

The Bobcaygeon Independent.

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17	13	200 "
22	13	200 "
23	13	200 "
24	13	200 "
25	13	200 "
26	13	200 "
S. E. 1/4	16	50 "
S. 1/4	19	100 "
E. 1/4	18	200 "
E. 1/4	21	170 "
E. 1/4	23	170 "
19	18	200 "
20	18	200 "
6	19	200 "
E. pt. 12	19	85 "
13	19	120 "
14	19	90 "
15	19	79 "

TOWNSHIP OF VERMILAN.

Lot.	Con.	Acres.
24	5	200 "
W. 1/4	7	100 "
31	17	200 "
E. 1/4	26	80 "
E. 1/4	29	100 "
E. pt. 29	19	75 "
30	19	175 "

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Lot.	Con.	Acres.
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17	4	200 "
18	4	200 "
15	6	200 "
18	6	200 "

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Lot.	Con.	Acres.
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New York City and Rochester, N. Y.

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Kinmount, Sept. 26th, 1871.

Poetry.

Under a Hedge.
BY T. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

A Florist a sweet little blossom espied,
Which bloomed, like its ancestors, by the road side;
Its sweetness was simple, its colours were few,
Yet the blossom looked fair in the spot where it grew.

The Florist beheld it, and cried, "I'll en- chant
The botanical work with this sweet little plant—
Its leaves shall be green, and carefully nursed,
And shall charm all the world, though I met with it first

Under a hedge,
Under a hedge,
Under a hedge.

He carried it home to his hot-house with care,
And he said, "Though the rarest exotics
Are there, My little pet plant, when I've nourished its stem,
In tints and in fragrance shall imitate them.

Thought long shall suspect, from the road side it came,
Rousing sidon I'll call it, a beautiful name!
While Botanists look through their glasses and view
Its beauties they'll never suspect that it grew

Under a hedge,
Under a hedge,
Under a hedge.

The little pet plant, when it shook off the dirt,
Of its own native ditch, soon began to be pert,
And tossed its small head, for perceiving that none
But exotics were round it, it thought it- self one.

As a wild flower all would have owned it was fair,
And praised it though gaudier blossoms were there,
But when it assumed its hot house airs we see
Through the forest tint of its leaves and suspect that it grew

Under a hedge,
Under a hedge,
Under a hedge.

MORAL.
In the by-ways of life, Oh, how many there are
Who being born under some fortunate star,
Assisted by beauty, or talent, grow rich,
And bloom in a hot-house instead of a ditch.

Literature.

Malachi's Cove.
BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

(Continued from last week.)

Barty, when he was asked why so good natured a lad as he persecuted a poor girl and an old man, threw himself upon the justice of the thing. It would not do at all, according to his view, that any person should take upon himself to own that which God Almighty had sent as common property to all. He would do Mally no harm, and so he had told her. But Mally was a wizen, a wicked little vixen, and she must be taught to have a civil tongue in her head. When once Mally would speak him civil as he went for weed, he would get his father to pay the old man some sort of toll for the use of the path.

"Speak him civil!" said Mally. "Never, not while I have a tongue in my mouth?" and I fear old Glos encouraged her rather more than otherwise in her view of the matter.

But her grandfather did not encourage her in hamstringing the pony. Injuring the pony would be a serious thing, and old Glos thought it might be very awkward for both of them if Mally were put in prison. He suggested, therefore, that all manner of impediments should be put in the way of the pony's feet, surmising that the well trained donkey might be able to work in spite of them. And Barty Gunliffe on his next descent did find the way very awkward when he came near to Malachi's hut; but he made his way down, and poor Mally saw the lumps of rock at which she had laboured so hard pushed on one side or rolled out of the way with a steady persistence of injury that almost drove her frantic.

"Well, Barty, you're a nice boy," said old Glos, sitting in the doorway of the hut as he watched the intruder.

"I ain't doing no harm to no one as does't harm me," said Barty. "These weeds are free to all, Malachi."

"And the sky is free to all, but I must not get up on the top of your big barn to look at it," said Mally, who was standing among the rocks with a long hook in her hand. The long hook was the tool with which she worked in dragging the weed from the waves. "But you ain't got no justice, nor yet no spirit, or you wouldn't come here to vex an old man like he."

"I didn't want to vex him, nor yet you, Mally. You let me be for a while, and we'll be friends yet."

