Ths O'Phillips

The Canadian Post.

A LITERARY, POLITICAL, EDUCATIONAL AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

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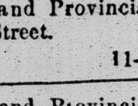

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M. DEANE, Civil Engineer and Provincial Land Surveyor, Russell Street.
Fep. 5, 1861. 11-tf

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MANILLA, C. W. 322

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

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April 10th, 1866. 345-13-in

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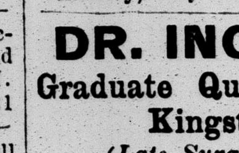

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Lindsay, April 7th, 1865. 292

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AT 8 PER CENT.
FOR particulars apply to
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THE undersigned has advices from his correspondents, of
LARGE SUMS OF MONEY
awaiting investment on Choice, Improved Farms, in the
OLD SETTLED TOWNSHIPS
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Down with High Prices!!
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Orillia, February 20th, 1866. 338

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TO
Knowlson's Brick Block.
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BEGS to inform his numerous friends and the public generally, that he has removed his
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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.
T. G. would return his thanks for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him for the past number of years, and he is now better prepared than ever to suit the wants of the public in the picture line, in the latest and most pleasing styles and second to none in the Province.
Free exhibitions of views of all parts of the world.
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J. KNOWLSON.
Lindsay, Nov. 17, 1865. 324

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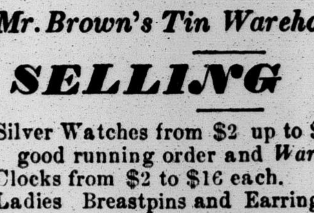
AT THE SIGN OF THE



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Remember—Sign of the *DUTCH FLAG*
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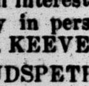

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The subscriber desires to inform his friends and the public that he continues to keep the best horses, neatest and most comfortable carriages and buggies, constantly on hand for hire.
Terms extremely Moderate.
H. WORKMAN.

Literary Selections.

Norah Cushaleen;
OR
THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

(Continued from last week.)

'Yes—yes—if you won't allow her to accompany me, she must remain, for I will not be robbed of another farthing.'

'Be it so,' said Captain Jack in a stony voice. 'Lady, you have heard the fate to which your *husband* consigns you. He, and he alone, can save you from it. Remove them.'

They were led away, and were conveyed through a door in an aperture at the side of the cavern. The captain sat gazing at them till they had disappeared, then he started up and prepared to leave his elevated platform, when his eye fell upon Terry and Andrew, who were being brought forward in charge of the leader of the band who had captured them.

'Hilloa, Bartlet,' he exclaimed, 'more prisoners? Ho! I forgot—the Scotch gentleman you told me of.'

'Yes, Captain, an' it plaise you, his Irish guide, Jim Malone,' answered Bartlet.

'Your name is what? demanded the captain, addressing Andrew, who was altogether unabashed by the circumstances in which he was placed.

'Ma name is Maister McSpurtle, o' Knockwinnock, in Scotland, answered Andrew, shortly. 'Yours, I understand, is Captain Jack; at least that's what ye seem tae be ca'ed here.'

'Never mind what my name is,' said the Captain with a frown.

'Houts, what for no,' rejoined Andrew. 'Giff gaff mak's guid friends, as we say in oor kintry. I'm a Scotchman, sir, and like to keep up the manners o' the Scotch whaure'er I gang.'

'Oh, indeed,' returned the Captain, as his face relaxed considerably. 'You seem to be somewhat of a humorist us well as a Scotchwan. I suppose you know into whose hands you have fallen, and what you require to do to procure your liberation.'

'Find a way tae pit some siller into your pouch, I fancy,' returned Andrew with great composure.

The Captain laughed. 'Exactly so,' he observed; 'you take the thing philosophically. It is seldom, indeed, that we get a prisoner of your stamp, and to show you that I appreciate the rarity, I fix your ransom at the low sum of one hundred pounds. Now, how can you get that?'

