# Victoria Warder,

## And Weekly Commercial Advertiser.

Published Every Wednesday by Joseph Cooper.] "OPINION IS THE GREAT PILLAR THAT UPHOLDS THE UNIVERSE." TERMS—One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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**The Victoria Warder**

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
By the Proprietor,
JOSEPH COOPER,
at the low price of
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. POOLE, M. D.,**
CORONER, LINDSAY.
March 16, 1870.

**J. R. COGAN, 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. SEGELMAN, M.D.,**
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, Wellington Street, Lindsay. Office and residence—in the Blue Cottage back of the Methodist Church.

**E. BENSON, 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 Burton's Hotel, Wm. St., Lindsay.
Diseases of the Eye and Ear specially attended to.

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

**C. L. COULTER, M. D.**
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, Accoucheur, &c. Diseases of the heart and Lungs a Specialty.
OFFICE—York Street, Lindsay, opposite Workman's Livery Stable.

LEGAL.

**AMERON & DORME.**
BARRISTERS, and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c.
Hector Cameron, M.A. | Geo. Dorme, B.A.

**ENNISTOUN & 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 Built's Store.
Hon. Sidney Smith. | Seth Smith.

**WELLER & HATTON.**
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notaries, &c., Lindsay. Office, over Built's Store.
D. O. HATTON. | O. A. WELLER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

**MIS R. R. FRESEMAN, M.E.L.,**
GRADUATE of the Hamilton Wesleyan Female College, wishes to intimate that she is prepared to give instruction in music, both Vocal and Instrumental, on the Piano and Melodeon. Also in Drawing.
For further information apply at the Wesleyan Parsonage, Lindsay.

**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 Reid'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. LLOYDD 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. Kempt, Esq. M.P., T. Matchett Esq., M. P. P., T. Keenan, Esq., A. P. Cockburn, Esq., C. M. Roche, 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 repairing and fitting up the above establishment, and have secured the services of first-class servants, the traveling community may depend on receiving every attention.
R. G. BELL,
Lindsay, July, 1869. Manager.


**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 | 11:35 " |
| Port Hope, arrive | 1:10 p.m. |

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.—MAIL.

| | |
|---|---|
| Port Hope, depart | 3:00 p.m. |
| Millbrook, arrive | 4:35 " |
| 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 | 5:45 p.m. |
| Millbrook, arrive | 7:20 " |
| Lindsay, arrive | 9:10 " |

PETEROROUGH SECTION.

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.—MAIL.

| | |
|---|---|
| Peterborough, depart | 3:30 p.m. |
| Millbrook, arrive | 4:20 " |
| Port Hope, arrive | 5:50 " |

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 | 4:35 " |
| Peterborough arrive | 5:20 " |

A. T. WILLIAMS, Supt.

**DENTISTRY.**

**S. G. Webster, L. D. S.,**
SURGEON DENTIST,
Will be found permanently located in the rooms formerly occupied by Mr. L. M. Cuther, over Mr. Watson's Store, Corner Kent and William Streets, Lindsay.
Teeth inserted in all the latest improvements of the art, as cheap as the cheapest, and as good as the best. Teeth filled with Gold and Silver in a skilful manner.
**Teeth Extracted Without Pain.**
An excellent Tooth Powder Always on hand.
Please call and examine specimens, learn my prices, and favor me with a portion of your patronage. All work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
Lindsay, June, 1870.

**$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. The 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. This 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.
C. M. McCUE
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. 6:tf

**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 & Bobcaygeon.**
The Stage will leave Bobcaygeon every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6 o'clock a.m. and return the same evening.
Fare Moderate. Parcels at the risk of owners unless booked and paid for.
BRYAN GUNIGAL.

