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The Canadian Post

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AT THE

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c.
LINDSAY.
Office—at Dr. Martin's, Wellington Street. 207-tf

HUDSPETH & HEAP,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
Solicitors in Chancery, &c. &c.
Office—Over "The Medical Hall," Kent-st. (South)
JAMES HEAP. T. A. HUDSPETH.
Lindsay, June 1, 1863. 205-tf

ADAM HUDSPETH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
☞ *Office*—McDonnell's Block, Corner Kent and William Streets, over Jas. Watson's Store.
Agent for Colonial Life Assurance Company. 204-tf

CAMERON, MOSS & ORDE,
BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c.,
LINDSAY.
☞ OFFICE IN MR. WILSON'S BLOCK. 203-tf

MACKAY & McKINNON, *Barristers.*
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, &c. &c., Lindsay.
Office—In Mr. Wilson's Block, Kent Street.
O. J. MACKAY. DAVID McKINNON.
Lindsay, May 14, 1863. 203-tf

R. L. BENSON, LL.B., *Barrister and* ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office in Wilson's Block, Kent Street,
LINDSAY, C.W. 167-tf

A. LACOURSE, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c. *Office*—Keenan's Brick Buildings, Kent Street, Lindsay, C.W.
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. 1863. 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 & Gimson's Store). 131tf

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

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

C. BRADY, Civil Engineer and Provincial Surveyor. *Office*—In Mr. Kempt's Building, Kent Street, Lindsay, C.W. 168-tf

JAMES H. KNIGHT
(*Late Organist of Trinity Church, Gale*)
TEACHER OF THE PIANOFORTE AND MELODEON,
Residence at Mr. C. Britton's, Kent Street,
LINDSAY.

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. 193-tf

JOHN DOUGLASS, General Agent and Licensed Auctioneer, Cambridge Street, Lindsay. Orders solicited. 135-tf

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

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

MANILLA.

MALCOLM McLEAN,
Manufacturer of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
and every description of Leather,
MANILLA, C.W.,
Has great pleasure in informing his Friends and the Public generally, that he has an excellent Stock of the above Goods on hand.
He is prepared to PAY CASH for any quantity of *WOOL AND HIDES*, for which he will give the highest price.
Manilla, 1863. 204-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 endeavoring 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.—Bran and Shorts for sale.
Manilla, Sept. 5, 1861. 5-tf

WOODVILLE.

NORTHERN HOTEL, Woodville, C.W. J. P. Woon, Proprietor. Good accommodations for travellers. Charges moderate. Sober and industrious Ostlers in attendance. 150

ANSON MOULTON, CABINETMAKER, UPHOLSTERER, AND UNDERTAKER.
Shop—North Side of King Street (East End),
Woodville. 195-tf

Dr. H. D. McKINNON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR.
Office—Over Mr. McLeod's Store,
WOODVILLE. 208-3

GOOD TIMES COMING!

Gilchrist & Cameron
Have just received a Fresh Stock of Goods from Montreal, which they are determined to sell at the lowest prices for cash. They invite all who wish to buy for ready money to give them a call, as they are anxious to show, by goods and prices, that it will be their interest to purchase from them, instead of going to Lindsay or any other market.
They would also inform their friends that they have commenced the
Manufacture of Boots and Shoes,
and are prepared to execute any orders in the above line of business. Having also secured the services of a First-class Tailor, they are prepared to
Make up Suits of Clothing to Order,
in any style or fashion.
They have a Splendid Stock of Tweeds.
Their Groceries will be found unequalled in any part of the Province.
Woodville, May 20th, 1863.

TORONTO.

MESSRS. CUMBERLAND & STORM,
Civil Engineers and Architects,
ROMAINE BUILDINGS,
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., 1863. 134-tf

Advertising Essential to Business.

