The Canadian Post.

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The Canadian Post

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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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Business Cards.

LINDSAY.

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

FREDERICK WHITE, 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

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

J. McFADYEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and Solicitor in Chancery. Office—McDonnell's Brick Building, corner of Kent and William Sts., Lindsay (above Broughall & Gibson's Store). 130tf

R. E. HENSON, LL.B., *Barrister and* ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.,
Office in McDonnell's Block, over Division Court, LINDSAY, C.W.
114-tf

[illegible] Land Surveyor, Russell Street, [illegible]
114-tf

[illegible] Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, Agent, &c. Will attend other Lands valued. Office—Corner of Kent and William Streets, over Mr. Freeman's Store.
Lindsay, Sept. 5, 1861. 114-tf

C. RADY, Civil Engineer and Provincial Land Surveyor. *Office*—In Mr. Kempt's Building, Kent Street, Lindsay, C.W. 108-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, ROMAINE BUILDINGS, *TORONTO.*

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(CIRCULAR.)

MRS. LAWDER

RESPECTFULLY informs the Inhabitants of Lindsay that she has become a permanent resident amongst them, and that she is prepared to receive Pupils and give instructions on the Piano Forte, and in Singing, on the most improved principles.

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Residence: Near Dr. Fidler's, Russell Street.

N.B.—TERMS MODERATE.

Lindsay, Nov. 10, 1862. 115-tf

Business Cards.

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GEO. GIBSON, Woodville. P. BURNET, Beaverton. 134-tf

MANILLA.

S. G. WOOD, LL.B., *Barrister and* ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCER, &c. &c.
MANILLA, C.W. 137-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 endeavoring to do all in his power for the comfort and convenience of guests, to merit a share of public patronage.

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Comfortable accommodation for man and horse.

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S. CONWAY, Proprietor.
117-tf

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

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N.B.—*Bran and Shorts for sale.*

Manilla, Sept. 5, 1861. 5-tf

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WM. BANKS, Proprietor. 118-tf

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IN returning thanks to their Friends for the liberal patronage hitherto extended to them, are happy to announce that they are just receiving their

Fall and Winter Stock,

which, for cheapness and quality, cannot be excelled in the Back Country.

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The public are respectfully informed that G. & C. deal with all who favor them with their custom, both at Woodville and Argyle, on very liberal terms.

Woodville, Oct. 9, 1862. 170

TORONTO.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.

THE Undersigned have entered into partnership as Attorneys, Solicitors, Conveyancers, &c., under the style and firm of McNAB & McDOUGALL. *Office*—Opposite Court House, Adelaide Street, Toronto.

JOHN McNAB. WM. McDOUGALL.
Toronto, Jan., 1862. 134-tf

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Acknowledged Agent for this paper.

June, 1862. 132-tf

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Literature.

Ranahan, the Murderer;

OR,

Frank O'Shaughnessy's Famous Run.

BY A CONSTABULARY OFFICER.

(*Concluded.*)

Ranahan, seeing that further concealment was impossible, and that resistance would avail him but little, quietly stepped upon the floor and proceeded to dress.

At the moment, I know not if actual disappointment and regret did not take the place of every other feeling in my mind. As to exultation or triumph, there was actually none. I knew he must be hanged, and I detested the position in which an imperative duty placed me respecting him—bound up, too, in connection with a mercenary ruffian, in whose villany there was nothing bold, generous, or brave, and in whose hands I was the mere tool to chisel out his iniquity. He had treacherously sold his friend's blood for one hundred pounds, and I had been the purchaser.

A silence ensued while Ranahan was finishing his dressing. I then turned to Trelford, and said—

"Trelford, handcuff the prisoner, and let us be going."

We then filed out of the house, and proceeded down the lane towards the river.

Arriving again at what had been the ford, but which was now, if possible, more impassable than an hour before, I consulted with Trelford and Norris as to the best means of getting Ranahan across. Trelford recommended that a short piece of rope, which he had seen under the dresser at Teernan's, should be sent for, and it was almost immediately procured. We then passed it through Ranahan's arms and over one shoulder, something after the manner in which the men put on their belts, tying it fast round his waist, and leaving two long ends, about five or six feet, one before and one behind. Two men then went forward, making their footing as firm as possible, and holding hands as described in the first instance. I then gave the end of the rope to the third man, who followed, and I then desired Ranahan to proceed. About the centre of the ford I heard a sudden struggle and a plunge, and Ranahan called out—

"If you attempt to hold on, boys, I'll bring both of you to h—l with me; so let out, I say!" and he plunged furiously.

