# 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.

**VINCENT. C. CORNWALL, M.D.,** Office and Residence, North Side of King St. OMEMEE.

**THOMAS W. POOLE, M. D.,** CORONER, LINDSAY. March 16; 1870.

**A. W. J. De GRASSI, M. D.,** PHSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. CORONER. Residence—Brick Cottage lately occupied by Dr. Martin, Lindsay, Ontario.

**J. R. COGAN, M. D.,** PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., at Medical Hall, from 8 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. 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 Boyd's Hotel, Wm. St., Lindsay.

Diseases of the Eye and Ear specially attended to.

**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.

**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.

**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 Beall's Store. Hon. Sidney Smith. | Seth Smith.

**WELLER & HATTON,** BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c Office, corner George & Simcoe Sts., Peterboro D. O. Hatton. | C. A. Weller

MISCELLANEOUS.

**MIS S. S. FREEMAN, B.E.,** 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.

**MRS. H. T. STEPHENS,** LATE from London, England, Teacher on the Piano-Forte, Russel Street, Lindsay. Terms on application at her residence. Lessons on the Organ and Melodeon given

**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. Keppel, Esq. M.P.; T. Matchett Esq., M. P. P.; J. Kennedy, Esq.; J. H. Cockburn, Esq.; G. M. Rosser, Esq.

**C. ENGWILSON,** AGENT for the Commercial Union Assurance Company, Issuer Marriage Licenses, Commissioner for taking Affidavits, Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company. 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 little 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.

**MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA.** Office in Keenan's New Block KENT STREET. Office hours from ten a.m. till three p.m., closing at one o'clock on Saturday. WILLIAM HAMILTON, Agent Lindsay, 20th Aug., 1870.

**Tooth Extracted** POSITIVELY **WITHOUT PAIN,** BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE (LAUGHING GAS.) MR. REELANDS While in New York, having spent some time in the rooms of the Colton Dental Association, studied fully under Dr. Colton, the proper mode of manufacturing this gas, also the best manner of administering it to patients. Dr. Colton was the first person who ever used this gas for extracting teeth. He has an establishment in the Cooper Institute devoted entirely to extracting teeth, and in six years he has successfully administered it to forty-four thousand persons whose names are registered on a roll.

Mr. REELANDS having had several years' experience in administering this gas, can, with pleasure and confidence, recommend it to the public as a safe and valuable anæsthetic.

Beautiful gold fillings inserted on a new principle.

All the operations connected with dentistry skilfully performed.

OFFICE.—Next door to S. & O. Bigelow's store, Kent street, Lindsay.

**DENTISTRY.**

**S. C. Webster, L. D. S.,** SURGEON DENTIST, Will be found permanently located in the rooms formerly occupied by Mr. L. M. Cather, 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.

References.—Wm. McDonell, Esq.; T. Keenan, Esq.; Neil McDougall, Sheriff; Wm Kempt, M. D., C. M. Lindsay, June, 1870.

**Omemee Drug Store!** OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE—NORTH SIDE OF KING STREET. SIGN OF THE LARGE RED MORTAR WHERE you will find a splendid and complete Stoc of **Drugs & Chemicals** *Brushes, Combs, Corks, Druggist Sundries,* **DYE STUFFS** *Sponges, Spices, Fancy Soaps, Glassware Jake,* **PATENTED MEDICINES,** *Castor Oil, Hair Oil and Essences in Bottles, Trusses Varnishes,* **Garden, Flower and Field Seeds** All at prices as *LOW AS THE LOWEST!* Physicians' Prescriptions carefully and accurately prepared. Omemee, Dec. 1869.

**ANCHOR LINE.**

THE SAFEST ROUTE! Cheap passages to & from Europe **THE ANCHOR LINE** of Trans-Atlantic Steam-Packet Ships, sailing regularly from *New York every Wednesday and Saturday.* Passengers Booked in Lindsay at cheapest currency rates to and from every Railway Station in Europe and America. Apply to R. S. PORTER, Bookseller, Stationer and Newsdealer

LAMB'S **FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE** Knits over Seventy Articles of Wearing Apparel. It will knit a pair of lady's stockings in 20 minutes, and better than by hand. Call and see it work and you will be convinced. **T. GOURLEY,** William Street, Lindsay, has been appointed agent for the South Riding of the County of Victoria.

