Victoria Warder,

And Weekly Commercial Advertiser.

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The Victoria Warder

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One Dollar Per Annum.

A Liberal Discount Allowed on Yearly Advertisements.

Book and Job Printing, in the latest styles, at *At Less than Toronto Prices!*

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOMAS W. POOLEY, M. D.,
CORONER, LINDSAY.
March 16, 1870.

J. R. COGAR, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., at Medical Hall, from 9 a.m., to 12; and 2 to 5 p.m. Residence Lindsay Street.

E. A. BERRIMAN, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, Wellington Street, Lindsay. Office and residence—in the Blue Cottage back of the Methodist Church.

E. HENSON, M. D.,
GRADUATE of Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, New York, and also of Victoria college, Canada, Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office, One door north of Barriston's Hotel, Wm. St., Lindsay.

DR. GEO. A. NORRIS,
GRADUATE of the University of Victoria College, Licentiate of Royal College Surgeons England, Physician, Surgeon, &c., Associate Coroner, County of Victoria, Ont.

LEGAL.

CAMERON & DORMER.
BARRISTERS, and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Hector Cameron, M.A. | Geo. Dormer, B.A.

DENNISTOUN & HUDSPETH.
BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, & Notaries Public. Near Ontario Bank, Lindsay. J. F. DENNISTOUN. | A. HUDSPETH.

P. S. MARTIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Solicitor for the Ontario Bank. Office, over Foley's Hardware Store, Kent St., Lindsay.

ARTHUR O'LEARY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor, &c. Office, Knowlson's Block, corner Kent & Wm. Sts., Lindsay, Ont. Entrance, First Door on Wm St.

SMITH & SMITH.
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notaries, &c., Lindsay. Office, over Beatty's Store. HON. SIDNEY SMITH. | SETH SMITH.

WELLER & HATTON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c. Office, corner George & Simcoe Sts., Peterboro. D. G. HATTON. | C. A. WELLER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS PEARE,
ORGANIST to St. Pauls Church, Lindsay, has the honor to announce that she receives pupils for instruction on the Piano-Forte, Organ and Melodeon. Residence, Opposite Bell's Hotel, Wm. St. Lindsay.

MRS. R. T. STEPHENS,
LATE from London, England. Teacher on the Piano-Forte, Russel Street, Lindsay. Terms on application at her residence.

WM. LLOYDS RUSSELL,
LINDSAY, Ont. OFFICE.—Corner of Kent & Wm. Sts., Land, Estate & General Agent, Auctioneer, &c. Lands, shares and Mortgages, Bought and Sold. Loans negotiated and investments made. Farm Lands and cultivated Farms in very desirable districts for sale. Special Attention given to procuring, (through Agent in Toronto) Land Patents, the settlement of land claims, timber licenses from the Crown Lands Department.
REFERENCES.—Geo. Kenny, Esq M.P.; T. Matchett, Esq.; H. Cameron, Esq.; A. K. Cockburn, Esq.; C. C. Scott, Esq.

C. KNOWLSON,
AGENT for the Commercial Union Assurance Company, Issuer Marriage Licenses, Commissioner for taking Affidavits, Conveyancer &c.

WILLIAM FOSTER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses; and Commissioner for taking Affidavits for the Counties of Victoria, Peterboro', and North, and South Ontario. General Insurance Agent Mariposa, a Mile south of Oakwood.

"VICTORIA HOUSE,"
WORKMAN'S Brick Block, (opposite Messrs. Foley's Hardware Store, (Cor. Kent & York Sts., Lindsay. New house & Furniture. The travelling community will find every accommodation. The bar supplied with the best wines, liquors, &c. Large shed & good stabling. An Attentive Hostler always in attendance.
EDWARD VEITCH, Proprietor.

BRYAN GUNIGAL'S
NEW Livery Stable, York St. Lindsay.—Horses and Carriages for hire on the most reasonable terms.

JOHN JOHNSTON,
THE oldest established tailor in Lindsay, (Shop on east side of Wm. St.) Is prepared to execute all orders. All work warranted to give satisfaction at reasonable prices.

BELL'S HOTEL,
William Street, Lindsay,
Is re-opened for the reception of Guests.
As the proprietors have
Spared No Expense
in fitting and fixing up the above establishment, and have secured the services of first-class servants, the travelling community may depend on receiving every attention.
R. G. BELL,
Lindsay, July, 1869. Manager.

