down the scandal of occasional conformity, the celebrated De Foe wrote an ironical treatise, "The Shortest Way with Dissenters;" arguing, with pretended gravity, that a system of extermination was the best. The house, we are assured, was at first completely hit by this clever banter, caricaturing their own violence; but seemed kindled to fury when awakened to a sense of the raillery that had been passed upon them. The libeller fled, to escape the terrible consequences of their anger. They prayed the Queen to proclaim a reward for his apprehension; and, in accordance with their petition, the following description of his person was inserted in the *London Gazette*:—"January 10, 1702-3; St. James's Palace. Whereas Daniel De Foe, *alias* De Foe is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entitled, 'The Shortest Way with the dissenters.' He is a middle-sized spare man, about forty years old; of a brown complexion, and dark brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was hose-factor in Freeman's Yard in Cornhill, and now is owner of the brick and tile-tile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex. Whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, or any of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, so as he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of £50; which Her Majesty has ordered immediately to be paid upon such discovery." Who could recognise, in the late hose-factor and proprietor of pan-tiles, the inventor of a new world in Robinson Crusoe's island—the vivid painter of death in his History of the Plague—the great magician of the heart in exciting wonder and pity! But, had his genius been as great as Milton's, on whom the prison of the house formerly closed its gates, it would not have saved the hunted libeller from his persecutors. The Attorney-General instituted a prosecution by the command of the Commons, and poor De Foe was, among other punishments, sentenced to the pillory, to which he afterwards wrote an ode, replete with ragged rhymes and sentiments of masculine courage.—*Townsend's History of the House of Commons.*

DUCK-SHOOTING ON THE INLAND WATERS OF AMERICA.—In the Eastern and Midland States, unless on the borders of the great lakes, this sport of late years can hardly be said to exist at all. The birds are becoming rare and wild, and although still shot in sufficient numbers by the local gunners, on the streams of New Jersey, to supply the demands of the markets, they are not found numerous enough to justify the pursuit of the sportsman. Formerly on the drowned lands of Orange County, on the meadows of Chatham and Pine Brook, on the Passaic and its tributaries, before the modern system of draining and embanking, hundreds, nay, thousands of acres, were annually covered with shallow water at the breaking up of winter; and the inundated flats were literally blackened with all the varieties of duck which I have heretofore enumerated, affording rare sport to the gunner, and alluring gentlemen from the larger cities to follow them with the canoe; in a day's paddling of which among the inundated groves and over the floated meadows, it was no unusual event, nor regarded in anywise as extraordinary good fortune, to kill a hundred fowl and upwards of the different varieties; all of which, however, are alike in one respect, that they are all delicious eating. I have myself been in the habit of considering the summer duck as the most delicate and succulent food of the inland, as distinguished by the ocean ducks: but this, I believe, owing greatly, if not entirely, to its being the best of its genus in the regions wherein I have been wont to eat it; for I understand that on the great lakes, and in the Western country generally, the blue-winged teal is regarded as its superior in epicurean qualifications. All that kind of shooting is now at an end in this district of country; and although they still abound on the great lakes, along the Canada frontier, and Eastward in the British Provinces, the vast extent of those inland seas which they there frequent renders it impossible, or at least so difficult as to become irksome to take them, except by lying at ambush on points over which they fly, and on the woody margins of the forest-streams and inlets, which they frequent for the purpose of feeding and roosting. On the great lakes, flow through stubble, feeding into the fly-thousands, the ducks of all kinds are wont to fly regularly landward, in large plumps, or small scattered parties, for an hour or two preceding sun-down; and a good shot well concealed in such a place, with a good double-gun, loaded with No. 4 up to BB, as may be the nature of his ground and the species of his game, will frequently return from a single evening's expedition loaded with twenty or thirty couple of wild-fowl.—*Forester's Field Sports in the United States.*

IMPUNITY OF MURDERERS AT MONTE VIDEO.—At eight o'clock, I was sitting in the Custom-House Guard-Room, smoking a cigar with the officer in command, when the following incident occurred, exemplifying, in a very striking light, the manners and tempers of the lower orders of the population of Monte Video:—An altercation had taken place between an old Spaniard and a South American. As it grew more violent, the parties left the pulperia, or wine shop, where the difference had arisen, and advanced towards the Guard-Room. When within a hundred yards, they stopped, and reproached one another with violent gesticulations. In a few minutes, a number of persons had collected round them, amongst whom were two or three soranos, or policemen, who looked on, not as peace-officers attempting to stay the tumult, but rather as spectators enjoying the disturbance. Suddenly the native sprang under the drawn sword of one of the soranos, and, quick as thought, plunged his knife into the abdomen of the Spaniard. One of the lookers-on, an Italian, perceiving the deadly intention of the assassin, rushed forward to stay the murderous blow. He was immediately shot dead by the pistol of one of the soranos. This tragedy ended as might be expected. The old Spaniard staggered into the Guard Room, and shortly afterwards died. The soranos repeatedly ejaculated "Caramba! caramba!" and then lit fresh cigars; meantime, the murderer ran away, and, of course, was not to be found afterwards. Any individual who has not had personal experience of the state of these South American towns, would not believe that so atrocious a deed was hardly talked about, much less judicially noticed. The only remark I heard about it, was from a party of sailors who were rolling casks from the victualling stores, to be shipped in the boats the following morning. As they were pushing their barrels in the track of the bloody stains made by the dying man, the following conversation took place:—"I say, Jack! is them there pig's blood, or man's blood?" "Why, you fool!" returned his companion, "pig's blood is much too dear to be wasted in that ere manner, in a siege like this!" Little did Jack know with what truth he had spoken, and how exactly he had hit the nail on the head."—*Mackinnon's Steam Warfare in the Paraná.*

