March 27, 1862
25 Lines

The Canadian Post.

A LITERARY, POLITICAL, EDUCATIONAL, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

Vol. III.—Whole No. 142.] LINDSAY, C.W., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1862. [Terms: 1.50, in Advance.

The Canadian Post
IS 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 Epitome of the General and Local News of the week, together with carefully selected Miscellany.

In remitting money, or desiring a change of address, Subscribers should not neglect to give the name of the Post-office where they have been receiving the papers. Many correspondents simply give the name of the Township in which they reside, 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; $2.50 if not so paid.

G. CRUICKSHANK & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Office "Canadian Post,"
Lindsay, C.W.

Business Cards.

LINDSAY.

M. DUNSFORD, Attorney-at-Law, &c., William Street, Lindsay.
Sept. 5, 1861. 114-tf

A. LACOURSE, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c. *Office*—Macdonell's Brick Buildings, William St., Lindsay, C.W.
Sept. 5, 1861. 114-tf

FREDERICK WHITT, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c., Kent Street, Lindsay.
Sept. 5, 1861. 114-tf

T. A. HUDSPETH, Barrister-at-Law, Notary Public, &c. *Office*—Mrs. Patrick's Brick Buildings, Kent Street, Lindsay.
Sept. 5, 1861. 114-tf

WELLER & BROTHER, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, &c. &c. &c., Lindsay. Office in Mr. Britton's Building, up stairs.
C. A. WELLER, GEO. JAS. WELLER.
Lindsay, Jan. 1862. 131-tf

J. McCADYEN, Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor in Chancery, Office—McDonnell's Brick Building, corner of Kent and William Sts., Lindsay (above Broughall & Gibson's Store). 131tf

J. B. KNOWLSON, Fire and Life Insurance Agencies. Fire and Life Risks 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: *Kennedy's Brick Buildings, Kent St., Lindsay.*
137-tfm

M. DEANE, County Engineer and Provincial Land Surveyor, Russell Street.
Sept. 5, 1861. 114-tf

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. 5, 1861. 114-tf

DR. PLAYTER, Graduate and Medalist of Toronto University, formerly Clinical Assistant in Toronto General Hospital, Wellington Street, near the Methodist Chapel, Lindsay.
Hours for Consultation—11 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 5 to 7 P.M. 115-tf

DR. MARTIN,
(LATE OF MANILLA),
HAS Removed to Lindsay, for the practice of his profession. Office in Kempt's New Buildings, East of Kent St. (up stairs).
Jan. 8, 1862. 131tf

YOU DON'T SAY SO!!

DRS. LLOYD & KENNEDY,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTISTS,
Have REMOVED their Dental Office to WILLIAM ST., opposite Mr. Lisle's Butcher Shop.
Lindsay, Dec. 11, 1861. 127-tf

D. MENZIES, Farrier, can be consulted at Mr. Gregory's Drug Store, Lindsay.
☞ Particular attention paid to Horse Diseases.
Lindsay, Sept. 5, 1861. 114-tf

J. A. WOOD,
ARCHITECT,
147 LINDSAY STREET, *Opposite the Post-office,*
LINDSAY, C.W. 117-tf

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

W. G. COX, House and Ornamental Painter and Glazier, William Street, Lindsay. Country and other work attended to with punctuality and despatch. 114-tf

HENRY ROWLAND, Plain and Ornamental Painter and Paperhanger, Kent Street, Lindsay. ☞ All orders promptly and faithfully executed. 118-tf

WINTERS & GOODWIN, Painters, Glaziers and Paper Hangers. William Street, Lindsay. Work executed promptly, neatly, and at the lowest prices. 123-tf

JOHN DOUGLASS, General Agent and Auctioneer, Cambridge Street, Lindsay. Orders solicited. 125-tf

J. LISLE, Butcher and Dealer in all kinds of Meats, William Street, three doors from Post Street, Lindsay. *N.B.*—Orders for every description of Meat solicited. 119-tf

BOVARIUM.

GOOD Meat I know, as all do know,
Adjoining Joseph Funk's;
The Cheapest, I say, and, do not "blow",
Upon my tender jonks.

Beef, Mutton, Lamb, and Veal also
In season you may find;
And if of Soup you want "a go,"
Speak for the Tails in time.

Good Marrow Bones, Kidneys likewise,
Sweet Sausages, and Pettitoes all,
Livers and Tongues; if you are wise,
You'll soon give me a call.

