Poetry.

From the Hamilton Gazette.

SAY IF AN ANGEL'S WING.

"Millions of spiritual things walk the Earth
Unseen; both when we wake, and when we sleep."—MILTON.

Say, if an Angel's wing
Brushed for a moment past your cheek,
His trumpet tongue, subdued to speak
In silvery whispering
Of warning, or of prayer.
Or if the sensible eye might see
The glorious god like mystery
Revealed or shining bare.

While on the flowery brink
Of Pleasure's burning lake you stood
Ready to plunge you in the flood,
Would you not pause and shrink;

Then trust me, tho' not seen,
A host of guardian spirits flock
All countless as the noonday. Mocks
Us and the moon between;

Such as the Patriarch Sire,
Outcast, saw by the way in dream,
Ascending and descending stream
From Heaven, a Heavenly choir.

Why then if that could still
The passionate sea our breast within
And banish sorrow, crime and sin,
And all the Powers of Ill.

Doth not the God of Light
Oft make his angel voices heard
By men, and open with a word
Their forms to mortal sight.

Nay; for the heart of man
Is of such stockish stubborn kind
That though if we no more were blind
We possibly might start.

And for a while repent
When first to our material eye
In all its awful majesty,
The Messenger was sent.

Yet once familiar grown,
It would not check our course an hour
Though every Prince, Dominion, Power
And Potentate and Throne.
Each kingdom of the sky,
Angels, Archangels, Cherubim,
Were with us continually.

We who God's holy Writ
In all its luminous fullness spurn
Grossly, rebelliously should we turn,
Tho' from the sulphurous pit.

One who had passed the grave
To suffer, as we must below,
Sin's endless penalty of woe
Those to warn and save.

Yet tho' we may not see
On earth, the sons of God appear
Do we not every moment hear
Their words of sympathy.

Not in the spiral song—
Not in the tones with which the stars
Sing, to each other while their cars
Of fire are hurrying on—

But in that silent voice
Which men call Conscience, when we stand,
Evil and good on either hand
Uncertain in our choice.

Who is it then dare say—
Angels walk not [illegible] way, although
We see them not by day.

Knowledge—great Power's queen,
Would dwindle, pine, nay die, should we
Confine belief to what we see,
Excluding things unseen.

And yet, if false indeed,
He of all men will be most blest,
He will know least of sad unrest,
Whose FAITH is in this creed.

J. R.

A HERO IN THE RANKS.

We are in temporary possession of a very beautiful and valuable silver star or Turkish order of merit, which has recently been transmitted from the East to the friends of the late Private Andrew Anderson, residing in this neighborhood. This brave soldier and worthy man was a native of the parish of Old Monkland, where he worked as a miner till 1833, when, through a love affair, he enlisted in the 10th company of Royal Sappers and Miners. His first important duty was that of assisting at blowing up the wreck of the Royal George. Subsequently, he embarked with his company for the Cape of Good Hope, and went through the whole Kaffir war, being in every important battle and skirmish with that wily and watchful enemy. On one occasion, by his bravery and steadiness, he was the means of saving a gun which would otherwise have fallen into the hands of the Kaffirs. For this Anderson was complimented by Sir Harry Smith. We next find this hero in humble life at Varna, whence he was detached on service to Shumla. On the 7th of July he was at the bloody battle which was fought between the Russians and Turks at the passage of the Danube at Giurgevo, where he gallantly distinguished himself in recovering the body of the brave Lieutenant Burke. Twice he made the attempt with a small party, and was as often driven back by the terrible fire of the Russians; but on a third occasion he was successful in carrying the body of the lamented officer into the Turkish lines, [illegible] balls was whistling around. For this gallant deed, as well as for his general conduct during the battle, Omar Pasha presented him with the order and clasp to which we have already alluded. The badge is surmounted with the crescent and star, and contains an inscription in Turkish. While on the other side are the words in English—"Andrew Anderson, from Omar Pasha, Giurgevo, July 7th, 1854." Omar Pasha placed this order of merit on the humble private's breast with his own hand. But the poor fellow was not long permitted to wear his honors. He proceeded to the Crimea on the 14th of December, 1854, and died of apoplexy before Sebastopol, on the 29th of January, 1855, to the deep regret of his officers and comrades. He was 33 years of age.—*Glasgow Herald*

REMEDY FOR MOTHS.