**PRINCE OF WALES' SALOON.**
WM. BURT, - - PROPRIETOR.
COR. KENT AND LINDSAY STREETS, LINDSAY.
BEST BRANDS OF LIQUORS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
A Good Billiard Table on the Premises.
The choicest OYSTERS at the Prince of Wales' Saloon. 6tf

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. 78, Nassau Street, New York City


## Poetry

### "Defence, Not Defiance."

The following lyric, by Mr. Charles Sangster, was written during the Mason and Slidell excitement, but it is none the less applicable to the present situation of affairs. It forms part of a somewhat lengthy poem, entitled the "War Cloud," in the present instance, however, there is a spirit abroad both of "Defence and Defiance":—

Not in defiance our colors we show;
Not in defiance we arm for the battle,
Not in defiance war's thunder may rattle,
Thinning the ranks of the insolent foe;
But in defence of our rights and our honor,
Guarding the soil as all brave men should do;
Striking the traitor down,
Driving the swaggering clown
Back to the camp of his hireling crew.

Men who are brave in the moment of danger,
Men who would disdain to be last in the strife,
These will not bow to the yoke of the stranger,
Deeming allegiance more precious than life.
Far be it from us to court the invader,
Far be it from us to shrink from the fray;
Up and be ready, men,
Heaven will aid us then,
Right shall be might on the perilous day.

Cursed be the wretch who should dream of dishonor!
Hard be the fate of the cowardly knave!
Land of our hope! with God's blessing upon her,
We will have none but the true and the brave,
Who shall be first? but the bold and the loyal;
Who shall be last? not a lip will reply;
Shoulder to shoulder, then,
Up, and be ready, men,
Stand to your color to vanquish or die.

## Literature.

### KILLING AN OLD MAN.

A TALE OF THE OPHIR GOLD FIELDS.

It was shortly after the opening of the great Exhibition of 1851 that I set sail from England for the gold fields of New South Wales, with a heart brimful of hope and expectation, and pockets, boxes, and portmanteaus made of sufficient dimensions to hold any amount of the precious metal (when found), in addition to my somewhat scanty wardrobe.

Well do I remember the packing of that black leather portmanteau, and the swallow-tailed dress-coat that my mother would insist on putting in, although, having a presentiment that such articles of apparel were not the thing at the gold fields, I vigorously objected. I also remember the many dozen pairs of warm socks that had been manufactured with sisterly affection and grey worsted by the five girls—from Julia, the eldest, aged nineteen, down to Susan, the youngest, just turned nine. Finally, I have a distinct memory of how my maiden aunt, on the strength of her sixteen stone weight, jumped on the aforesaid portmanteau and performed a kind of war dance thereon, so as to enable Tom the groom and Mary the housemaid to strap and lock it, and how after many tears being shed by my father and mother, my brother and sisters and my maiden aunt in particular, I was whisked away to the railway station in order to catch the 9.45 train for London.

I will not dwell on the voyage out, because it was very much like other voyages. Suffice it to say that just in a hundred days we arrived at Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, and here I discovered that the favorite goldfield of the day was at Ophir, near Bathurst, one hundred and forty-five miles up the country. Here some tremendous finds had lately been made, and people had been turning up nuggets like an Irishman shovels up potatoes.

When I look back at the splendid yields of the Ophir gold fields in those days, I cannot help speculating, 'O for such a time at Ophir to come again!'

In due time, after a fortnight's weary journey in an ox-cart, which also contained my cradle, my pick and shovel, my tent and other camp requisites, as well as all my luggage, I arrived at the gold fields, having picked up more strange oaths on that short journey than I had heard during the whole of my previous life.

Drivers say that bullocks will not go without a lot of swearing; and I certainly believe that, after they become accustomed to it, they will not budge an inch for any gentler language. I will tell you a very good yarn bearing on the point.

There was a back country squatter who married a religious wife, from the nearest township, forty-five miles distant; and one or two days later he sent down his largest wagon and ox team to convey his fair bride and her bag and baggage to his station.

"Now, Tom," said he to the teamster, 'the missis is very particular, so for the life of you, you mustn't let an oath out of your mouth all the way home. If you don't once offend her with your usual bad language, I'll give you five sovereigns on your return."