THE HOMER OF THE NORTH.—Sir Walter Scott more nearly resembles Homer than any poet who has sung since the siege of Troy. Not that he has produced any poem which will for a moment bear a comparison with the *Iliad*—fine as the *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion* are, it would be the height of national partiality to make any such comparison. But, nevertheless, Sir Walter's mind is of the same dimensions as that of Homer. We see in him the same combination of natural sagacity with acquired information; of pictorial eye with dramatic effect; of observations of character with reflection and feeling; of graphic power with poetic fervour; of ardour of imagination with rectitude of principle; of warm-like enthusiasm with placible tenderness, which have rendered the Grecian bard immortal. It is in his novels, however, more than his poetry, that this resemblance appears; the author of *Waverley* more nearly approaches the blind bard than the author of the *Lay*.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A DYAK WAR DANCE.—The music struck up: it consisted of gongs and tom-toms. The Malay gong, which the Dyaks also make use of, is like the Javanese, thick, with a broad rim, and very different from the gong of the Chinese. Instead of the clanging noise of the latter, it gives out a muffled sound of a deep tone. The gong and tom-tom are used by the Dyaks and Malays in war; and for signals at night, and the Dyaks procure them from the Malays. I said that the music struck up, for, rude as the instruments were, they modulate the sound and keep time so admirably that it was anything but inharmonious. A space was now cleared in the centre of the house, and two of the oldest warriors stepped into it. They were dressed in turbans, long loose jackets, sashes round their waists descending to their feet, and small bells were attached to their ankles. They commenced by first shaking hands with the Rajah, and then with all the Europeans present; thereby giving us to understand, as was explained to us, that the dance was to be considered only as a spectacle, and not to be taken in its literal sense, as preparatory to an attack upon us, a view of the case in which we fully coincided with them. This ceremony being over, they rushed into the centre and gave a most unearthly scream; then, poising themselves on one foot, they described a circle with the other, at the same time extending their arms like the wings of a bird, and then meeting their hands, clapping them and keeping time with the music. After a little while the music became louder, and suddenly our ears were pierced with the whole of the natives present joining in the hideous war-cry. Then the motions and the screams of the dancers became more violent, and every thing was working up to a state of excitement by which even we were influenced. Suddenly a very unpleasant odor pervaded the room, already too warm from the number it contained. Involuntarily we held our noses, wondering what might be the cause, when we perceived that one of the warriors had stepped into the centre and suspended round the shoulders of each dancer a human head in a wide-meshed basket of rattan. These heads had been taken in the Sakarron business, and were, therefore, but a fortnight old. They were encased in a wide network of rattan, and were ornamented with beads. The stench was intolerable, although, as we discovered upon after examination, when they were suspended against the wall, they had been partially baked, and were quite black. The teeth and hair were quite perfect, the features, somewhat shrunk, and they were, altogether, very fair specimens of pickled heads. But our worthy friends required a lesson from the New Zealanders in the art of preserving. The appearance of the heads was the signal for the music to play louder, for the war-cry of the natives to be more energetic, and for the screams of the dancers to be more piercing. Their motions now became more rapid, and the excitement in proportion. Their eyes glistened with unwonted brightness. The perspiration dropped down their faces; and thus did yelling, dancing, gongs, and tom-toms become more rapid and more violent every minute, till the dancing warriors were ready to drop. A farewell yell, with emphasis, was given by the surrounding warriors; immediately the music ceased, the dancers disappeared, and the tumultuous excitement and noise was succeeded by a dead silence. Such was the excitement communicated, that when it was all over we ourselves remained for some time panting to recover our breath. Again we lighted our cheroots and smoked for a while the pipe of peace.—*Marryat's Borneo.*

