

the watchman to call up the head-keeper. The head-keeper, knowing it would be vain to endeavour to get the blanket back after "matters had gone so far," hoped that the serpent would disgorge it of his own accord, if left to himself quietly, as soon as he found that he had made a mistake in the food he had chosen. Both head-keeper and watchman, therefore, went away. It is the opinion of Mr. Mitchell, the secretary of the Zoological Society, who is constantly studying the habits of animals, that the serpent had no palate; and that in the night he had made a dart and a snap at one of the rabbits, but, missing it in the darkness, had caught a mouthful of the blanket; and, conceiving it to be a very good rabbit (but with rather a loose skin, we should suppose), had never troubled himself with any further considerations. In the morning, when the head-keeper went into the serpent-house in a very anxious state of mind as to the result, there he saw the two rabbits sitting up by the side of the serpent's waterpan washing their faces, to be nice and tidy for the day, and the last two inches of the thick railway blanket just going down the serpent's throat. Since this event the serpent has never shown any signs of having discovered his blunder, or any disposition to disgorge his belching. He lies torpid, as usual, after a good meal, drinks more water than he drinks in general, and perseveres, with full reliance on his wonderful powers and peculiar organization. The blanket can be seen to have moved several feet down his body. It is now about the middle (Oct. 23th). Will he manage it somehow, or will he die? This is the problem.—*Dickens's Household Words.* [A serpent in the Bristol Zoological Garden, some time since, performed a similar operation of swallowing a blanket, and no evil results occurred; a portion of it came from the serpent digested and undigested.—Ed. *Bristol Mirror.*]

SMOKING IN 1851.—Among the articles of traffic which were most in demand during the Exhibition season, cigars have taken the lead. It would be dangerous to say how many millions have been sold. The run on real Havannahs was so great that they were called for much faster than they could be made. The smoking mania has now become a universal epidemic. Of all intolerable street nuisances this is the greatest, and ought to be resisted by every true-born Briton who has a spark of patriotism or independence left. The very atmosphere is redolent of the odious weed. If you meet thirty men, they have on an average twenty cigars or pipes among them. From the peer and the heavy dragoon down to the butcher's boy and the omnibus cad, there is scarcely an exception. A leading medical practitioner at Brighton has lately given a list of sixteen cases of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his own knowledge within the last six months. Then the expense is ruinous. Many young men smoke eighteen cigars per diem, besides what they give to their friends. Not long ago I heard an inveterate smoker, whose entire income could scarcely have amounted to three hundred a year, declare that his cigars alone cost him one hundred and fifty. He drew the long bow, of course; but if fifty were the truth it was bad enough. A curious phase in the disease is the taste for short, dirty pipes, black with age, use, and abomination, which has crept in lately. Every third dandy you meet has one of these in his cheek. The caddy and the cigar hold divided reign. Several speculators during the last year traversed Ireland, buying up sackloads of these indigestible productions, which they sold again in London at an enormous premium. The peculiar aroma, so much coveted, is only to be met with in specimens of the *dur* on which have passed through many mouths in successive generations, and have become family relics. Even in Boston, in the United States, in the land where, according to some naturalists, children are born with loaded cigars in their mouths, there is a law against smoking in the streets, and penalties inflicted on the offender. With all respect for our transatlantic brethren, and their matchless energies, we scarcely expected to have received from them such a lesson in refined civilization.—*Dublin University Magazine* for November.

DR. CULLEN AND DR. McHALE.—The *Myo Constitution* announces, "on the best authority," that there is a decided difference of opinion between Dr. Mahale and Dr. Cullen. The latter, it appears, charges Dr. Mahale with having deceived the Propaganda. It further states that in consequence of the spiritual tyranny of Dr. Cullen two noblemen have declared their intention of embracing the faith of the Reformed Church.

EMBANKMENT OF THE THAMES.—The Chelsea Improvement Commissioners have commenced operations for the construction of an embankment on the north side of the Thames, extending from Battersea-bridge to Cremorne-gardens. This improvement will be a great public boon, and afford a delightful promenade and carriage drive. The embankment on the river front of Battersea Park is making considerable progress, as also that on the Middlesex side of Vauxhall-bridge.