We were examining our wardrobe after the summer, and found to our surprise and grief, many of our choicest articles of apparel sadly damaged by the moths: In the midst of our trouble, and the discussion as to the modes of protection against moths, which had been handed down by tradition, aunt Julia came in.

'Aunt Julia, how do you keep your winter clothing from the moths?' we both asked eagerly, as that good lady proceeded to lay aside her handsome shawl, which looked as fresh as ever after seven years' wear.

'I used to suffer from moths as much as any one,' replied aunt Julia, taking her knitting from her little basket, and sitting down; 'but I found a recipe in an oldfashioned book which has relieved me of much solicitud on the subject. It was many years before I could be persuaded to try it. In my young days money was not quite as plenty as now, but provisions were cheap, and a farmer's daughter began her married life better supplied with linen, blankets, and bed-quilts than many a jewel-decked city belle. As I was an only daughter, and was not married too young, a noble pile of blankets, feather beds, bed-quilts, &c., became my portion. For many years after we removed to the city, I used to dread my summer's work of airing beds, and packing away fine home-made blankets and quilts stuffed with softcat down. I tried snuff, tobacco, camphor, pepper, and cedar chips, and yet, as we changed our place of residence several times, some colony of moths, old squatters among the beams of the garret, or in some unobserved scrap of woollen cloth, would perforate tiny holes in my choicest possessions.'

'Why, aunt Julia, I thought you had a cedar closet.'

'Yes, when we moved into our new house, but by that time my closet was too small for my increased wealth, and till I used this recipe I seldom passed a year without some moth-holes, but now I have not seen one in nine years.'

'What was it, aunt? Have you the book? or can you repeat it from memory! It is too late to save these things, but I will write it down, and try it next spring.' So saying, Anna took out her little receipe-book and pencil, while aunt Julia prepared to record the moth preventive.

The book was an old one, with the title obliterated, and the title-page torn out by some careless child, but the directions were these:

'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt.—But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.'

'Oh, aunt Julia, is that all? How does that help the matter?'

'Wait, Anna, and hear my story out.—One day as I was mourning over my choicest blankets, eaten by the moths, and airing my down bed-quilts and feather-beds, which had been rendered obsolete by the introduction of spring mattresses, as I stood ready to cry with vexation to see my choicest articles eaten in the most conspicuous places, as you have experienced to-day, my eye rested on an old Bible, which lay on the top of a barrel of pamphlets in the garret. I opened it, and almost unconsciously read the receipe for avoiding moths which I have given to-day. I then recollected that they seldom troubled the clothing in frequent use, and that the articles which caused me so much care were not needed twice a year. I then thought of Sophia Baker, with her large family and sick husband. They had been burned out the spring before, and were just entering upon a cold long winter of poverty. I sat down, and writing her a note, sent her two feather-beds and four blankets, and an old-fashioned 'coverlid' that very day; and two more blankets I despatched to a poor old shoemaker, as he was before, I then began to breathe freely, and before another week, two more blankets were gone to comfort tired limbs and aching hearts. The cast-off coats, cloaks, and old pieces of carpeting which had long lain in my garret were given to the deserving poor. A bag of woollen stockings and socks which had been kept for cleaning brass, were sent to a charity institution, never again to become a temptation to the moths. I inquired particularly the next year, and found the beds and blankets were in such excellent preservation that I cheerfully laid up more of my surplus property 'in heaven,' and out of the way of moth and mould:—My cedar closet and trunks hold all I wish to preserve, and when they begin to run over, I commit more articles to the keeping of my widowed and fatherless acquaintances.

'But, aunt Julia, yours is a peculiar case. You had the home-made outfit of a farmer's daughter, and not expect to make use of it, besides, the Bible does not encourage wasting our goods extravagantly.'

'I do not thing the Bible leans to what is called the extravagant side. The rest of the chapter following the verse I have quoted gives little encouragement to much forethought, either in food or raiment, and in another place says. 'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none.' This rule leaves very little to pack away in a cedar closet. In my opinion, God's providence is far from encouraging extensive accumulation either of money or possessions, especially among Christians. Fire and flood drought, mil dow, and moth stand ready to rebuke that spirit of covetousness which the Lord abhorreth.'

