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.

Vol. XVI—Number 2.] LINDSAY, ONT., CANADA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1871 [Whole Number 727

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.

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

THOMAS W. POOLE, M.D.,
CORON R. EL DEAY
March 16, 1870.

A. W. C. DE GRASSI, M. D.,
PHISICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
CORONER.
Residence—Brick Cottage lately occupied by Dr. Martin, Lindsay, Ontario.

S. 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 Burnett'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. E. COULTER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c. Diseases of the heart and lungs a Specialty.
OFFICE.—York Street, Lindsay, opposite side entrance of Veitch's hotel.

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
E. G. HATTON. | C. A. WELLER

MISCELLANEOUS.

MIS E. E. FRESHMAN, M.E., &c.
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. E. 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. LLOYD 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.—Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Rev. M. F. Fletcher, Rev. M. Harris, Toronto; Rev. J. Ferguson, Toronto; A. McCockburn, Esq., Q.C., Toronto; Esq.

G. KNOWLSON,
AGENT for the Gore District Mutual Assurance Company, Issuer Marriage Licenses, Commissioner for taking Affidavits, Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company. Conveyancer &c.

WILLIAM FORSTER,
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.
Offices in Keenan's New Block
KENT STREET.
Office hours from ten a.m. till three p.m., closing at one o'clock on Saturdays.
WILLIAM HAMILTON,
Lindsay, 10th A' 1870.

Advertise in the "Warder."

L. M. CATHER,
Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary school Toronto.
By Appointment, Veterinary Surgeon to S. V. Agricultural Society
OFFICE.—Peel Street, South Side, immediately north of Market St.
Horses Examined as to Soundness.
AGENT FOR LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY.

Tooth Extracted
POSITIVELY
WITHOUT PAIN,
BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE
(LAUGHING GAS.)
MR. NEELANDS

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. NEELANDS 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 Jaks,
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 carefull 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. FORTER,
Bookseller, Stationer and Newsdealer

LADIES
FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE
Knits over Seventy Articles of Wearing Apparel.
It will knit a pair of lady's stockings in 30 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.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE,
BETWEEN
Minden & Boboaygeon.
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.

THE BEST QUALITY OF
FLOUR
always kept at the
Glasgow Warehouse, Lindsay

Poetry

AN AMERICAN COCK-TALE.

Professor Luther Cranmer Bangs
Has travelled in Europe more than a year,
And no one need be troubled with pangs
At telling him aught which he thought was severe;
For there's ne'er a Yankee of any size,
No matter how sharply he chaffs or slangs,
That can boast he has ever taken a rise
On Professor Luther Cranmer Bangs.

He was the man whom Doctor Snayle
Read a lecture to on a morning fill—
Read it clear through from bill to tale;
And Bangs, like Old Piety bore it all.
Said S., when the sheets were all up-read,
'I'm going with this to Boston, you know.'
'I'm glad to hear it,' his listener said:
'I always *did* hate those Bostonians so!'

Well, last week on a City Atlas 'bus
The Professor and I went riding down,
While the driver politely gave to us
Opinions on things about the town.
And finding my friend was "prone to receive,"
And came from the Western land afar,
He told him just what one ought to believe
In politics, piety, love, and war.

Then glancing at Bangs, who sat to leeward
Looking as mild as cambric tea,
He said: "I once 'ad—but soon got cured
Of—a wish to go to Amerikee.
I was tired of always drivin' these cusses,
And so I thought I would like to range."
"You were right," said Bangs. "In our Yankee 'busses
It's the *driver* who takes (and keeps) the change!"

Sharp glanced the driver at Bangs; then said,
"What seared me of goin' was this, d'ye see,—
I'd a friend in New York, whose letters I read;
And he wrote: In the whole of your country,
He 'd looked the biggest graveyards thro',
Looked 'em thro' with uncommon keer,
But never had come a stone to view
Of a cove as was aged fifty year.

"And as this is the case in every State,
I think there's nothink on hearth for cure'n
A chap of a fancy to hemigrate
Like readin of them graveyardse' your'n."
So I thought I'd rather perlong my breath,
Tho' sometimes here a fellow they hangs."
"You are right, my friend. Choose your own way of death.
I go in for that," said Professor Bangs.

