The Canadian Post
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
AT THE
OFFICE,—WILSON'S BLOCK, KENT STREET, LINDSAY, C. W.,
And contains Notices of the Political, Social, and Moral Questions of the day; Agricultural and Commercial Notices; an Epitome of the General and Local News of the week, together with carefully selected Miscellany.
In remitting money, or desiring a change of address, Subscribers should not neglect to give the name of the Post-office where they have been receiving the paper. Many correspondents simply give the name of the Township in which they reside, forgetting to state the Post-office, thus causing trouble and loss of time. Letters containing money, if paid and registered, will be at our risk.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
$1.50 in advance; $2.00 if paid within the year; $2.50 if not so paid.
C. Blackett Robinson,
Publisher and Proprietor.

The Canadian Post.

A LITERARY, POLITICAL, EDUCATIONAL, AND FAMILY JOURNAL

Vol. VII.—Whole No 332 LINDSAY, C.W., FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1866. [Terms: $1.50, in Advance

The Canadian Post
TERMS OF ADVERTISING,
Ten lines and under.....75cts,
Above ten lines, first insertion, per line..... 8
Each subsequent insertion..... 2
☞ Professional and Business Cards, six lines and under, $5 per annum, $3 for six months. From six to ten lines, $8 per annum.
☞ Merchats and others can contract for a certain space, with the privilege of having new matter inserted at the end of every three months on favourable terms.
☞ Displayed Advertisements are measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil, and charged accordingly.
☞ Advertisements sent without written instructions inserted until forbidden, and charged for full time.
*** No casual Advertisements inserted unless paid for in advance. Merchants will be expected to pay quarterly.
*** Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing, otherwise the publisher will not be responsible.
C. Blackett Robinson,
Publisher and Proprietor.

Business Cards.

MACKAY & HEAP, Barristers, Attorneys, &c. *Office*—Over Lenihan's and O'Neil's Stores, Kempt's Brick Block, Kent Street, Lindsay. Agency of the Liverpool and London Fire & Life Insurance Company. 277

P. A. HURD, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public Conveyancer, &c., Lindsay, C. W. ☞ Special attention paid to Chancery Business. OFFICE—In Wilson's Block, Kent Street.

HUDSPETH & MARTIN, Attorneys-at-Law, &c, &c. *Solicitors for the Ontario Bank.* Office in Keenan's Block, Kent street, Lindsay. ADAM HUDSPETH. P. S. MARTIN 237-tf.

S. H. COCHRANE, L. L. B., Barrister, County Crown Attorney, has opened a Law Office at Prince Albert, in addition to his Whitby Office. Whitby Office—Opposite Black's Hotel. | Prince Albert Office—Over Mr. Holden's Office.

CAMERON & ORDE, BARRISTERS, & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries and Conveyancers, &c. &c. LINDSAY. ☞ OFFICE IN MR. WILSON'S BLOCK. HECTOR CAMERON, CHARLES. B. ORDE, 52-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., Lindsay. Office in Keenan's Block, Kent Street. C. A. WELLER, GEO. JAS. WELLER Lindsay, Jan. 1862. 131-tf

GEORGE DORMER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery and Insolvency, Notary Public, &c., &c. OFFICE, in McDonnells new Brick Block, opposite Broughall & Gimson's. Lindsay, Sep 22, 1864 265-tf

DR. WM. KEMPT, C.M., Graduate of McGill University. Medical Referee to the Britannia, North British and Mercantile Insurance Companies. Office in Mr. George Kempt's Brick Block, Lindsay. 239-tf

ROBERT LUKEY, Tailor, William Street, Lindsay. Garments made up in the best style, and at the lowest living rates. All orders will receive prompt attention, and a good fit guaranteed. 279-1y

G. W. HAWKE, Surgeon Dentist, McDonald's block, opposite Biglow's Dry Goods store, Kent Street, Lindsay. 290

MEDEANE, Civil Engineer and Provincial Land Surveyor, Russell Street. ep. 5, 1861. 11-tf

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

J McFADYEN, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery and Insolvency. Office—64 King Street East, Toronto, and Adam's Block, Kent Street, Lindsay. Money to Loan, at 7 per cent. interest, and principal within ten years, at such time as the borrower proposes. 316-tf

R. & J. F. DENNISTOUN, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Offices—Keenan's Block, Kent Street, Lindsay. ROBERT DENNISTOUN. 317-tf JAS. F. DENNISTOUN.