AUGUSTUS WEBBER,
EUROPEAN and Colonial Advertising and General Mercantile, Shipping and Railway Agent, Wellington Street, Toronto, C.W., receives Advertisements for insertion in all the Canadian, European and States Newspapers and Periodicals.
Acknowledged Agent for this paper.
June, 1863. 132-tf

QUEBEC.

HENRY GRIST,
Departmental and Parliamentary Agent,
QUEBEC,
Investigates and Adjusts Crown Land Claims,
SECURES LAND PATENTS,
Procures information obtainable from any of the Public Departments, Registers Trade Marks and Designs,
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For parties who are unable to devote their own time to such business or unwilling to incur the expense of travelling to Quebec.
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References:—Hon. George S. Boulton, Cobourg; T. R. Merritt, Esq., St. Catherines; Hon. L. Renaud, Montreal; Hon. D. McDonald, Toronto; Hon. G. Alexander, Woodstock; Hon. T. Hamilton, Hawkesbury; Hon. D. Christie, Brantford; Hon. R. Matheson, Perth; G. J. Goodhue, London; Hon. A. Kierzkowski, St. Charles.
OFFICE—
Corner of Buade and Perth Streets,
QUEBEC.

Poetry.

THE LABORER'S EVENING SONG.

'Tis a cheery sight, yon flickering light,
For the evening is chill and dreary;
And there is the glow of a hearth which I know
Has a welcome and rest for the weary.

In a little while, with a sunny smile,
My wife will haste to greet me;
And our baby boy with a shout of joy,
Will stretch out his arm to meet me.

Others may stop at the first bear shop,
Whilst their families beg or borrow;
But the cup of tea that's awaiting me
Will bring neither shame nor sorrow.

Around my knee, in joyous glee,
Will be happy children clinging;
And I shall hear their voices clear
A hymn of evening singing.

My wife and I will thankfully
Go on our way together,
And have no fear, though storms be near,
Hard times or wintry weather.

Life's wear and tear we'll bravely bear,
Sustained in joy and sorrow;
We'll face as we may the ills of to-day,
And trust in God for the morrow.

And when, at last life's labors are past,
And our bodies in the dust are lying,
Our souls shall rest in that home of the blest
Where there's "no more sorrow or crying."

Literature.

THE FATHER'S DEVOTION.

A TRUE TALE OF PARISIAN LIFE.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

At the age of thirty-nine, Francois de Aurillac was left a widower. He was a man of refinement and sensibility; and the wife of such a man may be supposed to have been a kindred spirit. He mourned her as men seldom mourn—with a still, deep intensity of grief that admitted no second love. Henceforth his care and affection settled upon the one dear object she had left him, and upon which her dying eyes looked their last. This was a beautiful boy, scarcely eight years of age; the only child. De Aurillac had not been married young. He was fastidious in his tastes; and until he was entering his thirty-first year, he saw no one who held the key to his affections. When he married at last, few would have believed that the sensitive bachelor would have chosen a poor orphan, without wealth, without beauty, and possessing only ordinary advantages of education. But the charm to him was such as the world sometimes overlooks. She was a sweet amiable woman, past her first youth, but rich in gentle and quiet affections—affections which had never been poured forth upon another.—She loved him for himself—for until she married, she knew not that he had any wealth beyond a bare competence.

Almost nine years passed away in a sweet dream. His house, one of the best—though not of the largest in Paris—was the abode of as perfect happiness as ever falls to the lot of man. The child was born a year after their marriage, inheriting more of the father's beauty of face and figure, and his mother's gentle disposition. People saw in Marie de Aurillac how happiness beautifies even a plain face. They who called her homely before, were now surprised into praise of her soft and delicate beauty.

