

The Canadian Post

A LITERARY, POLITICAL, EDUCATIONAL, AND FAMILY JOURNAL

LINDSAY, C. W., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1866. [Terms: \$1.50, in Advance.]

Business Cards: Mackay & Hep, Barristers, Attorneys, &c. Office—Over Leith's and O'Neil's Stores, Keppel's Block, Kent Street, Lindsay.

DR. INCERSOLL, 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.

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.

BROOK'S HOTEL, (LATE NORTH AMERICAN). WALTON STREET, PORT HOPE. ROBERT BRODIE, Proprietor. This favorite hotel, having been lately completely refitted, affords the best of accommodations for travellers and the public generally.

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.

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.

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 leased the hotel in Cambay, lately occupied by Mr. McColl, and as he has had it furnished in first style, visitors will find every convenience.

Dr. FIDLER, SURGEON TO THE GAOL, and CORONER, LINDSAY. JAMES H. KNIGHT, (late Organist of Trinity Church, Galt), Teacher of the Piano-forte and Melodion. Residence at Mr. Britton's, Kent Street, Lindsay.

JOHN JOHNSON, TAILOR, William Street, Lindsay. GEORGE BRYAN, Architect and Builder, Lindsay, C. W. Working plans carefully prepared. Window Sash and Door frames made to order.

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THE BEST NEWS OF THE YEAR. A GREAT REDUCTION OF TAXES PROMISED. AND if our prudent Council will only harmonize in the right direction, the Market House can be made to pay for itself.

White Pennsylvania Coal Oil, Lamps and Globes at reduced Prices. A good assortment of ROOM PAPERS, BORDERS AND WINDOW BLINDS, on hand, very cheap.

GILT MOLDINGS of different sizes. Clocks, Silver and Gold Watches, Chains and Finger Rings; Gold and Plated Earrings, Brooches and Shawl-pins; Fine Razors (Rogers' make); Pocket Knives, Scissors, Silver-plated Table and Dessert Spoons, Looking Glasses, &c. always on hand.

Further Notice. FOR SALE, in a central part of the town, two Dwelling Houses, one of brick and one of frame, with good lots to each; and being situated near the Market, offer forms a most desirable residence.

A Good Farm For Sale. TO BE SOLD CHEAP, the East half of Lot 14 in the 9th concession of Ops, containing 100 acres of which about 10 acres are cleared and 10 acres ready to log.

REMOVAL TO Knowlson's Brick Block. T. GOURLEY BEGS to inform his numerous friends and the public generally, that he has removed his Photographic Picture Gallery to large and commodious rooms in Knowlson's Brick Block, specially fitted up for the purpose, and equal for accommodation to any in the Province.

ABY-LAW. WHEREAS, a By-Law was adopted by the Ratepayers of the Township of Verulam, on the thirteenth and fourteenth days of January last, under the provisions of the Temperance Act of 1854, for the suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors, and the issuing of Licenses therefor, in the Township of Verulam.

MUSIC AND SINGING. Mrs. Crosbie Brady HAVING rented a PIANO is desirous of taking pupils at her residence, Russell Street.

JEWELL'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.

COUNTY BONDS. COUNTY OF VICTORIA have SIXTEEN BONDS OF \$1000 EACH bearing interest at SIX PER CENT., payable half-yearly, and maturing in eighteen years.

Insolvent Act of 1864. In the matter of SILAS SMITH, an Insolvent. THE Creditors of the Insolvent are notified that a Dividend Sheet has been prepared and will remain open to inspection and objection at my Office in the Court House, in the Town of Lindsay, every day between the hours of ten and five o'clock, until the Twentieth day of January, instant, after which the dividends allotted will be paid.

Public Notice. Notice is hereby given, that on the 19th day of February next, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at Mr. Bottom's Hall, Bellevue, a meeting of the Municipal Electors of the Municipality of Verulam will be held for the taking of a Poll to decide whether or not the above By-Law is approved by such electors.

Literary Selections. Norah Cushaleen; ON THE HAUNTED CASTLE. (Continued from last week.) CHAPTER IV. THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE—THE DISCOVERY. Wind and tide being both in their favour, Terry knew they must be going in the direction of the shore, which they must be near, though it was hidden from their sight.

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Hargreave and Andrew were both amazed and not a little pleased by a sight of such comfortable well-stored lodgings; but the Blantire's selfish cruelty were saved from Hargreave laid her tenderly upon a couch.