DR. J. DAVENPORT ANDREWS, Surgeon, Accoucheur, &c. OFFICE:—At Mr. Thomas Wallace's, LITTLE BRITAIN.

R. C. FAIR, M. D., Surgeon, Physician, and Accoucheur. Lately Surgeon in the American Army. Office—Bobcaygeon, C.W.

THOS. BEALL, Esq., *Coroner.* OFFICE at the READING ROOM, No. 8, KEENAN'S BLOCK, Kent Street. Lindsay, April 1864. 241-f

Dr. FIDLER,
SURGEON TO THE GAOL, and CORONER,
LINDSAY 308-tf

JAMES H KNIGHT, (late Organist of Trinity Church, Galt,) Teacher of the Pianoforte and Melodeon. Residence at Mr. Britton's, Kent street Lindsay. ☞ Agent for R. S. Williams' Improved Melodeons and Victoria Organs.

JAMES GALLON, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Lindsay, C.W. Particular attention paid to Chancery and other Land Sales. *References*—O. J. Mackay, Barrister; James Heap, do.; G. J. Weller, do.; Messrs. Patterson & Beatty, and Messrs. Cameron, McMichael & Fitzgerald, Barristers, Toronto. 270

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

GEORGE BRYAN, Architect and Builder, Lindsay, C W. Working plans carefully prepared. Window Sash and Door frames made to order. Lindsay, 3rd November, 1864. 272-tf

WM. MARGACH, Land Agent; also Timber Agent for the Canada Company for the Counties of Victoria, Ontario and Durham. Office—First door west of the County Buildings.

JOHN JOHNSON, TAILOR, William STREET, LINDSAY, thankful for the liberal patronage bestowed on him for the past 14 years, begs to say that he is still prepared to promptly execute all orders with which he may be favored, in the LATEST STYLES, and at MODERATE PRICES. 239-tf

E. A. HERRIMAN, Physician, Surgeon Provincial Licentiate, &c. Office in the Blue Cottage, back of the Methodist Church, Wellington St. Lindsay, Sept. 5, 1865. 314-1y

JAMES WINTERS, House, Sign and Ornamental Painter, Glazier, Paper Hanger, and White-washer. All orders carefully filled on moderate terms. Shop on William Street. Lindsay, 6th April, 1865. 292

DR. BENSON, Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Residence—Corner William and Russell Streets, formerly occupied by Mr. G. H. Lennon. 321

MONEY TO LOAN
AT EIGHT PER CENT.
APPLY to G. DORMER, Solicitor, &c. Lindsay, Sept, 22, 1863 265-tf

DR. INGERSOLL,
Graduate Queen's University, Kingston, C. W.,
(Late Surgeon U. S Army.)

Office in McDonald's Building, over Mr. Watson's store, corner Kent and William Streets. Residence Jewett's Hotel.

Advice and Recipes furnished *gratuitously to* the poor every Wednesday and Saturday from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Lindsay Dec. 21, 1865. 329

BOYNTON'S HOTEL,
(LATE JEWETT'S.)

WM. BOYNTON begs to inform the inhabitants of the County of Victoria and surrounding Counties, that he has opened the Hotel on William Street, lately occupied by Jewett, and as he has had it fitted and furnished in first style, visitors will find every convenience Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best quality.

An attentive ostler always in attendance. Lindsay, Dec. 16, 1864. 229-tf

BRODIE'S HOTEL,
(LATE NORTH AMERICAN)
WALTON STEET, PORT HOPE.
ROBERT BRODIE, Proprietor

THIS favorite Hotel having been lately completely renovated, affords the best of accommodation for travellers and the public generally. Under present management no efforts will be spared that will conduce to the comfort of guests. ☞ The best of Liquors and Cigars. 247-1y

Revere House,
BEAVERTON.

The subscriber begs to announce that he has leased the above hotel, which has been furnished and fitted up throughout in the best of style. None but the choicest Liquors and Cigars will be kept in the bar, and his table will be furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

☞ Careful and obliging Ostlers always in attendance.

WM. PARKIN, Proprietor Beaverton, Jan. 6th, 1865. 280

CROCKER'S HOTEL,
(LATE PLATT'S,)
Nelson street, Toronto,
Above King Street.

THE Subscriber begs to intimate to his friends and the public, that having leased the above central premises for a term of years, he has refitted and refurnished throughout, and he will be glad to have a call from the travelling community.

☞ Excellent and extensive Stabling.