NED MORRIS.
Lindsay, Sept. 5, 1861. 114-tf

LINDSAY
SADDLERY ESTABLISHMENT.
South side of Kent Street, Three Doors West of Thompson's P. 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. 5, 1861. 114-tf

Lindsay Carriage Factory.

THE Undersigned beg to inform the inhabitants of Lindsay and surrounding country, that they have taken the Shop nearly opposite Mowrey's Foundry, lately occupied by Mr. George Workman, as a Carriage Factory, where they intend carrying on the business in all its branches.

They will keep constantly on hand and make to order, TOP and OPEN CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, GIGS, SULKEYS, WOOD and IRON AXLETREE WAGGONS, PLEASURE SLEIGHS, CUTTERS, LONG SLEIGHS, LUMBER BOBS, &c., &c.

Repairing work, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and despatch.

Horse-shoeing and Jobbing done on the shortest notice by an experienced workman.

As none but the most experienced workmen will be employed, all work warranted. The best material used.

The Public will do well to give them a call before purchasing elsewhere, as they are sure to be suited at their Factory.

All Orders promptly attended to.

N.B.—Remember the place—Purdy's Mill, East of Mowrey's Foundry, on Ridout Street.

SMITH, CHAMBERS & SWITZER.
Lindsay, Nov. 28, 1861.

Business Cards.

BEAVERTON.

GIBSON & BURNET, Provincial Land Surveyors, Draughtsmen, Land Agents, Conveyancers, &c. Plans and descriptions drawn up. Wild and other lands valued. Valuable lands for sale in adjoining townships.
Offices—Beaverton and Woodville.
GEO. GIBSON, Woodville. P. BURNET, Beaverton. 134-tf

CHARLES ROBINSON, Clerk Sixth Division Court of the County of Ontario, Commissioner in B.R., Conveyancer, Issuer of Marriage Licences. 1-tf

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Agent for the Canada Landed Credit Company. *Office*—Victoria Street, Beaverton. 1-tf

ALEX. McLEOD, Builder, &c. &c., Victoria Street, Beaverton. Contracts taken for the Erection of Buildings. All work promptly and faithfully executed. 20-tf

ALEX. CAMERON, Boot and Shoe Maker, Simcoe Street, Beaverton. All work warranted to give satisfaction both in price and workmanship. 1-tf

WM. BROUGH, House-Carpenter and Joiner, Manufacturer of approved Fanning Mills, Mara Street, Beaverton. 1-tf

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER will be in attendance at the Town Hall, Beaverton, every Saturday, from 10 o'clock, a.m., until 3 o'clock, p.m., for the convenience of parties having business to transact with him.

GEORGE SMITH, *Township Clerk.*
Thorah, Sept. 5, 1861. 1-tf

ELDON.

ANGUS RAY, General Agent, Conveyancer, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, and Township Clerk, Eldon P. O. 15 tf

JOHN McKAY, Blacksmith, Argyle, Eldon. All orders promptly executed. Horse-shoeing carefully done. Charges reasonable. 3-tf

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 intends, 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 hostler are always on hand.

DONALD McKINNON.
Argyle, Jan. 14, 1862. 133-tf

MANILLA.

FARMERS' INN,
MAIN STREET, MANILLA, C.W.
Every attention paid to Travellers. Good Stabling and a careful Ostler.
W. H. THOMPSON, *Proprietor.* 119-tf

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 strict attention to business, and by endeavouring 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.

☞ Bob Pitman always in attendance to take charge of Teams.

S. CONWAY, Proprietor.
117-tf

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.—*Bees and Shorts for sale.*
Manilla, Sept. 5, 1861. 5-tf

OAKWOOD.

BANKS' HOTEL, Main Street, Oakwood.
☞ Good Stabling and a careful Ostler.
WM. BANKS, Proprietor. 118-tf

WOODVILLE.

JOHN JAMIESON, Tailor (late of Glasgow), Main Street, WOODVILLE. Clothing made up in the latest style. Orders solicited.

WHITBY.