A BALL EXTRACTED AFTER HAVING BEEN LODGED TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.—On the 1st of December, 1821, Lieut. R. W. Croker, late of the 13th Light Infantry, received a wound from a musket-shot at the stomach of Rangoon, in the Burmese empire. The ball lodged in the bone of the right leg under the knee, and remained there until the 2nd inst., causing the most excruciating and incessant pain. Owing, however, to the care and skill of Sir Philip Crampton, Bart., the Surgeon-General, Mr. Croker has been released from his sufferings, the ball having been extracted by that eminent surgeon.

Baron Alexander von Humboldt has announced the discovery at Athens of the edifice in which the Council of Four Hundred was accustomed to assemble. Upwards of 100 inscriptions have already been brought to light, as well as a number of columns, statues, &c.

DUCTILITY OF IRON.—A singular illustration of the ductility of iron has been produced at the establishment of Mr. G. Downing, Brown ironworks, Birmingham. It is in the form of a book, the leaves of which are of iron, rolled so fine that they are no thicker than a piece of paper. The book is neatly bound in red Morocco, and contains forty-four of these iron leaves—the whole being only the fifteenth of an inch thick.—*Buider.*

FINGER PILLOWS IN CHURCHES.—Beside some interesting monuments, &c., to be found in the church of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, England, there are under the western gallery a finger pillow, or stocks to confine the fingers only. It is fastened at the right hand extremity into the wall, and consists of two pieces of oak. The bottom and fixed piece is three feet eight inches long; the width of the whole is four and a half inches, and when closed it is five inches deep. The left hand extremity is supported by a leg of the same wood as the top, and two feet six inches in length; the upper piece is joined to the lower by a hinge, and in this lower and fixed horizontal part are thirteen perpendicular holes, varying in size; the largest are towards the right hand. These holes are

sufficiently deep to admit the finger to the second joint, and a slight hollow is made to receive the third one, which lies flat. There is of course a corresponding hollow in the top or moveable part, which shuts down, and encloses the whole finger. Its use is stated to have been for the punishment of persons guilty of mal practices during divine service. Truly, a mischievous whim, or a lot of a farm servant, dragged off to the stocks, must have been a scene extremely edifying to the congregation, particularly if the offenders were obstreperous, and had no inclination whatever to be in a fix.

THE BLESSINGS OF REPUBLICANISM.—An intelligent Englishman, residing in Paris, writes as follows: "There is hardly a great city in Europe which one might not suppose to be inhabited by wild beasts rather than men, or by enemies rather than citizens, such is the formidable character of the means employed to secure its tranquillity and obedience. Ramparts frown on the people from the river side or the brow of the hill; there are barracks and guard-houses in every quarter; there are troops always in movement; the drum never ceases; at every public place you may stumble on a group of soldiers, ready to turn out on the approach of the officer in command; and you feel as if it were not so much a city as a camp you are dwelling in. France is hardly more unfortunate in this respect than the other great Powers of Europe; but there are, we believe, still about a hundred thousand soldiers in the department of the Seine, and Lyons, a mere manufacturing city, is policed by more than thirty thousand."

The telegraphic cable between England and Calais cost £15,000.

Communications.

[We deem it necessary to follow the example of the London Church periodicals, and to apprise our readers that we are not responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.—Ed. Ch.]

To the Editor of the Church.

REV. SIR.—It is a good many weeks since I wrote you a line, and I suppose that you have been a thinking that I am dead, or at least sick; for, after having printed all my letters, except those words you could not make out, I certainly ought to write as often as I can. But you see, Mr. Editor, I am one of those poor unfortunate fellows, who have no settled home, and can only write when I can get a chance; and the sun has got up so late for the last two months, and the mornings have been so dark, that I have found it hard work to write anything before I am called down to breakfast. So, Mr. Editor, do not think that I was insensible of your kindness, or that I had given up the idea of writing what I can for your paper. Far from it; I will try and write as often as I can.

As these are "election times," and hardly any body can speak about anything else, week days, and not a few Sundays too, but politics; I will tell you this time about a farmer, whom I know, of the name of Mr. H. He is, and always was a great politician. It appears that he was born so. At least his father was one of the oldest Radicals in the country, and strongly suspected of treason during the last war; and his mother was pretty nearly so bad. Politics having thus been "bred in the bone" young H. grew up a regular Radical. He was always ready to take an active part in elections; going about from house to house, and abusing the government as "Roman tyrants" and "Russian despots." Some people thought the fellow was mad, but others foolishly listened to him; and as he always carried about bundles of Mackenzie's *Colonial Advocate*, and having given almost all his time to studying it (for he neither liked work, meeting, or Bible,) could quote it as fast as a minister can quote scripture, he insensibly obtained a great influence in the neighbourhood. He was always grumbling and finding fault with everything which the government did, and with a good deal too, which the government did not do, but which he laid to their faults. If the season was late the government had something to do with it; if the wheat rusted, the poor government were blamed for it; and even they were suspected of having encouraged it, when the ewes were unucky with their lambs, and the mares cast their foals before the time.

