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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.

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

Business Cards.

LINDSAY.

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

A. MACDONELL, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Keenan's Brick Building, Kent Street, 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. HUDGETH, 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, June, 1862. 131-tf

J. McCADDEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and Solicitor in Chancery. Office—M. Donnell's Brick Building, corner of Kent and William Sts., Lindsay (above Hemphill & Gibson's Store). 1311

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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 Official Assistant to Toronto General Hospital, Wellington Street, near the Methodist Chapel, Lindsay. Hours for Consultation—9 a.m. to 10 a.m. and 1 to 2 p.m. 115-tf

DR. MARTIN.

(LATE OF MANILLA),

HAS Removed to Lindsay, for the practice of his profession. Office in Knapp's New Buildings, East of Kent St. (up stairs). Lindsay, Sept. 5, 1861. 130-tf

YOU DON'T SAY SO!!!

DRS. LLOYD & KENNEDY, Surgical and Mechanical Dentists, have REMOVED their Dental Office to WILLIAM ST., opposite Mr. Leslie's Butcher Shop. Lindsay, Dec. 11, 1861. 127-tf

JAMES H. KNIGHT,

(Late Organist of Trinity Church, Cobourg)

TEACHER OF THE PIANOFORTE AND MELODEON,

Residence at Mr. C. Britton's, Kent Street, LINDSAY.

MESSRS. CUMBERLAND & STORM, Civil Engineers and Architects, Lindsay and Richmond Buildings, Toronto.

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GOOD Meat Here's, as all do know,
Adjoining Joseph Funk's;
Tho' I say it, who can't, do not "blow"
Upon my tender junks.

Beef, Mutton, Pork, and Veal also
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And, Cash for scrip you will not "go"
Square for the bills to come.

Good Marrow bones, be lower'd low so,
Saw, Cleaver, and Cut fair all,
Livers and Tongues, in every wise,
And Sausages make a sell.

NED MORRIS.

Lindsay, Sept. 5, 1861. 114-tf

LINDSAY

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A large stock of Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Whips, Spurs, and other Saddlery goods always on hand.

☞ Repairing done with neatness and despatch, and every description of Work warranted.

All cash required.

GEO. C. ATKINSON.

Lindsay, Sept. 5, 1861. 114-tf

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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. Tarkett'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.

Lindsay Sept. 5, 1861. 114-tf

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

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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

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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 deal 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.

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

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DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, &c. &c.

MANILLA, C.W.,

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N.B.—*Rum and Shorts for sale.*

Manilla, Sept. 5, 1861. 5-tf

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Wm. BANKS, Proprietor. 118-tf

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J. AGNEW, M.D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and ACCOUCHEUR. Office, Wood's Hotel, Woodville. 130

NORTHERN HOTEL, Woodville, C.W., A. B. Wood, Proprietor. Good accommodation for travellers. Charges moderate. Sober and intelligent Ostlers in attendance. 109

WHITBY.

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

C. R. COCHRANE, LL.B., Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, &c. &c. Office—In Bigelow's new buildings, Dundas Street, Whitby. Whitby, Sep. 5, 1861. 1-tf

CAMERON & MACDONNELL, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors to the Commercial Bank of Upper Canada, Solicitors to the Counties of Ontario, &c. 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, Satin 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

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JOHN McNAB. WM. McDOUGALL.

Toronto, June, 1862. 131-tf

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Acknowledged Agent for this paper.

June, 1862. 129-tf

Literature.

THE SISTERS.

A TALE.

BY S. D. J——.

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

[CONTINUED.]

CHAP. XXIII.—A TREASURE FOUND.

"Yes, I have seen thy once loved maid,
Scarce had she seemed a thing of woe
If but by common eyes surveyed;
Still on her lip the sweet smile played,
Still on her cheek was that pure glow
Which thou wert wont in other days
To paint with such enraptured praise."

"She spoke, but not of thee or thine;
Her words were penitence and prayer;
She seemed to suffer, not repine.
O, Henry, had the deed been mine
That doomed to death a form so fair,
I would have read in every eye
A record of my infamy."