**MAKE MONEY FAST.** EXTRA PRIZE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, 1869. BUILDERS, ARCHITECTS AND OTHERS, liberally dealt with as Agents for Johnston's Patent Weather Protectors for Door and windows. We want a representative in every town and village. Apply at once. T. FOLEY & CO., LINDSAY, ONT. 666-1y*

**ROYAL MAIL STAGE,** BETWEEN **Minden & Boboaygeon.** The Stage will leave Boboaygeon 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.


## Literature.

### RIDING FOR LIFE.

In the autumn of the year 1866, business necessitated my leaving Hong-Kong, where I had for some years resided, and proceeded to Swatow, one of the ports on the east coast of China, open for foreign traffic. I arranged my affairs at that place sooner than I expected; and as no steamer bound for the South was in harbour, or expected for some days, I determined to proceed in the *Heather Bell*, a barque-rigged sailing vessel of about three hundred tons register.

I was well acquainted with her captain, but what perhaps chiefly induced me to take passage in his vessel was the fact of his daughter being aboard. Lottie Moore was a golden-haired, blue-eyed darling, upon whose fair head some seventeen summers had smiled. Upon her mother's demise, she had quitted her home in England to accompany her bereaved father in his wanderings from clime to clime.

The *Heather Bell* sailed from Swatow just as day broke. On the evening of the next day, a little before ten o'clock, I was sitting with Miss Moore in the saloon, admiring some water-colour sketches that young lady had executed, when the chief mate entered.

"There's a large junk coming right towards us, sir. By the number of sweeps she pulls, I reckon she carries a considerable crew," he said.

I knew what he meant, and so did the skipper, just as well as if he had spoken all that was passing in his mind; moreover, I appreciated his motive for reticence, for if he had said plainly that he feared she was a pirate, it would have alarmed the fair girl, who, thoughtless of danger near, was chatting so vivaciously

Captain Moore ran upon the deck; and when I heard him shortly afterwards tell the mate to call all hands, I also proceeded to the poop, and found him gazing intently through a pair of binocular glasses at a Chinese craft that was advancing, with furled sails, in the dead calm, being propelled by an array of oars that flashed and glittered in phosphorescent water.

"He's an ugly customer, and no mistake. We shan't have much of a show, if he attacks us; but I will let him see that we are on the alert. Perhaps we can manage to intimidate him," he said, as he stooped down and commenced casting adrift the lashing of the small cast-iron four pounder, that was only useful as a signal gun.

Directly the unformidable cannon was loaded with blank cartridge and discharged, the junk altered her course and passed under our stern a considerable distance away. Captain Moore, when he noticed this movement, was inclined to believe that she was a mere trading junk

At midnight I returned to my berth, and had just sunk in the sweet embrace of sleep, when I was startled to wakefulness by the boom of a heavy gun, while the crash of falling spars mingled with its echoing thunder, told me plainly that our vessel was attacked, and that the first shot had taken terrible effect upon her.

I grasped my revolver and rushed through the saloon towards the companion-way, only halting for an instant near the mizzen-mast to grasp a cutlass from the rack that surrounded it, ere I ascended to the deck. The scene that met my eyes on gaining it baffles all description. Tangled cordage, rent sails, and riven spars lay in confused heaps around; and from under the chaotic ruins issued deep groans of agony from the wounded and dying, while myriads of torches aboard a huge junk that had ranged alongside, shed across the sea a wierd, yellow glare revealing only too plainly the dread effects of the wanton carnage.

As the junk ran under our bows, a multitude of fierce demons, powder-grimed and insatiable in their lust for blood, clambered to our deck and pressed their way aft. The fallen spars and multifarious impediments effectually prevented any one passing along the port side; so Captain Moore, three seamen, and myself, the only survivors, rushed into the alley-way to starboard of the deck-house, and there stood resolutely at bay.

Our murderous antagonists possessed no fire-arms, but each one carried a short, ponderous native sword called a *pa heem*; these, however, were of no avail against the winged messengers of death our trusty revolvers sent into the midst of the advancing hordes, until it became apparent to them and to us that our ammunition was giving out.