'No without sendin' tae my sister Jenny at Knockwinnock,' responded Andrew with the utmost deliberation. 'A bit line tae her fra me will mak her send a draft on ony o' the banks here.'

'But how is the draft to come into our possession?' asked the Captain.

Andrew scratched his head. He had his answer quite ready, but did not wish to be too prompt in his replies, lest the robber should suspect a previous plan.

'Dod,' he answered, after a minute's pause, 'I think the best way tae dae would be for her tae send the draft tae me, addressed tae the post-office somewhere, tae be left till ca'ed for. Your messenger can get it there, and cash it at the bank.

'Good; that will do,' returned Captain Jack, who did not for a moment suspect Andrew anything but the simple, unsophisticated Scotchman he seemed. 'I will not ask you to write the letter till to-morrow. We have but one room for your safe custody, and that is at present tenanted by another prisoner. You and your guide must share it with him.'

'I'm no particular,' answered Andrew, with apparent indifference, though his heart at the moment thrilled with joy, for he doubted not that the prisoner alluded to was Hargreave.

'Then follow me,' said the Captain, 'and I will myself introduce you to the apartment. Bartlet, send a man to slide the grating.'

They followed the Captain along a dark passage, and paused at the grating, beyond which was a lighted chamber. In the chamber sat a young man, in a melancholy and musing attitude.

Andrew looked eagerly through, and saw that it was Hargreave.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PRISONERS IN THE CAVE.

The grating was drawn aside, and the Captain bending down, passed through telling Andrew and Terry to follow his example.

'Luck go wid us,' ejaculated Terry in a low whisper.

'Keep in the shadow,' cautioned Andrew, in the same low tone.

They entered the chamber, and passed on to the corner behind where Hargreave sat. The latter regarded them with a languid, careless glance, and looked inquiringly into the face of the Captain, who stood before him.

'Mr. Hargreave,' said the latter, 'this is a Scotch gentleman awaiting his ransom. He and his attendant will require to share the chamber with you.'

'A companion in misfortune,' sighed Hargreave as the melancholy expression deepened on his countenance.

'Pooh, it is a misfortune he makes very light of,' returned the Captain. 'And as for your case, I thought you would have seen it in a better light by this time. Rightly viewed, it is quite the opposite of a misfortune.'

'That is viewed through your distorted and perverted medium,' returned Hargreave with heightened colour. 'You look at life and humanity with an eye not jaundiced merely, but with an eye which has become blasphemously sceptical, and, what is worst of all, you would force others if you could to do the same.'

'You are bold, sir,' returned the Captain, biting his lip. 'Methinks prudence should prompt you to be more guarded in you speech towards the man who holds you in his power.'

'Is that a threat of personal violence?' returned Hargreave contemptuously. 'If you knew me better, sir, you would understand that I would despise the kind of prudence you alluded to. You have managed to deprive me of my personal liberty, but if you think to take away my liberty of speech you are deeply mistaken. Why, man, what do you think you are. that you should presume to thrust you views of things on men by vulgar brute force, and threaten them with more if they presume to contradict your expressed sentiments? If my speech displeases you, keep out of my way, for assuredly your profane, absurd, and utterly false sentiments addressed to me shall not be received in silence.'

The Captain's brow flushed crimson, and his right hand impulsively grasped the handle of his dagger, but he mastered his passion, and broke out with a laugh.

'Well, it is reasonable enough that you should claim the privilege of your tongue; and your indepdence of thought, and boldnes of expression, though they chafed me somewhat just now make me like you all the better. We can restrain your person, but it would be idle, I see, to think of straining your speech, though your ideas are mistaken ones. So you may utter them as you please; I'll try to bear them with good humour, fortified with the thought that I can at least prevent you from putting them in practice.'

'Captain Jack, you are a strange mixture,' remarked Hargreave. 'In a lower sense you are brave, in a higher sense you are a coward.'

'A coward!' repeated the outlaw, the angry flush again mounting to his brow.