ALICE had now much leisure time, and, as we said before, she was accustomed to wile away many weary hours by writing. She had always lived in a dreamy world of thought, more beautiful to her than the monotonous realities of life. It occurred to her at last that if her writings were published it would afford her much amusement, and be, as it were, some aim in a life that was becoming more and more weary, and fill up a void in a heart which was sighing, even in this quiet resting-place, to have the vacancy filled. Full of these new thoughts and hopes, she took her writings to a celebrated publisher at P——, only to meet the usual recompense of all who seek for fame—disappointment. But it was all she ever gained in all her heart-cherished dreams thro' life—that life which was now a blank, and but for religion would have been despair. She did not wonder or weep when the publisher told her that he did not need them. She did not blame him—he was very gentlemanly, very polite, and spoke very kindly to her; but it was her fate. She would struggle no longer with destiny, she would make no more efforts to bear up under the weight which was crushing her; there was peace in one path—she would walk in that. She left the store with a steady step, and the publisher, wrapt in his day dreams, thought no more of the little incident. She entered a store, with the intention of purchasing a trifling present for Ida. But why did she start and tremble, and why did every particle of color forsake her cheeks? Leaning on the counter, with his back toward her and engaged in conversation with a gentleman, was Herbert Woodville—her soul's idol. She could not be mistaken—that form was indelibly imprinted on her mental eye. She saw the dark hair clustering round his cap and caught a glimpse of that classical profile, partially revealed, and then—

"'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
Throughout the breathing world's extent
There was but one such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent."

'Twas no use to retreat, for already he had turned partially round and observed her, so she summoned all her courage and advanced to speak to him, as though nothing had happened; but her great agitation lent a harshness to her voice unusual to it; and over her pale, worn features there flitted a melancholy smile, which bore only a ghastly resemblance to the 'glad bright one' of former days. No doubt she must have appeared very icy, very stiff. How little could he see below the surface of this cold exterior—how little did it reveal of the surging, burning waves of passion that were swelling in her heart and almost suffocating her. She would have given worlds to say something—to enquire for his mother, his sisters; but she knew that her choking voice would betray her agitation; betray the idol-worship which dwelt in her heart for him. By a strong effort she partially quelled the tumult within her, and saying, it was a fine day, turned to the counter and asked for something. She did not know what she asked for, nor what she paid for, while he stood there coldly regarding her.

"They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Ida did not dream why Alice pressed her so convulsively to her heart when she got home; nor no one knew that through that lonely night her tears fell thick and fast. But the morning brought her a pleasant surprise of which she had little dreamed.

She had been always struck with Ida's face, which, the more she gazed on it, she seemed to feel was not unfamiliar. Every change in its ever varying expression seemed to call up images of the past, and made her wish more than she had hitherto done to hear something of her dear dead brother's child. Had she the most remote idea of the whereabouts of that child's mother she would have written immediately. But Emily had, apparently, resolved that they should be done with each other when they parted, for she had never sent one line.

Ida, though generally a sweet, gentle child, had at times outbursts of passion, which seemed rather the effect of bad training than a naturally bad disposition, and much Alice marvelled that a lady so good as Mrs. Dynevore had not brought up her little girl better. But the mystery was solved one day, and with its solution came a revelation to Alice. Ida was indulging in one of her outbreaks of temper, when Mrs. Dynevor being present reprimanded her less gently than usual; whereupon, the little maiden said, poutingly—

"I won't stay with you any longer. I won't call you mamma any more."

"How can you be so naughty to your mamma!" said Alice, reprovingly.

"She's *not* my mamma!" sobbed the child.

"My mamma is dead!"

Alice looked enquiringly at Mrs. Dynevor.

"She speaks the truth," said that lady; "I adopted her about three months since."

A sudden light seemed to break upon Alice's mind, and its glow was reflected on her face, as she eagerly asked, "What was her mother's name? Who did you get her from?"

"I got her from Emily Northcote," answered Mrs. Dynevor, with a peculiar smile.

Alice's countenance fell, as she repeated the name, but brightened in a moment.

"Is Ida's name Northcote?" she asked, with breathless anxiety.

"No, dear—her name is Ida Aubrey and she is thy niece."

Alice burst into tears, and straining the tender, weeping, wondering thing to her heart, exclaimed, "Oh, Ida! my darling! Have I found you again!"

Ida twined her fair, soft arms round Alice's neck, sobbing, "Dear Auntie Allie!"

"But how did you get her? Where is her mother?" asked Alice, "Is she indeed dead?"

"Yes, dear," gently answered Mrs. Dynevor. "She married a person named Northcote, whom she met in Ireland, and almost immediately started for New York. I went thither to attend the Friends' yearly meeting, and a friend of mine brought me to see Emily Northcote. She took a great fancy to me. Shortly after she died in giving birth to a still-born baby. She confided her little daughter to my care, as her husband had gone to California a few months previously, and I believe he had not been very kind to her."

