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No. 14.

A TOURIST'S TRIBUTE TO THE LAKES OF SCOTLAND.

I love old Scotia's lofty hills,
High piled amid the dells;
They stand around as friends of old,
And stand around in crowds.
I love to view their cloud-capped tops
That court the winter snows;
I love to mark their rugged sides,
Where summer suns repose.

I love to trace the darkling glens
That wind among the hills,
Where rush her ever-leaping streams,
Impelled by myriad rills;
A noble sight magnificent,
Are Scotia's hills to see;
Inspiring are her mountain streams,
But Scotia's lakes for me.

The Troosnock's grand and varied scene,
Mountains and rocks arise,
All beauty, all sublimity,
And simple verdant dells;
Round, round, we sweep, and we behold
New visions of delight,
Enchanting lake, Loch Katrine's self
Bursts on our ravished sight.

Our skill speeds on the crystal lake,
We tread the classic lake,
Where Ellen fair in days long gone
Won Royal James's smile;
Amid its waters the poet strains
Peoples the isle above;
Charmed we revisit the mountain lake,
Its sylvan scenes explore.

Loch Lomond! on its island lake,
What mortal but must feel,
That sight of these bath more like heaven
Than other scenes reveal;
Thine isles seem "Isles of the Isles,"
The blue hills home for those
Who free from earth and earth-born care,
In blessed peace repose.

Loved lake! let grateful memory still
By peaceful waves prefer,
The peaceful waters behind,
And all its surges stir;
With thee my days of youth shall be,
Of my fond dreams by night,
Oblivious of all care and grief,
Mid scenes of deep delight.

Things That Never Die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to noblesse, prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something less,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes,
These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friendly deed,
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When justice would condemn,
The sorrow of a contrite heart,
These things shall never die.

There, in the city of our God, will be
Found no temple; for the Lord God Almighty
and the Lamb are the temple of it; and
there will be no need of the sun neither of
the moon for the glory of the Lord shall
illuminate it, and there shall be no night
there. There shall be no more death, neither
sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be
any more pain; and God shall wipe away
all tears from off all faces.

Heaven! When we speak of it, when
we write it, when we echo through our
hearts, we joy and rejoice in the blessed
hope of a reunion of those we loved, gone
to their reward, and the welcome we shall
give to those who follow. Oh, what a re-
union that will be! Eternity alone will
reveal how much joy God has revealed for
those that love him. Ye who would know
the love of our Father and the Father of our
hearts remember this and dry your tears. If
God is your Father and Jesus your elder
brother, surely it shall be your happy lot
some bright summer morning to clasp those
loved ones to your bosom, to be separated
no more forever! Yes, no more for ever!

As God is infinite, the pleasures which
He has in reserve for His children are infinite.
Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither
hath it entered into the heart of man
the things which God has laid up for those
that love Him.

By Brazilian decree of the 24th of September, all the "Free Africans" existing in the empire were emancipated, whether in the service of the State or of that of private individuals, thus annulling the decree No. 1,304, of the 28th of December, 1843, which exacted fourteen years service from that date.

NEW POST OFFICES.—The following new Post Offices were established in Canada on the 1st of November 1864:—Bois de l'All, St. Elmer, Loret, Greenock, Madras, Sebastopol, North Bruce, Bruce, Old Montreal, Roumney, Outram, Brant, St. Faleste, St. Denis, Wilketaham, Pittsburg. The following Post Offices have been discontinued:—Bennett, County Lanark; Boyce, County Halton; Denmark, County Wellington; Holyrood, County Bruce.

Quebec, Nov. 22.
Owing to reliable information that South-
western and their sympathizers in certain
Western towns are manufacturing and clandestinely collecting, at convenient points
shot, shell, and cannon, the Government to
day issued, under chap. 4, Act of 1862, a
proclamation prohibiting the exportation, or
carrying, or use, or ammunition. This action
was taken the moment information that
could be relied on reached Quebec.

SUDDEN DEATH.—On Tuesday evening a
man named James Fish, a resident of the
township of Merens, arrived at Windsor,
having performed the feat of walking from
Leavenworth city, Kansas, while labouring
under a severe attack of sickness. When he
got here he was in the last stage of ex-
haustion and slightly wandering in his mind.
He was taken in by Mr. Mole, of the Rail-
road Hotel, kindly cared for, and placed
under the medical charge of Dr. Donnelly,
but he was too far gone. He went to
sleep about ten o'clock at night and died at
five next morning.—Even Record.