The man readily promised compliance with the desire and set out on his journey. He got to the township all right, for he threw his colonial curses right and left with his usual volubility, and the beasts understood the language only too well. On the return journey however, when the newly-made wife was on board, the case was different. In vain Tom hallowed at the top of his voice. The language he now addressed to them might have been Hindustanee or Sanscrit for aught they knew to the contrary; and when night came on, they had only accomplished about nine miles since the morning.

The next day it was just as bad, and at length they came to a hill, up which they would not go. Crack! crack! went the whip, and Tom's voice was raised with Stentorian effect, but still all was of no service; the oxen were obdurate. At last Tom seeing that moral persuasion was useless, approached the lady cap in hand, and asked, please, ma'am will you give me leave to swear at these oxen? for they never will move until I do.

Seeing the necessity of the case the lady at last consented. The effect was magical; addressed in the course vernacular of the bush, the animals pulled together with a will, and reached the station in no time; but whether Tom got conditionally five sovereigns, I am not in a position to say.

I must now return to my original subject; for the reader will naturally ask what has all this to do with the Ophir gold fields and killing an old man?

I found Ophir then a peculiar and romantic looking place. Two hills rose in a pyramid shape towards the sky, both covered with gentle undulations, both thinly timbered to their summits. The lower slopes of these hills were thickly covered with diggers' tents, and the Summer hill creek ran around their base.

At the time I reached these gold field the diggings there were estimated to cover an extent of three hundred miles though eight months previously the existence of gold in any part of Australia was utterly unknown.

I lost no time in pitching my tent and making out a claim, and twenty four hours later I was as hard at work as the rest of them.

My tent was pitched in close proximity to one occupied by two strong burly fellows of the old convict class, or at least such I set them down to be on account of the odd way in which I fancied each of them lifted the left leg in walking, a peculiarity appertaining to most men who have been accustomed to perambulate in leg irons for any lengthy period. These men were always civil to me, and of course I was the same to them; and yet some how or other, I contracted a dread of them, which I could neither overcome nor combat; and when sometimes one or the other of them would stroll up, pipe in mouth, to the edge of my pit, and ask me how I was getting on, I used to fancy that it was only done to see whether I was turning up anything good, and consequently worth robbing; and I used to conceal my gold in all sorts of out of the way places to elude their suspected designs.

One night I heard a horrid revelation that confirmed all my suspicions against these men. And now I come to the very subject of my story.

I have said that my tent adjoined that of my two mysterious acquaintances; in fact, the canvass of my tent touched that of the other; and from my tent I could hear the conversation they carried on in theirs very plainly. I had never before listened to their discourse, but one night, as I was retiring to bed. I heard one say to the other, 'Yes, this little knife him I killed the old man with one blow, sir.

The horrible admission staggered me, and I felt that I must listen to the end of the discourse, now, at whatever risk to myself, so I glued my ear to the canvas in time to hear his mate rejoin, 'Did you now? And did the fellow resist you?'

Faith and he did, replied the assassin, he grasped me till he nearly pressed the life out of me, and tried to rip me up with his spur; but I drove the knife into for him, up to the hilt, and then I cut his head off.

Bravo, Charlie! cried the other; that makes the seventh old man we've killed since our arrival in the Colonies, don't it?

No, the eighth was the reply. Don't you remember the black fellow?

Oh, ay, to be sure, right you are, said the other; but what have you done with the illustrious dead in the present instance?

Why, I left the body in the bush, with the exception of his legs, which are here in the tent.

The conversation then ceased, and was not resumed; in fact the stentorian snoring soon told me that it was very improbable that it would be so for the night, at the least; so I crept into my bed not to sleep, (how could I after so horrible a discovery?) but to reflect upon all that I had heard.

The eight old men they had killed! and one of them on unfortunate black fellow. Oh, the wretched, miscreants! I muttered to myself; and then my mind wandered away, and I wondered why it was that they always murdered old men,—how it was their last victim tried to rip his murderer up with a spur, such an extraordinary weapon of defence, and what on earth had induced the assassin to cut off his victim's legs and bring them into his tent. At last however, I did sink into a disturbed, unrefreshing slumber, and was afflicted by a frightful dream, in which I fancied one of my next door neighbors was kneeling on my chest cutting my throat from ear to ear.

