

The Canadian Post. A LITERARY, POLITICAL, EDUCATIONAL, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

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Poetry. ORIGINAL. MATERIAL LOVE. 'Twas on a stormy night, When wild clouds quickly fly, And lightning lighted high, An angry roaring wind, Each rattle breaker waves, And shaking tossing leaves, The forest sky, And moaning cry, Amid the hollow caves, 'Twas on a night black, dark, A trail and foggy bark, Breezing off ocean's breast, Her labor, her restless charms, Where ceaseless billows roared, Their ocean's crest, Which fondly pressed The ever trembling loaves, And on the deck, Their mother's love did leave, Trembling with wild despair, Bearing a wreck, And on her noisy arm, Her infant's mad charms, Twined 'mid her hair, In tears to calm, The waves then higher tossed, Until the bark they crossed, And shouting wild, Mother and child, In liquid arms embraced, And sobs they shed, And moaning cried: "They're lost! they're lost!"

Upon the created wave, The mother's love did leave, The liquid grave, 'Twas sinking in despair, She held, with upturned aim, Her infant's mad charms, To shield from every harm, The life she gave, And cried as wild, As when she cried, "Oh! save, oh! save, My child! my child!"

Quick, at the mother's cry, A hero wroth, A rope around His manly breast, Whitt'ed like a spear, His soul-lit eyes, And plunging in the sea, He risked his life, that he might save from death the free—Born mother, blest With such a love, Angels above, With joy would see.

Old ocean's surging tide, Turo' ocean's billows wide, The ocean might be braved, And raised the lovely forms, Above the waves' mad storms, Which for them craved, Then wild-like voices cried, And sobbing wildly replied, "They're saved! they're saved!"

Literature. THE TAMER TAMED; OR, ALL IN THE WRONG. (Continued.) CHAPTER VII. It was indeed playing with edged tools, the game in which Clare and Mr. Smith engaged.

Naturally the two antagonists occupied themselves much one with the other; a mutual study of character, and a mutual observance of conduct, were of course needful. Opportunities for this were not wanting; their intercourse was constant, if it was not intimate.

Clare rode, walked, or went on the river with the two friends daily. This chance made Allan very happy; for he drew all manner of good omen, as also from the fact that Clare did not, as she had done at first, avoid being alone with him.

At such times she encouraged him to talk about his friend, and allays forgot to bear in mind that from Allan she was sure to hear of nothing that did not tell favourably for her adversary.

Mr. Smith was more on his guard; he let Allan talk of Clare, but he made ample allowance for the blind partiality of a lover. Among the cut-glass round he tried to hear of her pride and tyranny, but without success; he heard her spoken of not certainly with the intimacy of love, but with gratitude and admiration.

"Of course they feel bound to—praise her," he inwardly commented.

"After all, if she could be brought to love Allan as Allan loves her, then, I say, Allan might do worse; but if she marries him, as she will do, because she is driven to it, because there is no alternative which her pride could tolerate—in this case Allan will be not Purgatory, but hell itself, when he enters the estate of 'holy matrimony; and it were better for him to hang a mistletoe round his neck than such a wife. What is all this to me? Nothing! I only Allan is the one being in the world whom I love, and I cannot have him made miserable. In one way or another I can prevent this marriage, if needful."

So Mr. Smith settled his matters in his own mind: having done so, he did not perhaps reconsider either his resolutions or his motives; he strove with might and main to gain influence over Clare. More covertly and subtly than at first, and always on his guard before Allan, he contrived to harass and weary her, putting a sting into his words or his manner constantly, yet so cunningly concealed, that often when she afterwards picked his words apart and analyzed his manner, she would wholly fail to discover what it was that had wounded her. Nevertheless, wounded she was often, stung to the very quick sometimes, irritated, bewildered; yet she still believed that she was playing a part, striving for the difficult and only possible revenge. And of course, the more difficult the battle, the more she set her heart and soul on victory. She looked back to her former monotonous life with distaste; just now she was interested, excited, there was always something to look forward to; she could hardly call, either there was more

pain or pleasure in the excitement, but she would not, if she could, have changed it for the life that had preceded it. For the present she avoided looking to any future beyond that of the next encounter with Mr. Smith, the next day, or the next week; how things were to end between Allan and herself she could not consider, much less decide.