'Surely, aunt Julia, you would not have me give away the new furs you gave me your elf last winter?'

'No, my child, but let us examine for a moment this moth eaten pile. Here are three coats of your husband's, which he could never possibly wear again.'

'Those are for fishing, aunt.'

'How often does he fish?'

'Once in four or five years,' said Anna, looking slightly discomfited

'Well, here is bag of out-grown, shrunken socks and these old dresses of Ada's, and those overcoats of the boys, that I heard you say were unfit for wear, even in the play-ground, and besides I think you remarked that the [illegible] difficulty originated in an old carpet which has been harboring moths many years, when it might have been out of harm's way, upon some poor widow's floor.'

'Well, aunt, I believe you are half right.'

'Try my rule, Anna, not after your property is ruined, but when you find you can spare it—even at the risk of sending some of our treasure to heaven before you have obtained all you could from its use. Many an old garret have I known to be infested with moths, ruin hundreds of dollars' worth of valuable articles, when the whole evil might be traced to an old coat or carpet, selfishly or carelessly withheld from the poor. We are God's stewards, and our luxuries are not given us to feed avaretousness which is idolatry, but are talents which may be increased ten times before the great day of final account When people ask me how to prevent moths, I always long to say, 'Lay up your treasure in heaven,' because I have found from experience it is a sure and convenient way.'

'Well, aunt, I own I never have thought much about it before as a matter of Christian duty. I will try before another year, to confine my care to the articles I need, and shall hope for better success.—*New York Evangelist.*

THE NEW ENGLANDERS.

CONNECTICUT, Jan. 8th, 1856.

As a sequel to the remarks in my last letter, as to the supposed degeneracy of the New England population, I would now point out several of what seem to me to be its obvious causes

I spoke of the prevalence of strumous disease as a *proof* of degeneracy. I now refer to their wide-spread existence as the chief cause of physical decline. Such are both cause and effect. Their destructive influence no one will question. But other circumstances are to be considered besides this, and I find one in the number of intermarriages among near relations. In Europe there is just prejudice against this great social evil. In theStates there is either none at all or very little. I need say nothing to add force to this point.

Again, the population take little open air exercise. Every man knows that all theBritish seek this with avidity. The peer seeks it, the student seeks it, the artisan seeks it, the ploughman seeks it. The toils of the laboring man may be severe, but night after night when the weather allows him, he is found on the common, inhaling fresh air, and exciting his whole mind by some manly game. The poor may need to put forth no effort, but born though he be to luxury, his is no life of ease, but one of ceaseless activity in the saddle, on the moor, by the stream, or at the wickets. So with the student. His mental toils may be severe, but daily he rows on his beloved Cam for hours together. The whole population, from the prince to the peasant, love and practice their ancient and manly sports. Hence the undecaying strength of the whole nation. Luxury has done nothing to enervate it. But it is far otherwise here. The man of wealth takes no interest in such enjoyments, the student does not understand them, the artisan spends his evenings talking politics in a store or bar-room, the farmer toils till dark, and then goes to bed. The American people have no sports. With a very brief childhood all these come to an end, and the citizen thenceforward gives himself to the steady pursuit of the 'almighty dollar.' He toils hard, but it is the wasting and unrelieved toils of the desk, or the poisonous work-shop or the fiery harvest field. Here,then, in this utter absence of open air amusement and exercise, we find one pregnant source of physical decline. Neither mind nor body has any relief. The American works harder than any galley slave. He has really no Christmas holiday, no New Year's day and even 'Thanksgiving' is too often spent in the counting house Those, I presume, are incontestible facts.

The food of the people is destroying them. In country places, a small quantity of overdone meat or greasy pork and a perpetual supply of sweet bread and greasy meat, eaten voraciously and in prodigious haste, goes to create and sustain a dyspeptic existence. Of course, among the better classes the food is better cooked and more time taken to the eating of it. But I speak not of the exceptions but of rules, not of a limited number of intelligent and polished men, but of the great body of the people.—No people can be healthy who live on the sort of edibles on which theAmericans live, or who eat in the manner in which Americans,as a whole, eat.