PRINCE OF WALES' SALOON.
WM. BURT, - - PROPRIETOR.
COURT ST. AND LINDSAY STREETS, LINDSAY.
BEST BRANDS OF LIQUORS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
A Good Billiard Table in the Premises.
The choicest OYSTERS at the Prince of Wales' Saloon. 667

JOB WORK
Of all descriptions executed at the WARDER Office.

Port Hope, Lindsay & Beaverton Railway.
AND
PORT HOPE & PETERBORO RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

ON and after Monday, Nov. 22, 1869, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MAIL.

Lindsay, depart	9:35	a.m.
Millbrook, arrive	11:15	"
Port Hope, arrive	1:10	p.m.

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.—MAIL.

Port Hope, depart	3:00	p.m.
Millbrook, arrive	4:25	"
Lindsay, arrive	6:30	"

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MIXED.

Lindsay, depart	12:35	p.m.
Millbrook, arrive	2:35	"
Port Hope, arrive	4:20	"

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MIXED.

Port Hope, depart	8:45	a.m.
Millbrook, arrive	1:20	"
Lindsay, arrive	3:10	"

PETERBOROUGH SECTION.

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MAIL.

Peterborough, depart	3:30	p.m.
Millbrook, arrive	4:20	"
Port Hope, arrive	6:30	"

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.—MAIL.

Port Hope Depart	10.10	a.m.
Millbrook, arrive	11:35	"
Peterboro' arrive	12:35	p.m.

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MIXED.

Peterborough depart	5:30	a.m.
Millbrook, arrive	6:20	"
Port Hope, arrive	8:05	"

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.—MIXED.

Port Hope, depart	3:15	p.m.
Millbrook, arrive	3:35	"
Peterborough arrive	5:20	"

A. T. WILLIAMS, Supt.

Dentistry!

WITH TEETH. WITHOUT TEETH

J. NEELANDS,
Licentiate of Dental Surgery,
EXTRACTS teeth, positively without pain by the use of pure Nitrous Oxide (laughing gas) greatly improved, delightful to take and perfectly safe. Nearly 200 persons have taken it in my office during the past year with the most satisfactory results.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
Exceedingly pretty, very natural looking and useful in mastication, inserted at from $1.00 to $2.00 per tooth. Whole Upper Sets from $14 to $20.00. No charge for extracting teeth where others are to be inserted.

TEETH FILLED,
So that they will last a lifetime with an improved preparation of gold, also with Silver Amalgamos Artificial and Silver Foil.

ARTIFICIAL PALATES
Inserted where they have been destroyed by disease or are the result of congenital defect.
The public are respectfully invited to call and any information connected with the teeth will be freely given.
OFFICE—Over Thirkell & Purvis's Drug Store, Lindsay.
December 1st, 1868.

$500,000 TO LOAN!
$500,000 TO LOAN in sums of $300 and upwards, on improved farms, in the older settled portions of the County of Victoria. No interest charged is eight per cent., and is not required in advance thereby giving the borrower the use of the money for the full term of the loan. Borrowers must bear in mind that when they pay back by instalments of principal and interest annually, they do not have the use of the money for the term of years they borrow and thereby pay double the rate of interest. It makes the plan of borrowing for a term of years and only paying the interest annually by far the most favorable for the borrower. The principal can be repaid at any time in whole or in part on favorable terms. No commission charged. Expenses low.
G. M. ROSE
Lindsay, March, 1870.

MONEY TO LOAN,
At 8 Per Cent,
IN sums of from $150 to $2,000, on first-class farming lands. Private funds.
SMITH & SMITH
Barristers, &c.
Lindsay, April 6th, 1869. 631tf.

MONEY TO LOAN
ON REAL ESTATE AT EIGHT PER Cent. Apply to
E. D. ORDE.
Office in McDonald's Brick Block, Kent Street Lindsay.

MONEY TO LOAN!
ON EASY TERMS.
Apply to
P. S. MARTIN.
Lindsay, May 10th, 1869.

MONEY TO LOAN
AT 8 PER CENT,
Apply to
A. O'LEARY.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE,
BETWEEN
Minden & Haliburton.
The Stage will leave Haliburton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6 o'clock a.m., and return the same evening.
Fare Reduced. Parcels at the risk of owners unless booked and paid for.
BRYAN GUNIGAL.