But he struggled in vain—they held on like men, being themselves held tightly by their comrades; and literally dragging our prisoner through the remainder of the flood, we got safely to the opposite bank.

All was now easy of accomplishment. The other streams—or cuts, as they are called—were nothing but summer music in comparison to the Red River, and we skipped across them.

It was now nearly clear daylight of the 13th of March, which I found entered in the margin of my journal in a separate space for itself, although the duty was continuous.

We soon arrived at Drumbola, where the car which had fetched me was awaiting my return. Placing Ranahan on the car, we proceeded direct to the county town, where, before evening, I lodged the prisoner safely in gaol.

* * * * * * * *

The eventful day of trial came, and Ranahan was placed at the bar. He was well dressed, in black, and tolerably unconcerned. Having heard the indictment, he pleaded "not guilty," nodding to Mr. D——, his counsel.

Mrs. Brooke was the first witness put up, and she described the murder precisely. When called on to identify the prisoner, she looked round, and fixing her eyes steadily upon Ranahan, laid the white wand upon his head, and exclaimed—

"That is the man, and it's not because he's there I say it, for I would swear to him in any part of the world."

There was, of course, a sensation at this moment in Court. Mrs. Brooke fainted; and it was a quarter of an hour before the Court permitted the examination to proceed. At length she became sufficiently recovered, and Mr. D—— commenced; but he could not shake her evidence.

The next witness was Mrs. Kearns, into whose house, it will be remembered, Mrs. Brooke had gone on the night of the murder, and she described accurately the transaction of the following morning—as to Ranahan having come in, his suddenly refusing the cup of tea, and retiring abruptly on recognizing Mrs. Brooke, whom she corroborated minutely in this portion of her evidence. Nothing material was elicited from her upon further examination.

I took it for granted that I would be the next witness for the Crown, but a short, thick, stout-built fellow was put up from behind the attorneys at the Crown side of the Court. He was as pale as death. His head and face were remarkably large and broad for his size, and his nose was very much turned up, showing a pair of red, wide-spread nostrils. His head was covered with short, thick, curly hair, as black as an Ethopian's, while his eyebrows were long and heavy, and overhung the most furiously piercing eyes I ever saw. He was not more than five feet four inches high, but had a body and shoulders for a man of at least six feet. Such was the man who now sat in the witness chair upon the table. While I involuntarily kept my eyes fixed upon him, I caught myself more than once asking inwardly the question—

"Have I not seen that head and face before?"

Without stirring his head, his eyes wandered to the right and left like lightning. There was some delay in swearing him in. At length the book was handed to the witness, and he was asked his name: "Michael Moran!" I knew I had seen him; he was one of the two whom we had found leaning upon their elbows in the bed in the far corner of the room in which Ranahan was arrested.

He was then examined, and gave a very circumstantial account of the murder, in which he admitted he had been a participator. His evidence was frightful and disgusting. Of course, he was bullied and browbeat, abused and exposed, and badgered into a confession of having been guilty of every known crime. Great a scoundrel as he undoubtedly was, the jury could not choose but believe that in this instance he was telling the truth.

I was then examined, as to the circumstances of the arrest, &c.; but you are already acquainted with the nature of my evidence. My cross-examination was mild, and the case for the Crown closed.

There was a desperate attempt made to prove an *alibi*, got up in the most ingenious manner; but one of the witnesses, as is frequently the case, swore too much for the defence, and completely broke down upon his cross-examination.

The case closed. His Lordship charged for two hours, and the jury retired to their chamber, not (as was anticipated) to remain for the night, but for a little more than half an hour, at the end of which time they returned with a verdict of "Guilty!"

Ranahan and his friends had entertained some hopes, notwithstanding the evidence, that the jury would disagree, if they did not altogether acquit him. He did not move, however, as he heard the verdict; and, save that he licked his lips as the Judge seemed preparing to address him, you would not suppose he could have heard the fatal word. Such moments are, under any circumstances, deeply impressive; to me they were, just then, awful and sickening.

His Lordship appeared overcome for some moments, and then addressed the prisoner. I shall not attempt to follow him. I never heard fall from the lips of man anything to come near to it for beauty and feeling. Summing up all his energy for the last few fatal words, he passed the sentence of death upon him, to be carried into execution on that day three weeks.