The American women destroy themselves—They take no exercise, and look with astonishment at the efforts of an ordinary English woman. It is true they are active enough in-doors: but this, though better than nothing, is a miserable substitute for the exercise they take by the females of Europe. The consequence is that they are the feeblest women in the world, unless those of Mexico be like them; They cannot walk as far as an English child does daily to school. Buggies in summer and sleighs in winter, are in constant requisition. The idea of walking for exercise never enters their heads. Their lives are spent at home, fussing in choking rooms, or lounging in debilitating rocking chairs; or if they go out, reclining in a well stuffed carriage. They are incapable of any physical effort. Their beauty is that of decay. Their entire frames give unmistakeable evidence of wasting. Spinal disease and consumption abound among them. In mere girl-hood they are pretty; in woman-hood they are withered, wrinkled, and angular, with the light of youth in their eyes, and the tremors of age in their limbs. Such is the fact, and this evil is greatly superincreased by themselves. Their story is notorious. Married in all probability at a scandulously early age, they become the mothers of one or two feeble children, and either sink into a premature grave, or linger on in helpless ailing through the remainder of their days. This I believe, is no exaggeration, but just the melancholy truth with reference to the great bulk of the women of America. If there, one-half of the population be thus worn out barely alive, what can their decendants be?

Another great evil is the habit of heating houses with stoves. We all, in Canada as well as here, *feel* that stoves are an injury, and that the fire-place is incomparably superior, so far as health is concerned. With Canadians, however, the damage which they do is lessened by the more active, out of-door habits of the people, and their greater attention to open-air exercise. Here, however, they are in full operation without one circumstance to alleviate their injurious tendencies. Nor are the Yankees themselves insensible to the fact; and old men of intelligence view the introduction of stoves as the commencement of a new era in the physical history of America. Some twenty-five years ago, the became universal in Connecticut, and the deterioration during that period has been quite remarkable. This evil is universally felt, but an enfeebled race has no plan for remedying it

The end of the whole seems to be that the New England influence in the Union must decline. Had this race continued as its fathers were, the influx of foreigners would nevertheless, in time have sapped its healthful power. As matters stand now, his will diminish daily with accelerating rapidity.—What the future shall be without it, none can say. I would only add that the climate of America is not favorable to the European constitution and races. This is seen in Canada, as well as here. The knowledge of the fact, however, should lead to counteracting efforts, which, when wisely made, will be greatly successful. The errors of New England should be a warning to our own people *Globe*

The Great Western Company have over 20,000 tons of freight laying at Windsor, in readiness for transportation over the road eastward. Most of it has come over the Detroit river on the ice.

RETIREMENT OF JUSTICE

From the Mail.

On yesterday a meeting of the members of the Bar [illegible] R Ed in the Convocation Room of the [illegible]ON of Society, Osgoode Hall, for the purpose presenting an Address to the Hon [illegible] Justice Malacauly, on his retirement from the Bench.

It was moved, seconded and carried unanimously, that Adam Wilson, Esq, Q. C., do take the chair.

D. B. Reid, Esquire, was appointed Secretary.

The chairman opened the meeting by stating that the following note had been received from the hon. Robert Baldwin, C. B Treasurer of the Society:—

SPADINA, 1st Feb.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been confined to my bed since Saturday last, and although thank God, I am better, the Doctor gives me no hope of being able to attend my duties at Osgoode Hall, so early as next week, Perhaps, indeed, I may not be able to do so for the whole of the term. I must therefore, request you, as the senior of our committee to attend on Monday, report my indisposition and make my excuse.

Believe me, &c.,
ROBERT BALDWIN.

To Dr. Conner, Q. C.

The chairman then went on to say that the present meeting was convened for the very agreeable object of presenting an Address to theHon Chief Justice Macaulay on his retirement from the Bench, after a service of 30 years.

Hon J H Cameron, Q C, said he felt much pleasure in moving that an Address be presented to the hon chief justice Macaulay, on his retirement from the Bench. He was quite sure that all the members of the Bar would agree with him that such a tribute was well merited, Probably no judge ever stood so high at the Bar as he had done.—He was quite sure that there was no member of that Society, whoever he might be, but felt that those who were to succeed him, would always act in a similar manner. The Hon gentleman then concluded by stating that the members of the Society had sketched out an Address, which, if it met the approbation of the assembled gentlemen, would be presented to the Chief Justice that day, on the opening to the Court.