And, for the little Francois, every one thought him too handsome. Such beautiful children, they said, never fulfilled their promise. It was always an early death, or a blight of some sort that would happen. But these things, although often said in her presence, did not prevent Madam de Aurillac from enjoying the loveliness of her child. Like many persons who have been accustomed to be called plain, she set perhaps too great a value upon beauty, and her son's face was "a thing of joy forever" to her admiring gaze. Yet she was no silly mother, to dress him in showy gauds. The boy was always plainly and neatly attired, and were his clothes with a grace that was far beyond richness of texture or color.

From the moment of his wife's death, Aurillac devoted himself to this child, becoming mother as well as father. Scarcely ever were the two separated. The father went over all his youthful studies, to enable him to become the teacher of his son; and the result was, that the boy went even beyond others of his age in learning, while his physical system was kept perfect by athletic sports. At the age of eighteen, he was all that his father had hoped or desired; a pure minded, whole-souled youth free from the vices of society, yet not living apart from it like an anchorite; enjoying the companionship of others, but turning to his father as his best beloved companion and friend; warm-hearted and generous, open and frank, yet not so easily imposed on as these last qualities often render their possessor.

It was one of the loveliest days in spring, when Aurillac proposed to his son to visit Versailles. They were to go and return by railway, as the roads were wet from recent rains, and Aurillac did not like to spoil a new carriage that had been just built for him. They found, unexpectedly a number of intimate friends traveling also; for there was a grand fete on that day, and an excursion train of carriages was on the point of starting from the station. As was then usual in France, the carriage doors were locked, to prevent people from leaping out at any momentary stopping of the train; and on this day the party traveling embraced many hundreds.

Half way between Paris and Versailles, a dense smoke was perceived entering the windows; but no one thought of any danger; for as yet railway travelling was a novelty. It increased momentarily, and soon the terrible cry of fire was heard. The train was moving on rapidly, the wind was high, and soon the miserable travellers became conscious that their lives were endangered, not only by the suffocating smoke but by actual burning. There was no way of escape until the train could be stopped and the doors unlocked. The windows alone gave them air to breath, but the attempt to spring from them, even had they been large enough for the purpose, would have been instant death.

Now it was that Aurillac realized the calm and serene depths of his son's character. While many of his young companions were behaving in the most frantic and unbecoming manner, Francois was trying to compose them; not only by soothing and hopeful words, but by his own example. The father was conscious of all the danger, and believed that death was surely at hand. It seemed an age before the train could be stopped; and when at length it was accomplished, the delay was so great that many were already dead; some from fright, others, who were unable to get near the windows, from suffocation, and others again, whose faces had been scorched by the contact of the burning wood of the carriages.

Aurillac and his son escaped with life; the father almost uninjured. But, alas! for poor Francois. His mother, had she been alive, would not have known him. The fair, youthful face, was one mass of ruin; crisped, discolored, miserably, hopelessly burned. For a year he lay suffering, no eye looking upon the poor wreck save those of his nurse and physician, and his who had devoted himself body and soul, to ameliorate, if possible, his agonies. Irrecoverably blind, yet feeling keenly when light was introduced into the room; the fair forehead blackened, the features distorted—no never should human eye save these rest upon the poor face.

At the close of the year, when Francois began to recover strength, Aurillac sold his beautiful house, and retired to a small country seat in the neighborhood of Paris, consecrating himself, his fortune and energies to the sufferer.

Long years have passed since then, but the goodness and mercy of God preserved the devoted parent to watch over his child. Francois knows that his face would strike horror to other eyes, and is content to live alone with his father. Aurillac never suffers him to have a lonesome moment. Books and music he can still enjoy from his father's voice and fingers; and to the sweet fragrance of flowers and leaves he is intensely sensitive. The echoes of the outer world come to him in his solitude softened and subdued; and if he ever longs to mingle again in its scenes, the regret is never expressed. He breathes no sigh—sheds no tear; but a hundred times each day he gives his father some sweet proof that his self-sacrificing devotion is not wasted upon an unfeeling or ungrateful son.