JAMES CROCKER, Toronto, July 1865. 305-tf

HENRY HUGHES,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Land, House and Commission Agent. RESIDENCE:—Kent Street, Lindsay, C. W.

☞ Orders left at the Office of the *Canadian Post* will receive prompt attention. Lindsay, July 13th. 1864. 255-tf

DAVIS'S HOTEL,
(Late McColl's)
CAMBRAY, C.W.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public of Victoria County, that he has opened the hotel in Cambray lately occupied by Mr. McColl; and as he has had it furnished in first style, visitors will find every convenience. Wines, liquors and cigars of the best quality. An attentive Hostler always in attendance.

WM. DAVIS, Proprietor. Cambray, Sept. 1865. 316-1y

WM. HARRIS, TAILOR, William Street, Lindsay. Military Uniforms, Clergymens', College and Dressing Gowns and Smoking Caps made up to order. Clothing cleaned and turned. Orders respectfully solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Lindsay, June 9, 1865. 301-tf

To be Sold—A Bargain.

ALL that new FRAME DWELLING HOUSE lately occupied by Matthew Blakely, on York Street, in Lindsay. It is a large commodious house and well adapted for a Boarding House. Price $400, payable by instalments. Immediate possession given. Apply to Messrs MACKAY & HEAP, Solicitors. Lindsay, Oct. 25, 1865. 321

PETER ANDERSON, TAILOR, OAKWOOD, (shop opposite Mr. A. Cameron's old store,) thankful for the liberal patronage bestowed on him for the past 3 years, begs to say that he is still prepared to promptly execute all orders with which he may be favoured, in the latest styles and at the lowest prices.

MUSIC AND SINGING.
Mrs. Crosbie Brady

HAVING rented a PIANO is desirous of taking pupils at her residence, Russell street. ☞ Terms made known on application. Lindsay, May 3, 1865. 296-1y

JEWETT'S HOTEL,
KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Good stable and shed attached, and an attentive ostler always in attendance.

Free Omnibus to and from the Cars and Boats.

BOARD $1.50 PER DAY. Lindsay, March 10, 1863. 192-t

George Douglas,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES,
MANILLA, C. W. 322

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Provincial Parliament at its next sitting to Amend and Extend the Charter of the Port Hope, Lindsay and Beaverton Railway Company, and to amalgamate the same with the Peterborough and Chemong Lake Railway Company; also, for a grant of Land in aid of the said railway extension and to assist in opening up and rendering navigable the lakes and other water communication in the Counties of Peterborough and Victoria; and for other purposes.

JOHN FOWLER, Managing Director. P. A. L. & B. Railway Office, Port Hope, Nov. 30th, 1865.

AMALGAM BELLS,
AMALGAM BELLS,
AMALGAM BELLS,
AMALGAM BELLS,

AT prices within the reach of every Church, School, Cemetery, Factory, or Farm in the land. Their use throughout the United States and Canadas for the past six years has proven them to combine most valuable qualities. Among which are TONE, STRENGTH, SONOROUSNESS, and DURABILITY OF VIBRATION, unequalled by any other manufacture. Sizes from 15 to 5,000 lbs., costing TWO-THIRDS LESS than other metal, or 25 cents per pound, at which price I warrant them twelve months. Old bell metal taken in exchange, or bought for cash. Send for a circular to the manufacturer,

JOHN B. ROBINSON,
No. 36 DEY STREET, NEW YORK.

List of Prices, Weights, and Sizes of Farm, Hotel, Steamboat, School-house, Shop, and Factory Bell.

These Bells are fitted with Yoke, Standard's Crank and Bolt, complete for use.

Weight of Bell and Hangings.	Diameter	Cost of Bell and Hangings complete.
15 lbs	7 inches	$ 3 75
20 "	8¼ "	5 00
35 "	10 "	8 75
50 "	12 "	12 50
75 "	16 "	18 75
100 "	18 "	25 00
150 "	20 "	37 50
200 "	22 "	50 00
250 "	24 "	62 50

List of Academy, Steamboat, Fire-alarm, & Church Bells, with particulars as to to Weight, Price of Bells, & Hangings

Weight of Bells.	Diameter.	Price of Bells without Hangings.	Prices Patent Hangings.	Price of Bell and Hangings complete.
225 lbs.	26 in	$ 56 00	$ 15 00	$ 71 00
275	22	69 00	18 00	87 00
375	34	94 00	22 00	116 00
450	36	112 00	25 00	137 00
600	39	150 00	30 00	180 00
750	42	188 00	35 00	225 00
1000	46	250 00	42 00	292 00
1200	48	300 00	45 00	345 00
1400	50	350 00	50 00	400 00
1560	52	400 00	54 00	454 00
1800	55	450 00	60 00	510 00
2000	58	500 00	62 00	562 00
2500	60	625 00	72 00	697 00
3000	63	750 00	83 00	835 00
3500	66	875 00	87 00	962 00
4000	69	1000 00	100 00	1100 00
4500	72	1125 00	113 00	1238 00
5000	75	1250 00	125 00	1375 00

Larger Sizes made to order at 25 cts. per pound.