Ranahan smiled, bowed, turned and went down.

* * * * * * * *

March 24th.—Found me in charge of some mounted police in front of the jail, at eleven o'clock. The fatal day for the execution of the indomitable Ranahan had arrived.

The crowd was immense; it outnumbered by ten-fold any assembly every collected in that place, upon a similar occasion. It was generally rumored that the unfortunate culprit had become deeply penitent, and intended to make a full confession—in short, that he would preach his first, his last, and his own funeral sermon on the drop. He was known to be extremely eloquent, and from his early learning much seemed to be expected from him, hence the vast numbers who flocked to the spot, and hence the almost irresistible pressure immediately beneath the gallows.

The moment Ranahan, who was dressed in his usual black frock-coat and trousers, had entered the press-room, he turned to the Sheriff, and, with a look of the most unmistakeable repentence and grief, requested permission to address a few words to the crowd as he then was.

"It is, sir," said he, "the request of a dying sinner—one who trusts he has made his peace with Him who will never deny or refuse a poor penitent!"

The Sheriff hesitated. Ranahan became excited, and rapidly followed up his request, exclaiming—

"Oh, sir, I have but one object now to wish for—justice to the world, and forgiveness to myself. I implore you then, dear sir, as you stand in the presence of death—death in the prime of life—death in the health and vigor of manhood. See yourself—you see death gazing on you, hear it speaking to you—all its veins are full, its organs sound, its bones unbroken, and its senses free: I entreat you, sir, as you stand beside a living corpse, about to be hurled, by a brother worm ten thousand times deeper steeped in guilt than myself, over that precipice whose edge is the entrance to a journey the end of which no man can know—I entreat you to deny me not. I was brought up and educated an unfettered man, occasionally in the habit of addressing the people, and whether it was from an over-enthusiasm, or a fervent and nervous temperament, I know not, but I never could do so, with even tolerable success, without accompanying my words to a certain extent with a rapid motion of my hands; cramp them, and you tie my tongue. Oh! submit me not to the difficulty which these cords and that rope must entail upon me. Let the space of time between *that* man's touch (pointing to the hangman) and the shadow of death, be but like the lightning's flash. As I live upon the verge of death, I will not keep you long; say five or six minutes, and I shall have done. There—I see—I may speak to them as I am? Say so, and God will bless you!"

The Sheriff yielded. "But remember," he said, "I can give you but a few minutes; the moment I pronounce your name you must come down and prepare."

"I shall be down, sir, perhaps, before you call me," replied Ranahan, stepping forward and ascending the few steps which led from the press-room to the drop. There was a general murmur through the crowd.

Ranahan, while he wiped his face and forehead with a handkerchief, drew his other hand in rapid circles towards his breast, exclaiming—

"Draw near, my friends, draw near!"

The mass of human beings closed in, and the space beneath the drop became thronged to excess, and the police, in a moment, got so mixed in and jammed amongst the crowd that they could not move.

"Good people," said Ranahan, "I am sure I have some friends amongst you—"

"You have, you have!" interrupted those below him.

"Draw near, then," said he, "and you shall hear the very few words I have to say;" and laying his left hand upon the iron rail in front of him, with one spring he cleared it like a bird, and fell into the crowd below, which was doubtless prepared to break his fall.

A tremendous shout followed, that rent the air far and wide. All was confusion and uproar. The policemen in the crowd were so pinioned up by those around them, that they could not move hand or foot, and those who were free in vain sought an entry into the thick, solid mass, even with the points of their bayonets. The Sheriff rushed forward to the front of the drop, calling out to the police, for God's sake, to catch him, dead or alive, and that he would give fifty pounds to any one of them who would do so.

I was on horseback at one side, with a few police and ten or twelve infantry men, whom I had kept together, and saw a move through the people, something like the motion which a dog would make through a field of standing corn, and it was evident that Ranahan was being conveyed away. I spurred on through thick and thin with my men; but I might as well have faced a fortified wall. I then kept round the skirts of the crowd, spreading my men, to endeavor to prevent his escape. By this time the Sheriff had came down, and was making his way towards me.

At this moment I plainly saw Ranahan emerge from the far side of the crowd, at some distance, clear a stone wall about five feet high, and speed like a greyhound across the fields.

"He's off, boys!" I roared; "there he goes, like a deer—after him—fly like the wind! Where's O'Shaughnessy? Oh, there he is; he has him already in view, and all's right; nothing can escape that man!"

