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J. Key

THE ORANGE LILY.

VOL. VI.

DETROIT, FEBRUARY 11, 1854.

NO. 5.

Poetry.

(FOR THE "ORANGE LILY.")

MEMORY.

As memory on its restless wing,
Flits o'er the past, how oft it will find,
Some lonely half forgotten spring,
Hid neath the rubbish of the mind:
Perchance unthought of many a year,
Amid life's bustling buzz and strife,
Though once no doubt 'twas bright and clear,
Ere hidden by the weeds of life!

The miser mid his wares and baes,
Or gloating o'er his heavy book,
Will sometimes turning from his sales,
Give to the past a lonely look
To days when generous was his soul—
And craving *avarice* cursed it not;—
When Gold was not his guiding pole,
Repulsing every lofty thought.

The laborer mid the toil of life,
Contending with its thousand cares,
To furnish food for babes and wife,
With all his trouble sometimes shares,
The boon that retrospection brings;—
The bygone scenes of joyful youth,
When Fancy on its fairy wings,
Fled o'er a *Future fair as Truth!*

The Pilgrim bending o'er the tomb,
And resting on its very brink,
Will backward look o'er whence he came,
Or catching at mind's broken link;
Will tell with boyish pride of days,
When stately was his manly form,
How for his beaming *Beauty's* praise,
His soul would dare earth's wildest storm!

But ah! amid night's noiseless noon,
When shrouded in its dreary pall,
Unblest'd by glancing stars or moon,
Is wrapt each hut and haughty hall;
What racking thoughts must burn the brains,
Of him whose God gave days have pass'd,
In serving at crime's clotted fane,
Where frightful horrors stand a-hast!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Detroit, Jan'y 16th, 1854.

AGNES LEE; OR THE SHIPWRECKED.

CHAPTER III.

Six months after this, I woke up one spring morning, and found myself in London. I do not know how I got there, that is, even at this day, I can hardly understand the perseverance with which I, an unprotected child, walked the whole distance, seeking food and lodging of whoever had charity enough to shelter me. Providence must have guided me, and I think so more than ever, when I recall a singular incident which befell me on my arrival.

It was afternoon when I entered the great whirlpool of London. Half frightened by the crowded streets, I had somehow made my way to the park, and, for almost the first time in my life, I sat there crying. At last I was roused from my sorrowful abstraction by a gentle touch and a kind voice, and, looking up, I met the glance of a middle-aged gentleman, clad in a quiet, citizen's suit of black. There needed be but one glance at his kindly face to assure me that I could trust him, and his question, "What is your name, my child, and why are you here alone?" was immediately followed by my unfolding to him my whole history, save only that part which was connected with Horace Mann.

"So you've come all alone to this far-off London, to learn to be a ballet-dancer?" he said, kindly. "I must say it was a very strange undertaking, and the chances that you would succeed, were hardly one in ten thousand. However, you could not have come to a better friend. I am a theatre manager myself, and I'll try you, and if I find you can do anything, I will take you to a friend of mine in Paris, where I am going on business, and you shall be educated for the stage."

Thus it was, reader, that my first night in London was passed at a respectable lodging-house, and I woke up in the morning from peaceful dreams, under the mighty shadow of St. Paul's. My protector proceeded, soon after I arose, to put me through a trial course of calisthenics, and I suppose the result was satisfactory, for a dress-maker was sent for, and requested to prepare for me a suitable wardrobe for a journey to France, and a residence at the *French Pecole de theatre*.

Two years had passed; I was fifteen. They had been two of the happiest years of my life. True, at first confinement had been irksome. I had missed the wild, wailing, solitary sea, and the free range of rocky shore. But my great purpose was every day growing nearer its accomplishment. My kind protector had visited me several times, when business called him to France, and it would have done your heart good, to see his kind, satisfied smile when he received a favourable report of my progress.

