

INTECH (1984) associates

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MONDAY EVENING JULY 20.

POETRY The Shipwreck.

"Song of a Wanderer," by Carol Ryan,
1st Regiment.
A lonely ship in majesty
Across the sea was going;
And she was far upon her lee,
While setting glory glowing.
And as she sped along,
A wondrous life and beauty
From many hearts a song
Of love and hope and duty.
And round the hungry sea
The cheerfully smiling,
And untroubled seemed to be,
The wayward ocean,
And the dark and dark,
And the fearful motion.
And hearts she held within her breast
That beat with hope and daring,
The brother, husband, lover blest;
That lofty ship was bearing
And high the joyous anthem rang,
"To loving hearts were dying!"
Ah! little did they dream who sang,
Of danger or of dying.

And silence reigned upon the sea,
And some were gently dreaming,
And visions fair as fair may be
Upon their souls were beaming
The brother saw his sister dear
His weary brow caressing,
The husband felt the one most near
Upon his bosom pressing.

The lover clasped his blushing bride
And whispered to the vision,
And tears of joy that would betide
In love without division,
When suddenly arose a cry
Of horror and despairing,
That rent the gloomy vault on high—
A wondrous fate declaring.

And the ship the breakers spring
And the waves loud as thunder,
And the sea like a wounded thing,
And the dark rock under
And the sea's bottom's viewless cave
And the souls are sleeping,
And the hearts with anguish rave,
And the ones are weeping!

NORAH CUSHALEEN OF THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.—NIGHT.

The twilight of a summer day was
fading silently and gradually over a
romantic landscape on the Irish coast.
A solitary horseman rode slowly up a
steep rocky incline towards the rugged
cliffs which commanded a fair stretch
of view of the sea. The path was a
rough one, broken in many parts, and in-
terrupted by large masses of stone which
had tumbled from the crags above, and
in a dangerous confusion in the narrow
passage, which even without these bar-
riers was difficult and perilous enough,
giving sure footedness on the part of
the rider. These qualities seemed to be
possessed in the present instance, both by
the horseman and the animal on whose
back he rode, for they climbed the la-
zous ascent without hesitating, and
reached the summit, as the last faint flush
of day was fading from sea, sky, and
mountain peak.

The path now lay for a little distance
on a level land, where a view was
obtained of a magnificent mountain range
to the north, and a grand, almost
barren sweep of ocean to the south, and
where the waters of St. George's Channel
met and mingled with the
Atlantic. It was a wild, solitary,
and romantic spot, with no appearance
of human habitation, and no sounds
except the stillness but the sound of the
sea birds as they wheeled in and out
among the precipices, and the dash of the
surf upon the rocks far below.

The horseman sat, but one careless
glance towards the sea, and his dark eye
glanced for a moment on the only ship that
was visible through the gathering shade
of evening. She was but barely dis-
cernible in the distance, but her course
seemed to be a rather one, and all her
sails were set, that she might be driven
before the south-western breeze,
which had arisen at sunset, and was grad-
ually increasing in strength.

Having bestowed a momentary and
casual gaze on the sea, and another on
the dark peaks of the mountains round
whose rugged points the mists were col-
lecting, while black shadows crept up
the sides, the lonely rider laid the reins
on the neck of the horse and sank into an
attitude of gloomy abstraction.

He was a young man, tall and well
formed, with regular features, and a cast
of countenance which might have been
considered handsome but for the expres-
sion which it wore at the moment, and
which was not only disagreeable, but in-
dicated a character not of the most pleas-
ing description. The gloomy shadow on
the brow was not the reflection of care-
lessness, or of an anxiety produced by the
darkness of a dark and cruel purpose. The
dark eye was troubled, but it showed the
trouble of a clafed and angry spirit, and
the firmly drawn mouth spoke of a resolu-
tion of iron will, ready to carry out the pur-
pose which a bad heart and a selfish de-
sire might form. Yet, as you looked at
his face you could see in it the power of
dissimulation. You could imagine that if
the purpose served, the youth—for he was
a young man—could banish all traces of
his unamiable nature, and appear gener-
ous, frank and ingenuous, captivating
and the unsuspecting and unwary.

As he rode slowly along the brow of
the cliffs, the twilight deepened into dark-
ness, and several stars lay like gems on
the fleecy peaks of the mountain, only to
be presently blotted out by masses of
black clouds which came over the sea on
the bosom of the now boisterous wind. If
the horseman had not been so completely
absorbed in his own reflections, he would
have noticed the growing indications of a
coming storm. The sky was being grad-
ually overcast by black flying columns,
which the wind, no longer a breeze, but
a threatening tempest, was tumbling
about in the air and driving across the
landscape. The sea, too, which all the
day had lain in the sunshine, calm as a
sleeping child, was curling up in white
caps, and beginning to heave and
groan, as if it seemed, in anticipa-
tion of a night of revelry.