R. J. WILSON, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, &c., Whitby, C.W. *Office*—In Wallace Block.
Whitby, Sep. 5, 1861. 1-tf

N. G. HAM, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law. *Office*—Opposite the Registry Office, Brock Street, Whitby.
Whitby, Sep. 5, 1861. 1 tf

R. J. GUNN, M.D., Surgeon to the County Gaol, Byron Street, Whitby.
Whitby, Sep. 5, 1861. 1-tf

S. H. COCHRANE, L.L.B., Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary-Public, &c. &c. *Office*—In Bigelow's new building, Dundas Street, Whitby.
Whitby, Sep. 5, 1861. 1-tf

J. HAMER GREENWOOD, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary-Public, Conveyancer, &c., Whitby, C.W. Rooms in Victoria Block, next to Registry Office on Brock Street.
Whitby, Sep. 5, 1861. 1-tf

CAMERON & MACDONELL, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors to the County Council, Ontario. *Office*—At the Court House, South Wing.
Whitby, Sep. 5, 1861. 1-tf

ROBERT CAMPBELL

BEGS to call the attention of the inhabitants of Beaverton and North Ontario, to his extensive stock of *DRY GOODS*, consisting of Dress Goods, Shawls, Mantles, Furs, Cottons, Stripe Shirtings, Broadcloths, Tweeds and Satinettes, Hats and Caps, &c.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

A large assortment of Mens' and Boys' Coats, Vests, and Pants, being made on the premises.
A fresh stock of Teas, Sugars, and Tobaccos, &c., just received.
Call before purchasing elsewhere, as great bargains will be given for Cash.

Perry's Brick Buildings, Whitby.
Whitby, Sept. 5, 1861. 5-tf

Poetry.

THE BELLS OF ARCHANGEL.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARRETT.

Ring out, wild bells of Archangel!
Ring out from your golden domes,
Calling this morn the dwellers
In these far off Arctic homes.

Not like the bells of my childhood
With their soft and dreamy chimes,
Like silvery showers in the distance,
Or the musical murmur of rhymes.

But now and then outpealing
With a deep and dissonant clang,
Like that which forth from the Kremlin
O'er the Russian soldiers rang.

While the blue and shining Dwina
Is sweeping its banks along,
And murmuring forth to the city
Its sweet and silvery song.

I sit in the English chapel
This beautiful Sabbath morn,
While the breeze from the green pine islands,
Sweeps over its sloping lawn.

Beside its open windows
The boughs sway to and fro,
With a dreamy, tremulous rustle,
Like echoes faint and low.

Of the organ's deep toned music,
And the hymn the worshippers sung,
A moment ago, in the accents
Of our native English tongue.

And a tide of rushing memories
My swelling heart o'erwhelms,
As I think of a far off city
Under the shadow of elms.

A fair and quiet city,
With its long and green arcades,
And the self same rustle of foliage
I have heard in the depths of its shades.

And I think of the leagues of distance,
The land and the ocean foam,
Which lie this Sabbath morning
Between me and my home.

Then I think of a home that is smiling
Beyond these calm blue skies,
Which perchance ere long in its beauty
Shall gladden my waking eyes;

And I lose all thought of distance,
Knowing from any clime,
We may go to the home of our Father,
Called in His own good time.

Literature.

THE SISTERS.

A TALE.

BY S. D. J——.

(*Written for the "Canadian Post."*)

[CONTINUED.]

CHAP. IX.—A DISCOVERY.

"I learned to love and in that hour
With love I learned what life was."

Conrad watched Wilmington and Alice with pleasure; and it did appear to him that they were at least interested in each other. This did not please Emily. One could scarcely tell the reason why, unless that it was her dislike to seeing any one admired but herself. But Conrad was not the only one who observed them closely. Eglantine, although not sixteen, was far less of a child at that age than Alice had been; and with a penetration beyond her years, she saw that her sister, without being conscious of it, was allowing young Wilmington to engross too much of her thoughts. "He is very handsome," Eglantine would say to herself, with a deep sigh; "never before have my eyes dwelt on aught so beautiful of earthly mould; and then his beauty is so radiant, so intellectual, so noble, so commanding. And the animation of his countenance and the softened light that dwells in those splendid eyes when he addresses her, are sufficient to win her heart. And then he talks so eloquently of all that he has seen and heard; and he seems to understand Alice so well and to be able, so well, to draw out the hidden thoughts of her heart. How enthusiastic she becomes on every subject while talking to him; she always was too enthusiastic, but not to strangers. But then he is no stranger now. This one month has made him like one of the family; and how shall we part with him! I wonder if they love each other. O, how much I should give to know this! But then he would not marry a portionless girl."