Quebec, Dec. 5, 1864.
The following persons appear as invol-
uted in to-day's Gazette:—Cliff, Chlo-
poe Mills; George Parker, Sandhill;
George Robertson, Oil Springs; John Camp-
bell, St. Thomas; J. B. Venzina, Quebec;
Simon Deeks, Morrisburg; Charles Crut-
chank, Clinton; Laberge & Pelletier, Acton
Val; Thomas Jackson, Sandhill; Wil-
liam Webb, Henry Webb, and John
Webb, Woodstock; John V. D. Donson,
Port Hope; James Blair, Napawa; Joseph
Bingham, Bradford; William Wood,
Sophsburg; John Mather, Lindsay;
James McArthur, Morrisburg; Richard
Pelly, Morrisburg; David Goldwin Ellis,
Toronto; Rae Wood, Co. Hamilton.

Heaven.

Heaven! who can tell where and what it
is? Why shall we be happier there than
here? Why is there such music in the
name, that the face of the Christian is light-
ened with untold joy as it hangs upon his lips
or breaks upon his ear? Whither it is to
which we die—when the world, with all its
pomp and pageantry, has passed forever
from his vision, and eternity, eternally
his, is full of glory and love, and he
and see what a glory overflows his
features, and how joyfully those dull eyes look
out from their hollow homes, like stars
gleaming through the night; and he an-
swers with the last breath he gives to earth,
'Heaven! yes, I see it—I am coming!'

Breathe it the young convert while his
heart is full of Jesus' love, and you might
think the pure, sweet air from off the eter-
nal plains were fanning him, or that the
ecstatic music of the celestial choir had
passed in, and was ringing sweetly
through the ether, deserting all the
frustrated roof of the temple just swept
and garnished and consecrated to the wor-
ship of God.

Heaven! Some have told us of a spot
somewhere in the unknown regions of space,
where calm, bright skies look down eternally
upon a scene of matchless beauty and lov-
liness, where soft and gentle winds, freighted
with the fragrance of innumerable flowers,
and bearing upon their unseen wings the
sweet songs of birds and the music of the
rustling foliage, are ever passing along, un-
disturbed by chilling frost or unharmonious
sound—where field and forest, hill and val-
ley, are ever smiling in the perpetual green
of the early spring time; where clear
streams murmur on through the green mead-
ows and sparkle in the sunlight, where the
circling years bring no night, no chilling
winter, but the splendour of noon-tide glory
and the soft, sweet airs of a perpetual sum-
mer. All this, and much more, have been
told of heaven as when, in our boyhood we
stood and gazed entranced at the mild yet
splendid beauty of the evening star, as it
looked from its blue home at us, and won-
dered if it could be heaven. No fancy pic-
ture can give us such a notion of heaven as
the reality as now and then breaks
through the windows of the soul, flooding
every avenue with glory and shutting out
for a time every earthly object. Such a
view of heaven we believe the Christian
sometimes gets, when all that he can say is,
'Lo! here is heaven!'

Whether upon this earth, renovated and re-
newed, or whether upon some of the glitter-
ing worlds that hang far off on the confines of
eternity; but this we believe, we know
(and it is not enough to know) that God
our Father will be there, and Jesus our as-
saviour, who died for us, and the Father and
the Son, and we shall see him face to face
and we shall know as we are known.

There, in the city of our God, will be
found no temple; for the Lord God Almighty
and the Lamb are the temple of it; and
there will be no need of the sun neither of
the moon for the glory of the Lord shall
illuminate it, and there shall be no night
there. There shall be no more death, neither
sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be
any more pain; and God shall wipe away
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SEBASTOPOL AS IT IS.—Great ruins
never die. The Tartar Arab and the official's
drosky roll over the plateau where the
fresh springing vines rise up amid a rude
acropolis. Stately forts still crown the
deep calm forest in which lie the bones of
a navy lying in wait for its resurrection
and crumbling quays, shattered towers, and
broken shells of houses mark the margin of
waters on which once floated the armaments
of a giant aggressive power. A few grey-
coated soldiers slumber over the heaps of
broken masonry and creep in and out of
the dilapidated barracks and shot-torn
buildings. Listless, flat-topped, and booted
citizens saunter through the city of the past.
A group of boats in the centre of the harbor
is engaged in endeavoring to raise to the
surface the hull of some rotted ship. All
surrounding power is departed. Kennel-
ing these scenes of desolation and ruin, decay,
rounding knoll, and deep ravine, and undu-
lating plain, all seemed and dotted with
grass grown earth-works, spread from the
sea to the great cliff in the plateau through
which rolls the stream of the Tchernaya.—
Within that narrow front once white with
the tents of Western powers, where the
thunder of the cannon never ceased day
after day, and the lightning of battle flash-
ed from cloud to cloud, and leaped from hill
to hill, for long, long months, the herdsman
now peacefully tend the flocks which browse
quietly in the enriched ravines, and all that
strikes the ear is the plover's whistle mingled
with the lowing of the kine.—English paper.