Now, I am not so much surprised that farmers, such as Mr. H., have been always behind hand with everything, but his *tongue* should be dissatisfied, and be rank radical, for they have much about them to vex them and sour the little milk of human kindness they may have had in their hearts; (though if they would inquire into all their troubles, they might easily see that they may blame their own laziness or neglect for them, and not the government); but that such well-to-do people as the P—s are, should be radicals, and always dissatisfied with the country, is what puzzles me. Their father began life with his axe on his shoulder, and a deed for a U. E. 200 acres lot in his pocket, and he lived to see his five sons, each located within the same township, on good comfortable farms; and yet, to the day of his death he was always a rank radical—and so are all his sons. To hear them talk, the country is hardly good enough for a Hottentot to live in, especially just after the 4th of July, which they usually keep on the other side of the river; but they are all well off, and can afford to drive their covered carriages with steel springs, and handsome horses with brass-mounted harness; and made themselves thus comfortable in those horrible old times, when Tories alone reigned, but when wheat was never down to 3s. currency a bushel. I have often thought why such men are discontented, and I have come to this conclusion: They are in a great degree independent. They have all they really require; but the old nature of Adam makes them want what they cannot have; and as it made him want "the forbidden apple" so they want to be what they are fitted for, neither by nature nor education. They want to be squires, and majors and colonels, and all those fine things; but some how or other they don't get to be them, even now that their friends have hold of the reins of the Provincial team. No, and what is stranger still, such men are not popular amongst their neighbours neither. The eldest and the smartest of the P.'s has been up for township councillor two or three times; but though he could put himself up, yet, as he required the aid of his neighbours to put him in, they shook their heads and refused to vote for him, it was "no go;" and so they have given it up in despair, and grumble away, as much, if not more than they used to do under the iron rule of old Toryism. But I have almost forgotten Mr. H.

Being a constant reader and firm believer in the *Colonial Advocate*, it was not to be wondered at that he was in great spirits about the end of November and beginning of December, 1836; and being too great a coward to love the smell of gun-powder, his post was, like that of Dr. Rolph, to let the rebels in, and do what damage he could to the loyalists by skulking about at night. When, therefore, the news came that Toronto

was in the hands of the rebels, and the Governor hemmed in in the market place by Mackenzie—a story made up weeks before, and to be set going, just like a slow match, when wanted—when this story was pushed round the country pretty smartly, I tell you, Mr. Editor, then Mr. H.'s courage got up, he strutted about like a turkey cock, talked more glibly than ever, cursed the Tories, threatened to send all of them to Battony Bay for their tyrannies, and iniquities, and to take the two best farms he could find among them, as "a small and inadequate reward for the great services he had rendered the cause." He threw up his hat in the air, and jumped up and down, showing how he would crush the Tories, till he had worked quite a hole in the sand. But when the true account came of the total discomfiture of the rebel forces at "Gallows Hill," a right good name for such a place, (pity they had not strung up Mackenzie there, then he could not have polluted our House of Assembly with his little carcass!) then Mr. H. "laid low" for a long time. Whether he went to the States, or hid under the bed, or went about in woman's clothes, (for he is a little insignificant fellow,) it is not known; but when things got a little quieter, he was to be seen occasionally sneaking down to ask "the news" of one of his old political cronies, who had not gone quite so far as he had. He kept very quiet for some months, and scarcely ventured to speak to any body on the road; for when once or twice he felt a little confidence to speak out, he was twitted about the hole he had made in the sand, by crushing the Tories in it, and asked how he liked the two farms that he had picked out for himself. Finding it impossible to live such a quiet life, and thinking it wrong I suppose to "keep his candle under a bushel," and not "willing to east his pearls before such swine" as his neighbours were, who were always twitting him about the hole in the sand, he let one of his Radical friends, the store-keeper in the village, who had a heavy mortgage on it, have his farm for a trifle above the mortgage, and putting hoops upon his lumber wagon, and covering them with strong cotton, he put his wife and his children in it, and started for Michigan, where he could talk as much as he liked, and abuse anything he choosed, it being a free country. Visions of this great privilege shortened his journey, just as visions of gold and silver to be "picked up on the streets" shorten and soften the voyage across the Atlantic to thousands of poor Irish each year.—But the poor Irish are not more disappointed than our friend H. was. He proved that if he did not wish to get into trouble he must mind his business and keep his tongue within his teeth; for, though the Michiganers found no fault with him, so long as he abused the British, of which, however, he soon got tired, as there was nobody whom he could annoy by doing so; yet, when he began to find fault with their institutions and some of their laws, which he thought more arbitrary than those in Canada, and grumbled sadly about the taxes he had to pay, they told him pretty plainly that he "must either hold his tongue," "make tracks, or look out for a coat of tar and feathers and a ride on a rail." He very wisely chose the middle path, and his location far about what he gave for it, and came back declaiming, like Mackenzie, that he had seen his error, repeated him of his evil ways, and was sick of Republicanism.