CHAP. XXIV.—THE RIGHTEOUS GONE HOME.

"Fully ripe like, the ear of the reaper,
He met the pale messenger's word;
O, sweet is the sleep of the sleeper,
Who rests in the name of the Lord."

A YEAR passed on, and Alice, carrying her heart-crushed hopes with her, had gone to a distant place to teach, not, however, without receiving a promise from Mrs. Dynevor that she would give her Ida to live with her, if at some future day she should be able to purchase a cottage of her own. In the place to which she had gone she was very lonely. She had no Mrs. Soggles to torment her, or welcome her from school with a broad grin.

Suddenly, one day, she received a message to go to Eglantine. Mr. H—— was ill, very, very ill. A gradual consumption had seized him as a victim, even before his marriage, and for the last year he had been but kept alive by strengthening medicines. He had endeavored to prepare his wife for the great blow which was about to fall upon her. But how could she be prepared? Poor Eglantine! Her good, her noble husband was going to die. Oh, how desolate that word makes the poor, lone heart feel! Yet did she strive to bear up, that he might not see how much she suffered.

It was night when Alice arrived at her sister's cottage. She saw the glimmering of the faint lamp through the drawn curtains, and her heart told her that was the chamber of the dying. She had loved and respected her brother-in-law much—he had always seemed to her a being so holy, so high, so free from earth-born passions. But it seemed to her a thing of course that he should die; all her friends went from her. She entered the room noiselessly, which was already hallowed by that stillness which precedes death. Eglantine was kneeling by the bed; she arose and embraced her sister, but spoke no word. Two or three chosen friends were in the room; they left as Alice entered and joined others in the house, striving to do all the good they could. Mr. H—— perceived Alice standing by the bed and extended his pale, thin hand towards her in token of recognition.

"You have come, Alice," he said, faintly, "come to see me die. I have been happy on earth, but I shall be happier where I am going. My wife, my child—I leave them in the hands of my God—

"Whose ways are best, how hard so'er
It is for us to see it here."

He requested some one to sing that beautiful paraphrase which commences—

"Ye now must hear my voice no more;
My Father calls me home."

When the singing ceased he said, "Alice, bring me the little one. I feel stronger and would kiss her once more."

She brought the child and held it up beside him; its bright curls touched the cheek of its dying father, as its rosy lips were pressed to his pale and cold. He raised his hand, and stroking back the clustering curls from that pure brow, said—

"I would have lived to cherish her, but God's will be done. Eglantine, you will be father and mother to our dear little one. Lead her to God."

But Eglantine could only answer by clasping his hand tighter, while her tears flowed faster.

He closed his eyes, and a smile of strange sweetness hovered around the whitening lips, as he murmured his last audible words—

"The angels, Eglantine! The angels are coming for me, with the crown—and palm."

He was still; the spirit had fled so calmly, that they could not believe that all suffering was past. But to such as him there was no death; it was rather a passing from death unto life. His whole life had been praise to God, and he had gone to praise him in a higher, a more celestial strain.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God
Fair spirit! rest thee now;
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house of earth,
Soul to its home on high;
Those who have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die."

The coffin came. It was long, singularly long; and covered with black velvet. And the sad, sad watches were kept beside the cold form, by those who had come to sympathise and who had dearly loved their highly gifted minister. And Eglantine, looking so mournful, with her slight figure arrayed in black crape garments, and her cheek as white as that of the shrouded form in the coffin, lived and moved, yet saw nothing but that dead face, and heard nothing but the lisping accents of her babe asking for its dead father. And there the young widow sat, with a look of agony in her pale face which wrung the heart of the beholder, as she smoothed back the dark hair from that glorious brow. They laid that beloved form in the grave, and Eglantine was desolate, save the little weeping creature clinging to her aching bosom, and the sister who would have shed her heart's best blood to save the husband and father of those so dear to her, but was powerless, save with sympathy and loving words.

(*To be concluded next week.*)

Miscellaneous.

The public debt of India which, in case India was lost to Britain, would be assumed by the Home Government, is £109,200,000 stg. This is about the present debt of the U.S.