The Address was also read, and after which.

J. Bell, Esq, seconded by P M Vankoughnet, Esq, Q C, moved that the Address just read, be adopted. Carried unanimously.

It was then moved by P M Vankoughnet Esq, Q C, seconded by N C McIntyre, Esq., and carried:

Resolved,—That the Hon J A Macdonald, Attorney-General, be requested, on behalf of the Bar, to read the Address to the Chief Justice.'

Hon J A Macdonald, and Hon J. H. Cameron were then appointed to wait on the Chief Justice in order to ascertain from him when it would be his pleasure to receive the Address.

After a short absence, those gentlemen returned, and Attorney General Macdonald stated, that they had an interview with Chief Justice Macaulay, and he would be ready to receive the Address at twelve o'clock next day, (to-day) before the opening of the Court of Common Pleas.

Hon J H Cameron thought, that as one of their members had been raised to the Bench, and another was retiring, the members of the Bar, ought, as in the olden times to celebrate the occasion by dining together

The suggestion was unanimously approved of, and Saturday next was named as the best day.

On motion of one of the gentlemen, it was resolved that the Sec. D. B. Reid Esq, report the proceedings to the Law Society, with the request that they be inserted on its minutes.

A very general wish was expressed that all the members of the Bar, non-residents of Toronto, who wished to attend the Dinner, would send in their names to *W A Campbell, Esq., Wellington Chambers*, before Thursday next.

The proceedings then terminated.

A PRESENT FOR CRONSTADT.

From the Liverpool Post.

Through the favor of Messrs. Finch & Kelly, we have had the satisfaction of viewing one of those considerable presents which we intend next year to shower into Cronstadt and Helsingfors, in such a number as will prove the sincerity of our interest in those strongholds, if, indeed it shall not over whelm them. The present we refer to is an immense bombshell of the largest and most extraordinary proportions—one of a number which the Lowmoor Iron Company is under contract with the government to supply, and which the company is now rapidly casting and completing. This shell is 9 feet 5 inches in circumference, and 36 inches in dimmeter. The aperture by which it is charged and the fuse inserted are 2 3-8 inches in diameter, and the shell itself 5¼ inches thick throughout, and at the aperture 3½ inches. The weight of the shell is 1 ton 6 cwt. 1 qr. 7 lbs. With such dimensions and such weight it is easy to understand that when propel'ed by adequate projectile force, no granite can withstand those monster shells; and Cronstadt must crumble before the repeated and sustained operation of such bombardment. This immense shell has been sent to the Company's Liverpool agents for transmission to the Duke of Devonshire's castle in Lismore, Ireland—the Company having at the Duke's request, presented him with one uncharged. Of course such a weight of metal will require considerable leverage to place it within the chamber of a mortar, and this cannot be done without a resort to machinery, to facilitate which we should state that the mouth of the shell is surrounded at a convenient distance by four legs, made of wrought iron and cast into the shell, which, by these means, is placed within the mortar. The cost of each shell unfilled will be £20 to 25, and however expensive, we could not send his Czarship an uglier present, or one more unwelcome. The mortars for the discharge of these monster shells are in the course of manufacture at the works of Mr. C. Mare, Blackwell. They are of wrought iron, and will weigh about 35 tons each.

FIRE IN TH *COLONIST* OFFICE

It is with great regret, we learn that the *Colonist* Office, in Toronto was very much damaged by fire on Monday night. The machine and composing rooms alone, being saved. We are glad to find however, that Messrs. Thompson & Co., are well covered by insurance. The following are the particulars of the Fire, from yesterday's *Globe*:

A destructive fire broke out yesterday morning, shortly after 2 a. m., in the Stationery Store of Messrs. Thompson & Co., publishers of the *Colonist*, King Street, and we regret to say, speedily consumed the building, with the whole of its contents. So rapid were the flames, that it was found impossible to rescue anything of value in any of the rooms. In a short time the Fire Brigade, were on the ground, and having obtained a supply of water, vigorously applied it through a side entrance on the old Post Office Lane, and thus prevented the extension of the flames to the Press and Machine room further south, which, although somewhat scorched was saved without damage to the Machinery. The composing room and despatch room adjoining Colborne street were also preserved without injury.