People were willing to believe the little fellow, and he leased a farm, on which he has dragged out a miserable existence ever since. Having no sense of shame and having the gift of speech better than most of his neighbours—he is a great man at township meetings; and his party (for the breeding in the bone still shows itself) convenient, and give him anything they can throw in his way. Some times he is a pound keeper, some times an assessor; but never collector; there would be too much temptation there. He is just now very busy electioneering for the "liberal" candidate for our county. It is indeed strange that any sensible substantial men can be influenced by any thing said by a man so destitute of every thing to recommend him—but he is so confident in his assertions, talks so foolishly about every thing, and quotes the newspaper so readily, that he has far more influence than many dozens of sensible substantial men. He sticks at nothing; tells the most horrible lies with the most unblushing forehead; and if proved a liar in one instance, tells another four times as bad. He is a fair sample of our low-bred, sour, gabby, radical politicians; and these are the men, who, by their influence in their community, strange to say, keep good men from taking their position in the country, and force upon us rulers, little better than themselves. Like all demagogues, Mr. H. is a very little tyrant in his own family. His poor wife dares not call her soul her own; and as for his children, the poor craven creatures sit as mute and still as mice till he scribbles out his orders, and then they fly to obey them, as if for life or death. He is small and pitiful; but they promise to be much more so, having between want and fear been cheated out of their natural growth.

I hope that it is not the misfortune of any of your readers to encounter many such creatures as Mr. H. is; and with this description of him I draw my paper to a conclusion at once.

Mr. Editor, your's truly,

A SPECTATOR.

Canada, Nov. 1851.

Colonial.

The subject of a Union of the British American Provinces is one which occupies far more the attention of the public than the columns of the newspaper press, and the reason is obvious; it is a question better adapted to silent meditation than animated discussion. The task of grave and calm demonstration is one far less popular and less calculated to produce an immediate impression than that of sounding declamation or lively *balimage*; thus it often happens that the theme is selected for the advantage of the style. Yet the measure is gaining ground silently though surely in the minds of the people of this country, and probably the same gradual process is proceeding among our neighbours of the sister Provinces. The Halifax and Quebec Railway is intimately connected in the minds of the people of this country, with the centralization of the Colonial Government of British North America in the city of Quebec. This Railway is now being looked on as a work which in good time is to be done; and the almost universal opinion is the sooner it were done the better. But there is another question which, in the minds of that portion of the English public who occasionally cast an eye across the Atlantic, is closely connected both with the Union of the Provinces and the Quebec and Halifax Railway, (the latter, be it remembered, is no less an Imperial than a Provincial enterprise) that question is the important one of organised Emigration and colonization. The British Government, everywhere prodigal of its

wild lands and unwilling to resume (even for the grossest breaches of the conditions on which crown lands were obtained) the possession of the large territories so lavishly bestowed, has in New Brunswick by some oversight departed from its accustomed policy and still retains upwards of 11,000,000 of a rich, fertile, well timbered and well watered wilderness.

All parties in England who have expressed a desire that Imperial co-operation should be extended in aid of the proposed Railway, have joined to the proposition a wish that the waste lands in question should be occupied and reclaimed by settlers from the three kingdoms, sent out on some well organised plan of national emigration.