ABSOLUTE DIVORCES LEGALLY Obtained in New York, Indiana, Illinois and other States, for persons from any State or Country; legal everywhere; desertion, drunkenness, non-support, etc., sufficient cause; no publicity; no charge until divorce obtained. Advice free. Business established fifteen years. Address,
M. HOUSE, Attorney,
No. 16, Nassau Street, New York City

Poetry

The Wearing of the Green.

Och, Biddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The green flag is forbid to wave upon Canadian ground.
Where'er a Fenian shows himself, a volunteer is seen—
They've no liking up in Canada for wearers of the green.
Och, I met great General O'Neill, and I bowed before him low,
'Can you tell me, General' says I, 'how does the engagement go?'
Says he, 'I've an engagement with General Foster in the rear,
But you go forward to the front, and flank them, Barney dear.'

To 'liberate' the poor Canucks we Fenian heroes swore:
'Twas with this generous intent we crossed the border o'er.
But the spalpeens do not seem to care for liberty a jot,
Though the only price we asked for it was everything they'd got!
They called us thieves and cut-throats, a filibustering band,
And, armed with swords and bayonets, they drov us from the land:
And swore that as good subjects of Victoria, their Queen,
They could accept no favors from the wearers of the green.

So now, returned from war's alarms, I'm safe at home once more;
And one thing I can tell you, you may safely bet, asture,
That nought shall e'er persuade me, through all the coming years,
To face the Snider rifles of Canadian Volunteers!
They've a nasty way of shooting, have those Mississquoi men;
And if your Barney knows himself he'll ne'er face them again.
They may keep their dirty country, their Union Jack and Queen—
The I. R. A. is played out, and the wearers of the green!

LABOUR.

"What do we live for?
Is labor so lowly,
Toil so ignoble, we shrink from its stain?
Think of it—labor
Is God-like and holy:
He that is idle is living in vain.

What do we live for?
Creation is groaning,
Her desolate places are yet to be built;
The voice of the years
Swells deeper the moaning,
As time rolls on the dark tide of guilt.

What do we live for?
The question is sounding
Low in the silence, and loud in the din,
And to each heart-ear
With warm pulses bounding,
Answers come thronging, without and within.

What do we live for?
We live to be waging
Battle, unceasing, with in-dwelling sin;
We live to fight on,
In conflict engaging
Temptations without, and passions within.

What do we live for?
To sow by all waters,
Fruit-bearing seeds of deeds for all years;
To work in the ranks
With earth's sons and daughters,
Thankfully striving with doubtings and fears.

What do we live for?
We live not to rust out,
Slothfully standing aloof from the strife;
A thousand times better,
More noble to wear out,
Battered and burned in the hot forge of life.'

Literature.

The Indian Mother's Revenge.

Two men rolled themselves out of their blankets and proceeded to replenish the fire, that had burned down during the night. These men were Paul Gordon and Carl Hausman, trappers; and the river that rolled at their feet was Clarke's, a branch of the Columbia.

'Paul, what makes you look so dull this morning?' With that look on your face you resemble the Blackfoot squaw I saw yesterday morning,' said Carl, after they had lighted their pipes and seated themselves by the now roaring fire, to have a comfortable smoke.

Paul Gordon started and clenched his companion's arm eagerly, while his face was deadly pale.

'You saw a Blackfoot squaw yesterday! What was she doing in this region? What was she like? Tell me quick!' he exclaimed, totally ignoring his friend's question.

Carl Hausman elevated his eyebrows in surprise.

'You needn't get so excited about it. Keep cool and I will try and answer your questions. I saw a Blackfoot squaw in the woods west of here yesterday morning. I do not know what she was doing. She appeared to be walking about for the benefit of her health, or to keep warm, I do not know which. She was like—let me see—she was homely, old and wrinkled, and she walked stooping.'

'Was she tall?'

'She would have been if she had stood erect.'

Paul's face grew still paler. Carl became alarmed.

'What in the name of wonder is the matter?' he asked. Paul ignored the question.

'Did she have a scar on the left cheek—one that extended clear across it?'

'I think she had.'

Paul Gordon released his hold on his companion's arm and sank upon the ground, covering his face with his hands.

'It is the same. I am doomed! doomed!'

'Will you tell me what ails you, or are you crazy?' asked Carl, as he laid his hand on the other's shoulder.

