Mr. S. O. Hart, Printer, of this Office, is hereby authorized to receive advertisements and Subscriptions &c., for the *Phenix*, as well as to transact office business, in my absence. R. ABBOTT.
Vienna, Sept. 21, 1853.

THE PHŒNIX,

AND ELGIN CONSERVATIVE.

VIENNA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 22, 1853.

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC.

Two weeks since, we intimated, that in consequence of our increasing subscription list we felt encouraged to enlarge our sheet, without any increase in the price, IF PAID IN ADVANCE, which condition will be *strictly enforced*. We are about to fulfil that promise; on account of this arrangement, and the repairs needed to our office, no paper will be issued next Thursday; we trust that the additional expences we shall incur in thus striving to please our readers, will be taken into consideration by those who have not yet paid in. To commercial men we would say that the extensive circulation of the *Phenix*, affords peculiar advantages as an *Advertising "Medium,"* especially to merchants who wish to make ready sales by means of which they are enabled to keep the best and newest goods; to the people of Elgin County be it known, that no efforts will be spared to make the *Phenix* a useful family journal, maintaining its conservative and Protestant character. In conclusion—to all who wish for the cheapest country paper in Canada West, we say—Now, is your time.—*Down with the Dust.*

MORTALITY IN VIENNA.

Within the past week, no less than six young, stout, and hitherto healthy men, have been called from our midst, to take their long last sleep, amid the solitary abode of the dead. The peace of families has been disturbed by the approach of that dread tyrant, Death; the myrtle has given place to the willow; the song of innocent hilarity, has fallen, in mournful cadence, to the heart heaving sigh of deep, deep anguish; the smiles of greeting friends, have forsaken the cheeks of their wearers, and the pent up tears of sorrow for departing relatives, cast a gloom over the wonted cheerful countenance of many. [illegible] of joy and harmoy from amidst the family circles caused by the sudden demise of the dearest relatives which alone render earth worth living to enjoy. 'Tis melancholy to behold the flower of youth nipt by the untimely frosts of lowering diseases, sinking down from the associations of friends, and withering beneath the sable pall of relentless Death; yet, too true is this picture. Our village has presented the saddening aspect.—The slow and solemn tones of the church-bell, have told the melancholy tale in too many instances; scarcely a day has passed for two weeks, without the voice of the iron-tongued herald of the enemy's arriving proclaiming the acquisition of another victim.

SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

The celebration of the Sabbath School, in connexion with the Wesleyan Methodist Church, of this Village, took place on Thursday evening last, in the Methodist Chapel.—According to previous arrangement, the festival was to have come off on the preceding day; but in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, it was postponed till Thursday. On that morning, a beautiful and cloudless sky disclosed a shining sun, adding, by the brilliancy of his beams, fresh pleasures to the anticipated festivities of the day.—About three o'clock in the afternoon, somewhere in the vicinity of eighty joyous youths of both sexes, attended by their parents or guardians, waited around the festive board. Here they were sumptuously supplied with "the good things of the earth," and instructed by the ably delivered speeches of the superintendent, A. S. Doud Esq., and the Rev. Mr. Ellsworth. The very orderly conduct, and highly becoming demeanour of the children throughout the proceedings, told the efficiency of the officers of the school; and the respectability, numbers, and intelligence of the assembly, were alike creditable to the village, and to those engaged in the praiseworthy occupation of Sabbath school patrons. The display of edibles was truly excellent, and too much praise cannot be awarded the Ladies, and others, whose refined taste, in this particular, added so much to the becoming conviviality of the occasion. A goodly number of visitors countenanced, by their presence, the proceedings of the day; and all seperated highly pleased with the manner in which the afternoon was spent.—May merited success be the result of their anxious labours.

MORE RAILROADS.

