

Poor Copy

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EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
OFFICE—LINDSAY STREET, LINDSAY, C.W.

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Beaverton Business Cards.

NOBLE D. DEAN, M.D., Physician, Surgeon, Acoustician, and Medical Adviser to the Colonial Life Assurance Company.
CHARLES ROBINSON, Clerk Sixth Division Court of the County of Ontario.
HENRY D. O'NEILL, Notary Public, General Agent.
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Agent for the Canada Landlord Credit Company.
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THOMAS GLOVER, Proprietor.
NOTICE
THE SUBSCRIBER will be in attendance at the Town Hall, Beaverton, every Saturday.
GEORGE SMITH, Township Clerk.
R. J. WILSON, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.
ANGUS RAY, General Agent, Conveyancer, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, and Township Clerk.
N. G. HAM, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.
R. J. GUNN, M.D., Surgeon to the County.
A. SPRING, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Ontario.
S. H. COCHRANE, L.L.B., Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, &c. &c.
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CAMERON & MACDONELL, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors to the County Council, Ontario.

Lindsay Business Cards.

M. DUNSFORD, Attorney-at-Law, &c., 114-1/2
A. LACOURSE, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, 114-1/2
FREDERICK WHITE, Attorney-at-Law, 114-1/2
T. A. HUDSPETH, Barrister-at-Law, 114-1/2
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DR. PLAYTER, Graduate and Medalist of Toronto University, 114-1/2
D. MENZIES, Farrier, can be consulted at Mr. Gregory's Drug Store, 114-1/2
HARRINGTON HOTEL, QUEEN STREET, LINDSAY, C.W.
LATELY Finished, completely Furnished, and immediately adjoining the passenger station of the Port Hope, Lindsay, and Beaverton Railway, this Hotel is one of the most commodious and comfortable in the Town of Lindsay or County of Victoria.
Wm. Stabling attached, with an experienced Ostler.
CHARGES MODERATE.
A. J. HARRINGTON, Proprietor.
PYNE'S HOTEL, Corner of Peel and William Sts., Lindsay, C.W.
SINCE the late Fire, the Subscriber has leased the Building known as 'Pyne's Hotel,' which he has newly furnished and comfortably fitted up for the reception of visitors. This House is convenient to the Railway Station and Steamboat landing, and the Stage from Beaverton and Whitby stops at the door.
CHARGES MODERATE.
FREDERICK FOULNER, Proprietor.
DOHENEY'S HOTEL, Corner of Kent and William Sts., LINDSAY, C.W.
A choice lot of Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Whips, Sars, &c. &c. kept on hand.
Superior Workmen employed, and choice material used. All work warranted.
A call is solicited.
GEO. C. ATKINSON, Proprietor.
AT THE FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOPS, On William Street, Lindsay.
ALL kinds of Agricultural Machinery are manufactured of the best material, and at the most improved principles.
Theobalds, Hammers, Saws, &c., repaired efficiently, and with dispatch and economy.
Architectural Iron Work in the best style, and on moderate terms.
Sims' work in all its branches.
BOUSALL & CO., Proprietors.
BOVARIUM.
GOOD Meat I keep, as all do know, Adjoining Joseph Funk's; The flies, I warrant, do not "blow" upon my tender joints.
Doer, Mutton, Lamb, and Veal sold at my place, and I guarantee you will be satisfied.
And if you want "a go," Speak for the table in time.
Good Marrow-bone, Kidneys, Biskuits, Sweet-breads, and Tri-balls, Liver and Tongues—call you are wise, You'll soon give me a call.
NED MORRIS, Proprietor.
DO YOU WANT A COAT? IF YOU DO, GO TO Thompson's T Store, WHERE you will find one of the largest, best and cheapest Stocks of Ready-made Clothing cut off in Lindsay.
PHOENIX-LIKE I RISE.
HAVING been burned out by the late fire, I would inform the Public and my numerous 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 Guns and repair them. New Guns and Rifles 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 continuance of them.
C. PASSAGE, Proprietor.
A CARD.
Lindsay, 1st August, 1861.
To Mr. B. Knowlton, Esq., Agent Western Assurance Company.
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind and liberal manner in which they settled my claim, amounting to \$4,000, as soon as my papers were completed; and I request that you convey to them my thanks for the same.
I am, yours truly,
G. H. LENNON.