THE WAR—ITS PRESENT CONDITIONS AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

We abridge from the *Scottish American Journal* the following interesting article. It reviews the material resources of the South for raising and supporting armed forces in the field, and, secondly, the task which the military subjugation of the Southern States involves:—

We would be the last to undervalue the importance of the successes that have lately crowned the Federal arms. The repulse of the Confederate army at Gettysburgh, the opening of the Mississippi, and the throwing back of Bragg to the line on the Tennessee river, are positive and decided victories. They are enough to have decided almost any war. They would have decided any European war. In international wars a few strategic points—one or two great battles—are set up as tests or gages. The side which achieves these wins; the other submits. But in a war such as now embraces the American continent for its theatre, these analogies, unhappily, wholly fail. With the Southern people we fear there is no submission on any such terms. Neither such successes as the North has lately won nor such reverses as the South has lately suffered will be regarded as decisive. And hence it is that, so long as the South has armies in the field and an area of country large enough to support those armies, the conquest of the South will be a task that remains to be done.

Now it is necessary in order to reduce the South, *both that its territory shall be occupied and its armies destroyed.* It is obviously a necessity that the South shall retain a territory extensive enough to furnish material support to the population remaining at home as producers, and in addition to supply the force of non-producers who are in her armies in the field; and it is indispensable that the Confederate armies shall hold a front covering a region large enough to realize both these desiderata.

After two years and a half of war, with all the territorial conquests which the Federal arms have been able to achieve, the Confederates do still hold a region large enough for both these purposes, and until this territory shall be brought greatly below its present limits, all hope of reducing the rebellion will be vain.

A glance at the map will show that the present figure of the Confederacy presents a vast irregular parallelogram extending from the Potomac and great Allegany system of mountains westward to the Mississippi and Southward to the Gulf.

The great parallelogram embraces the State of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, East Tennessee, and the fertile bottoms of the Tennessee river, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida—forming a compact geographical territory which, we may remark, still remains a fifth larger than the original Confederacy. It is needless to enter into the statistical details of the productive forces of this vast expanse of country. It is enough to say that it is self-supporting, and that the census shows it to be amply capable of raising supplies to feed the greatest armies in the field. Those, therefore, who, at this day continue to entertain the theory that the South will be "starved out" are wilfully cherishing a wild and fatal delusion.

The population of the Southern States available for military purposes has already been twice drawn upon—once by volunteering and once by conscription. It is now being drawn upon by a second conscription. It is calculated that this will reinforce their armies by a hundred thousand men. And it is stated by President Davis, in a late official paper, that when the Southern army is strengthened by the addition of the absentees whom they are now calling in, *it will be raised to a numerical equality with the Federal force!* Now, incredible though this statement may appear when viewed in the light of the enormous disproportion of population claiming allegiance to the Federal and Confederate Governments respectively, there are certain considerations by which we think we can make it clear that Davis's statement may not be so very wide of the mark.

It is well understood that in military operations the only forces on which we can rely are those actually available for services in the field. Now it so happens that from the theory on which the North is conducting the war against the South, a large portion of the great force that figures in the muster-rolls is *not* available for service in the field. The North is operating on the circumference of the great circle of war, and it has enormous lines of communication to keep up. Now every point held on the circumference has to be occupied by a *corps de place*, and the whole length of the great lines of communication has to be guarded. Vicksburg is, doubtless, a great gain; but it is also, in a certain sense, a loss; for it is but another post to garrison. So it is with Port Hudson, and so indeed with all other new geographical points. For example, General Rosecrans has under his command close on a hundred thousand men, and yet so extended is the line he has to guard that only about fifty thousand men, or half that force, is available for actual military operations in the field. Again, the opening of the Mississippi has simply entailed General Grant this necessity—that he has had to split up his whole army for the purpose of garrisoning the points he has acquired and patrolling the river—thus showing him actually without force for work in the field.