"Friends!" exclaimed Mally. "Who would have the likes of you for a friend? What are you moving them stones for? Them stones belongs to grandfather."

And in her wrath she made a movement as though she were going to fly at him.

"Let him be, Mally," said the old man, "let him be. He'll get his punishment. He'll come to be drowned some day, if he comes down here when the wind is blowing in shore."

"Then may he be drowned!" said Mally in her anger. "If he was in the big hole there among the rocks, and the sea running in at half tide, I would n't lift a hand to help him out."

"Yes you would, Mally; you'd fish me up with your hook like a big stick of seaweed."

She turned from him with scorn as he said this, and went into the hut. It was time for her to get ready for her work, and one of the great injuries done her lay in this,—that such a one as Barty Gunliffe should come and look at her during her toil among the breakers.

It was an afternoon in April, and the hour was something about four o'clock. There had been a heavy wind from the north-west all the morning, with gusts of rain, and the sea gulls had been in and out of the cove all day, which was a sure sign to Mally that the incoming tide would cover the rocks with weeds. The quick waves were now returning with wonderful celerity over the low reef, and the time had come at which the treasure must be seized, if it was to be gathered that day.

By seven o'clock it would be grown dark; at nine it would be high water, and some of this Barty was beginning to understand too. As Mally came down with her bare feet, bearing her long hook in her hand, she saw Barty's pony standing patiently on the sand, and in her heart she longed to attack the brute. Barty at this moment, with a common three-pronged fork in his hand, was standing down on a large rock, gazing forth towards the waters. He had declared that he would gather the weed only at places which were inaccessible to Mally, and he was looking out that he might settle where he would begin.

"Let 'n be, let 'n be," shouted the old man to Mally, as he saw her take a step towards the beast, which she hated almost as much as she hated the man.

Hearing her grandfather's voice through the wind, she desisted from her purpose, if any purpose she had, and went forth to her work. As she passed down the cove and went in among the rocks, she saw Barty still standing on his perch, out beyond the white curling waves cresting and breaking themselves with violence, and the wind was howling among the caverns and abutments of the cliffs. Every now and then there came a squall of rain, and though there was sufficient light, the heavens were black with clouds. A scene more beautiful might hardly be found by those who love the glories of the coast. The light for such objects was perfect. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the colours,—the blue of the open sea, the white of the breaking waves, the yellow sands, or the streaks of red and brown which gave such richness to the cliff!

But neither Mally nor Barty was thinking of such things as these. Indeed, they were hardly thinking of their trade after its ordinary form. Barty was meditating how he might best accomplish his purpose of working beyond the reach of Mally's feminine powers, and Mally was resolved that wherever Barty went she would go farther.

In many respects Mally had the advantage. She knew every rock in the spot, and was sure of those which gave a foothold, and sure also of those which did not. And then her activity had been made perfect by practice in the work to which she was devoted. Barty, no doubt, was stronger than she was, and quite as active. But Barty could not jump among the waves from one stone to another as she could do, nor was he as yet able to get in his work from the very force of the water as she could get it. She had been hunting seaweed in that cove since she had been an urchin of six years old, and she knew every hole and corner and every spot of vantage. The waves were her friends and she could use them. She could measure their strength, and knew when and where it would cease. Mally was great down in the salt pools of her own cove,—great and very fearless. As she watched Barty make his way forward from rock to rock, she told herself gleefully that she was going astray. The curl of the wind as it blew into the cove would not carry the weed up the northern buttresses of the cove; and then there was the great hole of which she had spoken when she wished him evil.

And now she went to work, hooking up the dishevelled hairs of the ocean, and landing many a cargo on the extreme margin of the sand, from whence she would be able in the evening to drag it back before the invading waters would reclaim the soil. And on his side he made his heap up against the northern buttresses of which I have spoken. Barty's heap grew big and still bigger, so that he knew, let the pony work as he might, he could not take it all up that evening. But still it was not as large as Mally's heap. Mally's hook was better than his fork, and Mally's skill was better than his strength. And when he forked in some haul, Mally would jeer him with a wild wailing laughter, and shriek to him through the wind that he was n't half a man. At first he answered her with laughing words; but before long, as she boasted of her success and pointed to his failure, he became angry with himself in that he missed so much of the plunder before him. The broken sea was full of the long straggling growth which the waves had torn up from the bottom of the cove; but the

masses were carried past, away from him,—may, once or twice over him; and then Mally's weird voice would sound in his ear, jeering him. The gloom among the rocks was becoming thicker and thicker, the tide was beating in with increased strength, and the gusts of wind came with quick and greater violence. But still he worked on. While Mally worked he'd work, and he would work some time after she was driven in. He would not be beaten by a girl.