Poetry.

STRIVE ON.
Strive on—the ocean's roar was crossed,
And a nation's name was won,
When all the world was won.
Strive on—the world is thine,
When all the world is thine,
When all the world is thine.
Bright as the stars of dawn;
Like stars they shine on high;
They may be hid by brighter rays,
But never, never die.
And there's no light 'mid the gloom
Of low obscurity,
Struggling through years of pain and toil
And joyless privacy.
But strive—the world's not all a waste,
A wilderness of care;
Green spots are on the field of life,
And flowers bloom in fair.
Then strive—oh, let Virtue be
The guardian of your aim!
Let pure undecolored fire flame
The path that leads to fame!

Literature.

MAKING CALLS.

[From Moore's Rural New Yorker.]
"Let this plain truth to you ingrate strike,
Who still, though blessed, no blessings crave;
That we may all have what we like,
Simply by liking what we have!"
"Mary," said Charles Henderson to his wife, as they rose from their noon-tide repast, "this would be a pleasant day for you to go out calling; can't you go?"
"I suppose I could," was the reply, "but I should have to ask Charles with me, for I promised June she might have this afternoon."
"Well, then, let Charles go down to the store and I'll take care of him," said Mr. Henderson kindly; and as his wife followed him to the door, he gave her a good-bye kiss, and walked with easy tread down the neatly gravelled path leading to the little white gate.
Mary stood looking after him with a loving eye, and thought "what a dear good husband he is! I ought to be very thankful."
It was a lovely day in October, and the breeze rustled gently through the crimson vine-leaves clustering round the piazza of their cozy cottage-home. Mr. Henderson was engaged in mercantile business in the thriving town of Westbury. Industrious and frugal in his habits, he had risen to become a successful merchant; and his young wife was ever ready to lend a helping hand, and by her economy and tact, added him more than either of them realized. Nevertheless, she was not always contented with their still humble lot, although she seldom troubled her husband with any complaint. Many of her acquaintances moved in a higher circle of society, and she was by no means insensible to the inferiority of her furniture and dress, when compared with theirs; and it must be confessed that the remembrance of this fact sometimes caused her an unhappy hour.
On the afternoon in question, these repining thoughts thronged unbidden round her heart, and soon gained undisputed possession of that citadel. She turned away from the door with a listless air, and avoided the stairs to her own room. How cheap the pretty cottage chamber set back in comparison with Mrs. Thornton's elegant rosewood furniture! The white window shades, too, were vastly inferior to the costly curtains that draped the windows of her aristocratic friend; and how low the ceiling was! and how near the ingrain carpet seemed to her ambitious vision! And as she began to make her toilette for the afternoon's walk, she ejaculated impatiently,
"Oh! dear! I've nothing fit to wear! My black silk is so lowly, and then, I've worn it so much; and blue is at least two inches too short; do think Charles might let me have a new dress; as it's always the way, a mercantile man is at the last, and I must wear the blacks; and as she fastened the despised dress she could not help mentally confessing that it fitted her trim form admirably, and although more than two years old, had borne its age remarkably well. Her neat straw hat, with its bright fall ribbons and flowers, was very becoming; and her street blouse, just the style, although made out of her old cloak. Her kid gloves were new, but were free from those untidy rips which too many ladies leave unattended. Surely these articles of apparel were not indicative of extreme destitution!
Before donning her outer wrappings, however, she prepared her twelve-month boy for his visit to "Papa's store." A fine little fellow was the pet Charles, and when clad in his new merino dress, with a pretty cloak and fancy hat, he might well be looked upon by loving eyes, with fond and proud affection.
Jane helped her mistress draw the little carriage down the steps, and out of the gate, and Mrs. Henderson proceeded on her way in rather a more desirable frame of mind.
She met several ladies who stopped to kiss Charles, and call him "a jewel," "a beauty," and "a splendid baby;" and arriving at her husband's store, he greeted her with his accustomed kindness, and proudly lifted his darling boy from the carriage, and telling his wife to enjoy all she could, and be home at tea time, he again bade her "good-bye."