The South, on the other hand, occupying interior lines and covering their communication by their front of operations, have no need of this wasteful subdivision of force, but can bring all their strength to bear in compact masses on the field of war. From these considerations it may readily be seen that, though the military force of the North may count up to, say *six hundred thousand men*, opposed to the, say *four hundred thousand* of the South, the latter may yet be fairly a match even numerically, for the former, in the battallions it can place in line-of-battle on the deadly field. It is furthermore to be considered, that, while the whole present Federal force in the field will, in the course of a very few months, be going out by the expiration of their term of enlistment—their places being taken by raw conscripts—the Southern soldiers on the contrary, are in "for the war." The time, therefore, is not far distant when only untrained levies will stand opposed to the veteran legions of a dozen campaigns.

In a general view, therefore, it seems that the Confederates hold interior lines, with two powerful armies admirably placed to concentrate on any given point, east or west, which they may desire to make decisive. The great lesson of concentration they have shown themselves quick to learn, as indeed they have always shown themselves quick to profit by experience, quick to correct their errors, quick to learn the principles of the grand style of war. Whether they assume the offensive or remain on the defensive, the task before the North is still a stupendous one. The SEVEN YEARS' war of FREDERICK the GREAT remains the eternal type of what can be achieved by an able commander conducting a campaign, whose theory is, "defensive with offensive returns." This is, undoubtedly, the model for the South to follow; and if they do so, and with skill, we see no reason why the prophecy of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, made last year, to the effect, that in Virginia alone they can keep up the war for twenty years, should not turn out true.

We do not claim for our deductions from these facts, any other consideration than their logical force may warrant. We present them as matters of thought to all who are capable of dispassionate reflection on problems of grave and serious import.

Archbishop Hughes is at Saratoga. He goes thence to St. Catharines, Canada, for additional recuperation of his health, worn down by the duties of his sacred office.

GENERAL NEWS.

Lord Clyde, better known as Sir Colin Campbell, is dead. He died at Chatham, England, on the 14th inst.

Prairie chickens were never known to be so abundant in Iowa as the present season. In Buchannan and Blackbawk counties they can be killed with stones and clubs, and hunting them with guns is next to no sport at all. So plenty are they that the farmers importune hunters to try their luck on their grounds, and in some instances they have manifested a willingness to pay for the killing.

DO THE SOLDIERS DESTROY OR WASTE THEIR BIBLES?—Rev. Joseph Scudder, post chaplain at Fort Columbus, Governor's Island, New York, says:—"For a year I was on the field, attached to a Volunteer regiment. During that time we marched many hundreds of miles. The marches on the Peninsula were so severe that the men stripped themselves of almost everything, even to their coats; and yet I never saw a Testament thrown away. I have searched frequently in hopes of picking one up as a relic, but I have never found one." —*Am. Paper.*

CARLYLE'S "ILIAD."—The following is the entire contribution of Mr. Carlyle to the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*:—ILIA (AMERICANA) IN NUCE.—Peter of the North to Paul of the South—"Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year, as I do! You are going straight to hell, you——" Paul—"Good words, Peter! The risk is my own; I am willing to take the risk. Hire your servants by the month or day, and get straight to heaven; leave me to my own method." Peter—"No, I won't; I will beat your brains out first"—*and is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it.* T. C.—May, 1863.

BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.—In an article on the benefit of "Advertising," *Chamber's Journal* has the following:—One would suppose that a great house having once established a reputation for excellence in any extensive wares—such as people never buy out of mere whim, but which are heirlooms, from generation to generation and not to be indulged in duplicate—might at least relax its exertions and suffer the public to rest occasionally upon spots unnoticed by its name. The writer of the present paper once made so bold as to observe so much to the junior partner of a firm of this description and this was his reply—When I first entered the business I thought as you do and persuaded the house to reduce its advertising account from £9,000 to £6,000 per annum; but the loss of custom consequent upon the reduction far exceeded the £3,000 saved, so that we had at the beginning of the following year to advertise more than before, in order to recover lost ground." Several firms expend the above enormous amount upon advertising, and some so much exceed it as to reach £17,000 a year—all spent in mere assertion and vertigo. How true, in those days of competition, the old adage is, that a man may as well take down his sign, as keep his name and business out of the papers.