Perceiving these signs of an approach-
ing storm the youth continued his way,
and coming to a spot where the bridge
crossed over into two branches, he turned
to the left, and entered a nar-
row dell which led towards the moun-
tains. In the darkness which had now
fallen, a stranger must have lost his

way, but he who was traversing the soli-
tary upland region seemed familiar with
every turning, and without pausing to di-
rect his horse, which indeed seemed to
know the path as well as himself, he
pushed up the various ascents, and after
half an hour's riding entered between two
overhanging crags into a small level en-
closure, surrounded by huge frowning
precipices on every side.

He crossed an open space towards a
black object, which in the darkness
seemed but a lower group of rocks, but
which was in reality the ruins of an old
deserted castle, most part of which was
unroofed, and the greater portion of the
walls shattered or fallen into decay. One
side of the ancient pile, however, seemed
to be more entire than the rest, and the
horseman—after dismounting and leav-
ing his horse within what had once been
the great feasting hall, where he secured
him to an iron ring—proceeded to a low
door at this point, and gave three low but
distinct and peculiar knocks with the nob
of his riding whip.

He had not to repeat the summons, for in
less than a minute a light shone through
a chink, and a bolt having been with-
drawn the door was opened, revealing a
little old man with an iron lamp in his
hand, the light of which he shaded with
his cap to prevent the wind from exting-
uishing it. This directed the rays more
fully upon himself, and showed him to be
possessed of the true Irish features—the
small eye, short nose, and round face of a
son of the Emerald Isle. In addition to
these, he had a large round head, and his
hair, which was long, thin, and of a mixed
grey, fell down to his shoulders.

"Well, Dennis, have you wearied for my
arrival?" said the youth in a low and deep
tone.
"And troth, Master Malvrin, it's me-
self that's ready to say that same," replied
Dennis, as he stood aside to let the other
pass. He then unshaded the lamp for a
moment, that he might close and fasten
the door, but at the moment he did so a
gush of wind rushed through, put out
the light and plunged them in total dark-
ness.

"Sorra a bit uv good manners you have
anyhow," muttered Dennis, "to come in
without being asked and take such liberties
wid the light, never axin pardon or
saying by your lave."

"It doesn't matter," observed the visitor
whom the old man called Master Malvrin,
"I'll find the way well enough."

"There's never a fear o' that, yer honor,"
returned Dennis, "but it's not for the likes
o' you to be groping through the pas-
sages in this old castle, when you come
to visit your faithful servant, Dennis Mor-
gan. Stop a bit, an' it please you, Master
Malvrin, and if it's not axin too much,
maybe you give me a hould of your hand,
and I'll lead you to the kitchen."

Complying with this suggestion, the
visitor was piloted safely through several
intricate and winding passages, which he
could scarcely have threaded without such
guidance, and they landed at length in a
large lofty apartment almost unfurnished,
though at one end the embers of a fire
glowed on the ample hearth.

Dennis approached the hearth, and tak-
ing up a brand was about to relight the
lamp, when Malvrin laid his hand on his
arm.

"Don't," he said, "our conversation will
be better carried on in the dark than in
light." "O murther," exclaimed Dennis,
"I couldn't spake a word uv since in the
dark, for thinking on the ghosts that
would be sure to come when we couldn't
see them."

"Nonsense. You do not believe in such
stuff," said Malvrin with gruff impatience.
"Faix yer honour, its hard to say what
to believe," answered Dennis; "an it's best
to be sweet with them if they are at hand
—save and bless us—so, wid yer honour's
lave, as you don't intirely console the
lamp, I'll throw some bits of timber on
the fire."

And without waiting to see if his visitor
approved of this proceeding, Dennis went
to a corner, and taking up an armful of
dry worm-eaten boards which had once
been the panelling of the chambers, he
threw them on the hearth above the red
embers, and presently they flamed up, il-
luminating the apartment, and revealing
the face of each to the other.

"Is Norah in her chamber?" asked Mal-
vrin, in a low tone, as he cautiously look-
ed round.

"Bedad she is, and here's the key uv it."

"Does she expect me to-night?"

"I told her yer honour would most like-
ly be here," answered Dennis, casting a
keen side-glance towards the youth, who
had folded his arms and stood gazing
gloomily into the fire.