My dream had in fact some slight foundation, for I was awakened by a rough hand shaking me by the shoulder; and my eyes, on opening them, rested on the roughly bearded face of the very man I had been dreaming of.

I was about to scream murder! for I thought that it was my last hour had come; but glancing around, I saw that it was broad daylight, and that the fellow was merely asking me for a match to light his pipe with. This I immediately gave him, and he went away with a muttered expression of thanks.

That day instead of going to work, I set out for the tent of the police commissioner, and after a long walk succeeded in reaching it. I had to wait a very long time before I was granted an audience; but when I was ushered into the presence of that dreadful functionary, and I told him as succinctly as possible the circumstance of the case, and how I had heard the rascals confess their numerous crimes, and particularly their last murder, the proofs whereof were within their tent, the enthusiasm of the commissioner was fully aroused, and he felt as anxious for their capture and punishment as myself. He suggested that two policemen, disguised as diggers, and well armed, should come to my tent that evening on the pretence of paying me a visit as old acquaintances, and that after it was dark, and the two murderers had turned in for the night, we should rush into their tents and secure them.

This was a very feasible plot, and I heartily entered into it; so I minutely described the position of my tent, and to make it still more easily discoverable, promised that a bright red pocket handkerchief should be hanging on some conspicuous part of it as though to dry; and having made all these arrangements I took my leave.

Well, I got back to my abode about one o'clock in the afternoon, and after a hasty meal, not wishing to lose a whole day, I went to my claim and set to for a three hours' dig. Strange to say, I had not been work five minutes when I came across a very pretty little nugget about the size of a walnut, and a few minutes later picked out another as large as a crab apple. I was about to pocket this latter, when I looked up and saw one of the assassins gazing down on me.

"Lucky find, mate," said he with a broad grin, that in my prejudiced mind seemed to say, "Ay, but it will be mine before long.

"Pretty well," I replied, brusquely, and he walked away

I found no more nuggets on that occasion; and at five o'clock I knocked off and made my way to my tent, where, after a good wash, I pulled an old gun case outside, sat down on it, lighted my pipe, and coolly awaited the arrival of my visitors.

I had not to wait long. I presently observed two strongly-framed men strolling leisurely in my direction, as though merely sauntering at random through the diggings. As they came opposite to me, one of them started, and addressing me, exclaimed, "Hullo, Ted, how long have you been at Ophir? and where did you hail from last?" and stepping up, he grasped me warmly by the hand. Seeing what was expected of me, I heartily returned the pressure, saying, in a loud tone, "Why, about three weeks. But when did you leave Sydney? Come in, and bring your friend with you. Old friends like you and me should liquor up before questions are asked and answered." And inside we all three of us went.

One of the two men that we wanted to catch was an eye and ear witness of all this scene, but it was so naturally enacted that no suspicion that my two acquaintances were detectives could have entered his head.

I found that each of my visitors was armed with a revolver and a pair of handcuffs. They were both strong and powerful men, and more than a match for the others in every way. The plan, however, to make all things certain, and to prevent any unnecessary spilling of blood, was to wait until the ruffians were in their beds and asleep, when we were to steal in, and try and handcuff them before they could wake up.

We had to wait many a weary hour for this time to arrive, but at last the snoring commenced in earnest, and this was our signal. Handcuffs in hand, the detectives crept into the adjoining tent. I following them, with my revolver levelled in case that one or both the rascals should awake and be too quick for them. They did not wake up, and the irons were clasped around and locked on their wrists without their even twinkling an eyelid.

But now they were roughly awakened, and the senior officer said, "Tom Jackson and Bill Wilton, I arrest you for wilful murder; you must both of you get up and come along with us. I am Detective Sinclair, of the New South Wales police."

I never saw two men so struck with consternation and surprise as were these two worthies. At last one of them gasped out, "Murder! Wilful murder! Detective Sinclair! Why you must all be mad!