'Ay, a coward,' repeated Hargreave calmly. 'Instead of bearing your disappointment with manly fortitude, you take revenge on those who are innocent—myself, for example, and this other gentleman whom you have just captured. What earthly concern had we with the occurrence which made you the cruel and desperate man you have become.'

'You belong to a world with whom I am at war,' returned the captain; 'but this gentleman is not the only capture my men have made to-day. The man who bought up my happiness with his gold is in the cave, and she is with him. I have seen her—had her standing before me, and witnessed her degradation. The old miser, her husband, whose wealth tempted her to be false to me, has consented to ransom herself, but refused to ransom her. Oh, is not this a rich reward of her perfidy? He prefers his gold to her—to save it, he would leave her in our hands.'

'But you will not detain her,' said Hargreave; you will allow her to accompany him without a ransom?'

'Impossible,' said the captain. 'Our laws forbid it. If the old dotard persists in his resolution, her fate is sealed all power to avert it.'

'And that fate is what?' asked Hargreave.

'Dishonour and death,' was the answer.

'Great Heaven!' exclelaimed his listener, 'is it possible that you can consign the woman you once loved to such a doom?'

'Know you not that betrayed love turns into deepest hate?' said the captain, as a shadow fell over his face.

'True love cannot hate,' responded Hargreave. 'If the object proves false, it can only pity and forgive. Oh, Captain Jack, if you can do this, I have utterly mistaken your nature—your humanity has gone out of you, and you have become a fiend.'

'This is not a personal act,' returned the Captain, in a tone which betrayed a little compunction of conscience. 'It is the fate of all females who are not ransomed. I am bound by the same oath that binds all my men, and I cannot save her if I would.'

'Horrible, horrible!' said Hargreave, in a tone of disgust. 'But the false course you have adopted must inevitably lead to all that is monstrous and inhuman.'

'Whatever I am or will be, the world is to blame for it,' cried the captain impetuously. 'But I will leave you to make the acquaintance of your friend in misfortune, as you call him. 'I hope, Mr. M'Spurle, you will imbue Mr. Hargreave with a little of your philosophy.'

'I dinna ken aboot that,' remarked Andrew, changing his voice as much as he could, 'every ane thenks themsel'richt. But I hae ae favor to ask o' ye, Captain. I'm sair fashed wi' rheumatisms, and the air that's comin' whirrin' through that grati'n wull be sure tae raise them in me. Wud ye kendly get a screen o' some kind to set afore it?'

'Ah, I have often wished for that,' said Hargreave.

'It shall be attended to at once,' said the Captain, as he hastily left the chamber, and in a very few minutes one of the men appeared with a piece of thick, well-oiled canvass, which he fastened to the wall of the chamber in the inside, causing it to hang over the grating. This effectually stopped the draft, but it did what was more important, and what Andrew had in view when he made his request—it prevented any one one on the outside of the grating from seeing into the the chamber.

'Ah, this is more comfortable,' said Hargreave as he languidly laid himself back in his seat. 'I am obliged to you, sir, for lessening the discomfort of imprisonment.'

Andrew waited till he heard the grating closed, and the footstep of the robber die away in the passage; then he went cautiously round in front of his master, and fixed his eye meaningly upon him.

Hargreave, who had sunk into a melancholy abstraction, did not for some time notice him; but Andrew went nearer, and the light of the lamp shining full upon him, he caught the dreamy, listless eye of the youth, and secured his attention.

Hargreave eyed him at first with curiosity, then, struck by his singular and significant manner, his gaze became fully fixed and he bent on him a look of silent inquiry.

Still he did not recognise him, and Andrew, seeing this, lifted the wig from his brow, and gave him a full view of his countenance. The effect was instantaneous and electrifying.

'Good Heavens!—Andrew!' exclaimed Hargreave, starting up in breathless excitement.

'Whisht, sir, for ony sake, whisht,' whispered the faithful fellow, laying his finger on his lip.' 'Dinna mak' ony ootcry, or a a' is lost.