"But I see you have not understood
Why no aged person is ever found
Among us. We only want *young* blood
On our driving, thriving Yankee ground.
Youth alone has the power to go it,
Old men are a drag on putting it thro',
So we kill them off—and our tombstones show it—
Before they arrive at a dozen and two."

Here the driver gave a long *cher—rup!*
And gazed at the Yankee, dark and wan,
As if he'd woke the wrong passenger up;
While calmly Professor Bangs went on:
"In walking up and down Broadway,
La ge mourning signboa d: at times appear
With this inscription in letters grey—
'*Elth r'y persons extinguished here.*'

"And they put in your hand a pamphlet small,
Adapted to people of different stations,
Which cites the law and exhorts them all
To dismiss in peace their old relations.
'Why let them linger in a vale,'
It states, 'where often colds they catch?
Send them to us, and we'll end the tale
With politeness, humanity and despatch.'"

"N. B.—For those who would die by the trigger
We've a merciful man who's a practised shot,
With an elegant room and a careful nigger,
To lay them gentcelly out on the spot.
Our principal has a chemist of fame,
Whom he exclusively employs on
Those who set their cheeks on a different game,
And like to pass to heaven by poison.'

"'Tis thus the ladies generally choose it;
They love to die without pain or pangs
By a nice little globule—who could refuse it?
None but a man," said Professor Bangs.
"A *saw buck* extra they always charge
For the stylish mode of extinguishing breath,
A saw buck's ten dollars. It's rather large,
But then it ensures you a *cocktail* death."

"Yet may that be?" said the driver meekly,
In the tone of a greatly altered man.
I observed that he seemed to be growing weakly
Since the Professor his story began.
"A cocktail's a tipple—Amerier vaunts of it—
So flavored, so foamy, so spicy and whirled,
That he who can get as much as he wants of it
Very soon drinks himself out of the wi d.

"'Tis said in the sky—right over Paris,
Where the American heaven is found,
Where everything brick-like and fast and rare is—
The cocks with tumbler's for tails run round.
They cut to the bar for all things thinkable,—
All that is nice is a gratis boon,—
Then they come back with your favorite drinkable,
And their sickle feather's a silver spoon!

"But the who invented the cocktail brew is
The man before you. Thus came the hint:
I had once been kissing a pretty Jewess,
Who just before had been nibbling mint;
And in order to recall the taste
Which I found in pressing her luscious two lips,
I mingled brandy and mint in haste,
With sugar and ice—and thus made Juleps.

"The first step was therefore the julep perfected,
Which gave us a *menthal* spirit of wine;
And finding myself thereby respected,
I tho't to make bitter and sweet combine.
So I took of bitters aromatic
(I prefer the tincture of bark myself,
With orange flavored, but if you lack it
Try any kind on the bar-room shelf).

"And I fixed them with sugar, and ice, and spirits,
In a silver tumbler, lightning-quick, sir,
Which I shook till all their several merits,
Were combined in one subtle and strange elixir.
Then I passed it through a silver sieve
Kept carefully free from spot or rust;
And the final jimglorious touch to give,
I threw in a sprinkle of nutmeg-dust,

"And I am told by the spirit-rappers
That in the American Paris-heaven,
Though they're fancy drinks which are total snappers,
There's nothing better than mine are given.
So they die in New York without any pangs,
For they know in the next world, to requite 'em,
They'll sit over Paris,' said Mister Bangs,
"A-drinking cocktails *ad infinitum*.'

Here we got down, and the driver said,
"Well, *you're* of the kind that will always bang 'em!"
And turning our moccasins homeward, we sped
To the great American wigwam, the Langham.
Said Bangs, "O'er my eyes there is drawn no wool.
That man has no heart who would tell you a mocktale;
But story for story I told to the Bull,
What I call a real American Cocktail!"

Literature.

MARK SINGLE:

A STORY OF THE SEA AND OF ADVENTURES IN MANY LANDS.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BLACK FLAG.

Mark Single felt his situation to be so full of peril that for a moment or two he seemed paralyzed and unable to act. At a short distance off there was the British frigate, on board of which would be life and security. Within the very hail of his voice there was an officer and half-a dozen sturdy seamen of that frigate while in a few moments more all these sights and sounds of security would vanish. What, too, was he to expect from the anger of the pirate captain, whom he had refused to aid, and who seemed to have succeeded in carrying on the deception successfully without him?