"Find Miss Lottie, Mr. Carter. We have no chance; but, for heaven's sake, save her from these merciless wretches. I have my death-wound now," cried the skipper.

I sprang down the cabin stair-way, and found the girl kneeling at the table imploring succour from on high. Her face was ghastly pale, and a tremor visibly convulsed her frame when she saw my blood-stained brow.

"Are they subdued? Where is my father?" she cried, as she sprang to her feet.

I caught her in my arms, and bore her bodily on deck. It had been my intention to place her in the captain's gig, that hung in the quarter-davits, and lower it into the sea; but hardly had we emerged from the companion hatch, when above the clash of steel, and the groans of the wounded, I heard ring out from three hundred throats, a word of dreadful import,—"*Shing!*" (Victory!) and knew that my brave comrades had been beaten down—that the pirates had undisputed possession of the vessel.

While in Swatow the ship's jolly-boat, or dingy, had been injured; and, since our departure, the carpenter had been employed repairing her bottom, as she lay inverted on the poop. I knew that I should not have time to lower the gig when I heard the war-cry change to a note of triumph; and I instinctively felt that only chance of escaping death lay in concealing ourselves beneath the little dingy, as the cabin and hold would be thoroughly searched for plunder.

"Crawl under, quickly. I will follow you," I whispered in the ear of the terrified girl, as I raised the stern of the little craft.

As if mechanically, she obeyed; then, with much difficulty, I managed to creep under myself; and scarcely had I relowered our frail tenement to the deck ere it was surrounded by a horde of miscreants, and were vociferating loudly.

Even at this hour, I shudder when I remember the agony of suspense I endured during the ransacking of the vessel.

At length it became obvious that the pirates had accomplished their work of plunder, for I heard one direct his satellites to set fire to the ship, and hurry back to their own vessel.

Soon the sound of plashing oars told me that the piratical craft was speeding away from the hapless vessel she had destroyed; so I cautiously uplifted the dingy and crept from beneath. A bright, glowing flame, shooting skyward from the fore-hatch, plainly indicated how well the marauder chief's mandate had been obeyed, and told me in words of fire that I must immediately bear Lottie from the *Heather Bell* and trust to a less greedy element for safety. I quickly lowered the gig, but she sank on touching the water; the pirates had staved in her bottom. The increasing roar of the grasping flames, that twined like glittering serpents up the shrouds and masts, inspiring me with extra energy I uplifted the dingy, and, when Lottie crawled from beneath it, with with her assistance bore it to the taffrail.

"We have no time to lower it; we must launch it bodily," I said, catching Lottie in my arms. "Be not afraid," I cried, then sprang with her into the seething sea.

We sank deep beneath the briny flood, but I struck vigorously upwards, and soon gained the surface. Then, drawing the girl's head upon my shoulder, I swam rapidly toward the drifting dingy. It was on its keel and floating buoyantly; so I clambered in, drew Lottie after me, and then sank, weak and prostrate from over-exertion, in the stern sheets. My companion raised my head, and gently tended me until I recovered my faculties—recovered them just in time to see the *Heather Bell* sink to her grave in the coral depths.

Soon after, a vessel, which proved to be the *Lily*, rescued us from our perilous position, and carried us in safety to Hong Hong; in which city, six months subsequently, I led to the hymeneal altar the dear brave girl who had shared my peril on that eventful night.

### The Defence of Paris.

On the 2nd a correspondent speaks again with evident disgust of the idle boasting of the press and people of Paris, speaking particularly of a declamatory and absurd appeal to England by Louis Blanc. He says:—

"I find that the Parisians appear to rely for safety upon everything except their own valour. One day it is the army of the Loire; another day it is some mechanical machine; another day dissensions among the Prussian generals; another day the intervention of Russia or Austia. In the meantime, clubs denounce the government; club orators make absurd and impracticable speeches, the Mayor changes the names of streets, and inscribes Liberte, Egalite, and Fraternite, on the public buildings. The journals of all colours, with only one or two exceptions, are filled with lies and bombast, and the people believe the one and admire the other. The Minister of the Interior placards the walls with idle proclamations, and arrest Bonapartists. Innocent neutrals are mobbed as Prussian spies, and the only prisoners that we see are French soldiers on their way to be shot for cowardice. Nothing is really done to force the Prussians to raise the seige, although the defenders exceed in number the besiegers. How can all this end? In a given time provisions and ammunition will be exhausted, and a capitulation must ensue. I wish with all my heart that the hosts of Germany may meet with the same fate as befell the army of Sennacherib; but they are not likely to be killed or forced to retreat by speeches pacts with death, sentimental appeals, and exaggerated abuse."

