THE BRITISH PRESS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO CANADA.

(From the Times' Special Correspondent.)

KINGSTON, Sept. 6.

IGNORANCE OF CANADA IN ENGLAND.

It is a painful event even a shameful truth—but I am sure that it is a truth—that more is known in England of the Terai or the mouth of the Peiho, than of the whole of Canada or Provinces put together—aye, and even among public men and great oracles. Twenty years ago Macaulay told how even well educated Englishmen were not ashamed to confess their utter ignorance of the history of Hindostan—how they could not tell the difference between a Hindoo and a Mussulman, nor name the country over which Holker once ruled. How many well educated Englishmen are there now who, if told that Nova Scotia was an island, and, like Labrador, half rock, half glacier, would disbelieve it? What are the popular notions of New Brunswick—the Liverpool of our North American Provinces—the finest and most flourishing of all our colonies out here? What is generally thought of Prince Edward Island? I am sorry to think that the ignorance on all connected with these colonies can arise only from the most utter indifference either to where they are or what they are. But to return to the Prince on the Upper Ottawa (less known by far than Lake Ngami), the boat continues steaming quickly on its way for some miles. The captain of the vessel and one or two others connected with the canoe expedition could tell the best deer runs of the shores around, and how from ten to twelve might easily be killed in a day; but beyond this they knew nothing, for nothing whatever is known. Once a lumber-boat came out to salute with muskets and once or twice a shrill halloa of welcome came from those who on the cliffs had been watching for the Prince's boat since daybreak but beyond those two incidents there was nothing to tell of human beings, or these great wilds had ever been trodden by the foot of man. When will the Government send out some Livingstone to explore and explain the resources of Upper Canada there are maps of it, as there are maps of Japan, but of both countries any State in the Union knows more than all England put together.

CHATS LAKE.

A sudden bend in the wide lake-like river brought the Royal steamer in front of the Chats portage one of the finest pieces of rock and river scenery on the Ottawa, if not on any river in North America. It is a huge semicircle of rocks, nearly three miles wide, and over which the river pours in no less than 24 distinct huge waterfalls, some of them above 50 or 60 feet high, but all with a broad impetuous rush of water which gives to the whole portage a wild, rough, animated grandeur, the effect of which from the river below is striking beyond all description. Seen, as the Prince saw it, with the hot sun lighting up each cataract with rainbows, the gay little canoes dancing out among the Rapids below them; the intense, deep stillness of the pine forests sleeping in the sun; the air of still, solemn, wild repose which reigned over everything, mountain and rock, lake and wood, with only the great drowsy roar of the contaracts to fill the ear with a dim, sleepy hum, these made altogether one of those scenes of soft, impressive grandeur which can always be remembered. The fussy little steamer which bore the Prince seemed an intrusion on this great scene of nature's repose, and when the pace was slowed as the cataracts were neared it seemed as if the very boat felt the influence of the scene, and was moving quietly lest it should break the stillness. slowly as the boat approached the portage, the canoes, manned by lumbermen, Indians and squaws, tossed their paddles into the air and gave one long cheering whoop, which went echoeing away among the hills with a soft gentle noise as the sound died out. In another minute the canoes were alongside the steamer. The Royal party had been reduced to its smallest limits only the Duke of Newcastle, the two Equirries, Commodore Seymour, Mr Engleheart, Mr. Rose, Dr. Acland, Mr. Acland, Mr. Cartier, the Canadian prime Minister, Mr. Ellott and the Marquis of Chandos, who is out here travelling for amusement, with the Governor General, and his aide-de-camp, Captain Retellack, were present. The Prince, with the Duke and the Governor General, went in one very large canoe; for the rest one canoe was placed at the disposal of every two members of the party. Before definitely arranging themselves, however, the canoes were carried over the portage, and launched at the other side in the comparatively smooth water above the Falls, and here the whole party embarked and started away over the water to the half mile portage, another rocky rapid some three miles up the river, where the canoes were again to be landed and carried through the woods to the smooth waters beyond them. The Prince's canoe was manned by twelve strapping Scotch lumberers, who sent it along like an arrow, so that it soon became a race, all paddling and splashing through the water as if rowing for their lives, and all the crews occasionally refreshing themselves with a long shrill whoop that was deafening to hear. M. Cartier gave out the old Canadian song *Il y' a longtempts que je t'aime, jaimis je ne t'oubliran*, which was caught up in a moment by the boatmen and its sweet quick melody rather agreeably replaced the discortant whoops and yells with which the crews had excited and goaded each other into exerting their utspeed. Faster and faster they went on, fouling each other as they passed, splashing everybody, laughing, cheering and singing the crews labouring at their paddles as if they would break them, and straining every nerve under a sun which on the still water was almost tropical in its heat. But fast as the canoes paddled there was one which kept its place with ease, and this was an Indian canoe, of which half the crew were squaws, clad after the festive and highly decorated custom of their nation, but mounting English hats and feathers as a delicate compliment, doubtless, to the Royal visitor. In the centre of this canoe was a young squaw with her little papoose swaddled down upon a flat strip of board, which she shot aloft something after the fashion of a sail, and seemed so desirous to attract the Prince's attention with it that I began to think she would end by offering it to him as a present at the next landing. There were some quick rapids at the foot of the portage which it required no ordinary exertions on the part of the lumberers to overcome, but at last they past them, and ran the canoes under shelter of the land into a picteresque little nook among the rocks and trees, where everybody scrambled out as they best could. In another minute the lumberers had dragged their light bark skiffs from the water, had them up on their shoulders, and was trudging away through the woods to the next point of embarkation. This was said to be half-a-mile distant, but I must own it seemed to me the longest half mile I ever walked in all my life—not that it was an uninteresting one, far from it. It was impossible not to be amused at the helter skelter ramble of the whole party through the thick forest, with the rude procession of canoes and flags intermixed among them.