The touch roused him, and he sat up and looked his companion in the face.

'I may be acting foolishly, but if you will listen, I will endeavor to explain.'

'Listen! To be sure I will listen. Go on.'

'Ten years ago,' began Paul, 'I was trapping near the head of the Columbia river. Our party met strong and the Indians were friendly. There was a small village of them a few miles distant, and we soon became intimate. Many a hunt I had in company with the sturdy Blackfoot warriors. I mingled freely with them, and to tell the truth, I spent more time at the village than at our camp. There was one young warrior that usually accompanied me in my hunts, and I always made my home at his lodge when in the village. Grey Eagle was his name, and I must say that I never saw a nobler red man than he. He was a true friend to me, as he more than once proved. It was my own act that changed his friendship into hatred—that changed the trustful brave into a revengeful man.

'Grey Eagle had a sister, who was the life and light of his little cabin. White men may prate as they will about savage heartlessness and savage barberity; but they have only to see what I have seen, and they would then know that there is love and honor and friendship at the fireside of an Indian warrior, as well as in the home of the paleface.'

'Grey Eagle idolized his beautiful sister; and even I could not but look upon her with a feeling of respect; but never, in all the haunts of civilization, have I seen her equal for gentle innocence, for amiability of disposition, for sweet, confiding trust. If ever there was an angel on earth it was Star Eyes, the Blackfoot maiden, the sister of Grey Eagle.'

'I fancied that I loved her, but it was nothing more than a fleeting passion—a love that, instead of elevating, would destroy. It was the love of a vile, wicked man of the world, who was all base, with not one iota of feeling in his depraved heart. I will say it without flinching; I was at that time the vilest wretch west of the Missouri river. Decent people looked upon me with horror, and shuddered whenever my name was mentioned.

'I am not so bad now; years of sorrow and remorse have changed me in heart as well as in personal appearance. Who, looking on the grey, grizzled locks, and scarred, weather-beaten face of Paul Gordon to-day, would think that ten short years ago he was the most handsome man in the mountains, with hair black as the raven's wing. But I will resume my narrative.

'I fancied that I loved Star Eyes; and she, what would she naturally do but respect her brother's friend?—and we all know that respect is akin to love. Whenever I was not on hunting expeditions with the brother, I was seated at the sister's side, or wandering hand in hand with the sweet, guileless child beneath the cool shade of the forest trees, and pouring into her all too willing ears my tales of false deception with all the impassioned fervor of my nature. All this Grey Eagle knew; but he loved his white friend, and nothing would have pleased him more than a wedded union of myself and his darling Star Eyes. But I had no thoughts of marrying the guileless Indian maiden. Far from it. If such had been my intentions, and I had carried them out, all would have been well, and to-day I might have been a happy man; but the evil spirit within me urged me on to do the dastardly deed that has embittered my whole life, and has also broken the hearts of others.

'Yes, I will say it—and Carl, do not turn your face away in horror—I repaid the tried friendship of Grey Eagle by betraying his innocent trusting sister; and when the hour of exposure came I fled from the home I had wronged and took refuge with the whites, who sheltered me from the vengeance that should have overtaken me then and there, for Star Eyes died that night. My companions were half bandits themselves, and my crime was looked upon as a good joke only. From that hour I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth. For years Grey Eagle followed like an avenging spirit on my trail. He has followed me from the Columbia River to the Gulf of Mexico; from the muddy Missouri to the shores of the Pacific Ocean; but somehow I always kept out of his reach until about three years ago.'

'I was trapping alone in the midst of the Black Hills. Somehow I could not bear the sight of a human face. They all seemed to say, 'You are a villain; you are the one that committed the deed;' and so I made up my mind to try one winter alone. It was a dreary time. The snow lay two feet thick all over the hills, and I apprehended no danger. I had been there about two months, and one bitter cold morning as I sat by my camp fire cooking my breakfast, a footfall fell upon my ear, and on looking up I saw standing before me, not ten feet distant, Grey Eagle.

'Had a bombshell fallen at my feet I could not have been more astonished. I sprang up instantly and gazed upon him. His face looked haggard and worn, as though he had undergone much anxiety and suffering, but his eyes blazed like those of a demon. He stood still for a moment and then drawing his hatchet from his belt at the same time, he spoke. 'At last I have met you, dog of a pale face; and now Star Eyes shall be avenged!'