The great hole was now full of water, but of water which seemed to be boiling as though in a pot. And the pot was full of floating masses—large treasures of seaweed which were thrown to and fro upon its surface, but lying there so thick that one would seem almost able to rest upon it without sinking. Mally knew well how useless it was to attempt to rescue aught from the fury of that boiling cauldron. The hole went in under the rocks, and the side of it toward the shore lay high, slippery and steep. The hole, even at low water, was never empty, and Mally believed there was no bottom to it. Fish thrown in there could escape out to the ocean miles away—so Mally in her softer mood would tell visitors to the cove. She knew the hole well. Pouldnadioni she was accustomed to call it, which was supposed, when translated, to mean that this was the hole of the evil one. Never did Mally attempt to make her own of the weed that had found its way into that pot.

But Barty Gunliffe knew no better, and she watched him as he endeavoured to steady himself on the treacherously slippery edge of the pool. He fixed himself there and made a haul with some small success. How he managed it she hardly knew, but she stood still for a while watching him anxiously, and then she saw him slip. He slipped, and recovered himself—slipped again, and again recovered himself.

"Barty, you fool," she screamed, "if you get yourself pitched in there, you'll never come out no more."

Whether she simply wished to frighten him, or whether her heart relented and she thought of his danger with dismay, who shall say? She could not have told herself. She hated him as much as ever, but she could hardly have wished to see him drowned before her eyes.

"You go on, and don't mind me," said he, speaking in a hoarse, angry tone.

"Mind you!—who minds you?" said the girl. And then she again prepared herself for her work.

But as she went down over the rocks, with her long hook balanced in her hands, she suddenly heard a splash, and, turning suddenly round, she saw the body of her enemy tumbling in the eddying waves of the pool. The tide had now come up so far that every succeeding wave washed in to it and over it from the side nearest to the sea, and then ran down again from the rocks, as the rolling wave receded, with a noise like the fall of a cataract. And then when the surplus water had retreated for a moment, the surface of the pool would be partly calm, though the fretting bubbles would still boil up and down, and there was ever a shimmer on the surface, as though, in truth, the cauldron were heated. But this time of comparative rest was but a moment, for the succeeding breaker would come up almost as soon as the foam of the preceding one had gone, and then again the waters would be dashed upon the rocks, and the sides would echo with the roar of the angry wave.

Instantly Mally hurried across to the edge of the pool, crouching down upon her hands and knees for security as she did so. As a wave receded Barty's head and face was carried round near to her, and she could see that his forehead was covered with blood. Whether he was alive or dead she did not know. She had seen nothing but his blood and the light coloured hair of his head lying amidst the foam. Then his body was drawn a long by the suction of the retreating wave; but this mass of water that escaped was not on this occasion large enough to carry the man out with it. Instantly Mally was at work with her hook, and getting it fixed into his coat, dragged him towards the spot where she was kneeling. During the half minute of repose she got him so close that she could touch his shoulder. Straining herself down, laying herself on the long bending handle of the hook, she strove to grasp him with her right hand. But she could not do it, she could only touch him. Then came the next breaker forcing itself on with a roar looking to Mally as though it must certainly knock her from her resting place, and destroy them both. But she had nothing for it but to kneel, and hold by her hook. What prayer passed through her mind at that moment for herself or for him, or for the old man who was sitting unconsciously up at the cabin, who can say? The great wave came and rushed over her as she lay almost prostrate, and when the water was gone from her eyes, and the tumult of the foam, and the violence of the roaring breaker had passed by her, she found herself at length upon the rock, while his body had been lifted up, free from her hook, and was lying upon the slippery ledge, half in the water, and half out of it. As she looked at him—in that instant, she could see

that his eyes were open, and that he was struggling with his hands. "Hold by the hook, Barty," she cried, pushing the stick of it before him, while she seized the collar of his coat in her hands. Had he been her brother, her lover, her father, she could not have clung to him with greater energy of despair. He did contrive to hold by the stick she had given, and when the succeeding wave passed by he was still on the ledge. In the next moment she was seated