ARNPRIOR.

After this quick, hot scramble of some twenty minutes, the path through the forest emerged at last upon an immense sheet of water, like a large inland lake, though only the uppermost continuation of the Ottawa and on this the party again embarked in the canoes, and stood across the water some six miles to Arnprior. At this beautiful little village there had been some handsome arches erected, and here of course in the middle of a great crowd an addres of welcome was read. The ceremony over, His Royal Highness proceeded to the picturesque House of Mr. M'Loughlin, where the party partook of a luncheon that would have done honor to the Trois Freres for its style and elegence. From this point carriages were provided for a long drive through the forest road to a place called Almonte, a distance of twenty miles. The track was partly through the forest, over what is called a corduroy road, a colonial synonym for no road at all—a kind of track where the natural inequalities of the ground is developed by a prof use intermixture of pine logs. The route at this part laid through a perfectly wild country. Only a log cabin broke the monotony of the forest here and there, with a group of ragged brown girls and boys clustered on pine logs to cheer the Prince. The despotism of fashion, however, has penetrated into the remotest recesses of these backwoods, for, however, ragged may be the female members of a settler's family, I never saw any who did not wear the most monstrous wooden hoops under their petticoats. After a few miles of such a track the road turned out on a better country, where the travelling was good, but so dirty that nearly all the suite were suffocated, and their dress and features became alike of one dim tawny hue.

PAKENHAM AND ALMONTE.

At the village of Pakenham a great many arches had been built up; but no pause had been made here, as there was still some seventy miles to travel by road and rail, and the day was waning fast. The pretty little village of Almonte (of course for the moment concealed under the usual amount of evergreens) was reached a little before 6 o'clock, and by that time, with the exception of the Prince, not one single member of the party was distinguishable under their hideous masks of dust. In all my travels I have never seen any small number of gentlemen so utterly begrimed and filthy. Fortunately there was plenty of sherry and Seltzer-water in the Royal car, and I have not the least doubt but that many members of the suite were driven to ablutions in the latter beverage. All haste was then made on for Brockville. Half way, however the Prince had to alight and show himself to the people of Smith's Falls. They had been waiting in thousands outside the station all day where a platform had been erected covered with scarlet cloth. On this the Prince came exchanged a few words to the Mayor, and bowed in return to the deafening welcome of the people.

BROCKVILLE.

It was quite dark when Brockville was reached, and some 25,000 people had been waiting there also since three oclock in the afternoon. The Prince alighted under a rich pavilion, amid the tremendous cheers of those loyal settlers who had come in from all parts of the country. Some said an address was read, and some one else informed that the Prince replied to it, but all I know of my own knowledge is that there was an immense crowd and rather a severe crush; that carriages were provided for all the suite into which they scrambled somehow, and the procession through Brockville to the steamer *Kingston* was commenced. The firemen, to the number of 1,200 formed a double line on each side of the carriages, having a Roman candle in his hand, and those shot out their brilliant sparks of light from both sides of the street, meeting in the centre above the carriages in a perfect arcade of coloured fire nearly a quarter of a mile long. The little town was in a blaze of light. Every house from the roof to the basement was illuminated inside and out, and all the long groves of trees was covered with variagated lamps on every branch. From the windows of the houses the people held Roman candles; from the roofs they were letting off flights of rockets and bombshells and coloured fire; every bell in the place was ringing madly and the whole was such a confused brilliant whirl of lamps, fireworks, illumination, people shouting tossing their caps into the air and almost embracing the very horses, of the Royal carriage that the scene is describable in no way save by saying that the united effect of all the receptions the Prince has had did not equal the reception he received at the little town of Brockville. I am certain that the rest of the tour can only afford something better by its being on a larger scale, but while it lasted through the town New York itself could do nothing, except in extent, to surpass the extraordinary town of Brockville. Even when His Royal Highness was on board the steamer *Kingston* it did not end. There were fireworks on the water, bonfires on the thousand Islands, flights of rockets from all parts of the town, serenades from all sorts of bands, everything, in fact, which the most intense enthusiasm and loyalty could devise was done, and done admirably well.