The Survey of the Interior of Labrador.

Among the passengers who arrived by the steamer "Napoleon III." were several members of the party who had been engaged in exploring the interior of the great peninsula, consisting of Professor Hind, of Trinity College, Toronto; Messrs Gaudet and Cayley, from the Crown Lands Department; and Mr. W. Hind. This exploring expedition started from Quebec on the 14th June, in the steamer "Arabia," and landed at the mouth of the Moisie River on the morning of the 16th. A few days afterwards they set out in three canoes for the head waters of the Moisie River, which was supposed to take its rise from lakes on the summit plateau of Labrador. In three weeks the expedition reached a point so near the height of land that the canoes, although not drawing six inches of water, were unable to ascend any farther. Before reaching this point, which is about 120 miles in an air-line from the coast, Professor Hind and his party, consisting then of twelve persons in all, including voyageurs and Indians, had to ascend about 2000 feet, cut a road through the Indian portages from lake to lake, and carrying canoes and baggage a distance which exceeded in the aggregate 20 miles, involving not less than 160 miles walking with heavy burdens. One of these portages, we are informed, was over a mountain eight hundred feet high by barometrical measurement. The country is described by the explorers as being very mountainous and to a great extent destitute of trees. The Moisie River is a rapid torrent, some forty miles from its mouth, and unmanageable for canoes and other craft. The route consequently lay through an ancient path, long pursued by the Montagnais Indians and more recently by the Nasapees, from the interior to the coast. It follows a chain of small lakes extending from the main branch of the Moisie to the east branch of the same river, thence to the height of land. The entire plateau of Labrador, which is very broad and uniform, is full of large lakes, and the rivers flow for more than three hundred miles on this plateau or table-land into the Atlantic on the north-east side of the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The information which has been obtained by this expedition respecting the hitherto unknown interior of Labrador, will be an addition to our geographical knowledge of British North America of much interest, and it will no doubt be brought before the public in due course by Professor Hind. The party started on their return to Canada, from the Hudson Bay Company's post at Mingan, on the 6th of this month.—Quebec Chronicle.

Miscellaneous.

IRELAND AS EXHIBITED IN THE CENSUS.

[From the Edinburgh Witness.]
It is not to be wondered at that the sister Isle by the publication of the Irish census. The results are not precisely such as were expected by any party, and have given rise, as we observe, to a good deal of comment. The facts of the census are of a grave character; they concern ourselves, as well as our neighbors on the other side of the Channel; for, whatever objections may be taken to the census, or whatever gloss may be put upon its teaching, it is still the census; it is a State document, correct, we doubt not, in the main, and at all events will be regarded as such by statesmen, and for ten years to come will furnish a basis for the imperial policy as regards Ireland. Let us look at its leading results.
The first great fact proved by the census is that the population of Ireland is steadily decreasing. We all know that a terrible gap was made in it by the famine of 1846; but we had come to think that that gap was in course of being filled up, and that the returns of 1861 would show an increase of population over that of 1851, and warrant the conclusion that Ireland was steadily progressing to its former state in regard to population. The census leads to just the opposite conclusion. It establishes *devidence* as the normal state of Ireland; it exhibits the Irish people under the law of steady decline; and forces upon us the conclusion that the census of 1871 will exhibit a still further decrease in the numbers of the Irish people. From 1811 to 1841 the population of Ireland continued to grow without interruption. Nothing came to arrest the tide of increase, flowing at a rate that promised to fill not only Ireland, but the British colonies, with the Celtic race. In 1841 the population reached its height. Then its numbers stood at eight millions one hundred and seventy-five thousand one hundred and twenty-four. This was the boast of O'Connell, proudly advanced and oft reiterated, that they were eight millions! Giving up a million to the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, which he left them to divide amongst them as they pleased, he pointed with pride to the great Catholic host ranged at his back, seven millions strong. But beyond this, Ireland was fated not to advance in point of numbers. A terrible blow struck the nation in 1846. Many fled from the famine; more sunk into the grave; and O'Connell, before his death, was doomed to see some millions cut off from the roll of his country's population. The census of 1851 gave the Irish population at 6,552,385, or at six millions and a half in round numbers. There had been no time to recover from the effects of the famine. The nation was still staggering under the blow which had been dealt it but four short years before; but it was hoped that the next decade would exhibit the country restored to its normal state, and something like the old flow of increase setting in. The present census has dispelled that hope. It is lower than the census of 1851, and forces upon us the conclusion that a decrease has set in in the population of Ireland, which is flowing as persistently as did the increase previous to the terrible year of 1846. The diminution of 1861 gives the following result—5,761,343. In other words, since 1851, the population has fallen away to the extent of 787,042 individuals; and during the last twenty years the decrease has been 2,410,561. The population of Ireland is less than it was at the first census after the in-