She pressed her hand upon her brow, and remained for some minutes in an attitude of deep thought. Then dropping on her knees, she breathed a silent prayer. Why was there such a deep shade upon that sunny brow? Why that saddened light in those blue eyes? and why did such heavy sighs spring from that light heart?

"Eglantine," said Alice, opening the door of their little sleeping room, in which Eglantine was sitting, "do you know that Emily is packing up to go away?"

She turned very pale. "Packing up to go away! Are they all going?" she enquired.

"I suppose so. Conrad received a letter, yesterday, from Emily's father and he advises them to return; he writes that the climate of Canada is too severe."

"But I thought that they intended to remain all winter!"

"I thought so, too; but you are aware that Emily's father never liked Papa, and Emily inherits the dislike, and thinks that Papa does not wish them to remain."

"And you have been weeping. Did Emily say anything unkind to you, Alice?"

"She is never very complimentary," sighed Alice. "I have given up all hope of being able to persuade Conrad to remain in Canada."

Although neither of the sisters spoke of Wilmington, yet both thought that it was likely that he would go, too, when Conrad went; and the thought of parting with one who had made life seem so bright, was bitter indeed.

"It is near dinner hour, Eglantine, and they will soon be home; let us go down. Emily's servant is not the smartest person in this world."

As they descended the stairs they met Wilmington in the hall, gun in hand. Alice looked up blushingly at that manly countenance, full of life, health and joy. She thought that the hunting suit became him well, and the handsome cap, round which clustered his dark brown curls.

There was ever a tenderness in his manner towards the graceful, child-like Eglantine; yet he always paid Alice the most attention, and it was considered by every one that they loved each other—it seemed such a natural consequence of their friendship.

"I have had a fine morning's sport," he said, in a lively tone, "and I have been exploring, and have discovered such a pretty place; it is so romantic, it would just suit your taste, Miss Aubrey!"

"You must tell us all about it this evening, Mr. Wilmington, but it is just dinner time and Papa will be home."

"Emily says that she is going away and is packing up," said Eglantine.

"Going away so soon!" he exclaimed. "What has irritated her now? I'm not prepared to go so soon."

"Well, then," said Alice, "will you not try to persuade her to remain? You have great influence with her."

"I shall try. I cannot resist an appeal from those pleading eyes," he said, gallantly, and forthwith entered the sitting-room, where Mrs. Aubrey was singing loudly to her baby, after having whipped the poor little thing severely.

She smiled rather scornfully as Wilmington entered. "*Comment vous portez vous,*" she said, gaily. "Why, Mr. Wilmington, one scarcely catches a glimpse of you now, you are so intent upon exploring in these detestable woods. What, in the name of goodness, can you see so vastly entertaining in them? For my part, I shall be glad when we get back to New York; one is altogether buried alive here."

"I have found that some parts of the woods are very romantic, and I have had some fine sport. I shot a number of pigeons and brought them home; have I not heard you say that you were very fond of a pigeon pie?"

"Yes, you are very thoughtful, Mr. Wilmington; Conrad would not think of that. He is so changed since he got amongst his own folks. He seems almost to have forgotten that he has a wife."

"It is my fault, I think, Mrs. Aubrey, I take him away from you; he is acquainted with these woods, having explored them previous to his going to New York, and we men do not like to be confined to the house this fine weather."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Wilmington, but I really think that you would soon become wild were you to remain here. I am determined to go back on Monday. If Conrad does not choose to accompany me, I shall go alone."

"On Monday, Mrs. Aubrey! That is too soon. Now I was going to propose some pleasure for us all in the shape of an excursion through the woods to view a most romantic spot about four miles distant."

"Four miles! How, in the name of wonder, could you expect me to walk that distance!"

"I did not think of our walking—we might go on horseback."

"You know that I cannot ride on horseback. I should be terrified to death were I to mount a horse. It is good enough for country girls to use such violent exercise, but it would kill me."

Frederick smiled. Mentally, he asked himself if Conrad was blessed in the possession of such a wife, and he thought that the fragile Eglantine was as likely to suffer from over fatigue as Mrs. Aubrey; but he merely remarked—

"The most delicate and refined ladies ride on horseback."

Mrs. Aubrey glanced at him, and her dark eyes almost shot fire, as curling her lip most contemptuously, she replied—

"I have never seen it; but some people imagine delicacy and refinement where it does not exist, when they become blinded and particularly interested in certain individuals."