BROCKVILLE TO KINGSTON.

As a matter of course there was very little sleep to be got in Brockville that night, and the rumours which I had heard of what was going on at this place made me anxious to reach it at once. So I left Brockville still in a blaze of light and festivity and come here by train. As the road is only fifty miles, and as the train was a special express, it only took me three hours to traverse the distance, and I found myself at last in the wide, straggling, and uncomfortable streets of Kingston at about three o'clock in the morning of the fourth. As I had been writing and travelling nearly 50 hours without sleep or change of cloths, I need not say that I was not fastidious about accomodation, and was delighted to be received at one of the dirty lodging-houses, which in this city are called the chief hotels as in all relating to charges they ought to be. I am sorry to say that my narrative of enthusiastic receptions and grand displays as far as the city is concerned has received a very sudden check, and that Kingston which, with a few other towns in Upper Canada boasts of having exclusive possession of the feeling of loyal possession of the feeling of loyal devotion to the Throne has set an example of such insolent disregard of their Royal guest's wishes as has prevented the Prince from landing here at all.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ORANGE ROW.

In cases like these, when so much angry feeling is abroad, it is very difficult to collect impartial or reliable information but the general facts of the case are much as follows. The new towns of Upper Canada have, within the last few years become unpleasantly conspicuous for Orange organizations of the most bitter and intemperate kind, even for these societies. In Lower Canada the country round Montreal, and from Montreal down to Quebec, more than ninetenths of the entire population are Roman Catholics. In a few towns of Upper Canada the Protestants and Roman Catholics are pretty equal in numbers; while in many such as Kingston, Toronto, Cobourg, Porthope, and Belleville, the Romanists are only as 1 to 10 or 12, or even less. As a rule, however, a large majority of the population of all Canada are Roman Catholics. What first led the introduction of Orange Societies in Upper Canada, none, of course, can tell, though all are painfully aware of the fact, that since their organization, quiet and good-will have almost entirely fled the towns in which they are established, owing to the excessive war of petty bickerings going on between the two parties. Some of the most dangerous fights and disturbances which have taken place in these towns have been owing to the Orange processions and celebrations of the 12th of July; when the Romanists, too have suddenly preached tolerance for all creeds, and generally enforced their arguments by a free fight with the Orangemen. There had been a comparative lull in these wretched quarrels for the last few weeks, when most unfortunately, it occurred to the people of Toronto that the occasion of the Prince's landing at that city would afford a signal and favorable opportunity for a grand Orange procession and demonstration. Such an idea once started, of course spread far and wide among the town, most notorious for dissentions between the Orangemen and Roman Catholics. The Toronto people decided upon having Orange arches, and receiving His Royal Highness with a great Orange procession. The Roman Catholics, of course, held meetings to protest against this. Both parties wrote bitter letters to the daily papers; third parties interfered in other journals; and fourth parties put forth opinions in peculiar organs to compromise matters, and, of course, made them worse than ever. A dispute of such a nature, of course, soon reached the ears of the Duke of Newcastle and the Governor General, and the former, as might be expected, at once wrote a letter to Sir Edmund Head, which the Governor enclosed to the Mayor of Toronto, with one equally strong of his own.

THE KINGSTON ORANGEMEN.

Kingston though merely alluded to *en passant*, was the first place at which his Royal Highness was to land, and here it was tacitly understood that the question of whether the Prince or the Orangemen would give way was to be tried, so Toronto for a moment fell into background, and both parties concentrated their attention on this dirty little town. The resolution of the Orangemen here was soon come to. They determined the Orange arches should be erected, and that the Prince *should* be received with an Orange procession in attendance on the Corporation and with none other. I am assured that this resolution was encouraged to the utmost privately by the Orange leaders at Toronto who sent, constant telegrams to Kingston exhorting them to stand firm, and insist on an Orange demonstration, and that 15,000 Orangemen would be in Toronto to do the same. Thus stimulated and further urged forward by a Mr. Flannigan, Grand Master, a chief butcher of Kingston, and a captain of a troop of Volunteer and very Orange Cavalry, the thing of course went forward duly accompanied, as is usual in such cases by the strongest protestations of loyalty and the constant assertion that what was being done was entirely for the Prince's own good. Two Orange arches were accordingly erected in the chief throughfares through which the Prince must pass. Except as sources of keen ill-feeling, these would have been totally unworthy of note, so poor and paltry were they both in design and execution. The one I saw, and as I am told the best, was merely papered with orange paper and with a rather handsome model of the Ark of the Covenant at the top. The sides were filled in with the Orange societies *insignia* with portraits of Garibaldi and The Prince, the latter with the motto of "The faith of my forefathers and mine," with portraits of "William III., of glorious, pious and immortal memory;" little banners contained the names of Baker, Walker, and Murray of Londonderry fame, with scrolls of "No Surrender," and other mottoes equally inappropriate to the occasion. Whether public attention was so much engrossed in the erection of this trophy, which after the Prince's wishes on the subject could only be regarded as insulting, or whether they wished to render it more conspicuous by not erecting others I cannot say, but it is certain that scarcely any other attempts were made at decorating the town, and that the few other arches that were put up, was worse than any he had seen on his way through the woods from Arnprior to Almonte. Of course the Royal suite soon heard of this wanton discourtesy, and a private intimation, I believe, was conveyed to Kingston, that the Orange procession must be given up, or the Prince would not land. The Mayor accordingly issued an order that there would be no municipal procession whatever, upon which the chiefs of the Orangemen met, and, encouraged by Mr. Flannigan and Toronto telegrams, decided with a good deal of hot-headed talk about giving His Royal Highness a lesson that they would receive him with an Orange pocession, and with such a display only, and if the Prince did not like it he might leave it and not land at all.