A startling suggestion is made in the circular of J. C. Sillar & Co., in connection with the difficulties in China. They say that the wicked policy of England and France, in enforcing the opium trade, is likely to bear more bitter fruit. It is generally believed that Tseng Kwo Fan, who has been called the "Yeh of the north," a cruel and bloodthirsty wretch, has determined to expel all foreigners from China. The circular continues: "We should not be at all surprised to hear of future supplies of tea being poisoned. This is a favourite way of carrying on war against hostile nations in China, and it will be remembered that a few years ago all the flour in Hong-Kong was mixed with arsenic by order of the mandarins, and the escape from death of the whole of the European residents was almost miraculous. In any case, we consider the future supplies of tea to be in a very precarious state.

An anecdote is related, illustrative of the shyness of the Bohemian, compared with the simple honesty of the German, and the candid unscrupulousness of the Hungarian. In war times, three soldiers of each of these three nations, met in the parlor of an inn, over the chimney piece of which hung a watch. When they had gone, the German said, "That is a good watch. I wish I had bought it." "I am sorry I did not take it," said the Hungarian. "I have it in my pocket," said the Bohemian.

A private letter from Wesbaden says:—"McMahon and about 150 of his officers are now here, and have attracted a tolerable show of visitors, and it is expected we shall have a Witter season here. The French officers have plenty of gold. McMahon divided the whole sum which they had with them in gold and silver, which they had for the campaign between his officers before the surrender, and each officer had two or three bags of gold and silver, but still they are not extravagant, and do not gamble at our tables."

### A Short Sermon.

There's nine men a standin' at the door, and they all sed they'd take shugar in their'n. Sich, was a saying once common in this our anshunt land; but the days is gone by and the sands run dry, and no man can say to his nabur, Hoo art thou, man, and will you take enny more sugar in your kolly? But the words of our text has a different and more partickler meanin than this. Thar they stood at the dore on a cold winter's mornin', two Baptiss, an' two Methodis, and five Lutharians, and t'ther one was a publikin. And they all with one voice sed they wouldn't dirty their feet in a dram shop; but if the publikin would go and git the drinks, they'd pay for 'em. And they all cried out, and every man sed, "I'll take mine with shugar—fur it won't feel good to drink the stuff without sweetenin'." So the publikin he marched in, and the barkeeper sed, "What want ye?" and he answerd and sed, 'A drink." "How will ye have it?" "Plane an' strate," sez he, "for it ain't no use wastin' shugar to circumsalivate akifortis. But there's nine more a standing at the door, and they all sed they'd take shugar in their'n. Frends and brethering, it ain't only the likker or sperrits that is drunk in this roundabout and underhanded way, but it's the likker ov all sorts of human wickedness in like manner. Thar's the likker of mallis, that many of you drinks to the dregs; but you're sure to sweeten it with the liquor of self-justification. Thar's the likker of avriss, that sum keeps behind the curtain for constant use, but they always has it well mixt with the sweetin ot prudence and economy. Thar's the likker of self-luv, that sum men drinks by the gallon, but they always puts in lots of the shugar of take-keer-of-No. 1. And lastly, there's the likker of extorshun, which the man sweetens according to cirkumstances. If he's in the flour line he'll say the poor'll be better off eatin korn bread; if he's in the cloth line, wy, it's a good thing to learn them to make their cloth at home; if he's in the lether line, it'll learn them the necessity of taking better care of their shoes. And theres nine men standing at the door, and they all sed they'd take sugar in their'n. But, friends and bretherin, thars a time coming and a place fixin whar there'll be no more "standin' at the door to call for sugar in their'n." But they'll have to go rite in and take the drink sqare up to the front; and the barkeeper'll be old Satan, and nobody else; and he'll give 'em "shugar in their'n," you'd better believe, an it'll be shugar of lead, and red hot at that, as sure yure name is Conshunce Dodger. And you'll be entitled to yure rashuns three times a day, if not more frequentlier; and if you don't like it you'll have to lump it; and so may the old Nick close down upon all your silk palavering around the plane old poole of brotherly luv, and ginurosity, and feller-feelin', and fare play!