A steamer from the West Coast of Africa brings melancholy tidings, informing us, as it does, that yellow fever of the most malignant type is rife at Bombay and New Calabar. Out of a population of 140 whites, 75 had died within a month. The natives had suffered still more severely, scores dying daily. The crews of the vessels trading on the coast have also been decimated by the deadly disease. A destructive fire had also occurred at Duke Town, Old Calabar, by which about one-half of the place was consumed.

VERY SINGULAR.—Two rather singular cases of remarkable escape from a living burial are related as having occurred subsequent to the battle of Fair Oaks. The body of a colonel was found on the field and brought in. Arrangements were made for embalming it. The process includes the use of galvanism. The shock was given. To the astonishment of all, the colonel rose and walked forth. The other case was also that of a colonel who was found among the dead on the field. In deference to his rank, he was brought to the hospital and laid among the dead. His friends prepared to give him a decent burial, and were about carrying the body out when the colonel rolled over and, in tones more like those of a man drunk than dead, called out, 'Ben, John, where is my whiskey flask?'

HOW TO GET A LEG OF MUTTON.—A comical swindle is said to have been recently carried out with success in London. A respectable-looking man went to a butcher's shop at the busiest time on Saturday night. He selected a prime leg of mutton, which was handed to him by the shopman outside, who watched him into the shop, and, seeing him place it in due course in the scale, turned, as usual, to attend to other customers. Says the supposed purchaser to the shopkeeper, 'I want to ask you a favor. I've bought this in the next street, and I think the fellow who sold it has cheated me in the weight. Will you be kind enough to weigh it for me?' The butcher stands aghast with indignation. 'Why, you impudent vagabond, you buy your meat elsewhere, and then have the face to ask me to weigh it. I have a mind to kick you out. Be off out of my shop instantly.' The customer leaves, muttering apologies, but he takes the mutton, which the shopman, supposing to be paid for, allows him to carry off unquestioned. The master and the man have to settle the matter between them afterwards.

GIANTS.

In more modern ages, men have been known to attain extraordinary height; and if we place implicit reliance in the description authors have left of them, they have exceeded twelve, fourteen, or fifteen feet. In a paper of Mr. le Cat, however, an enumeration of several instances in which men have been proved to reach a much higher stature than is ever ascribed even to giants, is to be found. Two human skeletons, according to his account, were discovered by the Athenians near their town, one of which measured *thirty-six* and the other *thirty-four* feet; another was found in 1548, in Sicily, not far from Palermo; this one was not more than thirty feet in length. Two years subsequent to this last discovery, another skeleton was found, which, this time, measured thirty-three feet; and at last a third was unearthed, which, like the first, was only thirty feet long. This gentleman farther asserts, that, in 1705, a skeleton measuring twenty-two feet in length was discovered, and the thigh-bone preserved at Valencia, and that in another subject the skull was of sufficient dimensions to contain a bushel of corn! We learn from the "Journal Literarire" of the Abbe Nazari, that in Calabria, a body was exhumed which measured eighteen Roman feet, and that each of the grinders weighed, on an average, one ounce. Hector Boetius, in the seventh book of his "History of Scotland," states that some bones are still preserved of a man who, in derision, was styled Little John, who was fourteen feet high. Platerus, who was a man of great celebrity in the medical line, avers, that at Lucerne, in Switzerland, he saw the skeleton of a man nineteen feet in length. He farther says:—"I saw a young man at Lunenburgh, called Jacob Denman, who, for his extraordinary stature, was carried through Germany to be seen. Anno 1613, he was brought to us at Basil; he was then twenty-three years and a-half of age; beardless as yet, strong of body and limbs, and lean; he was nine feet high complete; the length of his hand was one foot six inches." The giant Ferragus, slain by Roland, the nephew of Charlemange, was eighteen feet high. Pliny mentions that the tallest man that was seen in his age was one named Gabara, who, in the days of Claudius, was brought out of Arabia; he was nine feet nine inches high; and that in the time of Augustus Cæsar, there were two persons called Idusio and Secundilla, who each measured above ten feet. The Emperor Maximilian was eight feet and a-half in height, and was in the habit of using his wife's bracelet for a thumb-ring; his shoe was a foot longer than that of any other man. The Emperor Jovianus was also a man of gigantic stature, and so was Charlemagne; the latter, though, was inferior to the two former. During the Cretan war, there was brought to light a body of a prodigious bulk. When the floods were gone, it appears, in a cleft, and full of the earth, there was found the carcass of a man, of the length of thirty and three cubits, or near forty-two feet. Lucius Flaccus, the then legate, and Metellus himself, allured with the novelty of the report, went on purpose to the place to take a view upon it; and they saw what, upon hearsay, they had imagined to be a fable.