THE PRINCE AT KINGSTON.

The Kingston steamer, with the Royal party was expected to arrive about noon; but perhaps in order to show to some advantage the scenery of the Thousand Islands (though how that could be managed I am at a loss to imagine), perhaps with a view of allowing the people time to change their minds, the arrival of the boat was much delayed. If this delay was made in the hope that the Orangemen would have better taste and more loyalty than to insist on insulting their young Prince, and guest, it was made in vain, for by ten o'clock in the day the obnoxious procession began to muster in all sorts of tawdry finery, marching along to the tunes of the 'Boyne water,' and 'Croppies lie down." When they really had formed up in a long line to the number of some 800 or 1,000, it seemed difficult to believe that a set so worthless, and apparently so little entitled to the least consideration, could really form their procession in the town and begin a movement of insolent dictation to the Prince which, for aught is known, yet may lead to the most unpleasant consequence in Upper Canada. They of course were all Irish and all belonging to the working classes. None were without orange ribands and cocades, many had the crimson cloaks of the Royal Scarlet Society, as it is termed, and all these faded symptoms of display were more or less stained with the unmistakeable traces of dirty tavern wassail which in this country at least, forms a most important feature in Orange organizations. Every third man carried a banner with "No Surrender" mottoes or painted likenesses of King William, and a large minority had drawn swords, with which they flourished and vapoured and marshalled the others, as if about to lead them into action direct. There were plenty of men who acted as chaplains to the Lodges, and who were dressed as much like clergymen as their dirty surplices could make them, with orange bows and orange ribands over all. Their chief leader Mr. Robinson, in a medley costume, went about with others on horseback haranging each Lodge exhorting them to stand by their colours, and die by their colours rather than give way. In making such arrangements the morning passed. The remonstrances and entreaties of the authorities of the town were of no avail; the Orangemen must give way and it should not be the Orangemen if they stood there for a month.

The spot chosen for the landing of the Prince was at the battery, a small work commanding the approach to the town from Lake Ontario, and surrounded by high stone walls, which prevented its being seen into from the adjoining street. Here the chief authorities of the town were in waiting, and here Captain Flannigan brought down his troop of Volunteer Cavalry, still wearing the Orange riband and insignia on their uniforms, the gallant Captain himself being so covered with such tawdry decorations as to look at a distance like a General officer. This innovation in uniform was at once noticed, and Captain Flannigan was at once requested to take them off himself and desire his men to do the same; but this he refused to do, and the news of his determination was quickly spread through the procession, and excited general admiration and applause. At last the steamer *Kingston* came in sight, was received with a Royal salute, and great was the excitement as she came alongside the wharf, for every one made sure that the Prince was about to land forthwith, and the Orangemen cheered, not in welcome to the Prince, but solely and entirely for what they rather prematurely considered was their own, undoubted victory over their young guest. But an hour passed, and yet another and still he did not land at first it was said he was putting on his uniform, next that he was receiving addresses, then that he would land privately. At last the truth came out in the form of an official verbal intimation from the Mayor to the Orangemen that His Royal Highness would not land to join any partisan procession of the kind; that his Royal Highness would remain till 8 o'clock next morning to allow them time to think over it, and if the demonstration were persisted in he would leave Kingston altogether. The chiefs of the movement I am told held a short council at which it was determined *nem. con.* that his Royal Highness might quit Kingston if he chose, but to land he should not without an Orange procession to accompany him. With this resolution the procession at last broke up and horsemen were flying through the town all night, warning the members of the lodges that the Prince might try and land privately at 8, a. m., next morning, and that, therefore, it behoved them to be out and stirring with their procession early. There was a masquerading procession through the town that night, and most of the houses refused to illuminate, and there was an immense amount of drunkenness, and a great deal of loud, vapouring stupid talk about their resistance about the Prince's wishes being supported by their Orange brothers across the water; that the Orangemen in Ireland could shake him on his throne, *&c.*, with other nonsense of the same kind, which angry ignorant men will talk, but which one hardly expected to hear from ones who claim to be the only loyal subjects in Canada.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday the 3rd, the Orangemen were again at their posts in procession round the battery, and so hour after hour passed till mid-day, and the thing began to wear a ridiculous and undignified aspect. There were the Prince and his party quietly in his boat inside the battery, and there were Orangemen outside standing obstinately in the road, as they had done all the previous day. At last Lord Lyons came on shore to inform the authorities that the Prince would leave in an hour, and to convey to an American company of Volunteers his Royal Hihgness's regrets that he would not be able to have the pleasure of seeing them at Kingston. The Orangemen, however, only considered this a ruse to get them out of the way, and remained as firm as ever. At last the Royal steamer moved out of the battery, and the Orangemen called out that he was going to land privately about two miles below the town. If such a step had been likely it would, one would have thought, have been a sufficient humiliation for the Prince to satisfy even the hot headed bigots of Kingston. But this was not so, and off they all started at a run to get their procession to the landing before him. They had only the exercise, however, for their pains, for the steamer stood westward up the lake, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