'But how came you here?' asked the amazed youth, 'and who is your companion? Ha! Terry as I am alive.'

'Meself it is, yer honor, and no other body,' answered Terry, in great delight.

'In the name of all that is wonderful, how have you fallen into the hands of the robbers?'

'When didna *fa'* into their hands, returned Andrew—'we *raise* rather, for we cam' up the mountain for the very purpose we kenn'd ye was here, and we ha'e come to try to get ye oot o' their clutches.'

'My faithful friends, your devotion touches me deeply,' said the youth. 'But your attempt will be fruitless, and may prove fatal to you both. But how did you learn my fate?'

Andrew and Terry, between them, related all that had occurred since the night of Hargreave's capture. The youth listened to every syllable of their communication with intense interest, especially to that part which concerned Mary and Blantire, and the infamous attempt to force her into marriage at the ruined castle; and when Andrew drew forth the ribbon she had sent as a love token and delivered her message of truth and constancy, he snatched it to his lips, and kissed it in rapturous transport.

'And dae ye really think we'll no can mak' oor escape?' inquired Andrew, as he glanced round the chamber.

'I fear it; I much fear it,' replied Hargreave. 'But in truth I never entertained the the idea. Your arrival and the news you bring have sent new hope to my heart. Who knows but by our united efforts a way of escape may be discovered. But we must be wary and circumspect, for if a suspicion be raised that you are other than you seem and have given yourselves out to be, all is lost.'

'But what for dae ye no ransom yersel?' asked Andrew.

'No ransom can be taken for me,' said his master. 'Captain Jack has contracted with Blantire to keep me prisoner here till Mary consents to marry him, and he has a certain headstrong honor which makes him keep his pledge, of whatever nature it may be.'

'But if ye tel't him wha ye are,' said Andrew in a low tone. That micht mak' him change his course.'

'Nothing will influence him,' remarked Hargreave. 'I have studied him closely, and his obstinacy of will is as great as his views are perverted. No; our only hope lies in escape, and every effort must be made to accomplish it. We are three, and our united energies may enable us to succeed, only do not let us by word or look betray ourselves.

They were here interupted by the noise of the grating being drawn aside, and one of the robbers entered with provisions. They all partook heartily of these; and two more couches being make on the floor of the chamber, they lay down to rest for the night.

On the following day, writing materials were brought to Andrew, that in his supposed character of the Laird of Knockwinnock, he might address a mandate to his sister, directing her to forward a bank draft for one hundred pounds, and send the letter to the Waterford post office, where it should lie till called for. So, with a grave countenance, Andrew wrote the letter, sealed, it, and addressed it to Miss Jenny M'Spurtle, Knockwinnock, Stirlingshire, Scotland.

'Ma faith, but it will be a long time or the postman finds out Miss Jenny M'Spurtle,' observed Andrew, when the messenger had departed to post the letter. 'If I'm to stay here till the answer comes back, I'll hae a lang and a weary wait, and mony's the rake that blackguard wull hae doun to Waterford.'

'It's a bold game you've ventured to play Andrew,' observed his master. 'You have risked life itself for my sake.'

'Hoots, sir, I wad fain hope that neither life nor limb are in danger.'

'I echo that hope,' returned his master; 'but I confess that things as yet don't look promising. Here we are, confined in this rocky chamber, the only entrance to and outlet from which is an iron grating securely fastened and which we have no file or other instrument to operate upon. A black prospect, eh?'

'Sure and its myself that's sorry they took my shilelah from me, said Terry. 'Wid what pleasure in life would I knock down the dirty blackguard uv a fellow that brings us our mate and then we could bolt.'

'With every chance of being seized in the hall,' said Hargreave. 'No, Terry, I fear we must adopt a less valiant mode of retreat. If we escape at all it must be by stratagem. We must wait awhile and see what turns up; and yet waiting will be hard work for me, for when I think of Mary exposed to the wiles of that unprincipled scoundrel Blantire, my very soul burns with impatience.'