"The evidences of their crime are in this tent, remember," I said to Sinclair, nudging him with my elbow. "Let us search for the limb of their last slaughtered victim.

The hint was promptly acted upon We seized spades and picks, and in ten minutes every inch of the ground covered by the tent was turned over to a depth of three feet,

No old man's legs were found but we were not to be daunted, and proceeded to ransack the tent all over, still without any old man's legs turning up, though we spied two hind-legs of a kangaroo hanging up in an obscure corner.

"Well, are you satisfied?" asked one of the prisoners. "Are you convinced that you are on some wild goose chase? If so, take these cursed irons off and begone."

"No, we are not so convinced," answered Sinclair, with some asperity. 'This worthy gentleman," pointing to me, 'heard you confess last night to having murdered eight old men, and such crimes will have to be accounted for. He heard you confess, too, to having hid the legs of your last victim in this tent, but doubtless you have this day removed them to some more secure hiding place."

He told you that, did he, the young donkey!" screamed one of the accused with an hyena-like laugh. "And so we have, too, old men kangaroos—and there are the legs we spoke of hanging up in that corner, ready for to-morrow's pie. Ah! ha! ha! he has brought you on a fool's errand, sure enough, and the roars of laughter the two men indulged in fairly shook the tent.

Both detectives looked fearfully annoyed, and yet they could not help laughing. Without a word to me they took the handcuffs off the men and returned them to their pockets. Then Sinclair said, what will you take to keep the matter a secret? You see through this unfortunate new chum's blunder, we shall get laughed off the diggings, unless you choose to be merciful. I'll give you a five pound note out of my own pocket if you will keep this unfortunate affair dark.

I will supplement Sinclair's offer with one of the largest nuggets that I dug up to day, I said, feeling that as being laughed at was the general dread, I stood in the worst position of the trio.

Hang your bribes! was the retort. I would not give up the chance of circulating so glorious a yarn for ten times the value of what you offer. However I will tell it as leniently as possible. And as for this new chum, turning to me, when I first came to the colony, I and my mate here were both of us green enough to have made just as stupid a blunder; so I can't blame him. Come, let us sit down, and have a drink all round of real old Jamaica rum, of which we have an unbroached keg in stock.

The invitation was readily accepted, and we kept it up until daybreak with grog, songs, and toasts.

So ended the tragedy of killing an old man which I now learnt was a name universally bestowed on a large kangaroo.—These animals, when attacked are very formidable, if they cannot get away, and, armed at these times, with sharp hoofs, will disembowel your dog with their short fore legs, and pressing you tightly against their chests, will raise one of the strong hind legs, which is armed with a terribly long, strong and knife shaped spur, and rip you right down with it, causing almost instant death. When hunted with dogs, the old man will, when once at bay, disembowel two or three of his canine adversaries before he is despatched, and the human foe is sometimes served in the same manner.

These two terrible murderers, as I thought them, turned out to be right good fellows; one had been in a cavalry regiment at home, the other a curate of the Church of England. We soon become sworn friends and partners in what turned out afterwards to be a well paying claim, and in the year 1857 we all returned to Old England rich men.

### Revision of the Bible!

The London *Times*, commenting on the recent debate on this subject in the British House of Commons, says:—