ANSWERED ONE QUESTION.—A young
man in "this party," who had spent a little
of his own time and a good deal of his father's
money in fitting for the Bar, was asked
after his examination how he got along.
'Oh, well,' said he. 'I answered one
question right.'

'Ah, indeed?' said the old gentleman,
with looks of anxious attention, 'what was
that?' 'I answered the question as to what
that question was that?'

'They asked me what a qui tam action
was.'

'That was a hard one! And you answered
it correctly, did you?'

'Yes. I told them I didn't know.'

An Act for the relief of James Benning,
of Montreal, granting a divorce from his
wife, reserved last session for the considera-
tion of Her Majesty, has been assented to.

DARING OUTRAGE.

AN ORANGE LODGE ROOM BROKEN INTO.

A Large Amount of Property Destroyed.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AMONG THE ORANGEMEN.

Last evening being the regular meeting
night of No. 4 Orange Lodge, the persons
in charge proceeded as usual to the Lodge
room for the purpose of opening it and
preparing it for the meeting. The room is
situated on the top flat of No. 96 Yonge
street, and has long been used as an Orange
Hall. On entering the Hall the caretaker
and several who had arrived were astonished
to find that it presented a scene of the ut-
most confusion, though everything had been
left in it on Friday night in the most per-
fect order. Pursuing the assistance of sev-
eral other Orangemen, the party made their
way into the room, and after a short time
the purpose of seeing what had gone wrong.
It was not until the room was thoroughly light-
ed up that the complete confusion was seen.
The banners, of which there were several in
the room, were out and torn, some of them
into a hundred pieces; the furniture was
overturned and broken; the wainscot which
had been all nicely mounted in gilt frames,
were thrown on the floor, and the glass
frames, and parchment trampled upon till
almost totally destroyed. The boxes, cases,
&c., for holding the property of each lodge
were broken open, their contents scattered
around the room, and torn or smashed so
as to render the most of them unfit for fur-
ther use; several large Bibles were lying on
the floor, some of them torn and mutilated,
and showing the mark of the heel of their
destroyers' boots, where they had jumped
and trampled upon them so long as they
could do any damage. A couple of small
rooms adjoining the large room had been
broken open, and yet it gave us no idea
of a similar manner. In one of these
rooms were a number of drums, a quantity
of regalia, and other articles, all of which
were damaged to a greater or less extent.
All of the drums had the heads cut open;
the regalia were out and torn, and every-
thing was in a state of confusion. Besides
breaking up and destroying a large amount
of property, the ruffians carried off about
one hundred dollars in money, and a num-
ber of small articles of value. The room
presented a picture of destruction and de-
solation of the most complete character, show-
ing how earnestly the ruffians were bent
upon the destruction of the Orange Hall,
and how intent they were on destroying
everything they could. Most of the ban-
ners were valuable ones, worth from \$200
to \$400. To show the character and de-
sign of the perpetrators of this outrage, it
is only necessary to say that wherever there
was a picture or picture of Her Majesty
there was a hole, and where there was a
hole, as with a knife, was made open-
ing the heart; this was done with every
picture of King William III.

As soon as the facts were known a large
meeting of the brethren was held, and after
the room was cleared up as well as possible
an examination was made of the damage
for the purpose of discovering how an en-
trance had been effected. It was found that
the doors and windows had not been forced,
but that the entrance had been effected
through a hole in the ceiling of the room
which was reached by a ladder, the roof
of the building. The party must have
reached the roof by a ladder, opened the skylight,
and thus got into the building. After per-
forming their work of destruction they made
their exit in the same manner.

As soon as the full extent of the damage
had been discovered, the brethren went to
the City Council, then in session, and the
affair was taken up and discussed at once.
The discussion will be found reported in
full in our City Council proceedings. It
will be seen that the Council took prompt
action in the matter by passing a resolution
offering \$500 for the arrest and conviction
of the perpetrators of this outrage.