When he was really gone the people were, of course, bitterly angry, though they affected to consider the whole thing a victory and decided triumph for the Orange party. A mass meeting was eventually held, at which some violent language was used against both the Prince and the Duke, and it was decided privately that all the Orangemen of Kingston that could follow to the places where the Prince was likely to land should at once do so, and meet him at the various landing towns with their flags and banners, and try everywhere to compel him to accept their procession, or not land at all. This was done accordingly, and a large party started at once for Belleville, the next town at which the Prince was embark. I have just heard by telegraph from that place that there the procession was again formed on the landing wharf, and that His Royal Highness again refused to land, and went away in the steamer for Cobourg. I am on the point of starting for that town, which I shall reach as soon as the Royal steamer. Telegrams say that the people of Cobourg will not now allow an Orange procession, but to prevent this backsliding a number of the Orangemen of Kingston have gone up there, bent on making a procession at all hazards. I have had several telegrams from Toronto, and fear, from all I hear, that there is every prospect of a riot at that place. The Orangemen are said to be determined on having their display, and the Scotch Presbyterians I am told are coming in there in large numbers from all parts of the country, bent on driving the Orangemen into the river if they attempt it. These, however, I hope, are only rumours, but, at any rate, I can send on detailed news by telegraph up to the evening of Saturday, the 8th. The ball here last night was intended for 2,000 persons, and a magnificent supper was provided. There were 19 gentlemen present and 17 ladies, in a room almost as big as that at Montreal. Of course, it did not last an hour. People were frightened to be alone in such a huge apartment, and all came away.

Cobourg, Sept, 7, 6 A. M.

The telegrams which I received from Belleville before I left Kingston yesterday were quite correct as to the Orangemen having again succeeded in driving the Prince from that landing. A number of them travelled over night, and were waiting at Belleville with their banners, bands, and other insignia. If anything were wanting to show the animus of this miserable persecution it was this step. The Orangemen of Kingston have, according to their notions, a right to do what they like in their own town, and, of course, having that place completely under their own control, might dictate whatever offensive ceremonies they pleased, as to the manner in which their guest was to be received. But when they had insisted on their own petty affront and carried it to an extent that drove the Prince away, they might surely have remained content with this most inhospitable and disloyal victory, and left other towns to decide for themselves whether they would allow their Royal guest to land or keep him wandering in a steamboat rejected from the very cities to which he had been invited. But there has been an avariciousness of insult about the Kingston demagogues that was not to be satisfied with merely expelling the Prince from that dilapidated township. It is not every day that men like Mr. Flannigan or Mr. Robinson have opportunities of compelling Royalty to bow before their opposition and turn back from their own town to avoid their insults. It is not likely that they will soon again have an opportunity of insulting another Prince of Wales, so Messrs. Flannigan and Robinson have made the most of the opportunity. The former undertook to go down with Orange banners to Cobourg, while the latter started at once for Belleville, the place where His Royal Highness intended to land yesterday morning. To do the people of Belleville mere justice they had abandoned all idea of forcing an Orange procession on the Prince, and the Orange arches which had been erected had been denuded of their partisan symbols. The chief authorities implored the Orangemen not to assemble as Orangemen, and the ladies signed a petition to the County and Grand Masters of the Lodges to the same effect, and that the Prince might be allowed to land. The Belleville Orangemen did relent, and no procession would have been formed but for the arrival of the men from Kingston. The importation of these firebrands soon decided the matter, and their vulgar declamation about giving the Prince a lesson was, unfortunately, listened to by many of the Belleville deputy grand masters. The result was that an Orange procession was formed on the very spot where the Prince was to land, though I am assured that more than nine-tenths of it was entirely composed of Kingston men and supplied with Kingston banners. The Prince's steamer came, his Royal Highness saw the old "No Surrender," and other Orange flags, and, without making any stay at all, the vessel turned round at once and went away to Cobourg For all any at Belleville knew, the Royal party might have been short of provisions on board, and, in fact, this would actually have been the case but for the care of Mr. Rose, who privately sent a quantity on board before the vessel quitted Kingston. But I almost believe the party might have been half starved before Messrs. Flannigan and Robinson would have furled a single banner or abated one jot of their persevering insolence. Before leaving Kingston the Duke of Newcastle addressed a letter to the Mayor of the town, a copy of which I enclose. I may explain in reference to its concluding paragraph, that the Mayor and Corporation were invited to present their address on board the steamer while at Kingston, but they declined. By some this refusal is stated to have been due to fear of molestation from the Orangemen if they consented to such an indignity. I am, however, sorry to say that, from all I have heard, I believe it arose from no other cause than that of strong sympathy with the processionists. The Mayor, Mr. Strange, is himself a conspicious member of the Orange party, while his brother is second only to Mr. Flannigan in the part he has taken to keep up this unfortunate movement.