"We cannot congratulate Mr. Buxton upon the manner in which, on Tuesday, he dealt with the question of revising the Authorized version of the Scriptures. The proposal he made was wisely declined by Mr. Gladstone. Mr Buxton has been carried away by the term 'authorized,' and is possessed with the idea that Convocation is preparing a version to be imposed by authority upon the whole Established Church. We can assure him that the public and the church are very well able to take care of themselves. It is not easy to say in what an authorized version consists, for the present version is not authorized. But, at all events, when convocation has done its work, we shall all take our own time to consider whether we prefer the new to the old. Convocation has simply undertaken on its own responsibility, to offer us a more faithful representation of the original text of the Scriptures. Some of its members think it no less than their duty as Ministers of the Word. It is at all events, a good design, as Mr. Buxton himself confesses. The Government having refused to interfere, the revision is a purely private affair, and will stand or fall on its merits. Mr. Gladstone defended the conclusion of the Government, that the work of Revision should, at least at first, be thus independent and tentative. Mr. Buxton, in in proposing an International Commission, assumed that "it is in our power, by setting to work a certain critical and scholarlike machinery, to insure at a single stroke, so to say, the attainment of a satisfactory result." Mr. Gladstone feels no assurance of any such success, and does not wish "to see a machinery initiated which will produce a result having *ipso facto* pretentions to authority." Doubts have been so rudely, and in some quarters so recklessly, scattered respecting the value of our English Scriptures, that it had become probably indispensable to afford the general public the means of knowing the conclusions of competent scholars and divines. But it is quite another matter whether we should appeal to some *quasi authoritative* tribunal. In these days everything stands or falls by the verdict of free and open discussion, and a Revision of the Bible, in which everyone feels the deepest interest, is the last thing that should be withdrawn from public criticism. The mere attempt, in fact, would be sure to fail. We must add that we are far from being so sure as Mr. Buxton that our scholars are yet in a position to be intrusted with so grave a responsibility.

### Horse Gear.

Therere is a great deal in gearing a horse or mule so as to enable an animal to work easy and use a certain amount of power with comparitively small animal force. Much depends upon the long or short leverage. The draw may be too high or too low; the one will draw too heavy on the top of the neck, and the other will choke the animal. The collar may be too large or too small—either of which will cause sore shoulders. A tender mouthed horse should have a larges, smooth bit and to not be reined up too tight, or the mouth will become sore as to its sensitiveness to a gentle draw of the rein. Every part of the harness should be so complete a fit as a dandy's, touching everywhere and pinching nowhere.

The harness should be kept clean and soft. There are preparations made and sold for this purpose, but the misfortune is, they are too little used. The money paid for, and labor spent in using, is not spent in vain. When the harness gets wet as it sometimes will, by being caught in the rain straighten it out to dry before it is hung up or it will curl out of shape. It should be put through a course of greasing and handling before using again. Examine the face of the collar every time it is used before putting on—see it is clean and soft.—*Stock Journal.*

A Pennsylvania paper tells of a loca preacher who has received for his salary this year nothing but a curry-comb, a keg of varnish and two dozen clothes pins. Whenever his children cry with hunger he gags them with a clothespin, scratches their stomach with the curry comb and puts on varnish.

### English Grain Markets.

The London *Economist* of the 11th instant has the following review of the state of the grain market during the week ending on the 10th instant:—

The dry character has had a variable effect upon the growing crops. Wheat, although not presenting a luxurient appearance, gives fair promise of an average return. On heavy lands, where moisture has been retained, considerable progress has been made during past week, but as a whole the crop is backward. There is no ground for apprehension as to the probable yield, and very little reason for many rumors started in respect to the attacks of wireworm and the like, which appear to have been very partial in their extent. On the other hand the spring crops have suffered much from the long continued drought. Oats and barley are much stunted in growth, and no amount of rain will remedy the indisputable deficiency of of these crops. Barley is likely, therefore, to tend upwards in value, but a partial failure of the oat crop is not now of any serious importance, as our wants are now principally supplied from abroad. The shortness of straw, however, is a consideration of some weight. The most unfavorable feature in the present agricultural prospect is the lightness of the hay crop, which threatens to be one of the shortest in recollection. The tone of trade at Mark Lane has been in accordance with the circumstances. On Monday the supply of English wheat was very limited, and prices were enabled to realize an advance of 2s per qr. This however, was owing to the determination of farmers to withhold their produce, with the intention of influencing prices, rather than to any serious falling off in the quantity of wheat on hand, as the stocks must still be large. Foreign wheat has sold in retail parcels at an improvement of 2s per qr. The opinion prevails in some quarters that France will make an appearance in the market as an importing country, but a few weeks will determine whether the wheat crop there has really suffered to the extent reported. Barley has advanced 1s to 2s per qr., while oats have realized 6d to 1s more money on the week.