'Even as he spoke he sprang towards me; but I was prepared to commit the crowning act of infamy. Instead of bounding forward to receive the blow, as an honorable man would have done under the circumstances, I calmly drew my revolver from my pocket and fired upon him. His tomahawk fell from his hand, his eyes were turned towards me for a moment as if to chastise me; the blood gushed from his breast, and he sank backwards into the arms of death. His spirit had gone to join that of his sister, in the happy hunting ground of their race. Since the death of Grey Eagle I have had no peace. Another avenger is on my trail. The mother of Grey Eagle and Star Eyes is following me, not only to avenge her daughter, but her son.

'But what has all this to do with the old woman I saw a few days ago,' remarked Carl.

'Can't you conjecture? The old woman you saw is the avenging mother. Last night I had a dream. I dreamt that I standing near the bank of a beautiful river, when an old woman suddenly appeared before me and fastened her claws—not hands—upon my throat; and as I was strangling I heard her scream, 'Grey Eagle and Star Eyes are avenged!' Oh, I am doomed!' groaned the trapper, as he buried his face in his hands.

Carl started up.

'You have been a wicked sinner,' he said, 'a very wicked sinner! But you have suffered for your sins. If you lead a good life henceforth, you may perhaps atone by years of penitence and prayer. You must go to the east, where the old woman cannot follow you, and where you can have rest and peace. Will you do this?'

'Yes, yes; I will lead a good life if I am spared.'

'And you must promise me one thing, Paul.'

'A dozen, if you ask them.'

'I will but exact one. If you meet the old Indian woman, you must yield up your life. Do not stain your soul with another sin.'

'I will do as you say. Perhaps it is for the best. But, Carl, I shall never see the States again. I am a doomed man!'

'Do not talk in that way, Paul, but hope for the best. We will leave this place at once, and I will remain with you night and day until we reach Portland, where you can embark in some good ship bound for New York. You have enough to enable you to spend the rest of your life in peace.'

'Yes, I have plenty.'

'Then let us commence operations at once. We will tramp across the country to Kooskook, where we will embark and float down the river into the broad Columbia. Come, Paul, bestir yourself. You know we have got to move rapidly.'

And Carl bustled about, more to dispel the gloom that rested upon his companion's face than for any other purpose.

The sun was high in the heavens when they started on their long forest journey, and his rays shone down on the distant mountains, on the sparkling waves of the white surface of snow that glistened and scintillated in a thousand flashes of golden river the men were leaving behind, on the light. It was a wild, weird picture, this forest scene, where the whole surface of the earth was, as Tennyson expresses it, 'dumb with snow.'

It was late at night when they halted; and after kindling a fire of some dried twigs close to the side of a rock, they sat down and endeavored to make a repast of the dried buffalo meat they had brought with them. After which they lit their pipes and smoked long and earnestly.

At length Carl arose.

'I will watch the fore part of the night,' he said. 'You'd better lie down and get a little rest. It is late. At least ten o'clock,' he added, glancing at the stars overhead.

Paul wrapped himself in his blanket and laid down by the fire, while Carl paced slowly round the the little camp.

The hours wore slowly on, and the weary sentinel, now leaning against a tree, muttered:

'I do not believe the old Indian woman has followed us. Poor old creature, what a life has been hers! Paul deserves death, if ever man deserves it; but I feel that is my duty to protect him. He will do better if he lives; but he never can make any reparation for the crimes he has committed.'

Little did Carl Hausman think that the eyes of the old Indian woman were upon him; that even while he was speaking, she was slowly creeping towards the sleeper, knife in hand.

She had not followed in vain. The wearisome search was about to end. Should she let the murderer escape her hand? No!—a thousand times, no! All that cold, wintery day she had followed through the drifting snow upon the trail of him she hated; and now while his companion's eyes were bent on the ground in meditation, she had crept round the rock, and was kneeling above him.

Paul Gordon awoke. He saw the set face of the Indian woman, the glaring eyes, the glittering steel uplifted, and even in that brief moment he attempted to stay the blow. It was too late. The steel descended and was buried in his breast; and as the dark blood spurted upward the avenger leaped away.

The noise started Carl Hausman from his reverie, and he sprang forward, only to encounter the dying gaze of his friend. He bent over him; but the blood was pouring in a stream from his breast, and Carl saw that there was no help for him; so he gently laid him down.