No procession was attempted here, but in order to goad up the slumbering energy of the Society, Mr. Flannigan with the Mayor of Kingston's brother came up by train from Kingston with a number of Orange flags, with which they hoped to arrive in time and find a sufficient number of Lodge men to carry them on to the landing place, and so again drive the Prince away. Their coming and their purpose were telegraphed to the authorities here, and by curious coincidence it happened that the train stopped so long at various stations that it soon got nearly an hour and a half behind time, to the intense annoyance and wrath of Messrs. Flannigan & Co. The result of this untoward delay was that the Prince had been received before the train arrived and so the chance of a further insult to the Royal guest was lost. The display of illuminations, fire-works, and arches at this town has been very beautiful. The prince went to a ball last night, which passed off most successfully. In an hour or so he will start for Peterborough and Port Hope, *en route* for Toronto. Before he leaves Mr. Flannigan intends attempting something like an Orange demonstration, which, I fear, may end in his getting his head broken. It is said that all has been satisfactorily arranged at Toronto. I sincerely hope so, but, as some of the Kingston men are going up there, I fear the affair will scarcely pass over without some disturbance. The Kingston leaders have expressed their firm determination to follow the Prince everywhere, an announcement which had greatly raised the wrath of some American gentlemen, who swear that if they come after him they will be thrown over the Falls. So bent are the Americans on giving him a good reception, and on consulting his wishes in every way, that I am certain it would cost the lives of half concerned in it if even the semblance of an Orange demonstration were attempted to be forced upon the Prince during his visit to the United States.

ORANGEISM.

MR MCGEE ON ORANGEMEN.—The following letter has been published in Upper Canada papers:—

Montreal Sept. 26, 1860.

"Dear Sir,—I am much obliged for your note of the 19th, with the accompanying newspaper, which would have been sooner acknowledged but for my absence from town since Monday last.

"In reference to the use which you observe is so freely made of my name to create an Orange excitement in the Newcastle division during the approaching Legislative Council election, I authorise you or any other friend to speak conclusively for me on one point, the much talked of Coercion Bill' against that Association. You will observe in the first place, that all this talk comes from such papers as the *Minerve* and the *Courier du Canada*, Organs of Mr Cartier; who in the several sessions of 1860, 1859 and 1858, declared that all the concessions made to the Catholics of Lower Canada were made 'by the Orangemen' in the House of Asembly that French Canadians had nothing to do with the order [this he said as a reproach to Mr. Bureau in the very last session], and that the Administration were not even seized of the fact, that the Society was a secret one! You will, therefore, conclude that I at least have no extraordinary amount of faith in the prospect of coercion, when threatened only by Mr. Cartier's organ.

"But if all this bluster means anything, I say distinctly as I have always said, that my faith for the healing of factions rests on public opinion and an impartial honest administration. I believe Orangeism to be a great evil and a great crime. If Orangemen violate the laws, let them be punished for the offence not for the opinion's sake which misled them into its commission. These were always my convictions, as you will remember, if you recall my remarks in the St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, on the 17th March, 1859, on the same day in 1858, and long before in the *New Era*. I do not believe the foreshadowed Coercion Bill—if ever brought foreward—could get a single vote in the Reform ranks; it certainly would not get mine. Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

"[Signed,] "T. D. MCGEE.

"Mr. D. C. Feely, Cobourg, C.W.

"P. S.—Make whatever use you please of this note.