Since the apprehension of McGrath for the murder of Rickardson, there has been an epidemic of insane murders in defence of excitement by marital promises. In a number of cases, husbands have killed their wives. This would seem to be the most direct operation of such insanity or vengeance. In others they have suspected and have fully proved their injury by killing men. A hanging for this killing insanity would put a stop to the epidemic.

The San Francisco *Alta*, of the 20th inst., says: "The farmers in the Sacramento Claim are now in the midst of their wheat harvest, and those nearer the coast are commencing theirs. There is complaint from Vacaville that the Calli and Australian varieties of wheat have been threshed out considerably by the winds in some fields, with much loss to the owners. The loss is greater on the fallow land than elsewhere, as the grain grows taller. Fortune in the price of wheat will more than compensate many of the farmers for the decrease of quantity."

One of the most dreadful kerosene calamities we ever heard of is mentioned in the Cincinnati papers of Saturday, the people in one of the principal streets were suddenly startled by the spectacle of a Miss Bickfield (a young and pretty woman) rushing down among them. She was perfectly wrapped in fire from head to foot, leaving a train of flame raised several feet in the air behind, and filling out for a block in every direction. The crowd attempted with their hats and hands as well as they were able to extinguish the flames, which were burning fiercely. A blanket was at last brought, and throwing herself over, smothering the fire, but not until every shred of clothing was burned to ashes and the hoops of her skirt heated a red heat, deeply imbedded in her quivering flesh. Such an event is dreadful enough to make one wish there was no kerosene.

A Man Selling his Share in the Future Life.—Before a court in the Province of Pesth, Hungary, a suit was pending in which an aged Jew was to make a statement on her oath. He was ready to take the oath, when another Jew rose and protested against it: "This man does not take an oath." "Why not?" asked the Judge. "Because," replied the man, "there exists a Hebrew prayer, which contains the sentence, 'every Jew has a share in the life to come.' He is now about twenty years old, while I am present, when the man was born, I gave to take an oath of the future or life to come' delivered to him in his prayer, to another Jew, a Mr. Y., who paid him a certain amount of money for it. As he, therefore, cannot count any longer on a future existence, he has nothing to fear or hope for in the life to come; it must be certainly indifferent to him whether to swear to a truth or a falsehood." The matter was examined into, and as the strange transaction was found to have taken place in reality, the court granted the protest of the old man, and the party who sold his "share in the life to come" was declared incapable of taking an oath.

A Terrific Leap.—On the evening train from Sacramento, on the Vallejo route, a tragedy was enacted that forever puts Niagara Falls leap in the shade—makes it only a side show wonder. The train, it is stated, was about ten minutes behind time, and was making it up at the rate of twenty five miles an hour. When about five miles above Suisun the passengers in the smoking car were astonished at seeing a man, who had been sleeping in one of the side seats, spring to his feet, and, with one mortal plunge, land foremost out of the window on the opposite side of the car. The window was up at the time, and the man went through like a dart, showing that he was an expert diver. He threw his heels up when he made the plunge, and they came in contact with the sash, shivering the glass to atoms. The alarm was at once given that a man was overboard, and the train was stopped and backed up to the place where the terrific leap was made, for the purpose of picking up the mangled remains of the man. But instead of finding a ghastly corpse, they found their lost passenger sitting on the ground rubbing his eyes and trying to collect its scattered senses sufficiently to ascertain where he was and how he came there. He was handled tenderly at first, but it was soon ascertained that the only damage he had sustained was a slight abrasion on the skin on one of the elbows.—*Alta California*, 17th

Spain has joined England and Holland in the expedition now organizing for the extermination of pirates in Oceanica.

### Paddle Your own Canoe.

Judge S. gave his son a thousand dollars, telling him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshman year without a dollar and with several ugly habits. About the close of the vacation the Judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"Have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on."

"It's all gone, father."