### How a Boy Wakes Up.

There he lies in his crib, a nut-brown stub of four years. He sleeps the sleep of healthy childhood. In the same position he lay when he dropped off into unconsciousness, one arm under his head, one leg kicked out from under the coverlid. He is perfectly motionless. His round cheek pillows itself on the extended arm, and his leg seems to have been arrested in the middle of the last restless kick, as the curtain fell over his eyes, and he was asleep. He is in a deep sleep. You can scarcely perceive the regular respiration. A train of cars thunders by without notice—he might be carried across the street without awakening.

A healthy boy, sound asleep, is an interesting study. Particularly if he is your boy. For the time, his tremendous energies are at rest. His noisy clatter, his ceaseless motion, his endless questions, his boisterous play, his boundless wants, his fountains of laughter and tears, all are quiet now. One can take a good look at him.

It is morning. Daylight streams into the windows, the sun shines on the hill-tops. The sounds of stirring life are beginning to be heard about the house. Watch the boy. Still as motionless as a figure of marble. As you look, the gates of sleep are suddenly unlocked. He is awake in a twinkling—awake all over. His blue eyes are wide open and bright—his lips part with a shout—his legs fly out in different directions—his arms are in rapid motion—he flops over with a spring—in ten seconds he has turned a couple of summersets, and presents before you a living illustration of perpetual motion. There is no deliberate yawning, no slow stretching of indolent limbs, no lazy rubbing of sleepy eyes, no turning over for just another snooze, no gradually becoming awake about it. With a snap like a pistol shot, he is thoroughly alive and kicking—wide awake to the tip end of each particular hair. The wonderful thing about it is its suddenness and completeness.

There is a man in Buffalo who has registered a vow never to make a "humane society" of himself again. He took off his coat and leaped into the canal to save a lady from drowning, when a pick-pocket stole $10 from his coat, and the rescued one was mad because he pulled her chignon off in getting her out.

The following is said to have been a Yankee's reasoning on progress in transportation: "I kin reckerlect ten or twelve years ago, that if I started from Boston on a Wednesday, I cud git in Philadelphy on the next Saturday, makin' jist three days. Now I kin git from Boston to Philadelphy in one day; and I've been calkilatin that if the power of steam increases for the next ten years as it has been doin' for the last ten *I'd be in Philadelphy jist two days before I started from Boston.*

### McFadden's Master Stroke.

Samuel McFadden was a watchman in a bank. He was poor, but honest, and his life was without reproach. The trouble with him was, that he felt that he was not appreciated. His salary was only four dollars a week, and, when he asked to have it raised, the president and the cashier, and the board of directors glared at him through their spectacles, and frowned on him, and told him to go out and stop his insolence, when he knew business was dull and the bank could not meet its expenses now, let alone recklessly lavishing one dollar a week more upon such a miserable worm as Samuel McFadden. And then Samuel McFadden felt depressed and sad, and the haughty scorn of the president and cashier cut him to the soul. He would often go out in the shipyard and bow his venerable twenty-four inch head, and weep gallons and gallons of tears over his insignificance and pray that he might be made worthy of the cashier's and the president's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him; a gleam of light burst upon his soul, and gazing down the dim vista of years, with his eyes all blinded with the mist of joyous tears, he saw himself rich, honored and respected. So Samuel McFadden fooled around and got a jimmy and a monkey-wrench, and a cross-cut saw and cold chisel, and a drill and about half a ton of gunpowder and nitro-glycerine and all those things. Then, in the dead of night, he went to the fire-proof safe, and after working at it a while, burst the door and brickwork into immortal smash so that there was not enough of the safe left to make a carpet tack. Mr. McFadden then proceeded to load up with coupons and greenbacks, and currency and specie, and to nail all the odd change that was laying around any where, so that he pranced out of the bank with one million of dollars on him. He then retired to an unassuming residence out of town and sent word to the detectives where he was.