On Monday the 12th instant, the electors of St. Thomas, in public meeting assembled, ratified, by a unanimous vote, the Bylaw of the Municipality, authorizing the subscribing of stock to the amount £5,000 in the London and Port Stanley Railroad. This is a step the people of St. Thomas can never regret—a step well calculated to forward the interests not only of the town at large, but materially to enhance the value of private property in and around the vicinity. When will we have a branch to Vienna or Port Burwell? Or are we doomed to live and die in the apparent obscurity which has been so largely augmented by the lethargy of our public men? We are not likely to gain much by our present seclusion from common competition with other parts of Canada; and we only trust some one many possess the spirit to make a move in snapping the fetters that restrain and impede our progress towards prosperity.

☞ Thirty-three and one-third shares of the stock in the Port Burwell & Ingersoll Plank Road, (for £5 each) were sold by auction in this town, on Saturday last, at £3 7 6 per share.

☞ The large amount of communications and advertisements, &c., which could not be laid over for two weeks—the period of our enlarged issue, must apologise for our omission of news, &c., &c.

☞ We understand that some of our Aylmer friends are considerably displeased at our unwillingness to open our columns to the admission of their effusions, on the subject of the controversy between the Rev. GEORGE KENNEDY and the "Sons." We are not aware of having merited their displeasure on that score, having returned their M. S. as desired, with the intimation that our advertising columns were at their service. We hope this may satisfy the "Sons" that the complained of "denial" was not *quite* so grevious as some would wish to make it appear.

☞ The annual Agricultural Exhibition for the County of Elgin, will take place, at St. Thomas, on Thursday, the 27th inst., at which time and place the Animal Fair or Mart will also be held; owing to the late hour at which we received the list of premiums, we are unable to publish in this number.

☞ We beg leave to refer the Ladies of Vienna and vicinity to the Misses Curran's advertisement in to-days paper; we feel assured that the sympathy and proper feeling of the fair sex will nobly encourage the accomplishments and industry of these truly amiable young persons.

HOUGHTON, Sept. 20, 1853.

MR. R. ABBOTT,—*Dear Sir.*—I have just been given to understand that your whore-souled loose fish has "stopped his paper" on account of my last article.—*Truth* you know always gives offence to ignorant contracted minds. However it's a poor rule that won't work both ways; so Sir, just on the self-same account put me down for an extra copy, and the five names beside I send you; neither of whom happen to be Orangemen, tho' loyal Protestants, who value religious liberty too well to yield up their rights to the creedless *Quacks* of the "Age of Reason." Yours, &c.,

* * * * *

CHRISTIANITY CONSERVATIVE.

Nearly 400 years had elapsed from the time that the last prophet spake a two-fold prophecy respecting the first and second advents of the Messias, until in Jewry, the "three witnesses that bear record on earth, the Spirit, the blood and the water," began to be developed. The WORD spake in the beginning, "Let there be Light." Chaos heard and obeyed. The day-dawning of moral light—the knowledge of Jehovah-Jesus—the practice of Virtue was jealously and sacredly guarded by masonic patriarchs and masonic priests—the first recognized high-priest of the mystic conservatism of Divine Truth, being MELCHISIDIC! But the spiritual effulgence of the immaculate WORD was not displayed to man, till long after the URIM and THUMIM had ceased to interpret the oracles of GOD—and the SHECHINAH had long departed with its mysterious power—refusing to mingle its celestial rays with the rabinnical traditions of the corrupt Pharisees. In Judea pagan rites had almost made unrecognizable the pure worship of the SUPREME, save where the conserving tie of that almost superhuman mysticism, masonry, had preserved it intact. In the promised land then, first arose that "Sun," whose life-giving glory has filled the earth with regenerating influences. All the world beside was enveloped in the most debasing sensuality, the grossest superstition, the deepest gloom of cruel paganism; and yet it was an era of profound peace, of illustrious poets and orators, of abstruse philosophy; an age of the most refined arts and sciences, some departments of which—architecture, painting, and sculpture,—have never been excelled, rarely equalled. But the streams of living water which flowed direct from the Font of Life, by their inherent cleansing virtue, purified all that was ennobling and intellectual, conserving and sanctrfying to the glory of the Creator, the talents which He had so bountifully bestowed upon the creature.