Her slender form was enveloped in a thick woollen shawl, and her arms were tightly folded on her breast. Her long hair fell in wet heavy masses over her face, so that her features could not be seen.

The youth with all the tenderness of a woman, unpinned the shawl and took it from her bosom, when he found that her arms clasped an infant to her breast.

"Ah me," sighed Hargreave. The old story is true in Ireland as well as elsewhere—'Love, betrayal, shame, and death.' This is evidently some poor victim of man's perfidy, who has sought for herself and the offspring of ill-placed love an eternal resting place in the depths of the sea.

"Mair likely she's been murdered," remarked Andrew. "Nae woman could gang sae far frae land tae doo herself."

"You are right," said his master in a tone of horror and indignation. "A cruel, monstrous crime has been committed. At this point Terry advanced with a black bottle in one hand and a glass in the other. He poured out a small quantity of liquor, and set it down till he lifted the tresses of hair from her face."

"I could swear she's beautiful afore I do it," he murmured. "It's beauty and love together that bring a girl."

"What's the matter?" asked Hargreave, as Terry, the moment he uncovered the face, gave a great start.

Terry did not seem to hear the question, for with distended eyeballs he was gazing, or rather glaring, at the white, death-like countenance.

"No, no," he wildly exclaimed, it cannot be; and yet she has her features. Six years haven't changed them much, and never another girl round had her beauty. 'Ah, the mark. Is the mark there.' With frantic haste he lifted the wet hair still further from the temple, and disclosed a purple mark somewhat in the form of a heart.

"At sight of that Terry uttered a loud cry of agony, clasped his hands together, and shrieked—'Holy Mother! it is my sister, Norah Cushaleen!'"

"Most astonishing," said Hargreave, greatly shocked. "Are you certain of this, Terry?"

As they watched, the child likewise fell into childhood's sweet, peaceful slumber, and the two innocent victims of Malvina Blantire's selfish cruelty were saved from the cruel death to which they had been doomed.

"They are safe now; the crisis is past," whispered Hargreave. "Amen, and amen," responded Terry.

"What a marvellous operation of Providence this is!" observed Hargreave again, "for us to be taken to the particular spot at the exact moment, and Norah to be saved by her own brother as he was returning from a foreign land."

"Saved by me, yer honour?" cried Terry as he brushed away the tears. "Sure we mustn't forget that it was the dog that found her arms clasped an infant to her breast."

"I think we would all be the better of a feed," suggested Hargreave; "but how such a thing is to be come at in this singular place, I can't imagine."

"Then I'll be after clearing yer honour," rejoined Terry, whose natural flow of spirits had returned. "I said I would take you to comfortable lodgings, and I'll redeem my word."

As he spoke, he went to a recess filled with miscellaneous articles, and brought forth a large dried fish, and had sea biscuit. From another and lower recess he got a kettle and cooking utensils. The former he filled with pure spring water, which bubbled up from the floor in one corner; and having hung it above the fire, which was now sending forth a great heat, he cut several slices of ham, and put them and pieces of fish upon a frying-pan, and soon a hissing noise and fragrant odour came from the tokens of the coming supper.

In less than an hour the table was spread with an abundant, well-cooked meal which, with its accessories, was as well served up as if it had been produced in a city hotel or a nobleman's hall. They were all hungry, and each man ate with a good cheer, and when the substantialities were disposed of, Terry brewed a bowl of jolly over his consumption.

"Well, Terry," remarked Hargreave, as he took the full glass which the former presented to him first, "you've more than redeemed your promise. If this is a fair specimen of Irish hospitality, I'll not regret paying a visit to the green Isle. I wish you joy on your return to your native land, and may you live a long and happy life among your relatives."

"Bless your honour for all these grand wishes," returned Terry. "I'll be glad to point to the couch on which Norah lay, as 'she was come round so far as to be able to speak, I'll learn whether I've come home to joy or to sorrow. Never a bit of news have I heard of the old man or her since I tuk the ship at Cork six years ago. Maybe he's better hearted follow'd better fortunes, and sent my father to the grave."

"Your father was unfortunate, then?" queried Hargreave. "Troth and he was just that same," answered Terry, a shadow darkening his face. "He fell into difficulties," added the youth.

"He was trapped into them," said Terry fiercely. Twenty years ago Michael Cushaleen was as prosperous a man as lived in Dundarra, but that was in the Colonel's time. His death was poverty to many, but it was ruin to old Michael; but maybe yer honour knows something about it."