Wilmington took his flute from the bookcase; instead of doing good, he saw that he had done a vast deal of harm. It bade fair to be a stormy evening within doors, so he walked out from the presence of Mrs. Aubrey and sought the dining-room, where he found the sisters busily engaged.

"How have you succeeded?" eagerly enquired Eglantine.

"O, I have succeeded in bringing all her anger upon my devoted head."

"Then she has not relinquished the idea of going back on Monday?" asked Alice.

"I fear not. She is rather more irritable than usual to day, but perhaps there will be a change for the better to-morrow; we shall see. In the meantime we shall have planned our little excursion."

"An excursion, Mr. Wilmington! Where?" asked Eglantine.

"To that lovely spot near the lake which I discovered to-day. I do so much wish that we could go there on horseback. We might leave our horses in care of a family who live near the place, then take a boat and sail across to a lovely little island in the lake. I know that you would enjoy it, Miss Aubrey, you ride so well, and Eglantine is so fond of the water. Are you not?"

"Yes, I love it very much. But Emily cannot ride, and it would not do to leave her alone: she was very much offended every time that we did leave her."

Wilmington shrugged his shoulders slightly. "I may be excused the remark," he said, "but Mrs. Aubrey is the least bit in the world too domineering over you. I do not think that it could possibly injure her in the slightest degree to keep house for you for one day in return for your kindness towards her since she has been here. But here comes Mr. Aubrey; if he consents to your going will you come?"

"We would be delighted," answered Eglantine.

(*To be Continued.*)

Miscellaneous.

Among the letters found by our soldiers in a rebel camp at Roanoke Island, was one from a young lady to her lover in the rebel army, in which she says:—"I hope we shall see each other again here; but if we do not, I hope we shall meet in Heaven, where there will be no Yankees."

Of the ten lines of ocean steamers plying between North America and Europe, the Arago and Fulton are the only two steamers owned in the United States, and of the 70,000 passengers transported across the Atlantic in 1861, only 3,400 were conveyed in American vessels.

TOOMBS A LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.—The news from the South is that the Confederates have organised a new grand military plan, which is to revive their waning fortunes. A part of it is that Robert Toombs, the violent orator, is to be appointed Lieutenant-General or General Commanding, and that he is to organise an offensive war against the North. Ohio and Pennsylvania are to be invaded, and the forces now in the border states driven home.

CANDOR.—When we come into possession of the facts of the case we must candidly, as we should cheerfully, admit that the British Government has acted fairly and honorably towards this country in respect to the Southern blockade; and indeed the publication of the correspondence between the two Governments for the last nine months leaves much less cause of complaint against the British Government on general subjects than the public was warranted in supposing to exist.—*Roch. Union.*

THE REBEL PLANS.—The whole rebel force cannot be over 200,000. 100,000 men of this force are probably in Virginia. The indications are that the rebels are considering the policy of combining a large force, letting their own territory go unprotected for a while, and attempting to penetrate the North. Failure in such a game would be utter ruin to them—but then they doubtless see ruin ahead if they continue to act on the defensive.

The gorilla is a strict vegetarian, the usual articles of its diet being berries, pine-apple leaves, wild sugar-cane, and, above all, a kind of nut enclosed in a very hard shell, so hard, indeed, that it requires a heavy hammer to break it; and this is probably one use for which was designed its enormous strength of jaw, which is sufficiently evinced by the facility with which the gorilla flattens the musket of any hunter who may be unfortunate enough to fall in its way.

THE WINTER IN RUSSIA.—The winter this year (says a St. Petersburgh letter) is unusually severe in Russia. Almost every day frozen bodies are found on the Neva. Three persons in a covered sledge from Cronstadt, with the driver were all found on its arrival to be completely frozen, the horses having brought the vehicle on to the usual place of stopping. Even the stones do not resist the cold, and several cracks are visible in the Alexander Monument, constructed of red Finland granite.

TRAGIC END OF A DISAPPOINTED LOVER.—The *Cologne Gazette* states that a sergeant of artillery, in garrison in that city, having been crossed in love, decided on putting an end to his existence, adopting the use of a rather unusual weapon—a field piece—for that purpose. Not having a regular gun cartridge he filled his tobacco pouch with powder and put it into his gun, and then placed the shot above it. He next lighted a piece of German tinder, which he put into the touch-hole, and then stood quietly at the mouth of the gun until the charge went off, killing him on the instant.