Paul lifted his eyes to meet the gaze of his friend.

'The Indian woman,' he muttered feebly, 'has avenged Star Eyes and Grey Eagle.'

His eyes closed, his head fell back, and Carl knew that Paul Gordon's spirit was with his Maker.

Carl knelt down, and prayed to God to have mercy on his friend's soul.

Some years after the events before narated occurred, Carl Hausman, while wandering near the head of the Columbia River, came upon a lonely mound, across which lay the body of an Indian woman. She had just died; and despite the mantle of death, he recognised the avenging mother. The grave on which she rested was that of Star Eyes.

Weston, the pedestrian, is to walk one hundred miles in twenty hours in New York on Wednesday.

The Greeks are said to be the most sensible people in the world; as they wear one style of dress all the year round and the fashion never changes.

WHEN TO SET HENS.—The *Poultry Bulletin*, published by the New York State Poultry Society, gives expression to the following opinion: It is advisable to set a hen at night, and without a light, if she be a timid one. Eggs sprinkled with water on the 14th, 17th, and 20th day after they are set will rarely have dead chickens in them at the end of the time for incubation.

In giving up the body of Rowe, the Fenian who was shot dead while leading on the advance of their column at Pigeon Hill, no kind of Fenian demonstration was allowed to be made; but an undertaker with his assistant came from St. Albans with a coffin, and in a very short time the body was exhumed and carried away to St. Albans.

"Battle of Chickabiddy."

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* has the following rich burlesque of the Pigion Hill affair:

"Weston was not the only one who performed a great walking feat yesterday. The way that Gen. O'Neill and his brave army walked over to Canada—and then walked back again, begets the hope that pedestrianism may rise to the dignity of a national institution spite of the contumely hitherto heaped upon it. Before such magnificent speed as the Irish gallants made what are Weston's one hundred miles in twenty-two hours? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Let us take breath a moment and think of it. There were two hundred of them, and O'Neill led the van. "Slowly and sadly" they are said to have moved. We can believe it, for then they were going to the battle field. That brilliant burst of speed to which we have alluded, did not begin until they were coming from it.

About that hour of the morning when Napoleon met the Archduke Charles at Austerlitz, O'Neill met the hated redcoats at Chickabiddy. Two hundred big Irish hearts bounded at the sight, but when the rattle of musketry commenced, two hundred stout Irish legs felt 'shaky.' Gaily the festive O'Neill raised his bonnet as the bullets whizzed overhead, and shouted: "Be gorra, my darlints, this looks loike work. Do yez moind these lead devils? Thin phat are yez shtandin' there fur loike a dhrove av frightent sheep? Up at thim, me lads!" his words ran like greased lightning. For a moment a feeling of enthusiasm stirred their blood and drove it in a feeble current to their bleached cheeks. Phelim O'Grady looked at Micky McGaw, and Micky McGaw looked at Terence O'Toodle. There was an awful pause. "May the divil eat yez!" roared O'Neill, "but upon me sowl, I believe yez are a set av chicken livered rogues. Fire, I say!." Roused by his eloquence, the gallant two hundred levelled their muskets. Terrible moment! Ireland was on the eve of being avenged. Centuries of wrong were to be expiated in a single second of time. The mangled corses of British cut-throats were to have dyed the green sward of Chickabiddy with great gouts of blood. But they didn't. Oh! no, they didn't.

A white cloud of smoke curled up in front of the enemy's line. "Bang, bang bang," sounded from the throats of British breech-loaders. Terence O'Toodle cast a frightened glance at Micky McGaw as the latter clapped his hands beneath his coat-tails, and sank upon the turf, gasping. 'Oh, for wan drop av whishkey.' Only this glance cast Terence O'Toodle, and then he and one hundred and ninety-eight of Ireland's gallant avengers sped away like a herd of deer before the horn of the hunter. From a conspicuous position in the extreme rear the Daring O'Neill beheld the fight. Turning to his aid, and unbuckling his sword, he thusly spoke:—"Brave Boyle O'Rielly, take ye this bloody blade. The eyes of ould Oirland are upon you. Look afther the murderin' butchers. Tell them, by all the powers, that O'Neill says they aint fit for crows' meat. I leave the command to ye, bould Boyle O'Rielly. I'm sick. I'm going to see McGinness. McGinness lives on the American side: Farewell, O'Rielly. God bless ould Oirland!'