Even on wet days, or during the hours that were too hot to be passed outdoors, she seldom sought her own room or her own occupation now; she played chess with Allan, Mr. Smith looking on, losing no opportunity for a bitter witicism or pungent joke at her expense, if it could be indulged in a way that should not attract Allan's notice. Sometimes she accompanied Mr. Smith on the piano when he sang. He had, as Allan had assured her, a wonderfully rich and mellow voice—so much so, that it seemed as if all the sweetness that should have mellowed his nature had been concentrated in this organ. When she did this, she was generally subjected to some implied reproach for want of taste or of accuracy. Though she possessed, and knew that she possessed, both, Mr. Smith could make her feel like a blundering school girl in fear of a strict teacher. Sometimes Allan and Mr. Smith read aloud by turns, while Mrs. Andrews knitted and Clare did some piece of embroidery in which she had lost all pleasure since Mr. Smith had condemned both its design and its execution, but which she would not abandon.

One morning when they were so occupied, Mr. Stanner, who did not often form a member of the party, came into the room, the county paper in his hand, evidently under some excitement.

"Old fools certainly are worse fools than young fools," he said. "There is that old fellow, Lord——" mentioning a neighbouring nobleman, "has married a ballet-girl—a pretty child of nineteen—he being eighty, if a day. Did you ever hear of anything more scandalous, more disgraceful?"

"That her conduct!" The little mercenary wretch! No, certainly," answered Mr. Smith, promptly, before any one else could speak.

Mr. Smith was peculiarly out of humor to-day; perhaps he had some secret cause for exasperation.

"Than his conduct, sir, I mean," Mr. Stanner replied, almost fiercely. "Bringing disgrace, distress, contention into a noble family!"

"Ruler seldah ead last certainly at his age; he might have got through his few remaining years without the new toy; but others have done likewise, others will do likewise; no use to make a noise about it. The girl was what the world calls virtuous, of course, or he would not have wanted to marry her. But it is, I hold, the girl whose conduct is really to be condemned—selling her youth and her beauty to an old——"

"Perhaps, poor thing, she had great temptations," said Mrs. Andrews. "To lift up her family out of poverty, enable herself, and—"

Clare did not dare to speak.

"Enable herself!" roared Mr. Smith; then seeing that gentle Mrs. Andrews, to whom he was always comparatively gentle, looked frightened at his vehemence, and remembering that she was not his adversary, he said, "Forgive my savageness, but I think that any woman who gives herself away for anything but mere and absolute love, under any circumstances, degrades herself beyond all measure, and most pitiful thing on God's earth."

Clare's face blanched; the colour fled even from her lips. Allan sprang up and was about to speak when Mr. Stanner interposed. "Gently, gently, Mr. Smith. Your language is rather too forcible for a gentleman to use in the presence of ladies."

"Perhaps then, sir, I am 'no gentleman,'" Mr. Smith's smile, as he added, "I do often think that, with all my brain-force, I remain as much of a hoar at heart, as was my father before me," reassured Mr. Stanner, who, at his first words, had a sudden and dreadful vision, in which figured seconds, and duelling-pistols, and his own corpse lying in a certain little glade of the near forest, where, if tradition spoke true, other such sights had been seen before.

"When Lady—— the ci-de-vante ballet-girl, is a widow, it will be shown that many gentlemen are not of Mr. Smith's way of thinking—she will have many suitors," Mr. Stanner remarked.

"Mean cars, whom it would give me the greatest satisfaction to worship. By the by, Allan, in an article in that magazine you have in your hand, I saw an astounding statement. Give me a moment, that I may read the passage. Here it is:—'It might be rash to marry a woman for her beauty and accomplishments, if she and her intended husband were both entirely without means; but a man would indeed be a wretched cur who preferred an ugly and vulgar woman with £30,000, to an accomplished and beautiful woman who had but £5000 (so far so good, but observe this saving clause; evidently the writer felt alarmed at his own rash position, at his enthusiastic unworldliness), 'supposing his own prospects to be reasonably good.' I do think this the very sublime of paths."

"It certainly seems so much so that I should charitably suppose some misprint or misconception of the writer's meaning," said Allan.

"The thing implied, of course, being that a man whose prospects are not 'reasonably good' is not to be condemned as a 'wretched cur' if he takes the ugly and vulgar possessor of £30,000 instead of the beautiful and accomplished, but poverty-stricken, woman who had only £5000. Of course if a man worships

if—if you had, ceased to hate me and Allan to love me, I could rest. But," she added, after a pause, "if Allan is all you say, why cannot I love him?"

"Because you are not worthy of him—not worthy to love him. Allan's wife will not resemble you!"

"She felt humbled to the dust by his contempt. 'What then am I?' she asked, with a sort of horror of the being who excited such scorn.