In the *Journal des Scavans*, of the year 1692, appears a letter from a gentleman of the name of P. Gentil, stating that a body measuring seventeen feet four inches was discovered in a tomb, not far from Angers. This body's arms and legs were entwined by a number of bodies, apparently the children of this giant. In the neighborhood of the same place were many tombs of the same mode of construction, each containing a body, averaging on the whole from ten to fourteen feet.

WHAT SEVENTY BOYS BECOME.

Many people begin the education of their children with an exhibition of toys, marvellous tales, silly romances, &c., and wind up with the circus and theatre. The degrading influence and sorrowful consequences of this mode of education will be best illustrated by stating a few facts that have passed under my own observation. So far as my memory goes, about thirty boys, educated in this way, i.e., in contempt of all useful knowledge and occupation, spent their days in reading novels, the lives and confessions of pirates and murderers, &c., and their nights in the streets, dram-shop, gambling-saloons, circus and theatre. At the age of forty-five, one had been hung for murder, one for robbing the mail, and three as pirates; five died in the penitentiary, and seven lived as useless vagabonds about the streets: three were useful mechanics, and the fate of the remainder is unknown.

Of about forty educated with me by a really moral and scientific teacher, under the old fogy, Pu Banic system of restraint, as it is now called by young America, at the age of fifty-five one was a member of Congress, one a Judge of the Supreme Court, two Judges of the Circuit Court, three physicians, five lawyers, fourteen were dead, and the remainder were farmers and mechanics; and so far as is known not one of them ever was called before the bar of his country on a criminal charge, and they all had comfortable homes, except two or three, and every one was passably respectable.—*Doctor Edward Lawton.*

THE SABBATH-BREAKER AND HIS END.

About twenty-five years ago a very wealthy but very wicked merchant was doing a prosperous business in the city of New York. Among his other sins against God, that of Sabbath-breaking seemed more manifest, and he appeared to take a delight in violating the sanctity of the Lord's day. As he did business on a very large scale, he at one time gathered up one million and a-half of money, all in old Spanish mill dollars, which was considered the best currency to send to China, to which his trade had been directed; and as several vessels would be required to bring home the return cargo, he divided his million and a-half dollars into seven parts, and putting it in seven ships sent them to China; but to show his contempt for God and his laws, determined to send them to sea on seven consecutive Sabbaths, intending, perhaps, in this way to test the question as to who should rule, he or Jehovah. The ships went out safely with the money, and returned with the merchandise. They were neither engulfed in the ocean nor wrecked on lea-shore, but when the voyages were settled up, there was a loss of one-third of the money—one million being returned, and a hundred thousand sunk in the enterprise. Loss after loss succeeded, and in about two years after the rich merchant died a bankrupt. Now, was this Providence? Was it God's controversy with a wicked man? Or was it a chance thing that happened?—*Presbyterian.*

WHAT BATTLE PHRASES MEAN.

Think only of the common hackneyed expressions which pass so lightly between the lips, when speaking of a great battle. We talk exultingly, and with a certain fire, of a 'magnificent charge,' of 'a splendid charge;' yet very few will think of the hideous particulars these two airy words stand for. The 'splendid charge' is a headlong rush of men on strong horses, urged to their fullest speed, riding down and overwhelming and opposing masses of men on foot. The reader's mind goes no further, being content with the information that the enemy's line was 'broken' and 'gave way.' It does not fill the picture. To do so effectually we must first think of an ordinary individual run down in the public street by a horseman moving at an easy pace. The result is usually fracture and violent contusion. We may strengthen the tones of the picture by setting this horseman at full gallop, and joining to him a company of other flying horsemen. How will it be then with the unhappy pedestrian? So when the 'splendid charge' has done its work and passed by there will be found a sight very much like the scene of a frightful railway accident. There will be found the full complement of backs broken in two, of arms twisted wholly off, of men impaled upon their own bayonets, of legs smashed up like firewood, of heads sliced open like apples, other heads crunched into soft jelly by iron hoofs of horses, of faces trampled out of all likeness to anything human. This is what skulks behind a 'splendid charge.' This is what follows, as a matter of course, when 'our fellows rode at them in style,' and 'cut them up famously.'