It was all serene and beautiful for Mr. McFadden now. He felt that it was all right at last, and that the dark nights of sorrow had passed, and the bright rays of the sun of prosperity at last illuminated his path. A detective called on him the next day with a note from the cashier. McFadden treated it with scorn. Detectives called on him every day with humble notes from the president, and the cashier, and the board of directors, and clerks, and stockholders. At last the bank officers got up a magnificent private supper, to which Mr. McFadden was invited. He came, and as the bank officers bowed down before him he pondered over the bitter, bitter past, and his soul was filled with utter exultation. (It seems to me that the last sentence is symmetrical and poetic! It strikes me so, anyhow.)

Before he drove away in his carriage that night it was all fixed that Mr. McFadden was to keep half a million of that money, and was to be unmolested if he returned the other half. He fulfilled his contract like an honest man; but refused with haughty disdain the offer of the cashier to marry his daughter.

Mac is now honored and respected. He moves in the best society; he browses around in purple and fine linen, and other good clothes and enjoys himself first-rate. And often now he takes his infant son upon his knee and tells him of his early life, and instils holy precepts into the child's mind, and shows him how by industry, perseverence, frugality, nitro-glycerine, monkey-wrenches, enterprise, cross-cut saws, and familiarity with the detective system, even the poorest may rise to affluence and respectability.

### Exploits of a Drunken Engineer

The Tallahassee *Sentinel* relates the following:

"The engineer of the freight train on the Jacksonville, Pensacola & Mobile Railroad, going west on Wednesday morning last (a man named Drew) was so much under the influence of liquor by the time he reached Baldwin that the conductor, Mr. Tuten, did not consider it safe to allow him to proceed further, and therefore procured the services of another engineer; Drew, however, remained on the engine. When the train arrived at Sanderson, the acting engineer left the train for some purpose, when Drew, still drunk, cut loose from the train and put out the engine at lightning speed, leaving engineer, fireman, conductor, and all behind. As he neared Lake City, the section hands working on the road scattered pell-mell into the woods frightened out of their wits at the tremendous speed the engine was running. The agent at Lake City, when asked about it, said the engine was running about one hundred miles an hour, and there was a man on board, but he was certainly crazy!

"Further west a gentleman saw the engine pass, but could discover no one on her, and said he was very much alarmed; but presently he saw a hand go up, and then he knew there was a human being on board. Drew thundered along at this dangerous speed until he reached Ellaville, where he came near colliding with an eastward bound freight train. The master machinist Mr. Kennedy, happened to be here, and flinging the maniac engineer from the engine took charge of it himself."

A little boy twelve years old once stopped at a country tavern and paid for his lodging and breakfast by sawing wood, instead of asking it as a gift. Fifty years later, the same boy passed the same little inn as George Peabody, the banker.

There are rumors in New York that the United States Government ags about to send an expedition to Cuba next month. It is certain that quantities of arms altogether disproportionate to their ostensible purpose of providing the troops in New York harbor are being sent from the West Troy arsenal. The Troy Times says that every man would find himself encumbered with about a ton of arms were the apparent design the real one.

### Romantic Marriage.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 13th inst., has the following:—

"A few days since a well-dressed and handsome youth, of some eighteen years of age appeared before one of our city Magistrates and asked if he could engage his services to perform a marital ceremony. The reply was in the affirmative, and the young man left but shortly afterwards returned, accompanied by a sombre-looking female, middle-aged and dressed in black.

"'Is the lady your mother?' inquired the Magistrate.

"'Oh, no, Sir; this is a lady I desire to marry!' replied the youth, as the lady drew aside her veil, disclosing a countenance wrinkled and sere, but on which for the moment gleamed a sort of icy smile.

"'Indeed.'

"'Oh, yes, Sir.'

"'But are you of age?'

"'Not yet; but this lady is my guardian.'