By strenuous exertion on the part of the Brigade, under the active superintendence of Mr Ashfield and the other officers, the store of Mr Monaghan, grocer, on the west, was saved from destruction, with considerable damage, however, to the goods.

Messrs. Hearn & Potter's premises were less fortunate, as the upper part of that building, occupied as offices, was at one time in flames, and although the damage was principally confined to the roof, still much injury was sustained by those occupying the upper rooms—Mr. Blakely, daguerreotypist; Mr. Bryce Smith, artist; Mr. Nimmo, agent for the New York *Albion*, and one or two others.

The fire originated, it is said, in the front part of the stationery store, near the gas-meter. The loss of Messrs. Thompson & Co. is estimated at £4500, of which two-thirds is covered by insurance in the following offices:—

Liverpool and London	£1500
Western	500
Equitable	500
Montreal	500

We have not heard what is the amount of Mr. Monaghan's loss, but it is, we believe, fully covered by insurance; Messrs. Hearn and Potter's loss is comparatively small; Mr. Blakeley'e loss is, it is said, about £200. He was uninsured. Dr. Cadwell lost, we learn, a valuable set of instruments and some furniture; he is also uninsured.

FIRE IN INGERSOLL.

Town Hall and Market House burnt to the ground.

From the Woodstock Gazetteer.

We regret to learn that a fire broke out in the Town Hall, Ingersoll, this (Friday) morning, at about one o'clock, which destroyed that building and all the public documents and books belonging to the municipalities of the Township of West Oxford and the village of Ingersoll. The origin of the fire cannot be accounted for; when first discovered, however, it was confined to the upper part of the building. It is, therefore, supposed that it may have commenced at the entrance of the stovepipe into the wall in Captain Berrie's office, the only room in the building, we understand, where a fire had been kept the day before. Captain Berrie left his office at six o'clock the evening before apparently all safe. The ground floor of the building, which was a frame one, was used as a market house, the basement as a lock-up; the up-stairs as Clerk's office and Town Hall. Captain Berrie was clerk of both the municipalities mentioned, and also enjoyed a good business as a conveyancer. There are consequently some documents belonging to private parties destroyed.

Saturday.—A correspondent adds the following:—The market house was totally destroyed; also the town bell and fixtures, which cost, I believe, $600. I also understand that some £1,800 worth of notes, &c.—an assignment of Mr. Daniel Shell merchant, to his creditors, were burned. They had been left in care of Captain Berrie, whose office was in the building. Occasionally a fire was kept in the lower part of the house as well as in the Clerk's office. They have neither a Fire Engine nor a Fire Company in Ingersoll.

GREAT FIRE IN BRADFORD.—About noon, on Saturday last, a fire broke out in the new frame buildings recently erected by Mr. St. Clair, on the corner of Holland and Barrie Streets. There being no fire engine in the village, and a strong breeze from the north-west, the fire quickly spread to the stores below, and communicated to the buildings on the other side of the street. Seventeen stores and dwelling houses were destroyed, occupied by the following parties, viz.:—Messrs. W. D. Burn, chemist and druggist; G. Palmer, clock and watcher; McMaster, general store; John Evans, general store; G. & B. Barnard, general store; Henry Thompson, saddler; Wm. Trott, clothing store; also, an unoccupied store adjoining, belonging to Mr. Trott, the carpenters were still at work on Mr. St. Clair's buildings, which were of course burned down. These were all on the north side of Holland street. On the south side, the buildings destroyed were—store occupied by Mr. Barry, boot and shoe warehouse; a large new store adjoining, nearly finished, owned by Messrs. Barnards; two cottages occupied by Mr. S. Trott; a dwelling house occupied by Messrs. Mawhinney and Hadfield; Mr. Wallis's dwelling house. The saddler's shop of the latter was pulled down, which stayed the progress of the flames. The total loss of property is estimated at from £15,000 to £20,000. The insurance on the whole being slight.—*Bradford Chronicle.*

FIRE IN SYRACUSE.—The block known as Dillarge block, corner of Salina and Fayette streets, Syracuse, U.S., took fire at a quarter past 12, on Sunday, and was burnt up. The block was owned by H. A. Dillarge, building valued $35000, insured $22000.