CURIOUS MODE OF INTERMENT.—When a native of the Andaman Island dies, the corpse is covered with leaves, and tied up into a bundle with cordage of strong creepers, the ends being knotted together to form a sling to carry it to the grave. This is a small hole, 3 feet deep, dug with a pointed stick, the earth being thrown out with the hand; and two or three months after the burial of the corpse, when the flesh has rotted and been eaten away by the land crabs and ants, the bones are exhumed and taken to the encampment by the relatives, who each select one as a relict, the skull belonging to the nearest of kin.

DAHOMEY.—Lord Palmerston, in answering a question put by an hon. member on Friday evening, in reference to the King of Dahomey, said—Mr. Duncan was sent to the King of Dahomey, and the account he gave was something utterly disgusting. The palace was surrounded by a large and extensive wall, which was decorated with human skulls on spikes. He himself was compelled to be a witness to one of those human sacrifices, where the unhappy were put into things like canoes, and thrown over a parapet from forty to fifty feet high, and, if not killed by the fall, they were despatched by people standingly; and I very much doubt whether any persuasion would induce the present King of Dahomey, who seems, if possible, less imbued with feelings of humanity than his father, to abandon the practice.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH.

One of these watchers for seals in Labrador, a woman, had observed a monster seal for some hours; and feeling assured the hole had frozen so that she could reach the spot before the seal could bore through the ice, she ran forward, dart in hand; but observing her movements, the animal was on his head in a moment and turning round like a spin-top. The poor Esquimaux hastened up and plunged the dart through the seal's skin, but unfortunately he had just finished boring, and down he went, with the dart firmly fixed in his hide. The act was so sudden the poor creature had no time to disengage the cord round her waist, and was drawn across the hole with such frightful force that she was doubled up as it were in a funnel, without the power of moving, the seal acting as a dead weight on her body. When her companions came up, they had the sickening sight of beholding her broken corpse, attached to which was the monster seal, still plunging for liberty. After much toil they disentangled the corpse, and killed the animal—a sorry recompense for the loss of a sister.—*Recollections of Labrador Life.*

THE GREAT EASTERN AT MILFORD—SHOCKING DISASTER.

The attempt to place this Leviathan ship on the gridiron, on Sunday, failed partly in consequence of a south-east gale, but chiefly because of the breaking of the hawsers by which she was fastened to the shore. The Great Eastern left her moorings, off Milford, early on Sunday afternoon, in the charge of Captain Ivemy, the Queen's pilot for the Haven—who was assisted by Captain Jackson, of the well known firm of Ford and Jackson—and under the superintendence of Captain Budd. She was waited on by three tug steamers, for the purpose of assisting her to her berth on the gridiron, and she steamed gently up the harbor, with the earliest run of the tide. Before rounding the Wear Point, it was Captain Ivemy's intention to swing the huge vessel round, but the hawser which attached her to one of her attendant tug steamers, snapped off like a thread, and left her broadside to the full rush of the tide. The breaking of the rope was followed by one fearfully anxious minute, when it was doubtful to all on board whether she would not ground on the Wear Rock. Captain Ivemy, however, proved himself fully equal to the emergency—he first shouted to let go the anchor, but instantly finding the ship answered her helm beautifully, his second command, following on the heels of the first, was, "All right, full speed a-head." Speed was put on, the vessel rapidly came round and all danger was over. For the purpose of placing her on the gridiron strong hawsers were brought on shore, and others attached to the accompanying pilot tugs, but in performing this necessary duty a most deplorable accident occurred. Capt. Lord Frederick Kerr, of the "Blenheim," had sent by request one of the principal boats of that ship, to assist in carrying the hawsers, and otherwise render help. A rope was thrown from the Great Eastern to the "Blenhiem" boat, which was adroitly caught by the men, and quickly fastened round one of the thwarts of the boat. While this was being done, the hawser was rapidly paid out from the ship, and it is supposed that the tide drifted the slack or bight of the hawser under the screw, for instantly the rope got foul in one of the fans, and the first revolution drew the unfortunate "Blenheim" boat right in upon the screw. Thirteen of the men, seeing their imminent danger threw themselves at once into the water—the remaining four failed to escape in time, and the boat was rapidly sucked into the whirlpool formed by the screw revolution. All hope seemed to abandon them when one of the fans struck the boat, but instead of smashing it to pieces, the fan threw the boat up, and then drew it in between the screw and the vesssel. The scene was now awfully exciting, horror was depicted on all faces, when some one with great presence of mind, shouted "stop her." The command was instantly obeyed—the engine was suddenly stopped, and upon the eighth of a circle of a revolution, otherwise the four men would, with the rise of the next fan, have been crushed to pieces. The whole of this exciting affair occurred in less time than our readers will occupy in reading the account. The accident was so unexpected and so sudden, that it was impossible even to cut the rope before the boat was sucked in upon the screw. The four men were speedily rescued from their dangerous position, and the screw was then gently moved, in order, if possible, to let the boat down uninjured. The first rise of the fan, however, smashed her in atoms, and the pieces of her wreck were whirled about in all directions, by the rapidly incoming tide. Meanwhile the situation of the men in the water was most perilous.