GUARANTEE.—All Bells sold at the above prices *warranted* against breakage by fair ringing, for *twelve months* from time of purchasing. Should one fail, a new bell will be given by returning the broken one.

Orders may be sent through the AMERICAN ADVERTISING AGENCY, 389 Broadway, New York.

In case a Bell breaks after the expiration of the Warrantee, I allow *half price* for the old metal.

JOHN B. ROBINSON, 311-1y. 36 Dey Street, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
PHOTOGRAPHS.
Awarded First Prize at the Agricultural Exhibition, Lindsay.

E. K. FRANCIS

BEGS to inform his Friends and the Public that—for the purpose of enabling himself to execute, in the most perfect manner, all orders with which he may be favored—he has made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the late improvements in his art; and being supplied with the best materials, chemicals, &c., he hopes to produce the *Carte de Visite* in as great excellence as any made in this province. The Gallery is spacious and favorably situated in regard to light, and is pronounced by judges to be remarkably well adapted for the purpose of making correct likenesses.

☞ Positively no pictures will be let out of the Gallery till paid for.

☞ *Satisfaction given in every case.* ☜

Testimonials.

"We invariably supply Mr. Francis with the purest and best chemicals that can be obtained, and believe him to be thoroughly acquainted with his beautiful art.

KNOWLSON & GREGORY."

"I have much pleasure in certifying to Mr. Francis's ability in regard to his being able to make good photographs.

J. F. GIMSON."

"The pictures taken by Mr. Francis, of Lindsay, are as good as I have seen from many of the best Galleries.

Wm. McDONNELL."

"I consider the photographs of Mr. Francis as good and as true as any I have ever seen in England, and I have seen some of the finest.

JAMES B. MUIR."

Lindsay, April 7th, 1865. 292

LIVERY STABLES.

The subscriber desires to inform his friends and the public that he continues to keep the best horses, neatest and most comfortable carriages and buggies, constantly on hand for hire.

Terms extremely Moderate.

H. WORKMAN

Family Groceries, &c.,
AT
CADWELL'S BAKERY,
KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

CONFECTIONERY, Sweetmeats, Fruits, Teas, Coffees, Choice Tobaccos, and Fancy Pipes. Cigars of the best Brand.

Call at Cadwell's!

Lindsay, 20th October, 1664.

Furniture Warehouse!
Down with High Prices!!

The subscriber begs to inform the inhabitants of Lindsay and surrounding country that he has lately opened out a large and varied stock of Chairs, Bed Steads, Bureaus, Dressing and other stands, Looking Glasses, &c., all of which he will sell at much lower rates than have heretofore been asked in Lindsay.

Chairs and Sofas in Hair Cloth.

☞ Funerals Furnished. Jobbing will receive prompt attention.

WM. WHITE, Opposite Crown Land Office Lindsay, February, 1865. 324

Literary Selections.

SONG OF THE CAMP.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory.
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder;

Beyond the darkening ocean burned,
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

FALSE LOVE AND TRUE.

William came eagerly to her chair as Maggie held out her slender wasted hand, keeping his eyes on the floor.

'Well,' she said smiling, 'won't you look at me?'

He raised his eyes then, and looked at her steadily.

'You are altered,' he said, with a candour that pleased her far more than any flattery could have done. 'But if you do not regret the loss of your beauty, don't fancy your friends will set you the example.'

They had a long, pleasant talk together. And Bessie, creeping in an hour later with her very red eyes, found the blind drawn up and nothing but a muslin curtain between Maggie and the full summer light.

'Is your return meant as a hint for me to go?' inquired William, rising with evident reluctance.

'I am afraid I must plead guilty,' replied Bessie. 'Maggie has been talking quite enough.'

'Why, I have only been here ten minutes,' said William, in perfect good faith.