"God help the first man that comes up with him," said a voice near me.

"Ay, Jim, or the first four," said another; "for I saw him put a brace of double-barrel pistols in his breast before he took his shoes off him."

This was a pleasant prospective to the end of the chase. Ranahan knew that worse than hanged he could not be, and that that was certain should he be caught. I feared that poor O'Shaughnessy, at least, was doomed, and, perhaps, three others, if they had the pluck to follow after their comrade should be struck down.

The mounted men made a burst for a field or two, but were soon pounded. I dismounted, and throwing off sword-belt, &c., I followed at my best. O'Shaughnessy, however, was far in advance, and several others also before me; but the struggle of speed was evidently between Ranahan and O'Shaughnessy, who were at that time unquestionably the two best runners and jumpers in the province—perhaps in Ireland. Ranahan, however, appeared to have the best of it, and was gaining perceptibly on his pursuer; he had thrown off his shoes before he started, while O'Shaughnessy had not spared a moment to disencumber himself of a single article. Now he seemed to feel that he had no easy task to perform; he had found his match at last, and to business he must go in downright earnest, if he meant not to be disgraced forever.

As he ran, I saw him tear off his pouch and belts, and stock. With one rip he opened his jacket from his waist to his neck, and cast it behind him. He retained his carbine, however, and, even at the top of his speed, I saw him commence to load, for in his haste he had not neglected to retain some cartridges.—Dead or alive, I saw that he was determined to have him.

There was not half a mile to the lake beyond the demesne of Mr. ——, which, if Ranahan once reached, good-bye to him. There were friends there, no doubt, with a boat, and in that case all would be over, save a few random shots at the fugitive, if even these could be ventured on with others by his side. O'Shaughnessy appeared to be aware of Ranahan's object, and added new efforts to gain upon him, and for the next two or three fields did gain considerably, so that now scarcely more than three hundred yards remained between them. Ranahan continued to make straight for the demesne wall.

At this period, the cheers and shouts, yells and whistlings, resounded from all sides in a manner which I never before heard anything to equal; crowds were seen on every hill, hedges and fences were everywhere broken through, and walls tumbled down in every direction; wherever the eye turned it saw a man or men running. It was evident the greatest point of skill was now at hand, and as Ranahan plainly set himself to face the wall, the cheers on all sides were redoubled. O'Shaughnessy was still closing on him, for Ranahan seemed in some degree to moderate his pace, as if to gather strength and breath for the spring.

"'Tis impossible," thought I, "that he will be mad enough to attempt that wall; it cannot be less than twelve high, at the very least, besides the Scotch blocking; and yet, he makes straight for it."

I was now almost certain of success, when, to my utter consternation, I saw O'Shaughnessy trip and stagger forward, nearly on his face, at the same moment that Ranahan set himself for a tremendous spring. He made it, and almost with complete success, clinging with all his might to the top; still, his weight and the projecting blocks of stone seemed against him. He struggled hard; but fate appeared to have forsaken him, for, after clutching desperately for some moments, his strength failed him, and he tumbled back into the field; but he was up and off again in a moment. He did not, however, repeat his attempt to scale the wall, but turned to the left and ran along it. He appeared lame, as if hurt by the fall, and lagged considerably.

O'Shaughnessy now, of course, gained fast upon him, and Ranahan, seeing that the game was lost, sat down, leaning against the wall, and holding out his hands to us in token of surrender. O'Shaughnessy was now up with him in a few seconds, as were others quickly after, who were all wiping their faces with handkerchiefs and the sleeves of their shirts when I came up.

The man had covered his face with the skirt of his coat, and appeared in great pain.

"Is he hurt?" asked I.

Here he suddenly threw back his coat, and stood up.

"Frank, how are you?" said he, smilingly extending his hand to O'Shaughnesy.

"By H——n!" cried Frank, "we're sold! *It is my brother Dan!*"

Thunderstruck, I turned to look upon the man. O'Shaughnesy was right. It was not Ranahan; and, except in height and dress, which was, of course, assumed for the occasion, he was not even like him.

Need I explain the ruse? The whole plan had been deeply and well concocted; and Dan O'Shaughnesy, as the best runner in Ireland, had been hired at a hundred pounds to give the peelers a long chase, while Ranahan was being conveyed safely away in another direction.