Two days passed and the prospect did not brighten. On the third night, as Hargreave lay tossing in feverish anxiety on his couch, the faint sound of human voices reached his ear. His couch was close to the wall of the cavern, and the sound seemed to come from that same direction.

He listened intently, and in the stillness of night he distinctly heard the soft pleadings of a lady's voice. The words he could not make out but the sad, pathetic tones were unmistakeable and they were occasionally responded to by deeper tones, evidently those of a man.

He rose to his elbw and looked round the chamber. The oil lamp swinging from the roof, was turned down so as to give the faintest glimmering of light. By the low, regular breathings of the companions, he knew that they both slept. He listened again, but all was more silent, and he began to think that he had been asleep and dreaming. Concluding thus, he was about to lay his head again upon the pillow, when the same sound we repeated. They seemed to come from one point, and that was near the floor at that side of his couch which was nearest the wall.

Filled by curiosity, as well as by the hope of making some discovery, Hargreave bent over and examined the spot with his hands.

There was a small mound of clay and rubbish, covered by the mould of years, but it was comparatively soft and yielding.

'This is an outlet from the chamber,' he mentally exclaimed, and greatly excited, he began to pull away the rubbish from the side of the wall. Soon his surprise was confirmed, for as he removed the stuff and outlines of a low archway began to show itself. The sound of voices grew also more distinct, giving him reason to suppose that there was a chamber adjoining, in which, probably, the other two prisoners were confined, and that it was their voices in conversation that reached his ear.

This idea somewhat damped his hope, for the aperature he had discovered would only lead to another prison, and not to liberty; still he wrought on, drawing back the rubbish and increasing the cavity till a beam of light shone upon him from the other side, and the voices came full and distinctly, indeed, as if he had been in the room with the speakers. Bending his head still lower, his eye came opposite the aperture, through which the light streamed, and obtained a view of a chamber similar to his own, but smaller, and more comfortably furnished.

An old, grey-haired man sat on a cushioned chair, and beside him stood a fair and beauteous girl with flushed face and beaming eye, and a look of scornful dignity settled on her features. She stood erect, and her bosom heaved, as if some strong feeling surged through it.

'You have made up your mind to leave me here, then,' she said, in cold and frigid tones. 'You will sacrifice your wife rather than part with a little of your superfluous gold.'

'A little,' repeated the old man in great indignation. 'Do you call five hundred pounds little?'

'It is little compared with what you possess,' she rejoined, 'and little surely, when compared with the safety and honor of your wife.'

'Haven't they robbed me of a thousand pounds besides?' he querulously returned; 'and do you thinks I am fool enough to squander any more? Not a farthing. I shan't ruin myself for anybody, so you needn't plague me. But that's always the way with women. They don't care what cost they put a man to. It is spend, and waste, waste, with them for ever.

'When did I ask you to spend money on my account before?' she asked. 'It is certainly little that you have lost by by me.'

'Little that I have lost!' he repeated. 'Don't I lose the thousand pounds which your father owed me?'

'No,' she firmly rejoined; I paid that money—paid it by the sacrifice of myself. When you put before us the cruel alternative of my father's imprisonment or my marriage with you, did I not go to the altar, to save my father from the dishonor of a jail, and from dying a broken heart? And in doing this, did I not reliquish all that was dear to me—all that I cherished? Did I not ever forswear my plighted troth, and prove untrue to the man whose honourable love I had received, and to whom I had given my heart.—He never knew the cause of my desertion. Rather than utter one word discreditable to the man I consented to marry, I gave him no explanation and to this hour, if, indeed he still lives, he thinks me a mean, miserable wretch, who bartered myself for gold. All this I gave up—all this I endured—and now you will consign me to dishonor and death. I appeal not to your love, for that you never had; nor to your humanity, for gold has eaten it out of you; nor to your sense of duty, for that exists not in your nature; but I appeal to your fear of that God at whose bar you must soon stand. For the sake of your own soul, heap not this guilt upon your aged head. Very soon the grave will claim you as its prey, and what will your gold avail you then?'