But the amazing work of Redemption having been completed, which "Exhausted Heaven's exhaustless treasury," Paul declared an "unknown God," and preached a risen Saviour to the fastidious ears of Athenian panthologists; and withersoever the elevating doctrines of Christianity penetrated, idolatry became prostrate before the sublime hopes of immortality. Notwithstanding that the seven dioceses of Asia, in the first century became contaminated with the false tenets of a stoic and platonic philosophy, Truth prevailed; in spite of thus early heresy and schism, the conserving rays of christianity enlightened the pathway from earth to heaven; beginning at Jernsalem the distant shores of Ind and of Europe, heard the glad tidings: but scarcely did three centuries elapse—scarce had the nations partaken of the fruit of the tree of Life, ere the depravity of the Man of Sin began to work—usurping ambition created a priest-power which corrupted the simplicity of Faith, and spread a dark pall over the world to the apparently utter extinction of religion and virtue; so Popery aggrandized the secular power, till the infamous institutes, of the still more infamous Hildebrand, deprived mankind of the last vestiges of liberty, and the blasphemous arrogance of St. Peter's chair, rivalled the long dark reign of Pagan Rome, in superstition, inhuman lust, and cruelty. Popery barricaded the celestial angel trodden road to the throne of God, by pious frauds, lying wonders, human works—but the human intellect could bear no more; God's time came—a pale, attenuated monk was his instrument—he burst the trammels of indulgences—unravelled the dark deeds of the "Scarlet whore"—and the glorious Reformation consummated the labor of love that once more restored to mankind the "Pearl of great price," and the indisputable right of private judgment.

Fearing that the whole of the article prepared for insertion this week, might prove too long, I thought it best to defer the remainder of it till your new issue, especially as it is an immediate introduction to the intended series on the errors of Popery.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the editor of the Phenix.

SUCKERVILLE, Sept. 20, '53

'ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—May the full-moonishness of your phiz never be *flattened!* I'm a medium; don't get in a flurry, and I'll tell you of what, anon. Queer, thoughts, queer doings, queer sayings in this world—all humbug you know—little humbug and big humbug—I can't stop to define—so you and your readers must construe the figments. I was mighty industrious the other evening, plying away at my needle, (I ain't a blue-stocking, [illegible] in my literary inside feet coverings,) when the [illegible] ing hour of twilight" stole my occupation.—Mechanically I dropped my stitching, and Memory, wandering up and down in a sort, of whity-brown study plunged into the past—seized the reins of Fancy's steeds, and away she went at the rattling pace of a borrowed horse; and pardon me—I never will be sentimental again—forgive a woman's tear, for one fell when these lines came rushing on, unbidden, scarcely unwelcome guests:

"A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
To shrine my name in hearts where I could live
For evermore!
Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt—
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt
A thought restore."

Memory tarried long amid the faded leaves of past autumns,—among the graves of the dear departed; the result was, a sigh—and oh! what loads of sorrowful regret are sometimes gulphed down in a sigh!

"Then did my heart in lone, faint sadness, die,
As from all nature's voices one reply,
But one—was given.
'Earth has no heart, fond dreamer! with a tone
To send thee back the spirit of thine own—
Seek it, in Heaven.'"

Farther, still farther rolled back the steeds of thought o'er some— I won't say how many years—[I'm young yet]—I remembered the little hymn I used to lisp in infantile innocency at my mother's knee:

"Twinkle, twinkle, star,
How I wander what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

I recurred to God's Holy House, in which every returning Sabbath found a united family in devout worship—of the family altar, at which every morn and eve were sanctified by the fervent supplications of a pious, venerable father. When you have experienced the like very trials that have fallen to my lot, if ever you were born with a "silver spoon in your mouth," you may in imagination be able to compute what sum you would give to re-live amid the noncaring scenes of childhood.