Ranahan was never seen or heard of after.

THE END.

Miscellaneous.

Life is a continual struggle after that which we cannot take with us—riches; which seems given to us, as the nurse gives the child a pretty ornament or shell from the mantlepiece, to keep it quiet until it falls asleep, when it drops from its helpless hands, and is replaced to please other babies in their turn.

LARGE PROFITS OF THE BLOCKADE BREAKERS.—To give some idea of the inducements held out to run the blockade, the following is a memorandum of some of the articles of the cargo run in by the Alicia, the prices paid in Nassau and sold at in Dixie:—Green tea, price paid 45 cents per lb; sold at $5 per lb. Rio coffee, price paid 37½ cents per lb, sold at 70 cents; black pepper, price paid 14 cents per lb, sold at 63 cents; soap, price paid 6½ cents per lb, sold at 40 cents; gin, price paid $2.50 per demijohn, sold at $16. Other articles in the same ratio. The master or captain of the vessel receives one-fifth of the profits, if successful.

ABOUT BILLIARDS.—Somebody wrote to the editor of the *Bucyrus Journal* a letter of inquiry as to billiards, to whom the editor replied as follows:—"Yes sir, we can tell you all about billiards. It is a game consisting of two men in their shirt sleeves, punching balls about on a table, and presenting the keeper of the table with fifteen cents, or, as is common in this country, telling him to mark it down. This last mentioned custom has given them the title of billiard markers. If you have a decided genius for the game, you will make a splendid player at the expense of $100. Blacksmiths, carpenters, &c., play it for exercise. It was invented by a shrewd saloon keeper, who was not satisfied with the profits of whiskey, and was too much opposed to temperance to water it.

A SORROWFUL BRIDAL.—The New York *Post* relates the following:—"At the battle of Fredericksburg, in which so many gallant heroes fell, Captain Jones Wallace, of one of the Ohio regiments, was mortally wounded. Intelligence that he was wounded reached his home. Miss Henrietta Schneider, of Canton, Ohio, being affianced to the gallant soldier, started immediately to Washington, in company with a friend to look after him, arriving on the morning that the limb was amputated. After he was safely through with the painful operation, as was supposed, at her own request, the brave-hearted girl was united to him in marriage, sitting by the side of his cot while the solemn ceremony was performed. Leaving him soon after in the care of faithful nurses at the hospital, she returned to her lodgings, to seek the repose necessary to administer to his comfort on the morrow, ere the dawn of which she was summoned to the side of his couch to find him dead. It seems that some time during the night the nurse in attendance observed some blood on the counterpane, and upon making immediate examination found that the wounded limb was bleeding profusely, which he attempted to stop by tying a handkerchief around it, but before he could accomplish it, so rapid was the flow of blood, the gallant captain was no more."

TRYING TO THE BASTE.

A Hibernian, fresh from the green Isle, having sufficient means to provide himself with a horse and cart (the latter a kind probably he never saw before), went to work on a public road. Being directed by the overseer, to move a lot of stones near by and deposit them in a gully on the other side of the road. He forthwith loaded his cart, drove up to the place and had nearly finished throwing off his load by hand, when the "boss" told him that was not the way—he must tilt or dump his load at once.

Paddy replied that he would know bether next time.

After loading again he drove to the chasm, put his shoulder to the wheel and upset the cart, horse, and all, into the gully.

Scratching his head and looking rather doubtfully at his horse below him, he observed—

"Bedad it's a mighty expeditious way, but it must be thrivin' to the baste!"

The Canadian Post.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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O'CONNELL DESCRIBED BY GUIZOT.