A WELSH LEGEND.—A young man, who was remarkable for his good looks, led the lambs to graze close to Llyn-y-Van-Vach, on the Black Mountains. Whenever he visited his charge, as he sat by the side of the lake, he used to see three lovely female figures hovering about on its borders; he perceived them distinctly, but their movements were as rapid as those of birds or butterflies, and they almost dazzled his eyes by the quickness of their motions as they skimmed along the waters, their little feet just touching the surface, and then darting off to another part of the lake. At last, his desire became extreme to catch and look at them nearer, but every time he thought them within his reach, they would flit off to a distance, and he heard a low silver laugh, and caught the taunting words:—

Cras dy fara
Anhawdd dy ddala,

which signify, "For him who eateth baked bread, it is difficult to catch us." This almost dispirited the young shepherd; but one day he observed some substance, like bread, floating on the waters. He tasted it, and next day he saw the three beauties again, and caught them all three in his arms, as they stood on the points of some flags at the water's edge. "Now, then," exclaimed he, "since I have you, beautiful creatures, you shall not go again till one of you promises to be my wife." "We are all willing," they replied, smiling; "choose the one of us you prefer, and then let us go. She shall be your wife, if, when we all three return to-morrow, you can distinguish which is somewhat difficult to choose, for each was as perfect in beauty as her sister; but he thought one looked upon him with greater tenderness. This one, he observed, had the clasp of the shining sandal that bound her small foot rather differently arranged from those of the others; and as they were about to depart, he entreated her, in a whisper, to tell him how he should know her again. "I will," said the fair being, "stand between my sisters, and turn my right foot a little to the right." The next morning the shepherd was made happy, for the fairies came, and he claimed the one who was to be his bride. She left the lake, and her sisters disappeared. As soon as she stood on the ground, she made a signal with her hand, and from the waters came seven cows, one bull, and two oxen. "This is my dower," said she; "I will be your wife, and live with you till you strike me three times; but, if that ever happens, I must leave you instantly." They lived in their farm most happily for several years, and the lovely lady brought him three sons—the celebrated Meddygon Myddvai, great physicians and learned men; but while they were yet children, the shepherd was one day preparing to attend a fair in the neighborhood, and told his wife to go to a field and fetch his horse. She said she would; but, being rather dilatory, he playfully reproached her, saying, "*Dos, dos, dos,*" or go, go; and as he did so, he tapped her three times, unwittingly, with the glove he held in his hand. She fled instantly, and he heard her voice summoning her cattle to follow her. The oxen were then ploughing the field, but they obeyed her call, and carried off the plough with them. The furrow from the field in which they were ploughing extends to the margin of the lake, and may be traced there at the present day. After her departure, she met her three sons in a cwm, (hollow,) and delivered to each of them a bag containing something very mysterious, but the use of which she taught them. This it was that gave them the power of healing all diseases, and which made them afterwards so famous in their day.—*Miss Costello's Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales.*

NATURAL SODA WATER.—Here the valley narrowed considerably, and, turning an angle with the creek, I was at once shut in by mountains and elevated ridges, which rose on each side the stream. This was now a rapid torrent, tumbling over rocks and stones, and fringed with oak and a shubbery of brush. A few miles on, the canon opened out into a little shelving glade; and on the right bank of the stream, and raised several feet above it, was a flat white rock, in which was a round hole, where one of the celebrated springs hissed and bubbled with its escaping gas. I had been cautioned against drinking this, being directed to follow the stream a few yards to another, which is the true soda-spring. Before doing this, however, I unpacked the mule, and took the saddle from Panchito, piling my saddle and meat on the rock. The animals, as soon as I let them free, smelt the white rock, and instantly commenced licking and scraping with their teeth with the greatest eagerness. At last the horse approached the spring, and, burying his nose deep in the clear water, drank greedily. The mules appeared at first to fear the bubbling of the gas, and smelt and retreated two two or three times before they mustered courage to take a draught; but when they had once tasted the water, I thought they would have burst themselves. For hours they paid no attention to the grass, continuing to lick the rock, and constantly returning to the spring to drink. For myself, I had not only abstained from drinking that day, but, with the aid of a handful of salt which I had brought with me for the purpose, had so highly seasoned my breakfast of venison, that I was in a most satisfactory state of thirst. I, therefore, at once proceeded to the other spring, and found it about forty yards from the first, but immediately above the river, issuing from a little basin in the flat white rock, and trickling over the edge into the stream. The escape of gas in this was much stronger than in the other, and was similar to water boiling smartly. I had provided myself with a tin cup, holding about a pint; but, before dipping it in, I divested myself of my pouch and belt, and sat down in order to enjoy the draught at my leisure. I was half dead with thirst; and, tucking up the sleeves of my hunting-shirt, I dipped the cup into the midst of the bubbles, and raised it hissing and sparkling to my lips. Such a draught! Three times, unwittingly, with the glove he held in his hand. She fled instantly, and he heard her voice summoning her cattle to follow her. The oxen were then ploughing the field, but they obeyed her call, and carried off the plough with them. The furrow from the field in which they were ploughing extends to the margin of the lake, and may be traced there at the present day. After her departure, she met her three sons in a cwm, (hollow,) and delivered to each of them a bag containing something very mysterious, but the use of which she taught them. This it was that gave them the power of healing all diseases, and which made them afterwards so famous in their day.—*Miss Costello's Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales.*