A NATURAL BLUNDER.

A correspondent of a Western paper, writing from Yazoo City, Mississippi, tells the following story:

I will relate an incident, which occurred this morning at the expense of a gallant young soldier. He was prospecting around town when his attention was attracted to a stable of very fine horses. While admiring their fine points, he was surprised by the appearance of very fine young lady, as she amerged from another apartment of the horse-house, and bowed politely and smiled killingly upon him. He stammered out something like an apology, for his seeming intrusion, mixed up the words "proclamation" and "confiscation," &c., and ending by asking who was the owner of the the place?

"Dr. Neely," replied the lady.

"And you—are his wife?" said the soldier, doubtfully.

"No," said the lady.

"Then his daughter?" this was said very smilingly.

"No."

"His niece, perhaps?"—endearingly.

"No relation that I know of."

"Then a lady friend on a visit?"—puzzlingly.

"No, not that either."

"Well, then, may I be permitted to ask who you are?"

"Certainly," replied the lady, who had enjoyed the soldier's discomfiture with a piquant relish. "I am his slave."

The soldier gave one long, last lingering look, and with a low whistle, skedaddled. But he consoles himself by saying that she would fool anybody.

FRIGHTFUL SCENE AT AN EXECUTION.

On Tuesday morning, August 4th, about half-past eight o'clock, Charles McCormack, who had been convicted at the last assizes for the murder of a young man named Michael Beglan, at Drinan-bridge, on the 21st of November, suffered the last penalty of the law in front of Longford Gaol. The cap having been previously drawn over his eyes, he walked forward with a firm step on the drop. The rope having been adjusted, the executioner, with disgusting solicitude, called with a loud voice to those who stood near the doomed and the dying to "stand clear of the drop." The wretch himself then withdrew, and there stood Charles M'Cormack alone. After a fearful pause of about a minute, which seemed an hour, the body of the unfortunate man fell heavily, and disappeared from the view of the crowds behind the constabulary who guarded the approach to the gaol. What a sight of appalling horror now presented itself! The rope being too long, the wretched man fell on his knees on the steps in front of the entrance to the gaol. Pinioned and half stunned, he strove to rise to his feet, and as he writhed about, the attention of the executioner was directed to the spectacle calculated to make the life-blood freeze in the heart. Two of the constabulary fainted at the soul-sickening sight, and all within view closed their eyes in horror. The mode by which the executioner mended his blunder was even more terrible. The wretched man was winched up by the neck until his feet were clear of the steps, and then he was left suspended in fearful convulsions for fully three minutes, till death, apparently by strangulation, put an end to the poor wretch's bitter sufferings. The body having hung for 40 minutes, was lowered into a coffin placed on the steps, and the rope having been cut by the executioner, the two brothers and the uncle of the deceased came forward and wept bitterly as they placed the lid on the remains of him who had just paid a terrible penalty for his crime.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT MANILLA.

Manilla was visited by a terrible earthquake on the 3rd of June, and many accounts are given of the dreadful disaster, all of which agree in the magnitude of the damage done. One account says that half the place is in ruins, and that what remains standing is in such a state that the greatest part of the buildings will have to be pulled down. Loss of life had been great and many people were wounded. Business was entirely paralyzed. A private letter, dated Manilla, June 5, says:—"At 7.30 p.m., on the 3rd instant, a severe earthquake visited this place, bringing all the houses down, and wounding a great number of persons. All the houses in Baracca came down—the hydraulic press for hemp is all down, and nothing but heaps of ruins are seen wherever you go. The Binonda, an ancient structure, came down with a tremendous crash. The Santa Mesa rope factory has come off best of any place in Manilla. In the direction of Bulacan several houses are said to have disappeared entirely. The steamer Esperanza is reported lost with all hands. All the Europeans in Manilla are safe, with the exception of a German engineer who was crushed in a falling building. The San Fernando and French Hotel are both down, and the European merchants' houses are all down with a single exception."