I found Mr. O'Connell exactly the sort of man I had pictured to myself. There was something, perhaps, in this, but it is always much to answer expectation. He was tall, bulky built, robust, animated, his head a little sunk between the shoulders, with an air of shrewdness—strength everywhere, shrewdness in the quick glance, slightly indirect although not indicating duplicity; he was neither elegant nor vulgar, his manner a little embarrassed yet firm, with even a tincture of suppressed arrogance. His politeness towards the Englishmen of condition he met there was mingled slightly with humility and pride; it was apparent that they had once been his masters, and that now he exercised power over them; he had submitted to their rule and he accepted their attentions. He was evidentally flattered at being invited to meet me. On our introduction I said to him, "You and I sir, are here two great evidences of the progress of justice and good sense; you, a Catholic, are a member of the English House of Commons; I, a Protestant, am the Ambassador of France." This opening remark pleased him, and during dinner we conversed together almost like old acquaintances. During the morning, Mrs. Stanley had hesitated about an evening party; nevertheless she had decided for it; and after dinner I saw arrive Lord and Lady Palmerston, Lord Normanby, Lord Clarendon, the Bishop of Norwich, Lady W. Russell, and several others. On leaving the dinner table a fit of social modesty seized Mr. O'Connell—he wished to take his departure. "You have company," said he to Mr. Stanley. "Yes, but pray remain, we expect you to do so." "No, no, I must go." "Stay, I entreat you." He stayed with visible satisfaction not unmingled with pride. "That, then is Mr. O'Connell?" said Lady W. Russell to me, who probably had never seen him before. "Yes," I replied, "and I came from Paris to tell you so." "You thought, perhaps, that we passed our lives with him?" "No, I see evidently that you do not." All appeared glad of the opportunity to make themselves agreeable to him, and he seemed equally inclined to profit by it. He spoke much; he detailed the progress of temperance in Ireland; the drunkards were disappearing by thousands—the taste for regular habits and more refined manners advanced in proportion as inebriety receded. No one expressed the slightest doubt. I asked him whether this was a mere puff of popular humor or a lasting reform? He replied gravely, "It will last; we are a persevering race, as all are who have suffered much." He took pleasure in addressing himself to me—in calling me to witness the improved fortune of his country, and his personal triumph. I retired towards midnight, and was the first to go, leaving Mr. O'Connell surrounded by four cabinet ministers and five or six ladies of rank, who listened to him with a mixture, somewhat comic, of curiosity and pride, of deference and disdain.—*An Embassy to the Court of St. James in* 1840.

AN ADVENURE WITH LIONS.

We were waked up suddenly by hearing one of the oxen bellowing and the dogs barking. It was moderately dark, and I seized Clifton's double rifle and rushed out, not knowing where, when I saw the driver perched on the top of a temporary hut, made of grass, about six feet high, roaring hastily for a *droppe* (cap). I scrambled up just as the poor ox ceased his cries, and heard the lions growling and roaring on the top of him, not more than fourteen yards from where we were, but it was too dark to see them. I fired, however, in the direction of the sound, and just above the body of the ox which I could distinguish tolerably well, as it was a black one. Diza, (the driver) followed my example, and as the lions did not take the least notice, I fired my second barrel, and was just proceeding to load my own gun, which Jack had brought me, when I was aware for a single instant only that the lion was coming, and the same moment I was knocked half a dozen somersaults backward off the hut, the brute striking me in the chest with his head. I gathered myself up in a second, and made a dash at a fence just behind me, and scrambled through it, gun in hand, but the muzzle was choked with dirt. I then made for the waggon, and got on the box, where I found all the Kaffirs who could not get inside, sticking like monkeys, and Diza perched on the top. How he got there seemed to me a miracle, as he was alongside me when the brute charged. A minute or two afterwards, one of them marched off a goat, one of the five that were tethered by the foot to the hut which we had so speedily evacuated. Diza thinking he had a chance, fired from the top of the waggon, and the recoil knocked him backwards on to the tent, which broke his fall. It was a most hideous night altogether. After that we were utterly defeated, and the brutes were allowed to eat their meal unmolested, which they continued to do for some time growling fiercely all the while. The Kaffirs said there were five in all. I fired once again, but without effect, and we all sat shivering with cold, without any clothes on, till near daybreak, when our enemies beat a retreat, and I was not sorry to turn in again between the blankets. I was just beginning to get warm again, when I was aroused by a double shot, and rushed out after hearing that the driver and after rider had shot the lion. We went to the spot and found a fine lioness dead, with a bullet through the ribs from the after rider—a good shot, as she was at least a hundred and fifty yards off. Another had entered the neck just behind the head, and travelled along the spine nearly to the root of the tail. I claimed that shot and forthwith proceeded to skin her. I cut out the ball; it proved to be my shot out of Clifton's rifle; this accounted for her ferocious onslaught. The after rider was rather chopfallen at having to give her up to the rightful owner. Diza got a claw in his thigh, and the gun which he had in his hand was frightfully scratched on the stock—rather sharp practice. A strong nerved old Kaffir woman lay in the hut the whole time, without a door or anything between her and the lions, and kept as still as a mouse all the while.—*African Hunting: By William Charles Baldwin.*