NATURAL SODA WATER.—Here the valley narrowed considerably, and, turning an angle with the creek, I was at once shut in by mountains and elevated ridges, which rose on each side the stream. This was now a rapid torrent, tumbling over rocks and stones, and fringed with oak and a shubbery of brush. A few miles on, the canon opened out into a little shelving glade; and on the right bank of the stream, and raised several feet above it, was a flat white rock, in which was a round hole, where one of the celebrated springs hissed and bubbled with its escaping gas. I had been cautioned against drinking this, being directed to follow the stream a few yards to another, which is the true soda-spring. Before doing this, however, I unpacked the mule, and took the saddle from Panchito, piling my saddle and meat on the rock. The animals, as soon as I let them free, smelt the white rock, and instantly commenced licking and scraping with their teeth with the greatest eagerness. At last the horse approached the spring, and, burying his nose deep in the clear water, drank greedily. The mules appeared at first to fear the bubbling of the gas, and smelt and retreated two two or three times before they mustered courage to take a draught; but when they had once tasted the water, I thought they would have burst themselves. For hours they paid no attention to the grass, continuing to lick the rock, and constantly returning to the spring to drink. For myself, I had not only abstained from drinking that day, but, with the aid of a handful of salt which I had brought with me for the purpose, had so highly seasoned my breakfast of venison, that I was in a most satisfactory state of thirst. I, therefore, at once proceeded to the other spring, and found it about forty yards from the first, but immediately above the river, issuing from a little basin in the flat white rock, and trickling over the edge into the stream. The escape of gas in this was much stronger than in the other, and was similar to water boiling smartly. I had provided myself with a tin cup, holding about a pint; but, before dipping it in, I divested myself of my pouch and belt, and sat down in order to enjoy the draught at my leisure. I was half dead with thirst; and, tucking up the sleeves of my hunting-shirt, I dipped the cup into the midst of the bubbles, and raised it hissing and sparkling to my lips. Such a draught! Three times, without drawing a breath, was it replenished and emptied, almost blowing up the roof of my mouth with its effervescence. It was equal to the very best soda-water, but possessed that fresh, natural flavour, which manufactured water cannot impart.—*Ruxton's Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains.*

☞ THE MONTREAL COURIER *is published daily during the six business months of the year, viz., from the 1st of May to the 1st of November, and the other six months tri-weekly, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Subscription, six dollars per annum, payable in advance.*

☞ THE EVENING COURIER *(bi-weekly) is published on Monday and Thursday evenings, in time for the Mails, at the low price of* THREE DOLLARS *per annum, payable in advance.*

☞ *All* LETTERS *must be post-paid, or else the postage will be deducted from the amount sent.*

☞ VOLUNTARY CORRESPONDENCE *solicited from all parts of the Continent of America. If made use of, the person transmitting the information will be liberally remunerated.*

THE COURIER.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1850.

The following is the Address of the Metropolitan Clergy to the Lord Bishop of London on the recent appointment of Romish Prelates to Dioceses in England, and the substance of his Lordship's Reply:—

A great meeting was held on the 30th at Zion Hill, by the beneficed Clergy of London, for the purpose of memorializing the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, on the appointment of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The Rev. H. Roxby, the President of Zion College, presided, and vehement addresses were made by several of the Clergy. The meeting closed with the adoption of the following Address:—

To the Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of London.

My Lord,—We approach Your Lordship with sentiments of sincere respect and affection.

Having heard with indignation and concern of the recent aggression of the Bishop of Rome in appointing, by an assumed authority, a Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and in assigning under a Papal Bull, certain districts of this country to the spiritual jurisdiction of Clergy entitled "Bishops of the Romish Church," we feel it our duty to declare our resolution, with God's help and blessing, to co-operate, as far as we are able, in guarding the rights and privileges of our native Church from the assumption of foreign and usurped dominion.

They call to mind the fact that the faith of Christ, in its purity of doctrine and worship, had been planted and established in the realm of Britain some centuries before the mission from the Roman See, in the time of Pope Gregory, had set foot upon our shores. We know, when the Church of Rome had, by its unscriptural decrees and idolatrous practices, corrupted the primitive faith, with what joy the call to the Reformation was received in this land, and at how great price our religious freedom was constituted and recovered by our Protestant forefathers; and we believe and trust that there exists in the Laity as well as the Clergy of our communion such a hearty desire for the maintenance of the Christian Truth in all its integrity and purity, as effectually to resist this novel and presumptuous movement, which appears to us to be nothing less than an affront to the Queen's Majesty and the lawful Prelates, Clergy, and People of this Protestant Kingdom, and a bold attempt to undermine, and eventually destroy, our Constitution in Church and State.