'Mark—Mark, rouse yourself!' cried Andrew, 'We must do something.'

The Lieutenant of the 'Juno' had reached his boat.

'Give way!' he cried. The oars simultaneously dipped into the sea.

Captain Smiles stood on his quarter-deck, with his hat in his hand, bowing and smiling.

It was the impulse of a moment. Mark seized the black flag of the pirate, and thrusting it through one of the oval cabin windows with the exception of one corner, which he held firmly in his grasp, he let it flutter broadly out to the breeze. It was an anxious moment.

Then they heard the officer of the 'Juno' speak sharply.

'What is that? Pull round, my men! Hillos, 'Albatross' ahoy!'

Situated as Captain Smiles was, exactly over his own cabin, he could not see the flag, which was so indicative of who and what he was. The sudden return of the frigates boat was perfectly enigmatical to him.

Then Mark and Andrew heard another voice from the boat.

'Oh, we had better pull back, Mr. Williams, if you please, sir: that sea fog is coming on again, and we shan't see the frigate in another minute.'

'Never mind, Michael—never mind. Give way, men!'

The boat grated against the side of the 'St. Joseph:'

'May I ask, sir,' said Captain Smiles, 'what procures the honour of your return?'

'Perhaps,' said the lieutenant of the 'Juno,' as he sprang up the side. 'Follow me, my men. Atkins, are you boat-keeper?'

'Ay, ay, sir!' said a voice from the boat.

There was a rush and scramble of the seamen on to the deck of the 'St. Joseph

'Demonio!' cried Captain Smiles, 'what is the meaning of all this?'

'You have a suspicious flag, Captain Single, on board.'

'Ah! 'Sts Joseph' to the rescue!'

Captain Smiles blew shrilly upon a silver whistle that he wore suspended round his neck. At least twenty of the pirate crew, who were crouching down in various places of concealment on the main deck of the 'St. Joseph,' sprang forward and, without firing a shot, overpowered by their force of numbers the five seamen the lieutenant, and the midshipman of the frigate. So utterly unexpected was the attack that although the lieutenant cut down two of his opponents, several of the seamen had not time to draw their cutlasses. In the midst of the tumult there was a sudden splash in the sea

The rascally mate of the 'St. Joseph' had managed to drop a twenty-four pound shot in the frigate's boat, which went through it in a moment, leaving the seaman who had been left in charge of it struggling in the sea.

'Clear away—clear away!' cried Captain Smiles—'away with them.'

'Overboard, sir?' asked a voice.

'No, to limbo. Time enough for that.'

The very elements seemed to be in favour of the pirate, for the thick ocean mist came on like a white curtain, covering up everything in an impenetrable haze. A gun was fired from the frigate to recall its boat—That boat that was past recall. and was floating a maimed wreck in the trough of the sea. There was a great trampling and vociferating on the deck of the 'St. Joseph.' All was then still for a few seconds, after which the voice of Captain Smiles was heard giving loud and imperative orders. There was a creaking of cordage and a flapping of sails, and then, by the motion of the vessel Mark could well comprehend that she was in full sail, and rushing before a north-westerly breeze at a prodigious rate.

'Andrew, my poor boy,' said Mark, 'I am afraid we are at the extremity of our fortunes.'

'No, no, Mark! Listen—listen!'

There was another gun from the frigate; but it was much farther off than the preceding one.

'I am sorry for you, Andrew; and if, by the sacrifice of my own life I could save you, I would. I will make an appeal to this man Smiles, or whatever may be his name, pirate though he is, in your favour.'

'Oh, Mark! Can you really—and do you think so much of me in this sad extremity?'

'I suppose I do, Andrew. I scarcely know why or wherefore, but so it is. My heart warmed towards you when first I saw you on the deck of the 'Albatross.'

'Oh, Mark! Mark! You will so blame, me and so despise me.'

'Blame and despise you, Andrew! How can I do either?'

'Because—because, Mark—

'Because what?

'Because I am not—what I seem.' Andrew hid his face on Mark's breast.

'I never thought you were,' said Mark.

'You never thought?

'No; I never thought you were what you seemed. You paid some money for your passage to Valparaiso on board the 'Albatross,' and at the same time you said you wished to be useful on board the ship, if I would teach you how.'