Ho, there! what breaks my reverie? Nothing more or less, than—

"Jennie, is yer hoë-cake done,"

from the cavern-like throats of some Grand River Roarers—what a contrast thus to leap from twilight dreams to moonlight realities.—I thought if these rough wretches (God help them), could interpret my cogitations, would it afford them a serious reflection. I knew of one intelligent lady—my only female friend—truly amiable and kind, in whose bosom responsive sympathies would be awakened.—I told you I was a medium—well, I am—between various *fractions*, of humanity and arithmetical fractions, vulgar and decimal. But since Leonidas has been Vicar General of young Canada's precocious "*idee*" it has required no teaching to shoot forth; for it has outstripped the wisdom of Solomon itself—proved his proverbs to be far behind the age, and highly offensive to the 8 and 9 years' old progressives; more particularly that absurd portion which relates to the antiquated system of doupdusting, such as:

"Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying."

"Withhold not correction from the child, for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell."

What a stupid, cruel old chap he must have been; indeed, the Young go a-head *idee* repudiates that old-fashioned book the Bible, sends it packing, and patronizes a luxuriant growth of patchwork *bedication* acquired perfectly with telegraphic despatch in about two years. Here is a model specimen of the educational course at present pursued:

Grammar, 12 oral lessons, reading not being necessary at this stage, and spelling not at all needed.
Phonetic sounds, 8 lessons, renders perfect.
Geography, 16½ lessons.
Reading, from the alphabet 28 lessons; no stops used in this branch, as they interfere with rapid utterance.
Astronomy, 6 lessons, in which all the stars to the sixth magnitude are made to be perfectly familiar with respect to their names and relative positions.
Having arrived thus far, the Lilliputian fragments are gradually initiated into the cleanly and delightful habit of tobacco-chewing—allowance half a plug per diem; then comes,
A Quarter at figures; tables are now dispensed with, as being too burdensome for the juvenile mind.
Singing, a quarter, two *nights* a week; sparking now commences during intermissions—done to fits after singin' school.
Another quarter at geometry, mensuration, algebra, natural philosophy, spirit-rapping, sonsnetion, &c., &c.

Four finishing lessons in democracy and infidelity, and "Young Canada," steps forth the Normal Professor of brilliant attainments, and a smiled upon, petted slave of Pope, Egerton Doupdaster, the First. The young feminines, however, require an extra touch to match the be-scented, be-curled calf-skin editions of soulless philosophy missioned out by the great Educational Bore; a quarter's finish in drawing, painting, music, fancy needle work, from fig leaf aprons to crotchet intricacies; a fashionable taste for licentious novels; a genteel air in what used to be termed walking—now better known as a demi-semi-strut, and the spots are complete. The last orders from headquarters are, that every model school-marm is to be provided with a peacock, that the female scions may be enabled closely to imitate the peculiar poke of the head and stately shake of the plumes made by this showy bird as it struts about. There are only two or three trifling items perhaps, generally wisely omitted; yet in certain cases I cannot help thinking they would come in useful, such as, for the boys, morality, a knowledge of the Word of God, honor for parents and obedience to their commands, accounts, honesty, regularity, Truth, and industry; and for girls the same, with the addenda of an extra lesson in modesty and virtue, neatness in apparel, plain needle-work, housewifery in general, making pies and puddings that can be bitten without breaking people's teeth, keeping beds and bedding in such a state that a person can lay down in them without danger of being hoisted out by a legion of *bachlers*; but, above all the cultivation of a meek and quiet spirit—the glorious ornament of my sex. But then, you see, Sir, these are such musty old fashions, that they don't at all comport with modern improvements; being superannuated, they are laid aside, like prayer, only to be used in times of imminent, danger, or as Leonidas states, for Sabbath use.

Dear Sir, *dear* Pete is just arrived; I must therefore stop, but you shall have a dish of his and my doupdusting experiences not long hence.

PEGGY PINK.

REVIEW OF REV. WM. WILKINSON'S LECTURE OF THE 12TH ULT., IN REPLY TO MR. KENNEDY'S OF THE 11TH, CONCLUDED—FARTHER PROCEEDINGS OF THE AYLMER INQUISITION.