In a moment or two they were carried some hundreds of yards from the scene of the accident, and were widely scattered over the water. To save them all, seemed an almost hopeless task, but the most heroic efforts were made for this purpose. One man, whose name we were unable to ascertain, but who is a seaman on board a Plymouth lighter—the Hamoaze—performed a most desperate deed of daring. He was standing on the quarter-deck of the Great Eastern when the accident happened; and seeing that one of the men who was struggling in the water, was evidently sinking, this gallant sailor seized a rope, and sprang from the bulwarks of the Great Eastern into the boiling flood beneath. A most fearful plunge, and one which it is impossible to contemplate without a shudder. The noble fellow, however, rose to the surface uninjured, and, striking out seized the sinking man by the hair of his head, and held him above water, and presently a boat came and took them both in. Another man, of the name of Harry Rees, and who, we believe, is in the employ of Messrs. Ford and Jackson, succeeded, after making the most desperate efforts, in rescuing two of the men, and bringing them safely to shore. Rees is a veteran in the art of saving men from drowning, and his exploits in this line are most honorable to him. He had before this time saved eight men from a watery grave, and Sunday last added to his laurels. The steamers which were in attendance on the Great Eastern, were all most actively and praiseworthily engaged in striving to save some of the men; life-buoys were thrown overboard from the ship—the Coast Guard boat, which was lying off the dockyard, as soon as the accident was observed, instantly hoisted sails, and made for the spot, where she arrived in a couple of minutes—the ferry boats from the slip, also rendered every assistance they could, and in a few minutes 11 out of the 13 men were rescued. Two of these 11 were taken up insensible—one was taken on board the Blenheim, and the other, a young man of the name of Login, a resident of Pembroke dock, was brought to the quarters of the coast-guard. Here the restoratives, usual in cases of suspended animation, were applied by Capt. Kerr and others, and after some time, those around had the gratification of seeing Login completely restored. Eleven being thus accounted for as being taken out of the water, and four off the fan of the screw, two out of the 17 were still missing, and notwithstanding the most untiring efforts were made by the boats to discover them, not a trace of them was visible. It is supposed they must have sunk instantly upon leaping into the water.

The Canadian Post.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Ten lines and under.....75 Cents.
Above Ten lines, first insertion, per line.....8 "
Each subsequent insertion.....2 "

☞ Professional and Business Cards, six lines and under, $5 per annum; $3 for Six Months. From Six to Ten lines, $8 per annum.

☞ Merchants and others can contract for a certain 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 instructions inserted until forbid, and charged for full time.

☞ No casual advertisements inserted unless paid for in advance. Merchants will be expected to pay quarterly.

☞ Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing, otherwise the Publishers will not be responsible.

G. CRUICKSHANK & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Thurlow Weed in his last letter from England says:—"I go when I get time to the Parliament House, and this evening in some expectations of a debate on American affairs; but it did not come on. I begin to like the way business is done in Parliament. The manner is business like. There is no 'Buncombe'—no 'spread eagle' declamation. Men who have sense talk sensibly, and to the purpose. The Ministers who are members also, sit on the right of the Speaker, to explain the views of the Government and to answer questions. Although the body is composed of some 600 members, the Chamber is not half as large as our Hall of Representatives. The House is only full when it "divides" on important questions, and then many stand up. I like, too, their mode of stopping personalities of debate, and especially their process of stopping duels. An example has just occurred. Sir Robert Peel offended the O'Donoghue, who immediately sent a hostile note. Lord Palmerston committed the facts to the House. The Speaker called on the O'Donoughue to withdraw his challenge and apologise to the house for an abuse of its privilege. This was done and the matter ended. This is a sensible way of reforming a popular nuisance. In reading as we do, in English papers, reports of debates, the frequent recurrance of "Hear," "Hear," seems senseless. But in listening to these debates, you soon discover a reason for, and a fitness in these interjections. They occasion no interruption, and rather aid than embarass the Speaker."