Hard to Please.

Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a business man, and when Pitts goes into a store to trade he always gets the lowest cash price, he says:—'Well, I'll look about, and if I dont find anything that suits me better I'll call and take this.'

Pitts, like all fast men, is partial to women, and young ones in particular.—'Now, quite lately, Pitts said to himself—'I am getting rather long in years, and guess I'll get married.'

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a friend, opened conversation by remarking that he would like to know what about his getting married. 'Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself.' 'But,' says Pitts, 'you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?'

The young lady blushed very red; hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter of fact Pitts responded:—'Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back.'

How to Judge Books.

Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow creatures? Has it addressed itself to your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathesome, or shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title page. Throw it into the fire, young man, tho' it be the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood bookcase.—*Southey.*

The Bible.

A nation would be truly blessed if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book. It is so complete a system that nothing can be added to or taken away from it. It contains everything needful to be known or done. It affords a copy for a king, or a rule for a subject. It gives instruction and counsel to a senate—authority and direction to a magistrate. It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table; tells him how to rule, and instructs how to manage. It entails honor on parents and enjoins obedience on children. It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master; commands the subject to honor, and the servant to obey; and promises the blessing of its Author to all who walk by its rules. It gives directions for weddings, and for burials; and is an eternal guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust, and promises a father to the former and a husband to the latter. It teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will. It affords a dowry for the wife, and entails the right of the first-born, and shows how the younger branches shall be left. It defends the right of all, and reveals vengeance to the defrauder and oppressor. It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in the world. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever was revealed. It contains the best laws and the profoundest mysteries that ever were penned. It brings the best tidings, and affords the best comfort to the enquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality, and shows the way to everlasting glory. It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to Him; and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that trust in them. In short it is a book of laws to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom, and condemns folly, and makes the foolish wise. A book of truth that detects all lies and confutes all errors; and a book of life that shows the way from everlasting death. It is the most compendious book in all the world; the most authentic and most entertaining history that ever was published. It contains the most early antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds and unparalled wars. It describes the celestial, terrestial and infernal worlds, and origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes and infernal legions. It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic and the best rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skilful arithmeticians, puzzle the wisest anatomist and exercises the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher and guides the wise astronomer. It exposes the sophist and makes the deviners mad. It is a complete code of laws, a perfect book of Divinity, an unequal narrative; a book of lives; a book of travels and a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on, the best deed that ever was sealed; the best evidence that ever was produced; the best will that ever was made, the best testament that ever was signed. To understand it is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it is to be destitute of wisdom. It is the king's best copy, the magistrates best rule, the housewife's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion. It is the school boy's spelling book and the learned master-piece. It contains a choice grammar for a novice and a treatise for a sage. It is the ignorant man's dictionary and the wise man's directory. It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the ingenious and dark sayings for the grave, and it is its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrior, the racer, the overcomer: and promises an eternal reward to the conquerer; and that which crowns all is that its AUTHOR is without partiality and without hypocrisy, for in Him is no variableness nor shadow of turning.

Starting a Poultry yard.

A story of close management is told of a Yankee, who lately settled down in the West. He was the picture of a mean man, but as he put himself to work to get his house to rights, the neighbors lent him a hand. After he had everything fixed to his notion, a though struck his mind that he had no chickens, and he was powerfully fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them. At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor and thus accosted him:

'Wal, I reckon you aint got no old hen or nothin' you'd lend me for a few weeks, have you, neighbor?'

'I'll lend you one with pleasure,' replied the gentleman, picking out the finest in the coop.'

The Yankee took the hen home, and went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen of eggs. He set the hen, and in due course of time she hatched a dozen of chickens.

The Yankee was again puzzled, he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea—he would keep the hen until she had laid a dozen eggs.

This he did, and then returned the hen and eggs to their owners, remarking as he did so:

'Wal, I reckon I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as you ever laid your eyes on; and they didn't cost me anything, rather.'

A Disconsolate Veteran.

A few days since I dropped into a down town restaurant, where I found quite a number of sympathizing people collected around a table at which sat a remnant of the Union Army. Said 'remnant' was a man of middle age, careworn and dejected; clad in the old uniform of blue, the blouse tattered and torn, and the pants patched in many places.