'Yes—yes.'

'I did not seek to pry into your secrets, Andrew, but I could see you had been gently nurtured, and I suspected you were some runaway from home or school. Come; was it not so?'

'Yes, Mark, a runaway.'

'I guessed it, then?'

'Yes, so far. But—but—'

'But what, Andrew?'

'My name is Marianne.'

'What?'

'Oh, Mark! Cast me from you—despise me if you will!'

'Gracious Heaven! I had no suspicion—no dream of this, Marianne?'

'Yes, Mark, I am Marianne Single, your own cousin; daughter of your uncle Sir Jabez, who doomed you to destruction. Oh, Mark—Mark! I think I have been mad! I could not denounce my father. but I could try to save you or perish with you! Oh, weak—weak that I was! On board the 'Albatross,' I could do nothing; and yet I tried, but the catastrophe took me at unawares. Kill me, Mark! You ought to kill me, that I did not warn you!'

'Kill you? I am too much amazed to speak. Are you my cousin, Marianne, who was ever sedulously kept from my sigh at my uncle's house, after once, and once only, I looked into your eyes?'

'Look at me again, Mark, and ask yourself if it be true?'

She turned her face to one of the little oval windows in the cabin of the 'St. Joseph.' A gleam of golden sunlight through the sea mist, fell upon the fair and delicate features.

'Where were my eyes—where were my eyes?' cried Mark—'that I knew you not? And, oh! to know you now and in such peril!'

'Mark!'

'Marianne!'

He clasped her to his breast. A slow and heavy step descended the companion-way, and paused at the cabin door.

'Hush!'

'Oh Mark!—Mark, listen.'

'Put on your sea boy's cap, Marianne. Be Andrew once again. Stay! One of these pistols—hide it in your breast. Do you understand how to use it?'

'Yes,' replied Marianne, with a gasp.

'The black flag!'

'It is hidden!'

'Hush!'

The door of the cabin was slowly opened, and Captain Smiles stood in the entrance. His face was white as paper, save where a thin trickling stream of blood came from a cut on his brow. He uttered not a word, but he made a furious gesture with his hand and arm, and pointed to the inner cabin. Marianne and Mark retreated slowly backwards, keeping their eyes fixed upon the pirate captain as though there had been some terrible fascination in his gaze. They reached the inner cabin, and then they heard the door secured by bolt and lock. Mark drew a long breath.

'We are prisoners, Marianne, but we are armed. He has not missed the pistols.'

Marianne trembled excessively.

'Nay, cheer up—cheer up! We are not quite lost. There is life and there is hope; and yet Marianne, I am so sick at heart that you are here.'

'Do not say so, Mark; do not say so. Better that we should perish together. Oh! I am guilty—I am guilty! And yet he was my father.'

'Cast no blame upon yourself, dear Marianne, but tell me how all this came about as clearly as you can.'

'Mark, I will tell you all, and then you ought to leave me to my fate.'

'No, Marianne, no! You blame yourself without a cause. Those who do what seems to them right, do well. Tell me all, then, without reserve, for we may not have another such opportunity as this.'

'Heaven knows! Heaven knows! I cannot justify myself Mark, and I can only hope that you will pity me. My father was in possession of the whole of your father's fortune, which he had transmitted from India from time to time for safe keeping.'

'Fortune?'

'Yes; the whole of it.'

'But my uncle—your father—always said that my own poor father died in poverty and want.'

'No, Mark, it was not so. I overheard much and guessed more. My father sought your destruction. I see it all now, although I knew nothing of what was to happen on board the 'Albatross' until too late. I could not denounce my father to you, nor could I remain with him. In this disguise I followed you, and thought we might be happy in some foreign land far, far away. Oh, Mark! It was a dream, I was mad—mad!'

'No, Marianne, it was no dream. You were tortured by conflicting feelings and affections. Speak of it no more. The present is sufficient to engross our thoughts, and, oh! how sad it is to think that now, when life is trebly worth its preservation, we stand in such momentary peril.'

Marianne wrung her hands and wept.

'Be calm, dearest—be calm. Others before us have undergone these dangers, surely, and yet lived to talk of them in happier times. Only listen now to the rush of the sea past the ship. At what a rate she sails!'

'But where, Mark? Where?'