On the adjournment of the Council, nearly
all the members proceeded to the Lodge
Room, which was filled by the brethren, who,
having heard of the affair, flocked to the
room in large numbers, for the purpose of
seeing for themselves. The meeting was
held in the room which was the scene of
the outrage. The Mayor, Alder, Buxton, Conn, Bunnell,
Mr Reynolds and other gentlemen, all of
whom advised the brethren to bear the out-
rage calmly and quietly, and leave the whole
matter in the hands of the authorities. The
brethren, though naturally excited, and feel-
ing deeply the wrong that had been done
to them, seemed willing to act upon the advice
of the gentlemen who addressed them, and
agreed to leave the whole affair in the hands
of those in authority. From the remarks
that were made, it is probable that in a
few days a mass meeting of the Orangemen
will be held for the purpose of taking some
action in the matter, and of devising steps
to guard against a similar outrage.

The total amount of property destroyed is
valued at about \$2,000. It is not known
at what particular time the work was done,
as the lodge room was locked up on Friday
night, and not opened again till last evening.
It is supposed, however, from some facts
that have come to light, that the work of destruc-
tion took place on Sunday night.

It is to be hoped that the prompt action
of the City Council will be successfully se-
cured by the efforts of the police, and that
are long the perpetrators of this outrage may
be brought to that punishment they so richly
deserve.

THE RAID ON THE ORANGE HALL.
It is with much pleasure we give place to
the following communication:—
Toronto, December 6th, 1864.
(To the Editor of the Globe.)
Sir,—You will very much oblige by in-
serting in your columns the accompanying
communication, which will explain itself.
It is being signed by the Catholics of the
city.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
J. WALSH, V.G.

As the Catholics of Toronto have been
most unjustly charged with the commission
of the gross outrage recently perpetrated on
an Orange lodge in this city, we, the under-
signed, in the name of the Catholic body,
indignantly repudiate and condemn that
shameful, cowardly act, and disavow all con-
nection with it. We sincerely trust that
the guilty parties may be speedily brought
to justice; and we are willing, when called
upon, to increase the reward offered by the
city authorities for their apprehension. We
are lovers of peace; our social interests are
bound up with those of our Protestant fel-

low-citizens, and we have no interest, to be
in disrepute with them.

We take this occasion to state that we
have no sympathy, no connection with
Fenianism.

So far, so good! We have no doubt that
many Roman Catholics will follow the ex-
ample set by the Vicer General and sign
the document. In this way some of the in-
jury wrought by the letter which Dr. Lynch
recently addressed to this paper may be re-
paired.

It is high time that the respectable, or-
der loving Catholics of Toronto did some-
thing to re-assure their Protestant fellow-
subjects after that letter. Proof
sufficient to extinguish all doubt on the sub-
ject has been afforded, that there is in this
city an illegal combination of armed men
under the name of the Church of Rome, whose
purpose is to do mischief to the Protestant
population, and who do not. We should
not be so easily deceived. It was composed
of men of no better than the very lowest
and most ignorant of the adherents of the
Romish Church, had not good reason been
given us by Catholics themselves to think
to the contrary. It stands upon record
that upon the 11th of November, 1864, the
organization have delivered, or listened to
and applauded speeches filled with expres-
sions of hatred to the British Empire,
that they have received the benediction of
the highest ecclesiastical authority in West-
ern Canada. And when lately they paraded
as before the Catholics, the same authority
put forth a letter in which he at least indi-
rectly vindicated both their conduct and
their purpose by throwing abuse at the
Orangemen. Very inexplicable, indeed, must
the man be of appreciating the force of
words, who did not understand that the
Fenians or Fenianism would continue that
letter into an approval of their conduct. In
like manner the Roman Catholic journals of
the city justified with more or less openness
the illegal display of the 5th of November.
How is it possible, then, when we see the
Bishop, the head of the Roman Catholics in
Toronto, thus conducting himself, exceeded
the injured Catholics of this city, that we
should refuse to believe he spoke for the
people as a whole? We have no doubt there
are dissentients; but whether they be many
or whether they be few, having taken no
steps to clean their skirts, it is entirely their
own fault if they are blamed. They may
get indignant if they see the *Orangemen*
rightfully clings to them and they must bear
it.