It had been discovered, in process of my instructions, that I had a voice of unequalled power and pathos, and that I could be able to succeed as a singer, with even less trouble than as a dancer; but I had marked out a different course. I could not consecrate every gift to the insatiable spirit of the stage. I must retain some power, not thus prostituted, to make beautiful my private life. However, I cultivated my voice most assiduously, and was in a short time pronounced the best singer in "*Pecole*."

There were, in the same institution, a large number of young girls, more or less gifted, preparing for the stage; but among them all I had but one friend—Inez Vaughan. She has since, under another name, made the world's heart throb strangely. She flashed, comet-like, upon the age—the very impersonation of the genius of Tragedy. The great world held its breath to listen, but comet-like, she

was struck down suddenly, and the Provence roses bloom upon her grave.

I could easily discern that there were no others whose acquaintance would not rather retard the accomplishment of my great end; but Inez and I became friends in that world's truest sense. We studied and read together, and she would sit beside me, her dark eyes flashing like lighted coals, while I told her strange wild tales of the rocky shore and the surging restless sea.

But, as I was saying, I was fifteen. My two years' study had been completed, and the night was appointed for me to make my *debut* at the Royal Theatre. I had grown beautiful, reader—no one who had known me as the romping child of the fisherman's hut would have recognized me now. My hair was long and heavy, and luxuriant as ever, but now, it was satin-smooth, and from its wavy folds seemed to flash sparks of light. My complexion, by proper care, had cleared up wonderfully. Now it was like the sunny side of a ripe peach, only deepening in the cheeks to a richer crimson than peaches ever wore. The eyes were the same—large, black, and strangely lustrous; and the wan, thin figure of the child had rounded, in the girl into a symmetry as perfect as it was stately. Yes, I was *very* beautiful.

I arrayed myself for the occasion in a ~~brilliant~~ *brilliant* ~~costume~~ *costume* ~~with~~ *with* ~~pearls~~ *pearls*. Around my neck and arms were chains of pearls and rubies, fantastically twisted together, fastened with gold clasps, in which a single diamond flashed like a burning star. Strings of the same jewels shone among the heavy bands of my braided hair, and I almost started back in wonder, as I glanced at my full-length reflection in the green-room mirror; it seemed so like some olden picture, with its strangely vivid lights and shades.

That night my triumph was complete. The whole house rang with applause, and many of the bouquets thrown at my feet were looped up with diamonds. I welcomed for it was one stepping stone the more toward my great end. Oh how I wished he had been there to see it; but never once had my eyes rested on him since we parted in the sunshine on the desolate Cornwall lee-shore.

All that season I continued to draw crowded houses, until the last night when the theatre was filled to overflowing. I had never looked better. My costume was just calculated to set off my dark oriental beauty, and it was in full glow. Half an hour had passed, when a new arrival in one of the front boxes seemed to create quite a sensation. I glanced that way, and met the most perfect vision of feminine loveliness my eyes had ever beheld.

Her style of beauty was totally different from my own, and I looked on her at first without envy or jealousy. She wore a garnet-coloured velvet cloak, lined with ermine, but, as she entered the box, it fell from her neck, revealing shoulders white as Caucasian snow-banks, and moulded as purely as a Grecian statue.

Her hair was a bright golden, and the

heavy ringlets were gathered at the neck in a net-work of pearls, from which one or two stray tresses had escaped and floated down over her neck and bosom. Her robe was of azure satin, frosted with pearls, and her fan was gorgeous with the plumage of tropical birds. Her eyes were a deep, tranquil blue—large and strangely bright—and her fair complexion, pure and transparent as marble, was deepened in the cheeks with a just perceptible tint of rose.

My eye had taken in all this at one glance. She seemed to me like the actual presence of one of those beautiful pictures, before which I had stood with filling eyes, in the gallery of the Louvre, and from my very heart I blessed her for her loveliness, as I turned to gaze upon her companion.