MR. MASON IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Sitting beside Sir Page Wood, there was under the umbrageous canopy a lion of the first water, or at any rate a sea-lion, the oceanic lion upon whom has caused such a torrent of wishy-washy caterwauling as hasn't been witnessed within sound of Bow-Bell since Dick Whittington's tortoishell Tom was a kitten. Who was the lion? One of the Yankee lions Whom the British Lyons lately liberated. Which of the tarnation twain was it? Well, some said it was one, and some t'other; some Slidell, more Mason; and the Masonites had it. A very free and easy mason he certainly looks; taking the embroilment as cool as a cucumber, or rather as a salamander, which must be the embodiment of frigidity, for it is never overdone by any amount of cooking; always crispy, never burnt on the outside. Not unlike Dallas in face, and of much the same age, but stouter, with more grey hair instead of white, and none on the poll "where the wool ought to grow," as the Ethiopic troubadour warbles, the illustrious, or at least the notorious stranger seemed quite at home under the gallery, native and to the manner born, and as much at his ease as though he were Sam Slick;—Haliburton, not a bad judge, pronouncing the impudence inimitable.—*London Correspondent of the Liverpool Albion.*

SCENES AT THE NASHVILLE POST OFFICE.

Opening the Post Office here developes the anxiety to communicate with the North. Not an hour passes, that scores of ladies and gentlemen do not call to enquire when the first mail from the North may be expected. Swarms of persons crowd up with letters, nearly every one of which is directed to some one in the Northern States. Well dressed and intelligent gentlemen come up with open letters and ask to have them read, evidently supposing that there is to be as thorough an espionage over the mails as they themselves have had. Mothers come in with letters to their sons, from whom they have not heard from for eight months, and asked, with an air of distressed certainty, whether it is really true that they can write to the North without interruption. "I am very sorry to see you here at all," said a young lady at the Post Office, this morning, "and I hope you'll have to leave soon again, but oh! I'm so glad I can write home once more." "Are you quite sure you can get a letter all the way to Philadelpia without some Lincolnite destroying it?" asks an old man, all of whose friends and relatives remained in the Quaker City. "Will you look over this, sir, so as to be sure there is nothing wrong in it, that it may go on as fast as possible?" asks a young lady, dressed in deep mourning. "It is'nt necessary at all, madam," replies the officer, "They'll go just as speedily without examination." "Oh, no, sir, I'd rather have you look at it, to be sure that it will go." The postmaster runs his eyes over the letter, and finds it a piteous appeal to a long unheard off mother to come down and comfort her. Her husband has gone with the army, her child lies dead in the house, her aunt is at the point of death, and she yearns for sympathy from home and kinkindred. And so they go.

PLEASANT NEIGHBORHOODS.

One's pleasure, after all, is much affected by the quality of one's neighbors, even though one may not be on speaking terms with them. A pleasant bright face at a window is surely better than a discontented, cross one; and a house that has the air of being inhabited is preferable to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, excluding every ray of sunlight and sympathy. We like to see the glancing, cheerful lights through the windows of a cold night, or watch them, as evening deepens, gradually creeping from the parlor to the upper stories of the houses near us. We like to watch the little children go in and out the door, to play, or to school. We like to see a white-robed baby dancing up and down at the window in its mother's arms, or the father reading his newspaper there at evening, or any of these cheerful, impromptu home glimpses, which, though we are no Paul Pry, we will assert go to make a pleasant neighborhood to those who live for comfort instead of show. Sad, indeed, some morning, on waking, it is to see the blinds down and the shutters closed, and know that death's angel, while it spared our threshold, has crossed that of our cheerful neighbor. Sad to miss the white-robed baby from the window, and see the little coffin at nightfall borne into the house. Sad to see innocent little faces pressed at eventide against the window-pane, watching for the "dear papa" who has gone to his long home.