
he said, in a hoarse whisper. "I've got that
much."

My first impulse, before he had spoken, had
been to do that very thing, but now I hesitated.
What had I to do with him? I was not play-
ing with him—I was not betting against him;
my play was simply against the banker, and
his was the same. I told him as much.

"No, no," he said, eagerly. "It's agin
luck we're playin'. They yer two heards is in
for it. The knave's yourn, an' the queen's
mine. Go yer two thousand."

All that I had upon the table before me,
save one solitary cheque of twenty dollars, I
had won; so I had little risk to run. "It's
done," I said; and down went two thousand
dollars upon the knave.

The Hoosier placed his venture upon the
queen; there were some cheques and some
bank notes, in all two thousand dollars.

His hand quivered a little as he pushed the
pile forward, and then he turned to watch the
movements of the banker.

The cards began to move off once more,
and this time the table was surrounded by an
eager crowd. There was something novel in
the spectacle of two men playing against each
other at faro; and it struck me as being ex-
cessively novel, too. But it was no doing of
mine. The Hoosier seemed to have a sort of
superstitious faith that our chances were run-
ning together.

However, I meant to make this one venture
further, and then break the spell, let it be win
or lose. Right and left—right and left. The
queen came up first—to the left! Lost! The
knave came up—to the right! I had won again!
I gathered up my gains, and then looked for
the Hoosier; but he had gone.

"Perhaps you'll try the knave again?" said
the banker.

I told him "No, I have played enough."
I pushed over my cheques, and he gave me the
cash for them—some gold, and some bank
notes—to the amount of nearly six thousand
dollars. I went to the bar, and took a glass
of wine, and then I started for my boat.

The night was dark, and I had a long distance
to walk. I looked at my watch as I came through
the hall, and found it to be an hour after mid-
night. I began to think I had been a fool.
But there I was, and I must make the best of
my way to the boat. So I started forth at a
brisk walk, intending to strike the levee near
the Mint, and then follow the course of the
river. I had gone half a mile or so, when I
heard heavy footsteps behind me. I increased
my rate of speed; but the following steps still
came nearer. I hurried on, but to no effect—
the echo behind me was not to be outwitted.
I felt for my pistol, but I had none. I had not
brought it with me. I had a dirk-knife, and
that was all. By-and-by the step sounded so
near to me that I turned to see who it was.
A few yards came a tall, gaunt figure, which I
at once recognized by the light of the street-
lamp. As the dull glare fell upon the ox-like
form, I knew that it was the Hoosier.

I would have started to run, but it was too
late. He was upon me, and his hand was
upon my arm. I would have shouted for help,
but he might have killed me to stop my noise.
I should have drawn my dirk-knife, but the
show of opposition might only have called the
giant's strength down upon me to crush me.
My instinct told me to be passive, and wait
for the worst. We were in a lonesome spot,
with not a light visible, save the few street-
lamps that sent their sickly rays struggling
through the dingy glass; and if the fellow
meant to rob me, or to kill me, I knew not
how to help myself.

"Stranger," he said, his voice sounding
frightfully low and hollow, "you played agin'
me to-night."

"No," I replied, trying to speak plainly—
to speak calmly was out of the question—"I
had nothing to do with you. I was playing
against the bank."

"It's all the same," he continued. "Our
luck run together, an' 'twas you agin me, an'
me agin you. I don't make no odds now;

I'm dead broke. I ain't got a single pic.
Hold on! D'ye see this?"

He reached his right hand up over his
shoulder, and from beneath his coat, he drew
forth the largest, longest, brightest, and most
savage looking bowie-knife I had ever seen.
My knees smote together, and my heart leaped
to my throat.

"You've got money," he went on, as he
held the gleaming weapon in his hand. "As you
was it—won all. I lost—lost all. I'm dead
broke—not a pic. I want enough to get
home. I paid \$20, in c'dr, yaller gold, for
this yer toothpick. Give me \$15 on it, and
I'll go. If ye're a man ye won't refuse that!"

Mersey! what a letting down was that! In-
stead of seeking my life, the poor fellow had
followed me for the purpose of pawning his
bowie-knife! He was acquainted with none of
those whom he had seen at the gaming-
house, and he had no friends in the city. I
feared him no more. As I spoke with him
now, I felt that he was a true-hearted man.

"If you get \$15 you will go back to the
gaming-table again," I said.

His answer was slow and sure. "I've tried
it twice, stranger; an' when I try it again, I'll
let you know."

I told the man to come with me. "Come
to my boat," I said, "and you shall have the
money."

He said, perhaps I'd let him stay on board
all night.

Of course I would.

As we walked along I made up my mind
just what I would do; and when we reached
the boat I took him to my stateroom, and
handed him a chair. "My friend," I said, "I
have made a resolution since we have been
walking together—I have resolved that I will
gamble no more. While you and I played at
the same table you lost \$3,000."

"Exactly," he replied.

"Well," I continued, "I am going to make
up to you what you lost. I shall feel better to
do so."

The Hoosier started in amazement.

"I do as much for my sake as for your
own," I went on, before he could make an
answer; "and if I can feel assured that the
event has cured both of us, I shall consider it
as one of the most valuable experiences of my
life."

The plain-hearted fellow seized my hand,
and my offer was accepted; and when he told
me that he would never play again, I believed
him. He took the money, and all he could do
in return was to make me accept his bowie-
knife, and to promise me that he should al-
ways remember me with the warmest emotions.

That was several years ago. I have not
ventured a dollar at any game of hazard since,
nor do I believe my Hoosier friend has done it
either. I keep the long, heavy bowie-knife,
and I never look upon it but I think how weak
my knees were when my gaze rested for the
first time upon its gleaming blade.

AN ORATION ON THE CRISIS.

A photographic report of that celebrated
speech on "The Crisis," the text of which is,
by universal consent, allowed to be "Or any
other Man." The speaker said:—

"Ahum-m-m! Fellow citizens—I have been
called upon this evening to appear before you;
that is, I have been requested to appear upon
the scaffold this evening for the purpose of elu-
cidating to you the all-absorbing subject which
am now agitating—the certainly I have,
(cheers.) Ahum-m-m! But to return to our
subject:—

"As I was about to remark previously, be-
forehand, what's our country comin' to? To
that I'd like to know myself. Look at the
great congregated cumberfuzz of this
glorious Union! Just look at it! Does any
body see it? Certainly that's what's the mat-
ter. Ahum-m-m! But to return to our subject:—

"Look at our great American Eagle, the
glorious emblem of our liberty! Just look at
me! (here the speaker's voice was drowned
by continued shouting and applause.) What
are you going to do with that bird? Look
at him as he flies from the cloud-capped sum-
mits of the Lichée Mountains to the terrific
tail feathers, and see, in the swags and flut-
ters of the Apostle Paul to the Egyptians, when he
said, 'Root, hog, or die.' That's what's the mat-
ter (great cheering.) Ahum-m-m! But to
return to our subject:—

"Look at our—look at our—look at our—
that's what I'd like to know. Look at our
newspapers; just look at 'em! Can't pick up
one without readin' somethin' in it—that's
what's the matter. What did I see in a paper
this morning? What did I see there? (with
expression.) Provisions has riz. What's the
consequences? Coffee and molasses has a
fight. And what's the consequences agin?
Molasses got licked, and coffee had to settle
down on its own grounds (applause.) That's
just what