The *Times*, that "thunderer" of the English press, sounds the tocsin of alarm over "the Irish Exodus" to the United States, and appears to tremble lest high wages as well as cheap food, should at some not very remote period, be brought within reach even of the English labourer. The rest of the press of the United Kingdom is equally loud upon the subject, but it is clear that the fear of an increase to the value of labour is not the only cause of alarm to the literary organs of the employing and capitalist classes of the mother country. No, the dread or perhaps rather the jealousy of a vast augmentation of the population and power of the American Union, and of the infusion into that power of the angry feelings of a section of the Irish repealers, appears to have even greater influence on the tone of the English press in reference to the question; here again the *Times* is diffuse and statistical and "tells off" the probable number of "riflemen" at the command of the American President some fifty years hence, with a surprising accuracy and minuteness of calculation.

Thus it appears natural to presume that the English mind, awake to the vast importance of the subject of transatlantic emigration, averse to the great increase of population, thereby enjoyed by a foreign though far from unfriendly power, and still more strongly apprehensive of the feeling animating a large portion of the material whereof that annual increase is formed—but well aware that it is neither possible nor desirable, to check the outgoing flood of human life—will revert back to the policy so often suggested, of organising emigration and agricultural settlement on the productive but uncultivated and neglected domains, of the Crown within these colonies of which obviously the wild lands of New Brunswick and Madawaska would, (especially in conjunction with the Halifax Railway,) be the fittest and nearest location. The discovery of the gold fields of Australia, the Caffre war of the Cape, and the remembrances of the disturbances created by the still numerous and valiant savages of New Zealand, will, as we observed in a recent article, concentrate the attention of the colony-making class of English politicians on the North American provinces. But, even were it not so, here alone could the object of such emigration be attained, for that object would be mainly to raise a political rival to the great American Republic, and keeping the population within the bounds of the Empire, and within a comparatively short distance of its metropolis, instil into their minds, sentiments of attachment and gratitude, for the paternal care and generous assistance of the government, no less than for the full enjoyment of constitutional freedom and well organised self-government.

We copy the following "Mystery of the American Lakes," from a late number of the "Dublin University Magazine":—"Lake Erie is only 60 or 70 feet deep, but the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 452 feet deep, is 130 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, although their surface is so much higher, are all, from their vast depth, on a level with the bottom of Lake Ontario. Now as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the full probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper great lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Huron to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is by no means improbable, and will account for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but in no others. As the Falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish get into the upper lakes without some subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.—*Colonist.*

TORONTO UNIVERSITY.—The Building Committee awarded the following premiums for the competition designs sent in for the new buildings:

To Thomas Young, Esq., Architect, Toronto, first premium, the superintendence of the buildings.
To William Thomas, Esq., Architect, Toronto, second premium, £60.
To John Tuily, Esq., Architect, Toronto, third premium, £10.

We understand that the buildings will be proceeded with immediately, and will cost at least £15,000.

TORONTO AND GUELPH RAILROAD.—The City Council at their meeting on Monday night, finally adopted the bill for taking stock in this Railroad to the amount of £100,000 by a vote of thirteen to two.

A Nova Scotia paper says, in reference to the potato blight:—"We are happy to have it in our power to record, that this scourge of the farmer, has nearly disappeared from this Province. In a few localities, where the soil is damp and cold, it has displayed itself, but in the great agricultural counties, King's and Annapolis, it has almost entirely disappeared. The yield of potatoes the present season exceeds that of any year since the disease first appeared. The farmers in those counties find a ready sale for their surplus, and at remunerative prices; and never, perhaps, in the history of this Province, were this class more highly blessed, and rewarded for their toil than during the past year."

The *Montreal Herald* says, that the body of a woman—apparently about forty years of age, was yesterday morning found buried in the snow on the highway, about half a mile beyond the Papineau Road Toll Gate. An inquest was held upon the body, which showed no external marks of violence, but no evidence as to identity was adduced.

A CAPITAL JOKE.—The Toronto Mirror copies with apparent gusto, some electioneering remarks of the *Journal & Express* on voluntarism, and the necessity for opposing a union between Church and State. Will the *Mirror* be kind enough to tell us whether that is the doctrine of his Church or the political principles of his co-religionists?—Doubtless he will, and refer to the Italian States for an instance in point.—*Hamilton Spectator.*