The "Diario de Manila," of the 6th June, states that this is the most severe earthquake experienced in the Phillippines since the year 1645. The cathedral, the royal chapel, St. Domingo, St. Isabel, San Juan de Dios, the palace, several schools, the military hospitals, the buildings occupied by the tribunal of commerce, and indeed all the public buildings, were razed to the ground. Many priests and people were in the cathedral when the shock came, some of whom escaped, those being in the back part of the edifice; the front having only fallen, burying in its ruins many of the worshippers, and killed eight priests. The Governor was fortunately away from home when the place fell, many of his family having with difficulty extricated themselves from the ruins. The shrieks and wailings of the people buried in the remains and not rescued on the morning of the 4th are described as something fearful.

THE GOLD MINES.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Vancouver's Island, May 30.—To return to the subject of the diggings, however, with which we must remain satisfied for the present, I should state that they also require capital to develope their wealth. This requirement makes it expensive to buy into claims known or supposed to be rich, as the following actual cases will show. At the end of April Mr. Burkitt, a Canadian, and Mr. Rees, a Welchman, sold each one share in the Comboots or Webb Company. The former sold out to two other Canadians who made their money in the mines for $18,000, and Mr. Rees sold his interest to Alexander Campbell for $16,000, cash. Both arrived with the proceeds in Victoria the other day. Mr. Burkitt came to the country last spring and went to Cariboo only two months ago, and has now gone home to Ottawa by the last steamer with his "pile" made in the short space of two months. The claim had begun to yield before they sold out. But "one of the men in the Caribee claim," adjoining the above, "sold half an interest the other day for $5,000 cash before prospects had been obtained." These high prices look discouraging to the poor man who has no capital. He has no cause to despond on this account, for if he has strength and the capacity and will to work, he has in fact capital in his labour. In the mines this is capital emphatically, available, too, and sought after. A case, of which I am cognizant, will illustrate the poor man's chance. Last year Mr. Cameron, the first partner in the company which bears his name, and which is realizing so largely in Cariboo, when he left Victoria had just $500 (£100). At the end of the mining season he brought back $10,000 (£2000), and left property in Cariboo besides. He expects to bring down this year $100,000 (£20,000), and the prospects of his claim fully justify his expectation. He is one of six members or partners in the Cameron Company. The simple secret of his succeeding to so good and productive a property on so little money is that he was a discoverer and paid nothing for his mining claim, which the law secured to him by virtue of his discovery. By having his mine recorded in the Gold Commissioner's office he acquired a title good and valid against all intruders. His story is the history of nearly all the Cariboo miners, however rich. Most of them began with less than £100.—*Times Correspondent.*

GOLD DISCOVERIES IN BEAUCE.—Considerable excitement has been caused in the South Shore parishes by extensive gold discoveries in St. Francois de la Beauce. A correspondent of *Le Canadien*, writing on Saturday last, says that within the last six weeks about $12,000 worth of gold has been taken out. A man named Fercol Powin, with three companions, in a single day, realized the amount of $1,100. Some of the nuggets are said to be worth between $200 and $250. There has already been a considerable rush of diggers to the spot, anxious to secure a share of the "filthy lucre;" and at last accounts about 150 persons were at work. —*Quebec Mercury.*

NOVA SCOTIA.—The gold mines at Isaac's Harbour, N. S., must be decidedly productive. The St. Croix Mining Company, with a capital of $3,000, have paid back a temporary assessment of 20 per cent. on the stock, and also made a dividend of 45 per cent.

The Canadian Post.

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