That Your Lordship will be pleased, under the blessing and guidance of the Head of the Church, to offer your powerful aid and counsel in the present conjuncture.

The following is the substance of the reply:—

The recent assumption of authority by the Bishop of Rome, in pretending to parcel out this country into new Dioceses, and to appoint Archbishops and Bishops to preside over them, without the consent of the Sovereign, is a schismatical act, without precedent, and one which would not be tolerated by the Government of any Roman Catholic Kingdom. I trust that it will not be quietly submitted to by our own.

Hitherto, from the time of the Reformation, the Pope has been contented with providing for the spiritual superintendence of his adherents in this country, by the appointment of Vicars Apostolic, Bishops who took their titles as such, not from any real or pretended Sees in England, but from some imaginary Dioceses *in partibus infidelium*. In this there was no assumption of spiritual authority over any other of the subjects of the English Crown than those of his own communion. But the appointment of Bishops to preside over new Dioceses in England, constituted by a Papal Brief, is virtually a denial of the legitimate authority of the British Sovereign and of the English Episcopacy over their jurisdiction over the whole Christian people of the realm.

That it is regarded in this light by the Pope's adherents in this country, is apparent from the language in which they felicitate themselves upon this arrogant attempt to stretch his authority beyond its proper limits. A journal which is generally believed to express the sentiments of a large portion of them, at least, (not, I believe, of all,) points out, in the following words, the difference between the Vicars Apostolic and the pretended Diocesan Bishops: Alluding to certain members of our Church, who are accused of leaning towards Rome, it says:—"In this act of Pope Pius IX., they have that open declaration for which they have been so long professing to look." "Rome," said they, "has never yet formally spoken against us; her Bishops, indeed, are sent here, not as having any local authority, but as pastors without flocks—Bishops of Tadmor in the Desert, or of the ruins of Babylon, intruding into territories which they cannot formally claim as their own." This specious argument is, once for all, silenced. Rome has more than spoken—she has spoken and acted. She has again divided our land into Dioceses, and has placed over each a Pastor, to whom all baptized persons, without exception, within that District, are openly commanded to submit themselves in all ecclesiastical matters, under pain of damnation; and the Anglican Sees, these ghosts of realities long passed away, are utterly ignored.

The advisers of the Pope skilfully contrived so to shape this encroachment upon the rights and honor of the Crown and Church of England, that his nominees to imaginary Dioceses will not actually offend against the letter of the law, by assuming the titles which he has pretended to confer upon them, but that it is contrary to the spirit of the law there can be no doubt. As little doubt can there be that it is intended as an insult to the Sovereign and the Church of this country.

With respect to the conduct proper to be pursued by you on this occasion, it ought, in my opinion, to be temperate and charitable, but firm and uncompromising.

You will do well to call the attention of your people to the real purport of this open assault upon our Reformed Church, and to take measures for petitioning the Legislature to carry out the principle of the Statute which forbids all persons, other than the persons authorized by law, to assume or use the name, style, or title of any Archbishop of any Province, Bishop of any Bishopric, or Dean of any Deanery, in England or Ireland, by extending the prohibition to any *pretended* Dioceses or Deaneries in these realms.

It is possible that such prohibitions might not have the effect of preventing the assumption of titles by the Papal Bishops, when dealing with their own adherents; but it would make the assumption unlawful; and it would mark the determination of the people of this country not to permit any foreign Prelate to exercise spiritual jurisdiction over them.

Shortly before the close of the Parliamentary Session of 1848, the following conversation took place in the House of Commons:—

"Sir Robert Inglis—'Has the noble Lord heard of any project of the Pope to divide England into dioceses, and to appoint an Archbishop of Westminster?'

"Lord John Russell—'I do not know that the Pope has authorised the creation of Bishops or Archbishops in England. I will, however, comfort Sir Robert Inglis by assuring him, that I shall not give my assent to the formation of any such dioceses in the Queen's dominions.'"

Great Cry and Little Wool.

An individual, named George Thompson, an Englishman, and a Member of Parliament, we believe, for one of the Metropolitan Boroughs, and, if we mistake not, in politics a Chartist-Radical, is just now creating a great sensation among our neighbors in the United States. It appears that Mr. George Thompson visited the States some twelve years ago, his purpose being to agitate against slavery, but the gentleman received at that time some unmistakeable hints to mind his own business, and took himself off accordingly. It appears that this individual has again visited the United States on a similar errand, and, attempting to address an audience in Faneuil Hall, at Boston, was promptly put down. We have no fault to find with this, calling to mind the old adage, that they

"Who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose;"

and we certainly think it a piece of very great impertinence in Mr. George Thompson to take up the side of either of the parties into which our neighbors are divided on the slavery question.