To the Rev. JOSEPH CLUTTON, *Baptist Minister of Aylmer, Elgin Co., C. W.*

REV. SIR,—In concluding my former letter, I was reviewing Mr. Wilkinson's "dream" which he had borrowed from the celebrated Christmas Evans, a Welsh Divine of olden times. He was certainly hard run when, to *attempt* a set-off to my arguments he found himself under the necessity of borrowing a *dream*—we read somewhere of dreamers, not saying that he belongs to the class. Your readers, however, will conclude that a superstructure built on dreams is not likely to be permanent. From what I have been told subsequently, I can partly account for his visionary state of mind. It is positively stated, that at the close of his dream he was assisted to his lodging by two men, and that when he entered his room he was still dreaming, insensible of his whereabouts, or of what had happened. Poor man, it is to be regretted, that his inability to reply *successfully* to my lecture, drove him to *delirium!* He was not, however, to be blamed; many a brave man has been defeated and disappointed. He did the best he could; and if pomp and trappings could have rendered him any sufficient aid, he would not, in all probability, have been driven to *dotage*. He endeavored to prove me in one falsehood, viz., I had stated that the Vittoria Division had become defunct; he, from Dr. Clarke's report as published by the Grand Division, read it as still in existence—hence the inference, that I as a matter of course, was guilty of falsehood. Yet three days after these statements, I met a member of the late Vittoria Division in Aylmer, Mr, Munroe, junr., and he is prepared to prove that it is defunct long ago; in addition to his testimony, I have that of other gentlemen formerly of the same Division, one of them holding a Commission of the Peace, and who has long held prominent place in the Municipal Council all to the same effect. Any party wishing to take the trouble either to go or write to Vittoria, can satisfy himself of the correctness of my statements, viz., that it went down a year or two ago—struggled into a transient existence—that life became extinct, and it died. What confidence, I ask, are we henceforth to place in the reports of the Grand Division. It is to be feared that more than 36 have gone down during the last year; the 66 from which no returns have been received, ought I presume to be added to the above number; and if the 371 in actual operation are all like poor Vittoria Division, their Sun, (Son it should be), will soon have gone down to rise no more,—Another pitiful refuge of Mr. Wilkinson's fully corroborates the report of the temporary *wanderings* of the thinking principle, which was an attempted reply to my statements, viz., that a society originated for the express purpose of effecting a universal moral reformation must be divested of the very appearance of *secrecy*—that the *secrecy*, together with its *democratical* government, as well as other features, equally objectionable, accounted for the short-lived existence of sonship; that the old total abstinence society had the confidence of the public, and hence was better adapted to the purposes of temperance reformation. He first told us that there were no secrets in sonship, and as a proof of his correctness, gave us one of the *passwords*, 'Remember.' And yet he after accused 'these three men' of *perjury* for divulging the secrets of Aylmer Division. He next informed us poor *monarchical slaves*, that the only proper government was 'by a majority,' but forgot to inform us that republicanism, as well as monarchy, governs through representatives chosen by a *majority*. This concealment of facts was intended to cover what is now becoming notorious, that the sonship system is in a great majority of instances, managed and governed by a *rabble*, from whom the influx has chiefly been; while the respectable and temperate, the moral and good, are treated as they always are when the rabble get into power, thrown aside and insulted, for it seems to be an inherent characteristic of that class to bring their superiors, if not beneath, to an equality with themselves. He next remarked, to prove the superiority of Sonship, that under the former dispensation he had given three different lectures at one place; at the close of each lecture one name was obtained to the pledge, but on examination it was found to the 3 names there was only 1 William Gardner, explaining, that it was the same person breaking the pledge and joining again. Pray, Sir, are there no William Gardners among the sons? And yet this puerility you honor with the name of irrefutable logic! why, sir, neither logic or sense has anything to do with it. How many of your Aylmer sons have been Wm. Gardners during the last year—how many have I seen crawling along the fences; how many have been drunk or drinking at Blakely's Hotel, Talbot street, east? Nay, how many have gone into the sick chambers of their friends even in Aylmer, and to show their sympathy, with the afflicted, have assisted to empty the bottles of wine, provided for the sick? Here Sir, are a few of the facts, well authenticated. Again, cannot every Division grant a 'Dispensation'? A member may be drunk for a week, yes a month, and be restored to membership by paying a fine of $1. What toper or wine-[illegible] could not buy a 'dispensation,' and become a William Gardner? I see that the Montreal *Witness* announces that "Sonship has become a failure; in many places Divisions have gone down—that it has failed to stem the torrent of intemperance in Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, &c.—that consequently, the old T. A. S. in Montreal, has been lately reorganized." Thus, sir, you see the publisher of the *Witness*, and President of the Total A. Society in Montreal, takes the same view of your system, in its own, the obnoxious Mr. Kennedy.—What Sir, will come of your decrees? "Sonship is ordained by God to accomplish greater things yet."—Tea-meeting speech, Dec. 30, '52. Here three true men, Messrs. A. Price, W. H. Tisdale, and John Henry Cronk, (brother to Mr E. Cronk) the W. P. who signed the pamphlet,) have ever since the honorable stand they took in the cause of justice and truth, been in anticipation *victimized*. The two former you cited before your inquisition, but being men of property, influence, and long standing in community, you thought it rather a dangerous experiment to drive matters to extremes, especially when they displayed an heroic independence in presence of the *Inquisitors*, which caused even the accusers to fear!! Hence after laboring in vain, to bring them to 'repentance, that they might have peace and comfort restored to their minds."—[1st page pamphlet] it was moved and seconded by Inquisitors Murdoch and Nain, "that the explanations of these two men be received by the Inquisition as satisfactory."—carried unanimously. The latter of these three men, sir, you have tried to morganize, although the inquisition acknowledged he was less guilty than the other two; they however, were allowed like Paul, to make their own defence; him you gagged, tried, condemned, without being allowed to answer for himself, or even the benefit of counsel, a privilege allowed the vilest offender in all civilized lands, save where Popish despotism rules. It is a great pity you and your Division were not located in some part of the dominions of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; you might be of essential service in purifying holy mother church from heresy. The same *formula* of *writ* commanding their appearance before your tribunal was served on the 'three men,' which goes to prove, as a circumstantial evidence, that the assumed guilt of the three was the same—this your Division has acknowledged. The warrant, or an exact copy I here subjoin, I cannot of course give the the inquisitorial seal which the original contains.