'What is it?' I asked of a bystander.

A poor soldier of the late war, he told me, who had just returned home.

I made my way to the table.

'Yes,' said the veteran in a mournful accent, addressing the gentleman who had been questioning him, 'I was at the first battle of Bull Run; I was at Yorktown; and at Fair Oaks; and I was in the mud at the Chickahominy; and in the whole of that seven days' battle; and I was at Antietam, and got a bullet through my leg; and I was at Fredericksburg and at Chancellorville. At Chancellorville I was wounded again and taken prisoner. I was six months in the prison pen at Andersonville, and then made my escape. I had no money, and found work in a blacksmith's shop. But I was kicked out of that, and I brought up in New Orleans, where I took a berth as fisherman on board a river boat. Three months ago, I found I had money enough to get home with. I'd been gone almost seven years, and supposed I'd been given up long ago for dead. I came home—came home, gentlemen—but not to the peace and blessing I had anticipated.'

And here the veteran wiped a tear from his bronzed cheek upon the sleeve of his tattered blouse.

'You had a wife?' suggested the questioner.

'Yes, I had.'

'And you found her dead?'

'Dead?' echoed the wayworn warrior, in hollow tones. 'Ah, no. Worse than that.'

'Married to another, perhaps?'

'No. Worse than that.'

'Then what could it have been?'

'Ah,' replied the disconsolate veteran, a fearful shudder creeping through his shattered frame, 'my wife had not given me up! *She had remained all these years in her lonely state—waiting for me!*'

Poor fellow!

Not many weeks ago a well-to-do farmer in Harrison County, Ky., declared that he was determined not to live to see a nigger vote. The fifteenth Amendment was announced as ratified. Of course negro voting was then in the near future. The farmer saw it coming, and actually did deliberately take his own life.

A YOUNG MAN SHOT.—An accident of a most distressing nature took place a few minutes after ten this morning, at the head of Murray street, whereby Jacob Wagner, the son of a respected fellow citizen, Mr. Jacob Wagner, builder, of Adelaide street, lost his life. It appears that the deceased who was about 16 years of age, was working with his father's men at a new building in course of erection. He was in the habit of taking a shot gun with him to his work, that he might shoot any stray birds. A flock of birds happening to pass, young Wagner went to get his gun from under some lumber where he had hid it, and in drawing it out by the muzzle the gun went off, the charge entering his thigh, cutting one of the main arteries, and causing great loss of blood. Dr. Wright, who happened to be in the vicinity at the time, rendered all the assistance in his power, but of no avail. The body of the deceased was brought home to his father's residence about two hours after the occurrence. Coroner Riddel held an inquest on the body of the deceased, when a verdict of accidental death was returned.

There was a grand review of the volunteers yesterday at Huntingdon by General Lindsay and Prince Arthur.—The Huntingdon Borderers, the Hemmingford Rangers, a French Rifle corps from Beauharnois, a company of engineers and a battery of Artillery, were on the ground. After going through several movements they were addressed by Gen. Lindsay, who complimented the Borderers for their coolness and bravery in the Trout River action, and also commended the alacrity with which the volunteers generally had taken part in the defence of their country. The General very truly said that the proclamation of Gen. Grant, and the manner in which it was enforced, did not in the least assist the volunteers, to whom must be given the credit of defeating the raiders. The Borderers and the Rangers were presented with handsome colors by Prince Arthur, with appropriate ceremonies.—The Prince in a brief speech expressed the highest opinion of the conduct of the Volunteers, and felt sure that they would always rush to the defence of their country with the same zeal and bravery they had so recently displayed.—*Globe.*

President Grant and his cabinet have, it is said, after a prolonged discussion, decided to prosecute vigorously all those Fenian leaders, who were captured by the United States Marshalls while taking an active part in the raid, but the hundreds of "dupes" are not to be punished in any way. Mr. Thornton, it is also stated, has seen fit to congratulate the American Secretary of State upon the promptness with which the United States Government enforced a proper observance of their international obligations. Governor Hoffman's charitable contributions to the starving and penniless Fenians at Malone for the purpose of paying their railway fares to their homes, and securing their votes for the next Gubernatorial election, comes out of the State treasury. There is no cause for any further apprehension since Col. McNeill and Major Fitzpatrick, "undoubtedly the best officers" connected with the late raid, have been ar