'I would I knew! Through this small deadlight I see nothing but foam and the rushing water. The sea mist, too, is clearing away, and from the colour of the light I should say sunset is approaching.'

'The last sunset,' moaned Marianne, 'we shall ever see!'

'Nay; say not so! Look, Marianne—look! We must be in some tropical sea, for the warm air puffs in like the breath of a furnace, and the day has suddenly dropped, as it does in such regions.'

'I see—I see! Oh, that is beautiful!'

'What is it?'

'The moon, which rises out of the water with a full broad disc. Mark—Mark! Is it possible that we are to be driven from this beautiful world by the evil passions of such a man as this Captain Smiles?'

'We will not believe it yet, Marianne. Look how the moon climes up! It seems as though it were chasing the 'St. Joseph,' and by its position we can observe that we are sailing to the north-west.'

'What does it matter, Mark—what does it matter? Sail where we may we carry our danger with us.'

The 'St, Joseph' was in full sail, and tore through the water like a thing of life. The moon rose higher and higher, and its bright and beautiful rays, reflected from the sea, made a strange cold white daylight about the ship. Everything was visible, to the minutest nail and strand of its cordage.

And now, anxiously listening, Mark and Marianne heard Captain Smiles in the cabin. He seemed to be vociferating to himself and drinking. Occasionally he indulged in a fit of laughter. Now and then, too, he was visited by some of his lieutenants or mates, to whom he gave various orders, and every one of whom he seemed to ply with drink.

And at length the moon had reached her zenith, and poured down upon upon the deck of the St. Joseph a flood of silvery light. The ship's bells struck slowly and monotonously. There was a confused bustle and stir upon deck. Then the voice of Captain Smiles was heard clearly and distinctly:—

'All hands amidships, rovers of the sea!'

There was a faint cry, like a cheer. Then Captain Smiles spoke again:

'Rig the plank and bring forward the prisoners!'

'What does it mean?' whispered Marianne.

'Dear Marianne, I'm afraid it means something that makes it my imperative duty to seek the deck of the St. Joseph at any peril.'

'Oh no—no.'

'I must, Marianne—indeed I must! My heart will burst if I am shut up here. There must be some outlet aft of this cabin. What is this? A locker, or cupboard?'

'It is where I found the black flag.' Mark pressed his hands in desperation against the back of a kind of pantry, when to his surprise it immediately yielded, and the whole of the panelling turned upon a centre. The opening thus revealed led directly out into a small gallery that ran round the stern of the St. Joseph. A flood of moonlight poured into the after-cabin.

'You will be careful—careful of your life, Mark?'

'Trust me, I will.'

'Where are we to go?'

'Do not say we. Remain here, I implore you, Marianne!'

'No—no!'

'Yes, I beg of you. There may be rough work above.'

'But I must be with you, Mark.'

'Then I shall perish. My eyes will be seeking you, and I shall see not dangers that surround me.'

'And I may never see you again!'

'Do not think that, but remain here, and let me feel that you are in security.'

'Go, Mark, go! It is for you to command, for me to obey.'

'My heart is with you, Marianne, although I seem to leave you now. But something tells me there is mischief going on above.'

'You suspect?'

'I more than suspect.'

'What, Mark, what?'

'That this cold-blooded rascal is about to murder his prisoners.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STRAY SHOT.

The moonlight on the deck of the St. Joseph was something wonderful. There was scarcely a shadow, for the broad silver disc was right overhead, and its rays came down perpendicularly upon a scene that for interest and and excitement has rarely been equalled. About one half the pirate crew were on the main deck, with eager curiosity in their faces. Capt Smiles, as he had chosen to call himself, but whose real name was Manuel Demonio, stood upon the raised deck, attired in a strange uniform, half Oriental and half Spanish. Several of those whom he call his officers were about him. They were coarse, brutal-looking men, attired in a mountebank sort of costume. as though made up of the plundered uniforms of the officers of several nations.