Aylmer, Aug. 25, 1853.

SIR AND BROTHER,—I am instructed by the Division to inform you, that you are requested to attend at the Division room, on Wednesday evening next, at 8 o'clock, to answer to some reports standing against you; by so doing you will stay further proceedings.

Yours, &c.,
[Signed] EDWIN HOPKINS, R. S.
Mr. John H. Cronk.

Now just imagine a citizen of any free country, appearing on a warrant or summons, or any other writ before any legal court or tribunal to '*answer* to some reports standing against him' and then told by the Court that he was not allowed to *speak*—would not the universal voice of a free people be, 'away from such a tribunal from the land, it is at variance with the liberty, with the rights and privileges of *freemen*; it is a Popish inquisition risen up among us!! Yes, sir, rejoicing that their chains had been broken, with the freedmen of England, in the revolution of 1688—from the yoke and tyranny of James, they would exclaim, "No Popery and a Free Parliament." Yet *you* have arraigned this man 'to answer to reports,' hark—*reports*, not *charges*. O, FREEDOM! the birthright of every man, art thou in the 19th century to be sacrificed to the *despotic* cruelty of the inquisition of *sonship*; professing itself to free men from the tyrannic grasp of the *demon Alcohol!* In my next, you shall have an account of the trial more fully, so that you shall how beautiful as a subject of history. I shall get to the pamphlet by and by.

Your's in truth and honesty,
GEO. KENNEDY.

To the Editor of the Phœnix.