"'And she gives her consent?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

The Magistrate was in a quandary. He didn't know exactly what to do. He hated to sacrifice the youth, and join the bright faced May to the gloomy, icy December.

"'Isn't this rather a strange union?' he asked.

"'Not at all,' replied the expectant bride. 'I have a large amount of property which I desire to leave to this young man. As I have relatives who might dispute the will were I to give it him as a legacy, I prefer to marry him.'

"'And you are content to marry this woman for her money?' asked the justice.

"'Well, I shouldn't marry her for anything else!' frankly replied the boy lover. "She ain't pretty."

And without more ado the ceremony was concluded.

The "Fish Torpedo" which has been for some time subjected to various experimental trials by a committee of naval officers under Captain Arthur, R. N., was put to a practical proof on October 8th at Sheerness. The Oberon, paddle steamer, had been specially fitted up with a 12-horsepower engine and air pumps for filling the torpedo with compressed air, and a large discharging tube at the bow for launching it into the water. The peculiarity of the torpedo is that it will maintain its passage at any particular depth between five and fifteen feet from the surface, the propulsion being entirely submarine and affected at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour by the action of compressed air on a screw propeller. Two torpedos were ran against the Aigle, a large hulk lying in the harbor, both from a distance of 140 yards. The first contained a charge of 67 pounds of gun-cotton, and hit the hulk, exploding on impact and making a clean hole, 20 feet by 10 in area and sinking her at once. The machine is the invention of Mr. Whitehead, an English engineer, having works at Flume, in Hungary.

A pleasant story has lately circulated about Count Bismarck. A country clergyman, an old fellow-collegian of the Count's, was anxious to get his son into the Marines, and at last summoned up courage to address his former comrade, entertaining however but faint hopes of the great minister remembering him.—Not being much in the habit of writing to grandees, the good man could not for some time determine how to begin, but at length commenced his letter, "Your Highness." He soon received the following reply:—"You old blockhead, you! do you think I have forgotten when we studied and drank together at Gottenberg, and when we were so often waiting on each other? And now, how can you address me in such a foolish way? Pray never again call me Highness!—Let us continue on the same terms as of old. As to your boy, send him to me. I'll take care of him."

A reputable citizen of Troy complains that his house has been haunted for some time past by "invisible beings." The other night he was attracted to the dining room by a noise, and found the table set as for a grand banquet; but while in search of his wife about the house, to see if she could solve the mystery, the dishes were removed and the chairs collected together in the centre of the floor.

The Providence *Press* says that one of the census enumerators of that city put down in his list, "twins," opposite the names of two children, and against the first he designated Providence as the birth place. The thick-headed man in Washington sent the list back to have the deficiency accounted for. What they wanted to know was—where the other twin was born.

A San Francisco man saturated a rat with kerosene oil and let him loose, thinking he would convey certain valuable information to other rats, and that they would leave the premises. The fire department were promptly on the ground, but could not save the house. The man says it occurred to him what a mistake he had made as soon as he saw the fire coming through the cracks in the floor.

A man at Kansas city had a cat that was a beautiful songstress at nights, and another man, who had no music in his soul, threw a boot and killed the cat. The owner of the cat, enraged at the catastrophe that befell his cat, killed the man who hurt his feline-s, and now the law is going to hang him. All this for a cat that wouldn't bring ten cents when massage is scarce.

An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replied that a good many men had done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor says that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry, without going any further.

### 'Curiosities of Literature.'

A man by the name of Byrne, living in New York, lately experimented with laudanum to cure his appetite for rum. His widow says it was a success.

Henry Dart, a negro, brother of somebody, thought he was a pile-driver, and dropped from a four-story window in Boston, head-first to the side walk. The stone stood it, and Dart's rooms are to let.

A Davenport, Iowa, paper tells of a colored man who was caught in the gear of a brick machine, and crushed to a jelly. The negroes are trying to sell the remains of deceased as blackberry jam.

A man named Bradley went out gunning in Vermont, the other day, with his powder loose in his pocket. His widow is now getting up a raffle for his gun.

A youthful Michigander tried to learn to smoke, the other day, in the secluded recess of the parental barn. As soon as the foundation stones get cooled enough his father will begin building another one.