But it was not the crew of the pirate vessel, nor its officers, nor its captain, that were the most curious and interesting on its deck. A couple of negroes, stripped to the waist; and having broad red handkerchiefs tied round their heads, were exceedingly busy, under the direction of one of the mates, in setting up an apparatus, the use of which was well known on board the pirate ship. A long plank was procured and placed slantways from about the centre of the neck over a low portion of the vessel's bulwarks. This plank extended out towards the sea some six or eight feet. At the other extremity towards the sea a long rope was fastened, the other end of which was tied to a ratlin in the main shrouds. The effect of this arrangement was very simple, and according to a well-known law of mechanics. It anyone could be induced to walk along the plank, it would be firm and secure until they got past the centre of gravity on which it rested. Then the weight of the hapless person would tip up the plank, and a plunge in the sea would be the natural consequence. The plank then being secured by a loose rope, could be hauled in again, and replaced for another victim. This was 'walking the plank'—a mode of disposing of their prisoners well known among the pirates of the South Pacific and the Spanish Main. Captain Smiles now spoke in a loud, hoarse voice:

'Prisoners, forward!'

There was a rush of feet, and the unfortunate lieutenant of the Juno, with the midshipmen and the five seamen, each being held firmly in the grasp of two of the pirate crew, were hurried forward to the fatal plank. The lieutenant looked pale and exhausted. He had been slightly wounded in the fray that had ensued at his capture, and a handkerchief was bound round his head. Captain Smiles made him an ironical bow.

'I exceedingly regret,' he said, in mocking tones, 'to see a gentleman wearing her Birttanic Majesty's uniform in so perplexing a situation.'

'The regret is mutual, sir,' said the lieutenant, 'although mine is of a different character. To have died on the quarter-deck of my own vessel would have been the death of a sailor: but to be murdered in cold blood by you and your fellow ruffians bring with it indeed an addel pang.'

'We hope so,' said Captain Smiles.

'But be assured,' added the lieutenant that the day of retribution will come when you and the cowardly scoundrels around you will meet the just reward of your crimes.'

'Have you quite done?' asked Captain Smiles, with an affectation of extreme courtesy.

The lieutenant made a gesture of impatience, and was silent.

'Very well then,' added the pirate 'it is my duty to inform you that you life is perfectly in your own hands.'

'How so?'

Captain Smiles pointed to the capstan, which looked in the moonlight like some singularly decorated altar, for it was covered with the black flag of piracy, the skull and cross bones occupying the centre, on which was laid an old worn-looking book, bound in vellum.

'It is a rule of our service,' added the pirate captain, 'that any and every prisoner has the option of saving his life by enrolling himself among us as a free companion.'

'And can you suppose for a moment,' said the lieutenant, with indignation in his tone, 'that anyone would not prefer death to such dishonour?'

'As you please.'

'With loathing and contempt I scorn your proposition; and I am sure I speak for those who have the misfortune to be captives with me. Is it not so, Mr. Michael?'

'Yes, sir,' said the midshipman boldly.

'Ay, ay sir,' cried the five seamen.

'Then we shall have a little diversion,' said the pirate captain. 'To the plank with him!'

The unfortunate lieutenant's arms were seized and bound behind his back, and he was urged towards the fatal plank. He set his teeth hard, and was the picture of a brave man, determined to die without a word To contend against his fate was madness. He might protract it by a few words. He could only escape it by leaping into the sea. And at that anxious moment there came from far, very far off, the dull faint echo of a ship's gun.

'The Juno! cried the lieutenant. The Juno! She still signals for her boat, her officers, and her men, whom she will see no more.'

'To the plank!' roared the captain of the St. Joseph fiercely,

The lieutenant was forced on to the plank by the two negroes.

'Farewell, comrades!' he cried, addressing the midshipman and the seamen; 'It is but a plunge, and all is over.'

The fatal moment had arrived. Another three steps and the lieutenant of the Juno would have passed the fulcrum of the lever which the plank represented, and been plunged into the sea. Then there was the sharp crack of a pistol shot from the stern of the St. Joseph. Captain Smiles, with a yell of pain, fell upon the deck. The utmost confusion immediately prevailed, in the midst of which a loud voice shouted: 'Officers and men of the Juno, aft!—aft! for your lives!'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Italian Chamber of Deputies has by a vote of 232 to 29, resolved to transfer the capital to Rome.

Governor Alcorn of Mississippi presented a message to the Legislature of that State sixty feet long.

A farmer in Gatineau has a three headed calf. He wants to know Barnum's address.

Bridget Maloney's Kitchen Trials with a Chinee.