SIR,—In perusing the columns of your esteemed journal of the 8th inst., I perceived a letter signed a Rate Payer, passing strictures upon a contemplated Plank or Gravel Road to run from Port Burwell through Richmond, and thence to Ingersoll, which will run parallel, or nearly so, with the present Ingersoll and Port Burwell Road, and but a few miles west of it.

I am much surprised to hear that our Town Council have given countenance in any way to such a scheme, and especially some of them who obtained election by giving a pledge to their constituents that they would oppose this road with all their might, as far as taxing the Township was concerned, and that in this opposition they were governed by principle, and guided by a wish to promote the general welfare of the inhabitants in not taxing them for any improvement which was not generally useful and asked for by the majority of the Township, even at the expense of their own private interest.

That the contrary is notoriously a fact, will appear, when all the capitalists of this as well as neighbouring Townships, except those interested in the road, passing through or near their lands, and who will immediately be benefited in the increased value of their property by such improvement, stand aloof from investing one dollar in the enterprise, as a money making concern; and yet those men would persuade the people of this Township that it is for their benefit and interest to be taxed heavily, to promote a scheme which were they not personally interested in, they, would hiss down with scorn and contempt, and place it in its proper light an *empty bubble*, which would soon burst and involve all concerned in ruin.

Any person acquainted with the geography of the country through which the old plank and gravel road extends and its proximity to that of the intended line, must be aware that not one load of produce or lumber would be added by it to the present exports at Port Burwell, but that it would be the means of dividing the business now concentrated upon the old road to the destruction of both.

That this new road would be of advantage to those living along its line and in its immediate vicinity I do not deny, but that those so nearly interested ought to force those living at a distance from it (and having already a good road in their neighbourhood, made by their own enterprise, and without any assistance from municipal taxation) to be involved in heavy taxation to enable their neighbours to enjoy the same advantages, is a piece of great injustice.

The same means which built the Ingersoll and Port Burwell road are open to all and if the advantage of such a road be more than will counterbalance its cost let the inhabitants of the western part of this Township open their purses, and build it for themselves.

In conclusion, I would observe that I am highly in favour of our municipality making and holding the main road through its territory, in its own land. But when it has been forestalled by a private company, as is the case here, let it not seek to injure that company as well as itself by running an opposing road, but purchase such road and lead into it every feasible branch that will increase the travel upon the main line, and add to its imports and exports thereby insuring the payment of the cost of the construction of said road, and the general prosperity of the Township.

Such is the legitimate mode which our Councillors ought to pursue, to carry out the letter of the oath which they have sworn; but as it appears that private interest on one hand and supineness on the other, are likely to carry out this evil measure, contrary to that oath, I would warn my fellow townsmen as they would wish to avoid debt and difficulty, to be at the Town Hall at Stafordville, on Saturday, the 1st of October next at 10, A. M., to record their vote against this scheme of private aggrandisement, at the public expense.

I am yours, &c., &c.
VOX POPULI.

Bayham Sept. 12th 1853.

VERACITY *vs.* PROPRIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PHŒNIX.

SIR,—Strange things will appear; but to see the above-named gentlemen at variance, relative to a true report of a public meeting held in the Division Court room some time past, is one of the strangest, but not so strange if *Propriety* is right in his report of the Chairman on that occasion, which every one there knows was not a true report, and *Veracity* is inclined to think that "Propriety" could not have attended the meeting himself, or he must have been blind or deaf to the force of moral truth. "Propriety" thinks he found a challenge in "(Veracity's" version of the meeting; surely "Veracity" did not intend it, I should think from the writings of "Propriety," and the term he uses, he must have been a soldier of Knig James II., at the battle of the Boyne. My adversary seems to think if he can get the last punch in the ribs at "Veracity," or the chairman, whether he does it justifiably or not at a venture.

I must think that "Propriety" hath not understanding enough to know when or where or whom to strike, but strike he will, hit or miss.

But now to defend myself and the chairman from "Propriety's" last version of the meeting. My antagonist says the quotation from his own letter proves what I stated to be true. I deny the charge, Mr. "Propriety" and it will take something more than a steel pen, to make