'You mean one hour and ten minutes,' said Bessie, laughing outright. 'I must have that blind down again; your eyes are too weak yet to bear all the sunshine.'

Maggie sighed, but she did not resist. Then William drew the green Persians, pressed Maggie's hand with a tenderness that made her smile and blush at the same time, and was despotically dismissed by Bessie, Maggie looking very much as if she should have liked to reverse the decree if she dared.

The next day Stanley Newcome called to inquire after Miss Marsden. Maggie, who saw him coming up the gravel path, begged her friend to have him ushered into the drawing room, as if by mistake. Bessie yielded to Maggie's persuasions, although she did not like these experiments, believing that they gave Maggie unnecessary pain. Consequently Stanley was brought unexpectedly into his divinity's presence; and what a divinity now, with her scarred face and red eyelids, all mexorably displayed as she advanced to meet him, with an odd little smile on her lips!

Stanley kept retreating, his mouth wide open, and an expression of ludicrous dismay on his face. They reached the door, Stanley backing, Maggie pursuing, and Stanley's agony of disappointment at her appearance and cowardly fear of infection, drove him nearly desperate. He made a stand at last, waving her away. But Maggie pretended not to understand him, and still held out her hand.

'Madam,' said Stanley, driven into a corner literally and metaphysically, 'I am astonished at your want of feeling and good taste, I really am. I wish you better health and more manners. To pursue a fellow in this way——'

His dignity yielded to fear. He grasped at the door-handle, wrenched it open, and disappeared

Maggie laughed so long and loudly, that Bessie fancied she had gone into hysterics, and came rushing in to give her succour. But when she heard Maggie's account of the affair, she laughed too, and greatly dwelt upon the time when she should be able to present Maggie to him in renewed beauty, and exult over his dismay. This little womanly triumph gave Bessie quite a glow of pleasant anticipation. She settled it all in her own mind, Maggie was to go to the seaside when she was able to travel, but at the end of November she was to return to Bessie's house to spend her twenty-first birthday and the Christmas holidays. Then Bessie was to give a party, at which, of course, Stanley Newcome was to be present, and Maggie, in the full blaze of her recovered beauty, was to have a certain victory over her craven-hearted admirer.

'And supposing I never get my looks back again!' said Maggie, when this plan was detailed to her.

'Then we must destroy the programme and leave his punishment to chance' replied Bessie. 'But there is no fear of what you say.'

'I don't know,' said Maggie; 'it seems to me impossible that this poor scarred face should ever have anything to recommend it again.'

'Don't talk nonsense! you know better,' said Bessie, impatiently; and Maggie, to escape the charge of affectation was forced to drop the subject.

A week later, and Maggie went to Brighton, where her guardian and his wife were staying. But before she left, William managed to gain some sort of a promise from her which really made the thought of their Christmas meeting very bright and pleasant. William returned to Oxford a day or two after Maggie's departure, and Bessie's house seemed very quiet after this—almost dull. She went often to see Mrs. Mayne, who was now a childless widow, her daughter having died, whilst Bessie had so much trouble in her own house, that she was not able to give her that care she could have wished. Here she heard Maggie's goodness extolled with untiring energy.

'She used,' said Mrs. Mayne, 'to come every morning at six o'clock and read to Mary whilst I tidied up the place before starting to work. And my poor girl used to look for her, ma'am, you wouldn't believe. When miss was taken ill herself, Mary fretted so that the doctor said she spoilt all his medicines, and that she would die. But it seemed so dreadful, as she was always telling of me, for her to have given the complaint to such a beautiful, kind young lady, and may be taken all her looks away, even if it didn't kill her.'

'But Mrs. Mayne,' said Bessie, anxiously, 'Miss Marsden did not see poor Mary for some time before she died?'

'Lor' bless you, ma'am, said Mrs. Mayne, 'she was here a reading to my poor girl two full hours the very morning she was took ill herself. She used to say she couldn't get away of daytimes, so she got up early of mornings, and was generally here before six o'clock.

'Mrs. Mayne,' said Bessie, very seriously, 'you should not have allowed Miss Marsden to run that risk. I disapproved of it, as you know, and sent a nurse on purpose that it might be avoided.'

'I did all I could, ma'am,' replied the poor widow, 'but miss said it was her duty and wouldn't be stopped a-show. Nobody was more sorry than I was when the young lady was took ill. I am sure I felt that if she died it would be as much trouble a-losing two daughters instead of one.'