"You'll find the beds soft and fresh. I'll sit and watch Norah." Acting on this suggestion, Hargreave sought repose on one couch, Andrew on another, and Dash on a third, while Terry, who had taken his place by the bedside of the mother and child, who still slept the calm sleep of innocence.

CHAPTER V. REVELATIONS IN SLEEP.—NORAH RETURNS TO CONSCIOUSNESS.—PLANS FOR THE FUTURE. For several hours Norah slept in calm tranquility, and Terry watched by her couch with wakeful earnestness. During the silence, while all the others slept, he was busy with conjectures as to his sister's position, and what the circumstances might be which had placed her in that desperate condition from which she had been rescued.

Was it an act of self-destruction, or an act of murder? Terry was almost convinced that it was the latter, and fierce and bitter thoughts darkened his mind—thoughts of a vengeance, deep and deadly, to be taken on the author of Norah's wrongs, whose wrongs he might be.

He was recalled from his gloomy, wrathful musings by Norah suddenly stirring in a restless, uneasy manner. He held a torch towards her face, and saw that its color and expression had both changed. Its marble features were now, and a flush had mantled either cheek, and her eyes were now open, or, extreme terror, was spread over her whole countenance. Her hands began to twitch nervously, and her breathing grew short and spasmodic.

"Oh, Malvina, Malvina," she said in a plaintive manner. "You will not leave me to perish. Dennis says in that moment when you may marry another. This is not true, Malvina. Oh, say it is not true. Ah, he is not here! He has gone—left me to sink in the boat. Dennis, Dennis, you would not be so cruel. You would not kill me and my innocent babe. For heaven's sake, take me to land. I will never trouble you again, and I'll go far away with my child, and nobody shall ever know that I am his wife—never, never. Oh, spare me! Have mercy, Dennis—mercy—mercy—mercy—mercy!"

Terry listened to this frantic appeal with breathless attention, and bent his ears to catch every syllable. It came to him as a significant revelation. Fragmentary and disconnected as the sentences were, his quick mind took in the principal facts, and he was beginning to meditate over them, when Norah uttered a piercing shriek and gasped and struggled as one drowning.

The shrill, agonising cry, the very countenance of the poor woman, and the words which she uttered, all pointed to the fact that she was in the boat, round Hargreave and Andrew, who both sprang to their feet at the same moment and rushed forward.

"Whist, if ye please," whispered Terry, in a cautioning tone. "She's comin' round. She's been spakin' in her sleep, and by this powers, I've got at the black truth."

"Was she spakin' to the water?" asked Hargreave, much interested. "I'll tell yer honour what I think I've made out," returned Terry, clearing his teeth for a moment with his handkerchief. "She's been secretly married, and I think the scoundrel is the young Spence of Dundarra. He's got a wife, and she's a fine woman, and wanted to marry another, and he's a villain of the name of Dennis told the deed. By jabs, now, I think of it, it must have been Dennis Morgan, who has been about Blantire Castle since I remember anything. Oh, the murdering blackguards; but if I don't break all the bones in both their bodies may my name be no: Terry Cushaleen."

"Hush," said Hargreave. "Your sister moves again; she is becoming conscious. Pray be cautious, for she is bewildered, and when she beholds you whom she has not seen for so many years it will increase her nervous agitation."

"Thank yer honour for mentioning it. Sure and I'll be as gentle as a lamb with the poor darling." Hargreave and Andrew drew to one side so as not to be observed, and as they did so Norah opened her eyes. The first thing they lighted on was the face of Terry beaming and flushing with a mixture of contrary emotion—affection, gladness, and vindictive anger.

Norah gazed on her brother's face for some moments in blank amazement. It was strange, and yet not strange to her. She looked as if she could have recognized it, but she did not. In truth her mind at the moment was a chaos, and the place in which she was, added to the confusion. Having scanned Terry's countenance for some moments with a vague morning wonder, which seemed to retard her vision, her eyes next wandered round the large rocky chamber, the greater part of which was lost in the shadow. This spectacle did not assist her struggling recollection; but suddenly as if something had flashed on her mind, she started and looked at the child sleeping in a smile was on the rosy face of the innocent babe, and that smile was instantly reflected faintly but finely on his mother's face.

"Oh, what a terrible dream," she murmured, as if speaking to herself. "Thank God it was only a dream. And yet—and yet it appeared so so very real."