"The most pitiable thing in creation, perhaps, if it were not for the mischief of which your kind are capable—a selfish, proud, heartless woman."

"You are cruel and unjust," Clare began, trembling like an aspen as she spoke; so that her words seemed rather shaken out than uttered. "You know nothing of me, for from the first your eyes have been darkened by hateful prejudice. I am not heartless—I feel that I could love; and if I loved, I would rejoice to lose myself in what I loved—to have my pride trampled out of me. But how can I love Allan in this way—Allan, who is always at my feet, and has no will but mine? If I am a tyrant, he makes me one; if he were more manly, I could be more womanly."

"You could perhaps more easily (for instance) love me for hating you than Allan for loving you?"

"Sir! this is too much! you go too far in injury and insult!" Clare spoke those few words after a wild struggle; then hiding her face in her hands, burst into an irrepresible passion of tears.

Who was vanquished now?

Mr. Smith found himself in an embarrassing position—perhaps he had never ceased a woman to cry before; he made a hasty movement towards Clare, then he turned away to the window. He was ready to apologise, to humble himself, to do anything to stop that passionate weeping; but while he looked out on the terrace, and pondered what he could say or do, he heard the room door close: he looked round—Clare was gone.

Mr. Smith appeared to have a great deal to think about; as he thought, the expression of his face changed continually; once or twice a deep red flush crossed his brow. He heartily wrote no letters that morning, though he sat pen in hand and paper before him for some hours.

Clare was not visible again that day. The headache of the morning was much worse by dinner-time; she was suffering very acutely. Mrs. Andrews said, and seemed fierce. "If she is not better before night, I shall send for the doctor. It is a great drawback to living so far from a town that one is so far from good medical aid. Clare cannot endure our village practitioners."

"Is Miss Watermeyer subject to attacks similar to this?" Mr. Smith asked.

"She used to be; but they were generally brought on by agitation and excitement of a painful kind—such as poor child," Mrs. Andrews added, turning to Allan, "she used to have far too much of her father's lifetime."

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous. On the tenth, at Bristol, a large flag was hauled out from a tavern in Frogmore Street, on which was this inscription:—"A sandwich and a glass of beer for 3d.—Elias them both."

A local Methodist preacher at Dawley expressed suddenly in Church on Sunday, while his congregation were singing the words, "Entered the grave in mortal flesh, and dwelt among the dead."

For at least nine months past, Mr. Alex. Dunlop, Fenhouse, carried a rope about with him, and so careful was he of preserving the article, that he was in the habit of taking it to bed with him at night. On Friday last he hanged himself with it.

DOMESTIC CONFRONT.—The most prominent among temporal things, to make life pleasant, is to be within the walls of a well-ordered house; not conspicuous for its finery or costliness, but by its fitness, its air of neatness and content to all who enter to enjoy its comforts. The woman who does not make this a grand item in her routine of duties, has not yet learned the true dignity of her station; does not enjoy the blessings of life; and indirectly denies her family and the Word of God.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household," was spoken by the wisest man that ever lived, and will be told as a memorial of all those noble women who have been eminent in "looking well" to the ways of their households.

BD BOOKS.—"Beware of bad books—never open one—they will leave a stain upon the soul which can never be removed. If you have an enemy whose soul you wish to visit with a heavy vengeance, and into whose heart you would place virus which will live, and crawl, and torment him through life, and whose damnation you would seal up for the eternal world, you have only to place one of these destroyers into his hands. You have certainly paved the way to the abode of death, and if he does not treat it with hasty strides, you have, at least, laid up food for many days of remorse. Those who print, sell or peddle such works to the young are among the most sinful and accursed of men, for they have ever visited the world."

"THE STRAYING ROCK."—A man-of-war was sailing beautifully over the sea. The moon shone upon the waves. In the saloon were the captain, an ambassador, a number of ladies, and the officers of the ship. "Ay," said the captain, "I am told there is a sunken rock near here, but I don't believe it. I explored this part of our track years ago, and I know the report of this rock is an idle tale. We are near the place now, and I intend the light to sail over the very spot where the rock is declared to exist. As the passengers regarded the scene with interest, the captain drew the risk to which the captain's folly exposed them. In vain. The ship drove on. Suddenly the light of the moon shone upon a crest of foam. "Breakers ahead," shouted the sailor on the lookout. It was too late. The ship dashed against the sunken rock and went to pieces.