Bessie said no more. She felt that it would have been difficult for Mrs. Mayne to have resisted Maggie's will, however sincerely she might have urged the point. Only she wrote and scolded Maggie thoroughly for her deception, and declared that on her next visit she should have her bedroom locked upon her inexorably every night, at which threat Maggie laughed and immediately wrote back a saucy reply.

Gradually the days shortened, and people began to shiver and grumble that the winter was coming on fast, and we should soon have Christmas here; as if the winter is not a very pleasant time, with its cozy firesides and gathered friends. But then there are some people who will find fault, even when they have got what they like.

Bessie welcomed eagerly the time when Maggie would be coming back to her again. She began to feel very lonely in the long, quiet evenings. It would be pleasant to have her friend here, talking to her brightly, making the room musical with her songs. And the time soon came that Bessie had so much longed for. Maggie returned—the old beautiful Maggie, with short golden curls circling round her head, and tender, soft eyes and sweet lips. And William followed her as early as he could, you may be sure. He came covered with honours—the honours he had won at Oxford, and no one could have been prouder than Bessie—unless it were her friend.

There is very little more to tell, Bessie gave her Christmas party, according to the programme, and Stanley Newcome came, saw, and was conquered. He flung himself on his knees before Maggie in the conservatory, declared that she was more beautiful than ever, and tried to persuade her and himself that he had been a model of constancy. Maggie laughed outright, and William joined in from the other end of the conservatory, where he had remained concealed. Caught on his knees, and that, too, by one whom he had formerly designated 'an insolent rival,' Stanley Newcome pretended to have adopted this lowly posture in order to search for something underneath the flower stands. But when he saw by William Gardiner's face of saucy delight that he had overheard the whole conversation, and understood the motive of his humble attitude, Stanley rose, completely conquered and crest fallen, and darted from the conservatory.

The next day Stanley Newcome left England for a continental tour, and on his return, three months later who should he meet on the quay at Dover as he came from the boat but Maggie a beautiful and bewitching figure, as she leant on her proud husband's arm. She had been married that morning (as he afterwards learnt), of St. Hanover Square, to the Rev. William Gardiner, M.A., Rector of Tooke cum-Marsham, in Kent.

The living which Mr. Gardiner has bought for his son is in the pleasantest part of this delightful county; and the young couple are to settle down in their pretty home at the beginning of June, after they have seen everything on the continent they most care to see, and have become sufficiently accustomed to their new happiness to be reasonable society for their wealthy neighbours and thoughtful benefactors to the poo.

(The End.)

HIDE BOUND HORSES.

A horse is said to be hide-bound when his skin will not slip under the pressure of the hand, but sticks as if it was glued, which condition is always dependent on a deranged state of the stomach and digestive organs—by correcting which, and giving to them a healthy tone and condition, the disease or complaint will disappear. Experience has proved that the means best adapted to this end is "Darley's Arabian Heave Remedy and Condition Medicine" It has been used in numerous cases with complete success, generally affecting a cure in a few day. It is the best condition medicine known, and may be given with perfect safety at all times, and does not require that the horse be kept from work.

Remember the name, and see that the signature of *Hurd & Co.*, is on each package. *Northrop & Lyman*, Newcastle, C. W., Proprietors for the Canadas. Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

THE BRIGHTEST JEWEL IN THE SPANISH CROWN.—No one will fail to acknowledge the beautiful Island of Cuba is the brightest jewel of Spain. Its climate is the most healthy in the world, and thousands are restored by its genial influences. Yet greater, far greater, is the healing power and restoring influence of Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers on the health of our citizens. They will, if taken early, cure your cold and prevent consumption, and Cuba may be left unvisited and long life enjoyed. 25 cents a box.

The Queen has lately permitted her private band a play at dinner in Windsor Castle for the first time since the death of her husband.

A COCK FIGHT IN THE BOWERY.

"Come," said Mr. Zoon, "we will quit the Broadway side," and away we pass into the shadows of Bond street, pass into the spotted portal where entered and departed the undiscovered murderer of Burdell, and past the place of unostentatious market, where, when the Sisters of Charity opposite shut their doors in terror, weary and beautiful Sin made strips of its coverlets and bandaged while it fed the bruised and hungry policemen who had fought the blood-stained rioters on the highways.