He stood thus for some minutes, and
the old man remained silently watching
him, trying to read his thoughts by the
working of his dark countenance. At
last he crept towards him, and clasping
his two hands together, said in a deeply
impressive tone—

"Master, I see you are in trouble; I
know its the tender heart uv ye that stands
in the way. I have a tender heart, too,
master, but I will do anything for the
honour o' the house o' Blantire. Ay, old
Dennis Morgan is ready to lay down his
life, or take another, rather than poverty
or disgrace come upon the last o' the
name."

"I know you are faithful and devoted,"
Dennis, answered Malvrin; "but the deed
is a dark one, only it is forced on me by
stern necessity."

"On us, yer honour," observed Dennis.
"Don't be laxin out me, for sure wasn't it
myself that first named it, and isn't me
that's goin' to take her out in the boat,
and give her and the little angel a sweet
an' quiet grave down among the beauti-
ful say-weed."

"Yet the deed is mibe only," said Mal-
vrin. It is for my sake you do it, and is
not the beautiful Norah Cushaleen my
own wife?"

"Arrah, and it's the blessed truth, yer
honour speaks; and it's just because she's
yer honour's lawful wife that she and the
infant must be sent to glory. If his riv-
erence had not given you his blessing at
the altar, Norah Cushaleen might have
been happy as another boy's colleen, for
all that's come and gone awtixt yez; but
if she lives, you could not marry, Miss
Mary Kendal, as yer honour wants to do,
and as ye should; for sure the Kendals
are come uv a good family, and her father
is rich, and you want the money to take
off the mortgages from your own property
uv Blantire."

"Yes, yes, I know all that," returned
Malvrin. "I would be ruined for ever
were I to acknowledge Norah as my wife.
I am penniless, and must wed with Mary
Kendal; and this is impossible as long as
Norah lives. It is a sad necessity. I
would spare the poor girl if I could, for
she loves me, and has sacrificed all for my
sake."

"Not all, master. She hasn't given up
her life yet, but she'll do that this blessed
night; for sure if she loves you so well, she
would scorn to stay in the way uv your
goodly say-weed."

"Have you the boat ready at the beach?"
asked Malvrin, with a suddenness which
made Dennis start.

"Ay, master, its yonder, and the tide
will be touchin' it in about an hour. Per-
haps you'll please to see Norah, and tell
her you have come to take her away to
the cold ruin; and she'll follow you with
all the delight of her heart, and never sus-

pect a light the lamp and give it to me,"
said Malvrin again, in the quick impatient
tone of one who had made up his mind to
do that which he had not the courage to
pause over.

Dennis hastened to obey the order, but
somehow his hand shook so that he was
more than a minute in doing it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Grand Trunk Railway.

Arrangements have been made for the
immediate supply of a portion of the ad-
ditional rolling stock asked for in Mr.
Brydges' report to the Board at the last
semi-annual meeting. It is stated that
a considerable number of engines are
now being made in England, which, it
is expected, will be placed upon the line
during the present year and be available
for the fall traffic. The stock of cars is
being put into thorough repair wherever
such is required, and considerable addi-
tions are being made to their number.—
We understand also that 7,000 tons of rails
of the very best mode of manufacture are
now being made in England, and will be
shipped during the present season.—
These rails are heavier than any which
have yet been laid upon the Grand Trunk
line. They are all guaranteed by the
makers to last a certain number of years,
and great care is being taken in their
manufacture, so as to meet as far as pos-
sible the severity of our climate. The
rolling-mill at Toronto is also busily em-
ployed re-rolling old rails, and it is un-
derstood that in all about 14,000 tons of
new rails will be laid this year upon the
portion of the railway in Canada. It is
intended, we gather from the report of
the proceedings of the late meetings of
the Company in England, to lay annually
during this and the two following years
the quantity of new rails abovemention-
ed. This extent of work, with the large
additional quantity of rolling stock to be
put upon the line, will place the Grand
Trunk in a first-class condition in every
respect, and greatly add to its present
incalculable advantage to the progress
of the country. Some of the rails from
England are now on their way, and the
first that arrive will, we understand, be
laid upon the line east of Montreal.—
The entire line is said now to be in very
good order throughout, and all trains
running with promptness and regularity.
—Montreal Gazette.

PICTURES.

W. MARSHALL

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Insolvent Act of 1864.

PROVINCE OF CANADA, In the County Court
of the County of Wellington.

In the Matter of JAS. KIERAN,
AN INSOLVENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that the under-
signed has filed in the office of this Court
a deed of Composition and discharge, executed
by his Creditors, and that on MONDAY, the
Eighth day of AUGUST next, at ten of the
clock in the forenoon, or as soon as counsel
can be heard, he will apply to the said Court
for a confirmation of the discharge thereby ef-
fected in his favor under the said Act.

JAMES KIERAN,
Debtor.

Guelph, June 4, 1867.

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