Well the ways and trials I had wid that Chineeser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blessid thing could I do but he'd be lookin wid his eyes cocked up-ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widout a speck or switch o' whiskers on him, an' his fingers full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus larnin him, and he grinnin and' waggin his pig-tale, (which was pieced out wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and getting into her ways wonderful quick. I don't dery, imitatin' that sharp you'd be surprised, and wotchin' and copying things the least of us will do a-hurried wid work yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him! It's yerself knows the tender feet that's on me since iver I've bin in this counthry. Well, owin to that I fell into the way of slippin' my shoes when I'd be settin' down to pole the praities or the likes o' that, an', do ye mind! that haythan would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him to parin apples or tomatersss. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him believe he could kape the shoes on his feet when he'd be paylin' anythin.

Did I lave for that? Faix an' I didn't. Did at he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythan? You're aware yourself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contain more than'll go into anything decently. So for that matter I'd now and then take out a cup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, and wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironing blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' anyone. Well what should it be but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was spakin' pleasantly and respeck'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands foreninst her wid his boondles, and she motions liketo Fing Wing, (which I never would call him by that name nor any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the shugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a cup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spachless wid surprise an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blanket, and pullin' out my box wid a show o' bein sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus saym', 'Oh, Kitty!' in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. 'He's a haythen nagur,' says I. 'I've found you,' says she. 'I'll arrest him.' says I. 'It's you ought to be arrisel,' says she. 'You won't,' says I. 'I will,' says she. An' so it went till she gave me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady; an' I give her warnin' and left that instant, and she a-pointin' to the door.

Living in Paris.

How they live in Paris is told—and accurately told, we believe—by a correspondent of the London *Times* who is there and may be supposed to know whereof he speaks. He manages to live on 150 francs per week, and of this it costs him a hundred sous per day for fire alone. How, he asks, can the poor live on thirty sous per day? And the unavoidable answer is that there must be much suffering. There remains, says he, an ample supply of wine at one, one and a half and two cents the bottle.—Dogs, cats and rats are eaten daily; but as yet there is no great lack of horse and the use of these animals is voluntary. Fat cats bring a high price, some liking them as well as rabbit. A great majority of the poor get their soup at the municipal canteens, and many eat bread soaked in *du vin chaud*—which will just keep soul and body together. But for all this I am of opinion that we can hold out for some time yet, the new mayors being very active in organizing canteens. The lack of gas makes candles and oil very dear and the streets are certainly very sombre. These privations are telling fearfully upon the public health, principally upon infants and the aged, the number of deaths, of citizens alone, for the past fifteen days, amounting to the enormous sum total of 5,436 persons. He proceeds to speak of the clubs, or re-unions of Paris, those debating societies where the socialists gave expression to the sublime idea, and in imitation of the Jacobin orators of the first revolution, tried to argue the people into the establishment of the Commune. These clubs started out on very high ground, and in strong language upheld the freedom of speech and of discussion; but unfortunately, they weakened their oratory and arguments by kicking every man out of doors who ventured to raise his voice against the peculiar ideas of the socialists. Now there is no freedom of speech at all, particularly when the food question comes up.

"Railroadites" is the latest newspaper idiocity.

The Montreal Military School has been re-opened.

The Nova Scotia Legislature opened on Thursday last.

Adversity is a poultice which reduces vanity and strengthens virtue.

Lent commences this year on the 22nd of February, and ends on the 9th of April.

The Prince of Wales has been chosen President of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland.

The house in which Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio is still standing and is one of the best in Corsica.

A Berlin paper says that Napoleon III is at present engaged writing a history of his reign.

Wolves enter the churches in Duluth. One weighing 100 pounds was recently shot in the second Presbyterian church.

At the Guelph cattle fair on Wednesday last a hog weighing 940 pounds was sold for $3.50 cents per cwt.

At a late dinner party in New York the other evening, the table cloth was of heavy white silk, edged with point lace. All the other appointments were equally distinguished for cost and vulgarity.

The carpet in the drawing room of A. T. Stewart's new residence in New York, was made expressly for the apartment, at a cost of $27,000 It is in a single piece, and was woven upon a loom constructed for its manufacture.

A woman named Hill has been horribly murdered Sherbrooke, being brutally beaten to death with a poker. Her husband and a man named Hill are in jail on suspicion.