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G. BRUICKHANK & CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING BY CAPTAIN ROSS WITH A NEW RIFLE.—On Friday last, at Astley Moss, Captain Horatio Ross tested an improved gun recently brought out by Edge, of Manchester, in an successive shots, at a 500 yard range, he placed the ball six times within a centre of six square inches, and the whole of the ten shots within a centre of twelve inches. The gallant captain is to proceed to the Hyde School of Musketry, where, with this new match rifle, it is anticipated he will register some still more astonishing shots.

SAD FATE.—Alvin Sloman, who is the daughter of a Prussian General and the wife of a respectable shipowner and merchant of Hull, has been convicted of theft, at the Quarter Sessions in that town, and sentenced to penal servitude for three years. The circumstances of the case are of a very painful nature. The prisoner is thirty-two years of age, and the mother of several children. For some time her life has been one of extreme dissipation. Before her marriage she moved in the highest circles of Prussian society and was presented at Court.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT ON THE CLYDE.—A few evenings since three students, named respectively Robert Moodie, Isaac Barley, and John Lambert, hired a small boat in which they proceeded up the river to the Old Water works. At this point, two young women, who were walking along the bank, asked to be given a sail, and the request was, with unfortunate gallantry, granted; for the boat, although safe enough for the number by whom it had been engaged, was little able to bear the strain when so heavily freighted. No harm would have resulted, had not an unexpected calm blown from the east; but, after the young women entered the boat it is said that some little flirtation was indulged in, during which the tiny vessel was capsized. A heavy current was running at the time, and at the place where the accident occurred the river is extremely deep. Two of the young men succeeded in reaching the bank with one of the women, but Lambert and one of the young women were drowned.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE REBELLION.

We see no substantial evidence that the South is yet discouraged. What legislation, convention, or influential man even, has uttered a desponding word. The spirit of the people is not broken. With a few exceptions, the intelligent prisoners who are taken hold our language, and that is of firm, resolute, bitter determination to resist to the uttermost. Nor can we learn that those who stay at home, and who suffer great deprivations, are weary or discouraged. Even when hunger drives women to riot and violence, it is remarkable that they demand "bread," but not "peace!" Indeed, we are free to say that we cannot repress our admiration of the conduct of the Southern people in this terrible struggle. It needs only a worthy cause to be regarded as heroic. They seek to establish a detestable system of slavery. They seek for that end the overthrow of a beneficent Government. Their cause is as bad as it will can be. Nevertheless, they have given up all things for what they regard as their country. They have relinquished luxuries, submitted to hardships, suffered bereavements and losses, not only without murmuring, but eagerly; and after two years of this that may be said almost to have revolutionized the history of Southern society, and reduced them to the minimum of comfort, they are undiscouraged. They are even more fierce and bitter, than ever.

The prospect of starving rebellion does not seem very cheering. The summers of the South come round too quick. Men that could march as Jackson's army did into Maryland, almost without commissariat, and eating green corn for rations, do not march into the field for each day's war, are not likely to starve on cornmeal and green herbs. Already early garden crops are coming into Southern markets. We do not object to a fair share of starvation as a part of military necessity, but we confess to not a little shame when we hear men talking of resistance that the North is playing a treacherous game, and does by knife and fork what it cannot do with the sword.

UNLUCKY FELLOWS. Some men are always in trouble. Nothing that they have a finger in seems to prosper. It is a popular phrase "luck is against them."

There are many other sensible people who really believe that Fortune persistently persecutes one individual and ex persistently favors another, irrespective of their personal qualifications and acts; and it is said of a well-known millionaire that he uniformly refuses to join in any speculation, however promising, with an "unlucky man." Now, we blame no one for declining a business association with a person who is continually in difficulties; but the idea that want of "luck" is the cause of them is an absurd superstition. Brown, an excellent man in the main, and far from a fool, may have been in hot water ever since you knew him. There is nothing about Brown, you think, that should prevent him from getting along in the world, and yet he goes from bad to worse as if he were propelled down hill by some irresistible force outside of himself. No such thing. Analyze Brown. You will find that there is a screw loose in him somewhere. Perhaps he lacks the faculty of profiting by opportunities, or making them when they do not occur in the ordinary course of things. He may be rash, or over-cautious, or shortsighted, or somewhat visionary, or a little egotistic, or more tricky than sagacious. Depend upon it there is a rational cause for his want of success, even though you may be unable to find it out. No baleful influence from without darkens his prospects; the source of his misfortunes is within. Try to follow him and make him sensible of its existence; and he will not go into partnership with Brown until he has recognized and got the better of the cause of his "ill luck."