The Brantford *Expositor* learns that the Council of Perth passed a unanimous vote, on Tuesday last, to petition Parliament in favor of leasing the B. B. & G. Railway to the Lake Huron and Buffalo Company.

From the Hamilton Gazette.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

The Canadian House of Assembly meets for the dispatch of business on Friday, the 15th instant.

We are assured that we do not misrepresent the feelings of all genuine Conservatives in the Province, when we assert that the coming Session is viewed by them with the most thorough listlessness and indifference. In some of the measures to be brought forward, they may take an episodical interest, but, as things stand, they cannot fail to regard the campaign as a matter in which they have little or no concern.

Small wonder that such should be the case. The banners under which we had been wont to combat, have been basely surrendered by the men into whose hands we entrusted them. These men have "sold the pass," and bartered our most sacred warcry for the sordid silver of office.

If our political traditions had been of no higher moment than nursery baubles, which could be broken and thrown aside as the caprice of the moment dictated, matters might have worn a different complexion. The attainment of power by parties who for long years had enjoyed our sympathies might then have been hailed by us with satisfaction, and our voices might have gone to swell the cry of Io TRIUMPHE which followed their chariot wheels.

But the creed which we profess, is something more substantantial than the thistle-down of progressive expediency. It is based upon principles derived immediately from the word of the living God. When the *vox populi* runs counter to those principles, we unhesitatingly write it down as the *vox diaboli*.

To an independent and viril mind, there is something superlatively unpalatable, in the idea of a political organization brought about by the sacrifice of some confessed fundamental verity.

What would we think of a father who, in order to obtain some desiderated luxury, should act as pander to the seducer of his daughter, and pocket the price of her violated virtue?

This is a strong—a terribly strong illustration of our feelings, but we maintain that it is not tinctured with exaggeration.

Honestly do we believe that it would choke us—(these words are used in their simplest and most literal sense) if we attempted to greet with a blessing the individuals who have lent their aid to plunder the Church of Christ. Without a figure of speech "the Amen would stick in our throat!" By so doing we should become partakers of their sin, and be liable to the crushing judgments which,—unless the Bible be a cento of graceless mendacities—are kept in store for the unrepenting perpetrators of the turpitude!

We say unrepenting, because God forbid, that we should consign them to the horrors of hopeless reprobation. There is mercy, we trust, in store even for a secularizer. The precedent of the expiring crucified thief warrants us to cherish such a hope.

Deep, and *practical* however, must be that repentance, Faith without works is dead, and mere *verbal* contrition is good for nothing. The secularizing Conservative (what a horrid incongruity lurks in that expression!) cannot do less than devote every farthing of his official stipends, towards the nourishment of the Church which he had aided in plundering. Every mite of the "thirty pieces of silver" is minted with Jehovah's sternest curse, so long as it remains in the possession of the recipient! Not for "all the wealth of Ormus or of Ind" would we give up the ghost, hampered with the minutest coin of those "wages of iniquity!"

Returning from this episodical digression, we repeat that manhood revolts from the contemplation of confederations similar to the one which now guides the destinies of this Christ-renouncing Colony.

The following remarks, though borrowed from a cotemporary with whom we have few feelings in common, most thoroughly adumbrate our own sentiments:

"As an abstract proposition, a Coalition Ministry—that is, the union for governmental purposes of men whose professed principles have been and are antagonistic—is utterly and of necessity at variance with truth. Such an organization may, consistently enough, challenge the support of men who deny the existence of absolute truth—men who still echo the question, "what is truth?"—men who have no conception of principle as a source of action, and who make no pretension to honor or honesty in their ordinary public dealings. To creatures of this stamp a Coalition Ministry is an admirable contrivance: it suits the latitudinarian views of truth and principle, and affords an easy method of realizing their corrupt estimate of the value of position and opportunity. But to all other men it stands in the light of a lie and a fraud. It is a formal abjuration of opposite and irreconcilable interpretations of public rights and wrongs, of public wants and wishes, of public interests and duties. It is a practical repudiation of the axiom, that in politics, as in geometry, straight parallel lines never converge. It sets at naught the conclusion of history, that there are different parties in the state, starting from different points of intelligence and principle, actuated by different motives and impulses, aiming at different ends. It discards all distinctions between truth and falsehood, between equity and injustice, between patriotism and partizanship. It says, in effect, that political movements and combinations, by whomsoever originated, are mere pantomine and jugglery, designed to delude the community for the advantage of cheats; and it declares that the most corrupt factions, being in their nature most likely to amalgamate for swindling purposes, are the legitimate administrators of the functions of a government.