Knowing then, that if they could not
count upon the active aid of their Church
and of their co-religionists, at least they had
the quasi-countenance of both, and nothing
to fear either from one or the other, it would
indeed have been surprising had not the
Orangemen perpetrated some other outrage.
The shameless proceedings of the Orange
lodge on Sunday night, and the position of
things in the city, it is altogether too late
in the day of Roman Catholics, however re-
spectable, or to what extent they may be in-
terested in the peace and order of the city,
to follow up the matter, as did those Fenian
gangs, to hold up the hands of the
their co-religionists perpetrated the outrage.
To deny it is to assume that the work of
Protestants. We throw the insinuation
back in their teeth. None but men who
would deliberately plan the massacre of
the whole city, as did those Fenian
gangs, could be so stupid as to do this. We
people on the 5th of November, and the
guilty of the doing of the Orange
Hall was the scene. If there be such a
thing as cause and effect, this is the only
conclusion left open to rational men. While
thus denying the right of any Roman
Catholic to get indignant at the general
bad conduct of the city, that the out-
rage was perpetrated by members of the
Romish Church, we fully appreciate the
bitter feelings many of them must experience
at the thought that they have everything in
common with such a set of rascals. There-
fore we protest with pleasure the disavowal
we have just made, and we trust that the
prompt and prompt action of the City Council
will be successful in bringing the perpetrators
of this outrage to justice. We have placed
themselves in the very disagreeable
circumstances in which they are placed.

The action of the City Council on Mon-
day night, in offering a reward of \$500 for
the conviction of the offenders, gives full as-
surance to the Orangemen that the law
can do for them what all the law
can do for them. But, Sir, we have
here the city can be made responsible for
the damage which has been inflicted, and
as the Roman Catholics of Toronto think the
occurrence a most disagreeable one, they
will doubtless willingly pay their share of
the expenses necessary for refurbishing the
Orange Lodge-room for the purpose of
giving the Orange body an advantage which
they will be wise to retain. Their fees
have again rendered themselves answerable
to the law. Let them guard against sug-
gestion to meet violence by reprisals, as the
advice of enemies. It may require some
time before the full extent of this foul
deed can be brought to justice. But, Sir,
in this case or in some other, the law will
get hold of them and punish them. Mean-
while, it cannot do the Orangemen any good
while it would certainly do them infinite
harm, were they to reduce themselves to the
very low level of their vandals. As the
Fenians have now, so would they, we be-
lieve against them the whole loyal pop-
ule of the state, and the full force of public
opinion. Never had they a better opportunity
than the present, by keeping strictly
within the law, of showing to their detractors
that they are not amenable to the
charges so often made against them. Let
them avail themselves of the chance now
afforded, and earn both credit and strength
from the short-comings of their foes.

In England by means of the telegraph
giving the state of the weather at all points,
they are able to forest the weather. Ad-
miral Fitzroy has this duty imposed upon
him. He sits in his office near London, and
every morning receives detailed telegraphic
reports from all prominent points regarding
all the meteorological phenomena of the day.
Admiral Fitzroy has been enabled to predict
with great accuracy the weather for the next
day, or for the next few days. This he
does and telegraphs his prediction back for
the guidance of mariners. Two days before
the late gales that were so destructive to
shipping on the English coast, the admiral
predicted a storm from the north, and the
storm was blown, and all precautions
taken. Some of course, he is in
mistake, but as a general thing he is sur-
prisingly correct. But that he can do this,
is certainly one of the great triumphs of
modern meteorological science.

MULLER EXECUTED.

(From the London Times)

On Monday morning Muller was hanged
in front of Newgate. He died before such
a concourse as we have never before again
assembled, either for the spectacle which
they had in view or for the gratification of
such lawless ruffianism as found its scope
round the gallows. While he stood firm on
the scaffold, as the hangman, and the last
bolt beneath his feet, Muller with his last
words owned his guilt. His quiet and as-
sumed instantaneous death short what might
have been a full confession.

A great crowd was expected round the
gallows, and indeed a great crowd came.
The barriers to check the crowd were begun
across all the main streets which led to New-
gate early as on Friday week, and all
through Friday night and on Saturday and
Sunday a dismal crowd of dirty rascals
had been hovering round them. However,
they were not composed of the real
habitues of the gallows, but of mere
young beginners, whose immature tastes
were satisfied with cat-calls in the dark,
fondling the barriers, or at most a hurried
scrambling through of dirt at the police when
they dispersed them. It was different,
however, on Sunday night. During the
early part of the evening there was a crowd
as well dressed and of more mature men,
which stood the miserable drizzle with ter-
rible patience while the public houses
were open and fared brightly through the
mist. But at eleven o'clock a voluntary
weeding of the throng commenced. The
greater part of the rough mass moved off,
leaving the regular execution crowd to take
their early places. These were soon occu-
pied. For a little time there seemed some-
thing that was not alone confusion, but in-
decision in the throng, till the dirty chaos
settled itself down at last; and while noisy
groups went whooping and wrangling away,
quick, dark, noisy fringe of men and
women settled like bees round the gallows,
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