But we are very much surprised to see a well-informed, sensible, respectable journal, like the *New York Courier*, attributing Mr. Geo. Thompson's visit to a deliberate design on the part of the English people to foment dissensions among the people of the United States, and by this means to annihilate the Union. How can any sane man believe that, if England had any such design, she would select, as her agent, such a person as Mr. George Thompson? Who is there in England, of what party is he, who would pay a shilling for such a purpose?

Our contemporary may be assured that this man is just one of those restless spouting demagogues, who is never happy, unless he is thrusting himself upon public notice in some way. Probably he is monomaniac on the slavery question, just as Cobden is on peace, and is just as likely to carry his object; the man is altogether too contemptible to deserve the notice lavished on him by the *Courier*; the people of Boston have treated him just as he deserved, and just as all men ought to be treated who meddle with their neighbors' affairs.

On Thursday morning, the Fortin Mounted Police were paraded on the Old Race Course, at Mile End, by Colonel Ermatinger, the Police Magistrate, who read an order by which the force is disbanded on the 10th of next month. This is the end of an expenditure which, we have no doubt, will amount, since the formation of the corps, to £15,000.

MCGILL COLLEGE CONVOCATION.—At a convocation, holden at McGill College, on Wednesday, the 20th instant, the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, was conferred upon Messrs. Alex. Morris, B. A., B. Chamberlin, Advocate, and R. H. Stephens and Wm. B. Lambe, Students at Law.

Lectures to be delivered before the Addisonian Literary Society of Montreal:—

Friday, November 22, 1850.—"Time and Motion," J. R. Sponge.

Friday, December 6, 1850.—"The History of Education in Britain," S. Phillips.

Friday, December 20, 1850.—"Influence of Christianity on the Fine Arts," A. A. Millar.

Friday, January 3, 1851.—"Relation of Man to the Physical and Psychological Systems," C. P. Stone.

Friday, January 17, 1851.—"The Industrial Resources of Canada," R. B. Noxon.

Friday, January 31, 1851.—"The Writings of Charles Dickens," A. T. Campbell.

Friday, February 14, 1851.—"The Heterogangliate Division of the Animal Kingdom," (Natural History of,) G. D. Gibb, M. D.

Friday, February, 28, 1851.—"Education in Canada and the United States," S. Phillips.

Friday, March 14, 1851.—"Results of combined Genius and Industry," J. M. Kerr.

Friday, March 28, 1851.—"The Deluge of Mosaic History," T. S. Hunt.

Friday, April 11, 1851.—"The Uses of Geology," J. M. Cramp, D. D.

Friday, April 25, 1851.—"Galvanism and the Electric Telegraph," R. Campbell.

Friday, May 9, 1851.—"The Concluding Lecture," A. A. Millar.

We understand that in consequence of the absence of the Chief Justice, the judgments of last Term of Appeal will not be pronounced until the January Session, to be held in Quebec.

The Steamer for Laprairie with passengers for Lake Champlain, leaves at half-past three in the afternoon on and after this day.

BIOLOGY.—Dr. Fiske, who has recently been delivering Lectures in Upper Canada on Electro-Biology, illustrated with experiments, and favorably noticed by our Toronto correspondent, intends visiting Montreal immediately for the same purpose.

GRAND CONCERT.—Mr. Oliver, Bandmaster of the 20th Regiment, will give the first of a series of Concerts on the 29th instant. The programme and other particulars will be made known in a few days.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD.—We have received, through the Agent of this Company, a copy of the fifth Annual Report of the Directors, from which we gather that its affairs are in a most flourishing condition.

We have to thank the Secretary of the Provincial Industrial Exhibition for a copy of a very neat pamphlet, containing the talented address of Mr. Justice Day, delivered during the late festivities.

Our readers are reminded that Mr. Leeming's annual sale of DUTCH FLOWER ROOTS, takes place this day, at his Auction Rooms, St. Francois Xavier Street. The whole assortment will be sold without reserve; it embraces a choice collection of Hyacinths, Crocuses, Tulips, &c., &c.

Curling.

At the Annual Meeting of those Veteran Curlers of the Montreal Club, held on the 19th instant, the following gentlemen were elected officers:—

President—Dr. Arnoldi.
Vice-President—Lewis Auldjo, Esq.
Secretary and Treasurer—Capt. Kirkland.
Chaplain—Rev. Dr. Mathieson.
Rink Committee—Hugh Allan, John Dyde, and James Tyre, Esquires.

Representative Members to the Grand Caledonia Club—Robert Gillespie and George Denholm, Esquires.

Several genetlemen—promising Curlers—were proposed and elected Members. The Rink is in a state of preparation, and will be ready for play as soon as the cold weather sets in; and a keen and exciting campaign in this truly healthful, noble and innocent pastime may be anticipated.