Ladies' Olio.

Standers issuing from beautiful lips are like spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.
Never purchase love or friendship by gifts; when thus obtained they are lost as soon as you stop paying.
A Golden Rule for Ladies.—A lady's pocket money is called her "pin money." Therefore, we beg to impress upon the memory of the dear lovely creatures the following important rule in the laying out of their pin money: "Mind you take care of the pins, and the pounds will take care of themselves."—Punch.
A young lady sends us the following, as a specimen of two-thirds of the "poetry" written now-a-days. Beautiful, is it not?
NIGHT.
Light.
Fades.
Night.
Shades.
Appalling.
Are falling.
From the hill.
Come.
The moon and stars,
And Night unbars.
Sleep's.
Cover.
Creeps.
Over.
Loved Nature's.
Calm features.
To Let.—There are more things "to let" than are placarded. Hearts are to let every day; old hearts, young hearts, stricken hearts—all empty—all to let.
There are heads to let; to any new thing, to isms, ologies and ists; heads without a tenant.
There are hands to let. Hands green and fair; hands lean and brown. Those to love, these to labor; these for rags, and those for rings.
There are consciences to let; elastic, accommodating, couthouse; at five per cent. a month, sixty per cent. a year. To let on bond and mortgage, and a pound of flesh.
And so it goes, from sods to souls; almost everything to let; almost everything with its price; everything in the market but grief. They are never quoted, never at a premium, never "to let."
MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.
The following, taken from the Atlantic Monthly, will show the feeling of respect entertained for the above most gifted woman, by the sons of Italy, where she had spent so many of the later years of her life, and for which she had written so much and warmly, and where she so lately died.—
THE SYMPATHY OF THE ITALIANS.
The Italians have shown much feeling at the loss which they, too, have sustained—more than might have been expected, when it is considered that few of them are conversant with the English language, and that to those few English poetry (Byron excepted) is unknown.
A battalion of the National Guard was to have followed Mrs. Browning's remains to the grave, had not a misunderstanding as to time frustrated this testimonial of respect. The Florentines have expressed great interest in the young boy, Tuscan born, and have even requested that he should be educated as an Italian; when any career in the new Italy should be open to him. Though this offer will not be accepted, it was most kindly meant, and shows with what reverence Florence regards the name of Browning. Mrs. Browning's friends are anxious that a tablet to her memory should be placed in the Florentine Pantheon, the Church of Santa Croce. It is true she was not a Romanist, neither was she an Italian—yet she was a Catholic and more than an Italian. Her genius and what she has done for Italy entitle her to companionship with Galileo, Michelangelo, Dante and Alfieri. The friars who have given their permission for the erection of a monument to Cavour in Santa Croce ought willingly to make room for a tablet on which should be inscribed:
She sang the song of Italy,
She wrote "Aurora Leigh."
HOW TO GET LIE-A-BED YOUNG LADIES UP IN THE MORNING.
"Titls," cried old Mr. Slopser from the garden, early in the morning. "Titls?"
"Whar father?" said a voice half smothered in bed-clothes, for the young lady was in bed.
"Here's John down here," replied the old man; "been here his hour." There was a sensation in John's, and, after hastily dressing, Matilda appeared. "Whar is John?" she asked, looking a little pouty, and somewhat surprised, because there was a John about there who she was always glad to see. There was mischief in the old man's eyes as he said, "Don't you see John?" "No," said she. "Whar John?" "Whar John?" said she, "he's here, pointing to the flower and laughing." He kissed her and called her a good girl for getting up so early.

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