'Oh, you think I,ll die soon, and you will get my money,' he cried, with a bitter, mocking laugh. 'Ha, ha,! I'll live for many years yet. My gold is mine, and I mean to enjoy it.'

'The men are ready to conduct you down the mountain,' said a gruff voice; and one of the robbers entered the chamber and beckoned on the old man to follow him.

'And I'm ready to go,' answered the latter, rising with great alacrity.

'My orders are to prevent the lady from accompanying you,' added the man.

'I know, I know,' said the heartless, hoaryheaded miser, as he walked deliberately past the wife he was basely deserting, and without one farewell look or word, quitted the chamber.

The door was closed with a grating noise, and the helpless and forsaken girl was left alone.

'Oh, she murmered, clasping her hands and looking upward, 'this is heaven's retribution for the terrible sin I committed in proving false to Henry. Father, father! it was all for thee Do you see me now? Oh, if you do, pity me, and ask heaven to save me, if salvation be possible!'

And with a long, mournful moan, the hapless girl staggered to a couch and fell upon it, weeping and sobbing in the very bitterness of despair.

Hargreave reverently withdrew his gaze from the scene of private anguish and desolation, and, hastily heaping up the rubbish, returned to his couch to think over the conversation he had just listened to.

(To be Continued.)

MARK TWAIN BEARDS THE FENIAN IN HIS LAIR.

I hunted up an old friend, Dennis McCarthy, who is editor of the new Fenian journal in SanFrancisco, *The Irish People*. I found him sitting on a sumptuos candle box, in his shirt sleeves, solacing himself with a whiff at the national dhudeen or caubeen, or whatever they call it—a clay pipe with no stem to speak of. I thought it might flatter him to address him in his native tongue, and so I bowed with considerable grace and said: I Arrah!"

And he said, "Bejabers!"

"Och hone!" said I.

"Mavourneen dheelish, acushla macree," replied The McCarthy.

"Erin go bragh," I continued with vivacity.

"Asthore!" responded The McCarthy

"Tare an' ouns!" said I.

"Bhe dha husth; fag a rogharha lums!" said the bold Fenian.

"Ye have me there, be me sowl," said I, "for I'm not 'up' in the niceties of the language, you understand; I only know enough of it to enable me to 'keep my end up' in an ordinary conversation."

Mires, the great Persian financier, had a hot argument with a shareholder in one of his enterprises. 'I hope you will not eat me,' said his antagonist. 'No!' answered the Jew, 'my religion forbids it!'

Not long since in South Carolina, a clergyman was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After expatiating for some time on the awful consequence of disobedience to the Divine commands, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, that passed through congregation like an electric shock, "Are there any Jonahs here?" There was a negro present, whose name was Jonah, who, thinking himself called on, immediately arose, and turning up his white eyes to the preacher, with his broadest grin and best bow, answered, "Here be one massa."

Oiling a Ventriloquist.—A physician says that he was going down the Mississippi, some months since, on a steamer whose engine was upon the decks, he sauntered in the vicinity to see the working of the machinery. Near by stood a man apparently bent upon the same object. In a few moments a squeaking noise was heard on the opposite side of of the engine. Seizing the oil can (a gigantic one, by the way) the engineer sought out the dry spot, and to prevent further noise of that kind, liberally applied the contents of his can to every joint. All went well for a while, when the squeaking was heard in another direction. The oiling process was repeated and quiet restored; but as the engineer was coming quietly around toward the spot occupied by the doctor and stranger, he heard another squeak. This time he detected the true cause of the difficulty. The stranger was a ventriloquist. Walking directly up behind him, he seized the astonished joker by the back of his neck, and emptied the contents of the can down his spine.

"There!" said he, "I don't believe that the old engine will squeak again."