THE RIOT AT ST. HYACINTHE.—In speaking of the riot which occurred a few days ago at St. Hyacinthe, the *Quebec Mercury* says:—"We find by some of the papers that this was attributed to the Temperance Lectures and ultra zeal of Father Chiniquy. We imagine it will be found, after inquiry, that the worthy father is not in the smallest degree to blame, unless preaching against the abominable vice of intemperance, be an offence. We are acquainted personally with Father Chiniquy, and know him to be in all respects an unexceptionable character, and excellent man, the best in the world, we are convinced, who directly or indirectly, would incite a mob to a lawless act such as the one alluded to. We feel perfectly persuaded that after the matter shall have been duly investigated, other agencies will be found to have been in action under the rose than the worthy ecclesiastic's Temperance Lectures. Let the public suspend their judgment a little, and we feel confident that Father Chiniquy is not the one to be blamed for the mischief done."

Rumors are afloat of a hostile meeting which came off this morning between two gentlemen of the legal profession in this city,—in consequence of the use of harsh language by one of the parties to the other, during the criminal term just closed. The result, however, was not fatal, as the principals have been seen out this afternoon.—*Quebec Mercury.*

The Conference at Warsaw.

The correspondent of the *Times*, who writes, of course, in the interest of royalty, says of the conference of the kings:—

"To judge by the proceedings of the Conference of the Three Powers at Warsaw, the feeling between Austria, Russia, and Prussia, must be the most friendly kind. The personal compliments passed between the Sovereigns, the banquets, balls, and entertainments, on which immense sums have been lavished, form a complete contrast to the hostile demonstrations of the military forces of two of the three Powers. The 'physiognomy' of the Conference, it is said, is one of friendship and reconciliation, while the march of armies is alarming Europe with fears of a German war.

"The Emperor of Russia, appeared at the banquet given by Prince Paskiewitzh in the uniform of the Prussian Cuirassier Regiment that is named after him; the Prince himself wore the uniform of a Prussian infantry officer, and the insignia of the highest order of the Prussian Royal House, that of the Black Eagle. The Prussian Generals, among them the President of the Prussian Ministry, Count Brandenburg, wore their Russian decorations; the Russian Generals and officials those of Prussia. The first toast given by the Emperor was in memory of the old brotherhood in arms of the Prussian and Austrian armies; it concluded with the wish, "*que cette fraternite puisse durer toujours;*" his Imperial Majesty laying a significant emphasis on the words, as if the hope conveyed an earnest piece of advice. The subsequent presence of the Emperor of Austria at the Congress gave the words of the Czar more weight than usually attaches to an after dinner sentiment. Nothing has occurred during the visible and external proceedings of the Royal Congress to lessen the hope that its issue would be favorable to the continuance of peace."

DETROIT, November 19.—The Central Railroad Depot was completely destroyed by fire last night. Loss estimated at $100,000, $40,000 to the Railroad, and $60,000 to those who had wheat, flour, and other property in store. The packages of the express office were also destroyed. About 40 tons of goods in transit were consumed. The Depot was 850 feet long and 60 feet wide. Mr. Brooks says it will be rebuilt in 60 days.

BUFFALO, November 19.—Five different fires occurred here last night, destroying twelve houses, the work of incendiaries.

LABLACHE'S VILLA AT POSILIPPO.—In the afternoon, we set off to pay a visit to Lablache, who has a Villa on the promontory of Posilippo—the headland I spoke of on entering the Bay of Naples. He resides here as a private gentleman, "upon the very spot where Boccaccia resolved to dedicate his life to the muses." We were presently introduced to the family party, who seem to live in a state of superior enjoyment on this their Mount Olympus. With him was his eldest son, M. F. Lablache, a barytone singer, well known in all the European cities; but there is only one Lablache, the *Papa di Cantati*—the pope of all singers. He shook me cordially by the hand, when I brought to his recollection his being at Leicester, with the Duke of Brunswick, at which he heartily laughed, for the carriage broke down, and he crawled out at one of the windows. As I stood before him, I thought within myself what a monster of a man. I seemed to dwindle into a mere imp, and, involuntarily, said, "However great, Sir, you are as an actor, in person you are still more extraordinary as a man." What a chest he has! and how neatly he walks! In size, he is the largest man I ever beheld, next to my townsman Lambert. On this beautiful spot he is really now enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*. I learnt that he made his first appearance as a buffo in the St. Carlino, one of the smallest theatres in Naples, where you are admitted for sixpence.