OGLE R. GOWAN AND THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

In view of the Orange difficulties, we give the following extract from a speech of O. R. Gowan, delivered in Parliament on the 8th of March last, in which he claims the Duke of Newcastle as an Orangeman. The public will know how much reliance is to be placed upon a statement of the Orange leader. Mr. Gowan says:—"Then as to the Orangemen's obligation to support the crown only so long as it was Protestant, he saw nothing objectionable in this. Every man's loyalty was conditional. His (Gowan's) was religious. But why did not the hon. member (McGee) say that the present Secretary for the Colonies, the Duke of Newcastle, was an Orangeman? He supposed that if the Prince of Wales were one he would not be received."

Never was an allusion more unfortunate. Liars, like murderers, are generally caught. —*Exchange.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

Mrs. Grayson laid her baby in his crib, and took up her needle with a heavy feeling of discouragement. Household duties weighed on her naturally elastic mind. Was this the end of her ambitious school days? her studions, thoughtful girlhood? To lecture children on behavior at table; to punish them for impertinent disrespect; to strive to impress restless, volatile minds with a love of knowledge, and purity, and excellence, when the natural temperament seemed to delight in the reverse!

What did she live for? How utterly lost were all her past strivings for self-culture and self control! *Her life was thrown away.* It was a hard thought, that came back day by day, a sort of bitterness that tempered her whole being unceasingly.

This morning the drudgery of plain sewing—all these little frocks and aprons—seemed insupportable, and she took down a favorite volume to forget awhile the weariness and narrowness of her daily routine; in the pages of her favorite 'Jean Paul,' what was it that sent her back to her task work, humbled, reproved, and strengthened? Let us read it with her.

"*The Blossoms and the Leaves.*—When the blossoms fell off in May, faded and withered, the leaves said: 'Behold those feeble and useless blossoms! Hardly born, they sink again into oblivion; while we, of superior cast, endure the heat and storms of summer, growing constantly in solidity and dimensions. After many months of meritorious life, during which we have fostered and ripened the precious fruits, we go to our final rest, adorned with variegated emblems of merit; nature honors our departing with thunder and lightning, and weeps over our silent grave.' But the fallen blossoms answered: 'We yield willingly our places to others, conscious that we have done our duty by giving birth to the fruits.'

'Ye quiet, unobserved, and little esteemed men and women in workshops and offices, in nurseries and family-rooms; ye often censured, but more frequently over-looked school teachers; ye noble benefactors of mankind, whose names are not written on history's page; and ye unknown mothers of noble sons and daughters, let not your hearts faint in the presence of renowned statesmen, successful operators, the rich who dwell on mountains of gold, and heroes upon the battle-field—ye are the blossoms.'

DRY ROT IN MEN.

A very curious disease is the Dry Rot in men, and difficult to detect the beginning of. It had carried Horace Kench inside the walls of the old King's Bench prison in London, and it had carried him out with his feet foremost. He was a likely man to look at, in the prime of life, well to do, as well as he needed to be, and popular among many friends. He was suitably married, and had healthy and pretty children. But, like some fair-looking houses or some fair-looking ships, he took the Dry Rot. The first strong external revelation of the dry rot in men, is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street-corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than at any; to do nothing tangible but to have an intention of performing a variety of intangible duties morrow or the day after. When this manifestation of the disease is observed, the observer will usually connect it with a vague impression once formed or received, that the patient was living a little too hard. He will scarcely have had leisure to turn it over in his mind and form the terrible suspicion "Dry Rot," when he will notice a change for the worse in the patient's appearance a certain slovenliness and deterioration, which is not poverty, nor dirt, nor intoxication nor ill-health, but simply Dry Rot. To this succeeds a smell as of strong waters in the morning; to that a looseness respecting money; to that a stronger smell of strong waters, at all times; to that a looseness respecting everything; to that a trembling in the limbs, somnolency, misery and crumbling to pieces. As it is in wood so it is in men. Dry Rot advances at a compound usury quite incalculable. A plank is found infected with it, and the whole structure is devoted. Thus it has been with the unhappy Horace Kinch, lately buried by a small inscription. Those who knew him had not nigh done saying, "So well off, so comfortably established, with such hope before him—and yet, it is feared, with a slight touch of the Dry Rot!" when lo! the man was all Dry Rot and dust.—*Dicken's all the Year Round.*

FUN AT HOME.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come in at night. When once a home is regarded only as a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends only in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhereif they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be found at other less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the house-nest delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and firelight at home, blots out the rememberance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world, is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

A CONTENTED MAN.

A story has been told of an eccentric man of wealth having amused himself by causing an inscription to be placed conspicuously over the gateway of a property belonging to him, to this affect: "This property shall be given, without reserve, by the present owner, to any applicant who can produce satisfactory evidence that he is a contented man.

Soon there was an applicant. "I think," said he, "I may lay claim to the character of contented man."

"That," replied the owner, "is a most enviable character; but are you quite sure that you are truly a contented man?"

"You may rely upon it, sir," said the other.

"Why, then, do you apply for this property?" inquired the owner. The applicant retired wiser than he was before.

A SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.

Said a young lady who was fashionably educated at the boarding-schools and indulged in idleness at home, so that there was neither strength nor elasticity on her frame, "I used to be so feeble that I could not even raise a broom and the least physicial exertion would make me ill for a week. One sweeping day I went bravely to work, cleaning thoroughly the parlors, three chambers the front hall, after which I lay down and rested until noon, when I arose and ate a heartier meal than I did for many a day. Since that time I have occupied some portion of every day in active domestic labor, and not only are my friends congratulating me upon my improved appearance, but in my whole being, mind, body and spirit, I experience wonderful vigor, to which I have hitherto been a stranger, Young ladies try my Catholican."

A BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL INVENTION.

The North British Mail describes an instrument that has recently made its appearance, which will inaugurate a new era in art. It is of French origin, and is called the Debusscope, probably from the name of its inventor. It consists of two silverized plates of great reflective power, placed together in a framework of cardboard or wood, at the angle of 70 degrees. On being placed over a small picture or design of any kind, no matter how rough, or whether good or bad, the Debusscope will reflect the portion immediately under the eye, on all sides, forming the most beautiful and elaborate designs, and by being slowly moved over the picture will multiply new designs to any extent. No matter what the subject is on which the instrument is placed, the result is marvellous; there is produced from the most unlikely objects—such as scraps of paper-hangings, blots of ink, leaves, flowers, bits of lace, &c.—an endless series of new and beautiful designs, which can be retained at pleasure, for the purpose of copying. This discovery recommends itself at once as an inexhaustible source of new patterns to draftsmen, calico-printers, dyers, paper-hangers, painters, and others; and as it is produced and sold at a price which brings it easily within the reach of such trades, we have no doubt that it will soon be extensively used. The Debusscope may also be made the means of gratification as a parlor toy, along with the stereoscope and microscope, in affording to the young amusement and instruction.

NEGRO RIOT IN THE SOUTH.

Norfolk papers of Saturday gives accounts of a negro riot in Princess Anna and Norfolk Cos. Seven arrests were made and the confessions of the arrested parties show that a rising was contemplated on Sunday night, and that the matter was instigated by free persons—some of them free negroes.

Patrols had been organized who had shot a white man named Flynn, and a free negro named Smith—the latter not killed.

One of the arrested negroes who numbered some twelve, states that a plan of operations has been maturing since last spring, and that a vessel with arms and men was to arrive on Saturday evening, to assist in the liberation of the slaves.

Baltimore, Oct 9.

The accounts received here to-day from Norfolk represent that all is again quiet in Norfolk and Princess Anna counties.

The Norfolk Herald says that sufficient testimony has been elicited since Friday to fully justify the strict surveillance that was instituted.

A considerable number of arrests of negroes have been made.

Nearly all the negroes on two or three plantations, on hearing of the affair, took to the roads, more from freight than anything else.

A patrol force has gone in search of them.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.

WATERMELON-RIND PRESERVES.—To a bucket of cold water, put in two handfuls of lime; cut your rind (either watermelon or cantaloupe—the latter I prefer); let it remain twenty-four hours; turn often from the bottom; after taking it out of the lime-water, put it in cold water to soak out the taste of the lime; change the water often; have some grape-leaves and a strong alum tea to scald the rind in; after covering the rind with alum water, place the grape-leaves over it, and cover it with a thick cloth, so they may be a good green color; let them boil in this about ten minutes; then drop them in cold water; boil a strong ginger-tea, enough to cover the rind well; when you find it strong, drop your rind in it, and let it boil in that until you can taste it through the rind when you break it in two. To every pound of rind, allow one and a half pounds of good white sugar (the rind you must weigh as soon as you cut it, before you put it in the lime) and sufficient water to allow it to boil a long while; as soon as the syrup commences to boil well, put in your rind, and keep it cooking slolwly until the rind will look perfectly transparent; it takes it some time to get perfectly done; it must be made in a brass kettle; the syrup, when it is perfectly done, will be as thick as honey.

OYSTERS.—Besides their valuable digestive qualities, oysters supply a recipe not to be despised in the liquor they contain. It is produced by the sea-water they have swallowed, but which, having been digested has lost that peculiar bitterness of salt-water. The oyster water is limpid, and slightly saline in taste. Far from being purgative, like sea-water, it promotes digestion. Some physicians have endowed it with a multitude of extraodinary properties, none of which it possesses, however. It has been compared to the waters of Vichy and Plombieres; but this is chimercal. The only thing certain is, that the waters in the oysters keeps them fresh, prolongs their life for some time, until it is destroyed in our stomachs, or until the oyster has been transformed into a portion of ourselves. As for the condiments to be eaten with oysters, tastes differ; true amateurs eat them as nature has made them, for they fear the loss of their exquisite flavor. Some persons, however, prefer a little peppor and lemon juice, which destroys any purgative effect they may poss