There is a yellow tavern on the Bowery. A huge, unwieldly, grizzly, greasy monster, weighing, it would seem, nearly half a thousand pounds, sits in a back chamber mutteringly fingering some stamps. He blows like an asthmatic porker, with his great thighs and bloated feet beneath a deal table, and in the flat narrowness of his flushed forehead you may lay your fist and feel no throbbing thought. His suspenders are down; his untidy sleeve rolled up reveals a ponderous arm erupted with gross living, and all the bare, brown walls around him give to his central figure a shaggy savageness, as he rolls the tiny stamps in his great palms.

"Been losing some money, Zeff?" says Mr. Zoon.

"Five-dollar bill or I be burned alive forever," says the giant.

So he heaves angrily to the bar, while we all stand silent, and while he draws old ale which his black eyes poison, Mr. Zoon leans over the counter and whispers.

"There's the purtiest cock-pit up stairs ever you see," says Mr. Zoon to us in the end.

The proprietor meanwhile looks amiable as a cannibal at us.

"Can we visit the place?" we entreat respectfully.

"Gur-o-o-o!"

We slip into the hand of Mr. Zoon a bill of five dollars, which Mr. Zoon at once transfers. The proprietor wallows before us, and leads the way up a stair dimly lit and very unsteady, till by-and-by, when we have gone very far in the rear, detect a dull, growing clamor, broken by the sound we hear at early dawn, of chanticleer feeling upon his ruffles the brightest glow of the sunrise. But these are not the household birds we love to listen to, that make the henroosts more cheerful than rookeries, and give our gardens equal beauty and disaster. They are bloodied cockens, reared for the combat, strangely enough it seems to us that in their crow there is a harder, more forced, less musical intonation than we have commonly remarked. Approaching nearer, the turbulence grows more distinct. At least the noise and the light gush through a quickly opened door, and we enter the arena, or the aquilarium.

It is a loft, dimly lit at the re-entering angles of the square ceiling, so that we only catch the anxious masses of gross heads that hasten there, bending anxiously forward; but where the crowded seats slope down to a round pen or ring, all empty and tan-covered, the gas-jets are close and brilliant. To this ring a passage way opens by a gate which, directly unclosing, gives admission to a short, stunted, bullet-headed man, who holds beneath his arm a red and black game cock which he strokes as he advances. This gentleman takes a chair at the nearest side of the ring, and as we see all the patrons leaping into the tan to crowd around the bird we can do no more than join them. The bird in question has a comb shaved quite down to its skull, feathers well clipped in every part of its body, less tail than fashionable roosters love to wear, a very hard and large neck and leg close to the legitimate and natural spur—which has been pared off like a human corn—is fastened by a patent spring a long, sharp spur of bright steel, quite two inches in length, and as murderous in a chicken's hands as a bayonet in a man's. The bird itself bears a singular resemblance to the man who carries it. Both are cut down to a fighting nakedness; the eyes of both are fickle and cruel, but the chicken's are the most absolute and piercing; the man wears a red neck-tie, like the cock's missing comb, which he appears to have appropriated, and the neck of the gentleman is only an exaggerated and less excellent copy of the cock's.

Around these two beings, the cock and the man—of which the latter holds by right the inferior part—are grouped wild, hang-dog faces, very yellow, as from evil blood beneath them, and everybody keeps his thumbs in his breeches pockets, and spits in an odd, laborious, logical way, as if it were part of the process by which he thought.

Another man enters on the moment—a tall, spare, consumptive-looking man, with a sort of good humored bashfulness in his awkward approach. He carries a second bird against his breast—a brown and red bird, smaller than the first, for which he seems to entertain a mingled pride and emotion. Both roosters intimate their arrival by a sort of composed chuckle, which makes out blood run cold. The crowd falls back to the tiers of benches again; a third party arranges the tan in the ring; all lean forward breathlessly, and those in the dark rear seats are only detected from the mass of shadow by the glitter of their burning cigars.

The two men, short and long, advanced with the cocks loosely held in their hands. The birds are heard to croak, half intelligibly, as if they were rolling oaths under their bills, and their shaven heads sway to and fro like a snake's with its head protruding from a hole. All at once there is a flutter, a spring, a scream, and high in the air the wings leap undistinguishably, till through the mist of mingled feathers, only the bright gleam of the deadly gaff is seen.

They fall together, linking their sharp bills and twisting their powerful feet in the strong clench of mutual hate, while the torn feathers go darting into the light and strew like leaves the scattered tan, and the gaffs whisk into the dim evening, till all at once there is a half cessation, a wild scream, like a woman's in revenge, and the red and brown bird lies dead, with the gaff of his rival driven straight through his brain.