Again, how often does the commander, writing home through official dispatches, dwell particularly on the gallant conduct of Captain Smith, who, finding the enemy were 'annoying our rights a little,' got his gun into position, and 'held them in check.' Both expressions are fair in drawing-room phrases, to be mentioned cheerfully by ladies' lips. It is, as it were, a few flies buzzing about 'our men.' And yet, properly translated, it signifies this. That stray men of the right wing are now and then leaping with a convulsive start into the air, as a minnie bullet flies with sharp sting through their hearts; that stray men, suddenly struck, are rolling on the ground; that a man here and there is dropping down quite suddenly with a shriek, his firelock tumbling from his hand—in short that there is a series of violent death-scenes being enacted up and down the long line.

The Canadian Post.

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AN UNSEEMLY ORGAN.

In a small church at a village near Brighton where the congregation could not afford to pay an organist, they recently bought a self-acting organ, a compact instrument, well suited to play forty different tunes. The sexton had instructions how to set it agoing, and how to stop it; but unfortunately he forgot the latter part of his business: and after singing the first four verses of a hymn before the sermon, the organ could not be stopped, and it continued playing two verses more; then, just as the clergyman completed the words, "let us pray," the organ clicked, and started a fresh tune. The minister sat it out patiently, and then renewed his introductory words, "let us pray," when click went the organ again, and started off on another tune. The sexton and others continued their exertions to find out the spring but no man could put a stop to it: so they got four of the stoutest men in the church to shoulder the perverse instrument, and they carried it out down the centre aisle of the church, playing away, into the churchyard where it continued clicking and playing away until the whole forty tunes were finished.

A FAIR RETORT.

At the assize at Naas, many years back, while Mr. Parsons was addressing the Court, an ass in the street happened to bray so loudly as to interrupt the learned gentleman; whereupon the learned Judge, Lord Norbury, said:

"One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time, if you please."

This sally caused much merriment in the Court, but did not in the least discompose Mr. Parsons, who pursued the tenor of his discourse as if nothing of the kind had happened. He was not, however, insensible to the merit of a joke, nor willing to let it go unrewarded, and an opportunity was soon afforded him of giving a 'Roland for an Oliver.'

When his lordship was charging the jury, the same ass—which seemed fond of the Court—brayed again, and 'deeper and deeper still.'

But at this moment the learned Judge was so entirely taken up with the business in progress that he quite forgot his own joke, and startled at the sound of Neddy's sweet voice, he hastily said—

"What's that—what noise is that?"

"It is only the echo of the Court, my Lord," said Mr. Parsons, gravely.

The justice and excellence of this retort was acknowledged by the loud and continued peals of laughter with which the Court resounded, and in which the Judge himself could not refrain from joining.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE SKUNK.

The *American Agriculturist* takes up the cudgels in defence of the poor, despised, but seldom-kicked skunk, and gives him a good notice. Our contemporary says:—

"All summer long he roams your pastures at night, picking up beetles and grubs, poking with his nose potato hills where many worms are at work. He is after the grubs, not tubers. He takes possession of the apartments of the woodchuck, who has quartered himself and family upon your clover field or garden, and makes short work with all the domestic arrangements of that unmitigated nuisance. With this white-backed sentinel around, you can grow clover in peace, and the young turnips will flourish. Your beans will not be prematurely snapped, and your garden sauce will be safe from other vermin. The most careless observation of his habits shows that he lives almost exclusively on insects. While you sleep he is busy doing your work, helping to destroy your enemies. In any fair account kept with him the balance must be struck in his favor. Thus among the animals we often find friends under the most unpromising appearances, and badly abused men are not unfrequently the benefactors of society."

This all may be very true and we have no doubt it is, but nevertheless we cannot forgive the rascal for certain attentions which he once bestowed on some of our neighbors. The eccentric John Randolph once said, he "would any time go half a mile to kick a sheep." So with us in reference to a skunk, if we dare.

MISTAKES.

The editors of the Star in the West furnish the following modest attempt at correcting certain rather wide-spread mistakes:

It is a mistake to suppose that the subscription price of a paper is clear gain to the publishers.

It is a mistake to suppose that he gets his white paper for nothing.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is printed without cost.

It is a mistake to suppose that he can live, bodily, by faith.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is easy to please everybody.

It is a mistake to suppose that a paper is worth buying which contains only what one knows and believes already.

It is a mistake to suppose that money due for the paper would be as good to us in a year as it would now.

It is a mistake to suppose that we would not be thankful for what is due to us, and for new subscribers.