* * * It is the great genius of this artist that shines in everything he does. As a mere singer, he could never be placed in the highest rank. It is the vast volume of voice which he pours out upon the notes B, C, and D, so well according with the magnitude of his person, that excites our surprise. His musical accent, which few singers know anything about, gives a greatness to his enunciation which every one can feel and admire. He may be regarded as the Polyphemus of the stage, surpassing the efforts of all other actors and singers. I was informed that the King, who is interesting himself in a charity, met him the other day, and said, "Come, Lablache, you must sing for us." The performance was to be in St. Carlo, in his own theatre. "Oh, my liege," he replied; "I am no longer the man I was; it is true I succeed in humbugging the people of London and Paris, but it never will do for me to appear again upon the stage in Naples." I was delighted with my interview with this extraordinary man, who, perhaps, has created a more lively impression than any actor since the time of the olympic games.—*Gardiner's Sights in Italy.*

WILLIAM PITT AND BUONAPARTE.—Knowing these things, having witnessed the miserable consequences, I could not read the correspondence between William Pitt and his father without a feeling allied to terror. Never did man go so near to destroy the intellect of his son by over-excitement as that arrogant, unreasonable, and imperious, and much overrated man, the great Earl of Chatham, as he is called. "Courage, my son," said he, in one of his letters, when the poor lad was complaining of the enormous variety of topics urged on his attention: "Courage, my boy, remember there is only the Cyclopædia to learn." William Pitt was very near falling a sacrifice to his father's ambition. Great as were his talents, I do not doubt that they would have been much greater had they been more slowly cultivated; and he might then have attained the ordinary term of human life, instead of his brain wearing out his body at an early age. To see him, as I have done, come in to Bellamy's after the excitement of debate, in a state of collapse that with his uncouth countenance gave the air of insanity, swallow a steak without mastication, and drink a bottle of port wine almost at a draught, and he then barely wound up to the level of ordinary impulse—rep at this process twice, or, I believe, even three times in the course of the night—was a frightful example of over-cultivation of brain before it had reached its full development. So much had its excitability been exhausted by premature and excessive moral stimuli, that, when his ambition was sated, it was incapable of ever keeping itself in action without the physical stimulant I have spoken of. Men called the sad exhibition the triumph of mind over matter: I call it the contest of brain and body, where victory is obtained at the sacrifice of life.—*Dr. Wigan on the Duality of the Mind.*

COMMERCIAL.

THE EXPORT of LUMBER *from the* PORT OF QUEBEC, *from the Opening of the Navigation to the* 31*st October, inclusive, in* 997 *Vessels:*

White Pine Timber	12,452,740 feet.
Red Pine Timber	3,602,780 feet.
Elm Timber	1,917,920 feet.
Tamarac Timber	42,340 feet.
Birch and Ash Timber	210,360 feet.
Oak	1,013,924 feet.
Deals	2,141,176 standard pieces
Lathwood	4,197 cords.
Standard Staves	m 1,210 1. 0. 32.
W. O. W. I. Staves	m 3,200 2. 3. 29.
Tamarac Sleepers	23,172 pieces.

HENRY W. WELCH,
Broker.

MARINE INSURANCE.—We learn that Mr. Jesse Joseph has insured the cargo of the *Cyprus*, from Montreal to London, at 3½ per cent. for part of the cargo, and at 2 per cent. for the remainder—the latter risk against total loss only—the ship to sail on or before the 25th. This insurance has been effected with the same underwriters as the *Pearl*, and is, we are informed, a great reduction on the usual rates. We believe, that the present cost in England would probably be 10 per cent.—*Herald.*

New York Markets.

NOVEMBER 20—6½ P. M.

ASHES steady; sales, 700 barrels, at $6,12 for Pots, and $5,81 for Pearls.

FLOUR.—Low grades active, medium ditto in better request, and higher ditto firmer; better demand for the East, and good speculative enquiry. Canadian active; sales, 3700 barrels, at $4,62 @ $4,75, the latter for very good; sales of Domestic, 14,000 barrels, at $4,18 @ $4,44 for No. 2 Superfine; $4,62 @ $4,75 for Common to Straight State; and $5 @ $5,6 for Pure Genesee.

WHEAT.—Supply of Common large, and demand restricted by the high pretensions of holders; Prime Western scarce, and in demand; Canadian plenty, and in fair request; sales, 7000 bushels White, at $1,7, in Bond; 3500 bushels White Southern, at $1,11.

CORN.—Sales, 24,000 bushels, at 63 cents for new Northern Yellow; 65 @ 66 cents for new White.

MESS PORK heavy and dull; sales, 1200 barrels, at $11,62 for Mess, and $8,62 for Prime, the latter in fair demand.

LARD active; sales, 600 barrels, at 7¼ @ 7½ cents.

MONEY Market without change.

EXCHANGE closed for the Steamer at 9½ @ 10, at a decline.

NEW YORK, November 20.—The *Africa* sailed to-day, with 87 passengers and $207,282 in specie. The *Washington* sailed for Bremen, with 26 passengers.

NEW ORLEANS, November 19.—The largest business of the season was done in cotton to-day. Frost on the 16th, injured the sugar crop.

PORT OF QUEBEC

ARRIVED
November 21.
Schr Victoria, Dorion, 21 days, Pictou, ballast.

CLEARED
November 21.
Bark Mary Sharp, Martin, Sydney, C. B., coal.
.....Hartland, ——, Saint Domingo, lumber.