We hear a cheer; the ring is filled with men again; there is blood beneath their feet, and the carcass is tossed afar. The victor's dabbled plumes are folded, and he is carried in the bosom of his owner till the wicket unseals again, and they let in the tan a bird so like the first that it seems his Corsican brother.

The place grows riotous with betting; there are curses and defiances; in the midst of all the chickens spring upon each other; the little circle grows passionate with the mutual motive of murder, and they are separated after a moment with all their feathers wild, drawing breath and hate together. Again and again the strife is repeated; the little room grows close and clamorous; the curses are yet terrible, when the long crow once more ascends and the victor of the first combat has slain his rival again.

They stand him—brave savage!—against a third antagonist, and a fourth, gashed and staggering; but with a fierce instinct of conquering stronger than life, he makes his bright gaffs throb though he is dying, until the beak of his fifth adversary is sipping at his heart.

For the fighting of men excuses have been given; the dog is man's protector, and some think it well to train him to do battle. But of all the infamous essays this of matching the lively chanticleers, that divide the day from the night, and rise with the sun like a cogent husband, seems to us the most brutal and inexcusable.

We came away, as if we had seen so many real murders.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—As the buckwheat season has set in again, and griddle cakes are still in favor, permit me to put my protest against so much swallowing of sheet lead under the name of buckwheat cakes. It is just as easy to make a delicacy of buckwheat flour as to murder it into the flabby, sodden, gutta percha abominations half the people eat by compulsion, and cooks christen "buckwheat cakes."

I make my cake supplies a regular serial, beginning with a clean crock, clean, tepid water, and a bag of buckwheat meal. Put into the crock, first, a quart of water in which a tablespoonful of salt has been dissolved. Stir in meal, gradually sifting it through the fingers as in making Indian hasty pudding. Having acquired a stiff batter, stir in as much fresh yeast as you would use for a loaf of bread; cover the crock close; lay some woolen cloth over it, and set it behind the stove to keep warm. If the crock is prepared thus half full, at nine o'clock in the evening, it will probably be risen full by the time you are ready to begin cooking cakes in the morning. If so, dissolve in a half pint of warm water, a teaspoonful of saleratus—stir down the batter vigorously, have the griddle hissing hot; keep it well greased; drop on only a large spoonful in a cake; fry to a bright brown on both sides, and—don't, in mercy to humanity, stack up the cake in butter and soak them through with melted grease, even though it does cost seventy-five cents a pound. It is a wicked waste of butter, and a worse one of buckwheat cakes. They should be served red hot—or brown not, but never buttered until the consumer takes them in hand.

Leave always in the crock, say half a pint of the batter as the foundation for the ensuing batch to be stirred up and set by every night in the same manner. After the first batch no yeast is required, but don't forget the saleratus every morning. Once in about five days, empty, scald out, and thoroughly cleanse your crock, put back the reserve batter, and go on as usual.

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

The following dramatic account of the capture of Quebec, is taken from the fifth volume of Carlyle's "Biography of Frederick the Great:"—"Above Quebec, night of December 12-13th, in profound silence, on the stream of the St. Lawrence far away, a notable adventure is going on. Wolfe, from two points well above Quebec ("as a last shift, we will try that way,") with about 5000 men, is silently descending on rafts, with purpose to climb the Heights somewhere on that side of the city, and be in upon it, if fate will. An enterprise of almost sublime nature; very great, if it can succeed. The cliffs all beset on his left hand. Montcalm in person guarding Quebec with his main strength. Wolfe silently descends; mind made up; thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters, under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing with his people, he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's Elegy, lately come out to those parts; of which, says an ear-witness, he expressed his admiration in an enthusiastic degree: "Ah, these are tones of the Eternal Melodies are not they? A man might thank Heaven had he such a gift; almost as we might for succeeding here, gentlemen!" Next morning (Thursday, 13th September, 1759,) Wolfe, with his 5,000, is found to have scrambled up by some woody neck in the heights, which was not quite precipitous; has trailed one cannon with him, the seamen busy bringing up another; and by ten of the clock, stands ranked (just somewhat in the Frederick way, though on a small scale); ready at all points for Montcalm, but refreshing to be ever-ready. Montcalm, on first hearing of him, had made haste; "*Oui, les vois ou ils me doivent pas etre: je vois tes eraser* (to smash them)!" said he by way of keeping his people in heart. And he marches up beautifully skilful, neglecting none of his advantages. His numerous Canadian sharpshooters, preliminary Indians in the bushes, with a provoking fire. "