"Very well, my son; it was all I could give you. You can't stay here; you must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke upon the astonished visions of the young man. He accordingly dilated himself to the situation; left home, made his way to the college, graduated at the head of his class, studied law, became governor of the State of New York, entered the cabinet of the President of the United States, and has made a record for himself that will not soon die, being none other than William H. Seward.

"I want no more money," said a gentleman, the other day, who had retired from business, on the application of a friend to join in what promised to be a profitable investment. In answer to a look of surprise he continued:

"I have three sons, I gave them all a classical education. One became a merchant, another a lawyer, the third a physician. I gave them all a fair start, and they have all come home to live on me. The doctor has no patients, the lawyer no clients, and the merchant no customers. They say to me "Father, it's no use for us to work; you have plenty, and we will have more than we can spend." Why now should I want any more money? What I had his made my sons useless to themselves, useless to society and to the world. Had they been compelled as I was, to start out in life on nothing, and 'paddle their own canoe,' they might have been a credit to themselves and to me instead of being as they are now, a disgrace to my family name."

The more a thriftless child is helped, the more he has to be helped ever after. As it is in the moral world, so it is in the physical as pertaining to the health of our bodies, and millions die prematurely from not recognizing this principle in reference to bodily habits and functions.

### Our Reserve Forces.

If the poor deluded men who have hitherto looked upon the Fenian organization as capable of coping with the power of this Dominion were made aware of our real strength for defensive purposes their leaders would not fare so sumptuously, or cut such a dash at the expense of the poor uneducated class of American Irish. In addition to the small army of regular troops, we can hurl within forty-eight hours at least twenty battalions of well-appointed and well drilled volunteer riflemen against a force that may threaten our frontier at any point. Our telegraphic, water, and rail communications are now so perfect that we can mass our entire defensive force of Volunteers and regulars at any given point along our extended frontier within a week. We have also a splendid material from which to form a corps of reserve. A gentleman connected with the St. Lawrence lumber trade, Mr. Joseph Reguir, of Three Rivers, formerly an officer of the 8th Battalion, Quebec Rifle Volunteers, has made a proposition to the Government to form a corps of bush rangers, composed of the hardy lumberveyageurs, and Indians of the St. Maurice territory. It would be hard to find on this continent a more hardy, daring and intelligent lot of men than is the St. Maurice territory. Their homes is the woods, in fact they are something like a fish out of water, unless they are using the axe, the paddle, or driving the pick. They are seen round to every village in the province—a hundred men, each of whom shouldered the highest weight that ever St. Maurice woodsman sound every Monday morning. Mr. Reguir has received offers of service from several gentlemen who approve of his proposition, and proposes to form his regiment gradually from the best and most hardy men—to have the proper complement of clothing, arms, ammunition, &c., in store at the regimental headquarters, and to drill his men especially in the use of the rifle, whenever it shall be found practicable. These men can build bridges, houses, boats, &c., and many of them are accustomed to mining, and men of almost every trade would be found in the ranks of the St. Maurice Rangers.

### A NEAT SWINDLE.

A neat swindle is thus described by a European paper: A gentleman stepped into the store of a merchant, followed by a servant. The gentleman, who wore his right arm in a sling, was taken for a military pensioner, and the merchant gladly placed before him such articles as he asked for. When he came to settle the account, however, he found he had not sufficient money, so he asked the merchant to write a note from his dictation to his wife, which he would send to his hotel by his servant. The merchant unsuspiciously wrote as he was desired, and on a sheet bearing the name of the firm, these word: "Send me immediately by the bearer two hundred thalers. Yours, Robert." He smilingly closed up the note with the expression, "Ah, then we are namesakes." The servant took the note and soon returned with the required sum. The gentleman paid for his wares, gave them to his servant to carry, and went away. Some hours after the wife of the merchant visited him, and after talking of sundry things, suddenly asked him why he had sent for the two hundred thalers. The man was rendered speechless with astonishment when he saw what a cheat had been played upon him. The search after the sharper has not yet been successful.

A young man named Edward Dickson was killed last Saturday night at the Great Western Railway Station, St. Catherines. While standing on top of a car when his head came in contact with the bridge and he was instantly killed.