Young ladies should not go rowing with gentlemen unless they are capable of managing a boat. A lady was upset in the St. Lawrence recently, and a dress costing six dollars per yard was completely ruined. The lady was drowned.

Massachusetts is turning out as many murderers to the acre nowadays as any place. The little town of Stoughton had two murders lately within twenty-four hours. These occurrences will set Chicago to thinking.

A Columbus, Ohio, servant girl left a cup of boiling water where a child could reach it, and after the funeral asked her mistress's pardon. But that didn't bring the child back from the land where there is no boiling water.

An Oswego Lodge undertook to expel a member who had come in drunk, when he took a bottle and expelled the whole Lodge down two pair of stairs. A committee has been appointed to enquire into his case, to see if his conduct suits conflicts with his pledge.

The Sheriff of Chicago has offered a reward of $250 for the arrest of the last week's murderers. Instead of offering a reward for each murderer, he waits a week and lumps the whole in together. The amount offered makes about $50 for each murderer, for last week.

The keeper of a Chicago dance house ordered a crowd of roughs and burglars to leave his premises, when a revolver went off, and he put his hand to his abdomen. The doctors think that if the ball had entered an inch higher he might have lived.

Two Kentucky church-members had an argument as to whether it was orthodox for one to turn his cattle into the other's cornfield. Before the argument closed there was a double-barreled shotgun and funeral.

Guelph had snow on Monday.

A spoiled child—The one that played with the kerosene lamp.

There is one thing which can always be found, and that is—fault.

Chicago has 539 miles of sidewalk, lighted at night by 5,388 lamps.

The Cleveland Board of Trade favors the proposed Ontario and Erie Ship Canal.

"Give me some headache and a family fight" is the Ohio call for a glass of whiskey and bitters.

Life is a journey, and it is generally our own fault if we do not make a pleasure excursion of it.

Man may be a worm; but a glance at a dandy proves that he is not the worm that never dyes.

"Drowned in dodging a potato thrown by William Stubbs," was the verdict of a Toledo jury.

Nature teaches us that we are all dependent—that we are like cog wheels pushing each other along by filling up mutual voids.

If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, last much longer, and always sweep like a new one.

The Bank of Montreal continues to prosper exceedingly. It has just declared a six per cent. dividend for the half year, and, in addition, a two per cent. bonus.

Never be afraid to own the truth, let the consequences be what they may. Ever keep truth for your motto and guide, and you will surely be the gainer in the end.

A clever forger at the Pontiac, (Michigan) jail, attempted to bribe his keeper last week with two bills he had altered from $1 to $100 each while confined in the prison.

A philosopher says, if you want a pair of boots to last four years, melt and mix four ounces of mutton tallow, apply while warm, place the boots in a closet, and go barefoot.

An old dilapidated bonnet is going around with a piece of yellow paper pasted on the back of it, on which is written in a bold, free hand, "Go it, Bill, I'll back you!"

An expeditious mode of getting up a row is carrying a long ladder on your shoulder in a crowded thoroughfare, and every few minutes turn round to see if any one is making faces at you.

It is in the power of every man to preserve his probity; but no man living has it in his power to say that he can preserve his reputation while there are so evil tongues in the world ready to blast the fairest character, and so many open ears ready to receive their reports.

The total number of ships entered inwards and outwards in Great Britain during the year 1869, amounted to 34,910,231 tons, as compared with 33,680,970 tons of the previous year. A total of 1,682 new vessels were built and registered in the British Empire in 1869.

A tax was levied by the British Parliament upon ale of a certain strength. Home-brewed and small beer escaped; but the stronger kinds were made to pay, and marked X as a sign that they had passed the excise. Soon XX was used to signify a double potency of ale.

We have not for a long time seen a more beautiful sentiment than that by James Russell Lowell, where he says, "I am satisfied that I am on the right path so long as I can see anything to make me happier, anything to make me love man, and therefore God, the more. God is not far from that heart to which man is near."

A moral character is attached to autumnal scenes—the leaves falling like our years, the flowers fading like our hours, the clouds fleeting like our illusions, the night diminishing like our intelligence, the sun grown colder like our affections, the rivers becoming frozen like our lives—all bear secret relations to our destinies.