Do we intend, (it may be asked) to strengthen, so far as our humble means go, the hands of the opposition to the existing Cabinet?

Without hesitation do we return a negative answer to this question.

If that opposition were composed of men "fearing God, and hating covetousness." If the members thereof could exhibit hands unstained with the fetid pus of sacrilege. If they honestly expressed their conviction that the spoliation of the Clergy Reserves was a bell-ward movement, which ought, at all hazards, to be retraced. In such circumstances our course would be clear as the unclouded noon-tide sun, and shoulder to shoulder we would fight along with such men, till the expenditure of our latest breath.

But, because we cannot fraternize with Judas Iscariot, does that form any reason why we should swell the tail of Barabbas?

This is the true position of the honest, unselfish Conservatives of Canada. They have no ambition to follow the example of the Scottish Covenanting Cameronians, who after the Revolution of 1688, made common cause with the Jacobites, because they disliked the terms of settlement which had been conceded to the Presbyterian Kirk.

In the bickerings about to take place, we shall take no active part. If the Ministry be successful in obtaining nourishing majorities, we shall not sing *Te Deum*. Should the leanness of minorities fall to their lot, as little shall we rend our garments, or sprinkle ashes upon our head! Nothing in their fate, be it genial or adverse can make us either smile or weep, or cause our pulse to beat with a slower or more elastic bound!

Measures, palpably for the benefit of the Province, we shall receive from the Ministry with all fitting acknowledgement, but any professions which they may make, we shall accept with suspicion, and a most usurious discount.

Can any reasonable person blame us, for speaking after such a fashion? Cruelly have the reeds upon which we trusted pierced our too confiding hands, and, to quote an adage, which forms part of the proverbial philosophy of most nations, ancient as well as modern: "BURNED CHILDREN DREAD THE FIRE!"

From the Hamilton Gazette.

JAILS.

In Upper Canada there have been no public edifices that have called for so much animadversion from the public press, as well as from Judges and Juries as the common Jails of our counties and cities. A matter so notorious as the inadequacy of our Jails in general, requires no lengthy remarks of ours to prove its correctness, so that we will take it for granted that the fact is admitted by all who have taken the least trouble to look into the subject, or have been brought by business, in contact with the inconveniences and annoyances to which Jail officials are subjected, in consequence of the want of proper Jail accommodation. A question naturally suggests itself, what is the reason, that in the most flourishing and enterprising part of Canada, such a state of things should be allowed to exist for so many years after the country is so well prepared, and able to mitigate the evil? It is a fact that our Municipal Corporations in general, belong to the "penny wise and pound foolish" school, which induces them to go on the cheap principle, so as to keep down, as they say, the taxes,—at the same time forgetting the good old maxim, that "if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth well doing." The consequence of such predisposition is that less than half the amount requisite for the erection of proper Jails is often set apart for that purpose,—and as a matter of course instead of a proper building, such a one is put up, as the amount will warrant,—and when it is discovered that it will not answer the purpose for which it was intended, then these same Solons will ridicule the Architects and Builders, and put them down as a pack of fools, knowing nothing of their business, and sometimes going as far as to say, that they were little short of swindlers.

The Jail in this city, we cannot say is an exception to the general rule. It is well known that after oft repeated representations to the Government from Judges, Jurors, &c., &c., &c., for a number of years, the County Council at last agreed to expend a certain amount in the building of additional accommodation,—and for the amount appropriated we believe they got full value,—but the building is a sad apology for a proper or secure Jail;—already two villains have made their escape, and that through the very strongest part, and the keepers know not the morning that they may get up and find the most of their birds flown away,—again like the Vulture to pounce on their prey.

Now these being facts which cannot be disputed, what is the remedy for this crying evil? We answer, give to Upper Canada that which is acorded to Lower Canada! Some of our readers no doubt will start in astonishment as such an answer, and ask, have we not already got all the privilege enjoyed by Lower Canada? No! In the Lower Province the Government with a wise and proper foresight take the building of Jails under their own control, and conse-