Saint Agnes! patron saint of mine, why was it that in that instant a deep and bitter hatred for that beautiful being crept over my heart. Her companion was Horace Mann. It was his hand that so carefully adjusted the folds of her cloak—his eye that watched so eagerly her every look.

I danced that night as I had never danced before. Deafening roars of applause fairly shook the building to its centre; but of all that gorgeous crowd I saw but one.—It was a full half hour before he seemed to notice me, and then he carelessly turned his opera-glass toward the stage.

I danced to him—at him—what you will—at least I danced for his eyes only; and I had the satisfaction of seeing him perfectly absorbed, entranced, and apparently quite forgetful of the presence of his companion.

That was my last opera in the season, and a few months afterwards I was in London, pleasantly established in fashionable apartments at the West End.

"Agnes," said my guardian, (as I had learned to call my fatherly protector,) entering my room one morning, "there are yet six weeks before your first engagement commences. What do you say in the meantime to a masquerade? I have plenty of relatives among the West End fashionables, and I should have no difficulty in having you introduced as Miss Agnes Lee in circles where no one would ever dream of Viola, the ballet-dancer being admitted. Will you go?"

While he spoke an intense longing took possession of my heart, to gaze face to face on that great world of which I had heard so much. True, I had seen people enough—I had danced to crowded audiences, but of fashionable society, I was as ignorant as a child. But I presume very little of my enthusiasm appeared in my manner, as I lifted my eyes and said quietly, "Yes guardian, I will go."

"Well, I thought so—it's so like girl's to want to see the world; so I made arrangements accordingly, and I've two invitations for you, from two very fashionable ladies who are under some obligations to me. Here is one from Mrs. Somerby, to her estate, 'The Grange,' a little out of town. You'd meet there a half-score of ladies, beside Simmons and Falconbrance and a dozen other young men who would fall in love with you. You'd have to take care and look out for your own heart, because their cards would be played out as soon as they knew your position."

"Well, sir, where is the other one?"

"That, oh that's farther out of town—to the Heronry, the estate of Mrs. Somerville Sikes, and you wouldn't find anybody there to fall in love with. There'll be one man of mark there though, Horace Mann; but Lady Clara Emmerson will be there also, and they've been reported engaged

so many times, I guess there must be something in it."

Horace Mann! Oh, how the very mention of his name thrilled me. *Could it be?* Was I indeed to see him—to be in the same house with him once more. My heart fluttered like a caged bird, but my nerves were strong, and my self command perfect, so I answered carelessly—

"Well, sir, I believe I'll choose the Heronry, you know there's no knowing what might become of my heart at the other place."

My guardian laughed, and patting my cheek pleasantly, sent out to hunt me up a dressing maid, and provide me with a suitable wardrobe.

The next day at three in the afternoon, I was whirled up the spacious gravel carriage-drive of the Heronry, and introduced to the stately Mrs. Somerville Sikes. She was a lady of, I should think, about forty, extremely well preserved, and very elegantly dressed. There was an air of patrician ease and gracefulness about her, such as I had never before observed in any lady with whom I had been thrown in contact.

She welcomed me cordially, and went up stairs with me to my own room; then kissing me, she remarked, "I will send your maid to you my dear—you will have just time to dress for dinner." Oh what would I not have given to have inquired if Horace Mann had arrived, but I dared not trust myself to mention his name, and I threw myself in an easy-chair, while my maid leisurely unbound the long tresses of my hair.

When at last its arrangement was completed, I arrayed myself, with trembling fingers, in a richly-wrought Indian muslin. Nothing could have exceeded the simplicity of my attire. The white dress was without ornament, and I wore not a single jewel, with only a sprig of Cape jessamine in my hair. I turned to the mirror as I was drawing on my gloves, and saw that, though I had been many times more dazzlingly brilliant, I had never looked more beautiful; and yet my step faltered as I entered the drawing-room.

Mrs. Sikes advanced to meet me, and I was formally presented to the company; but my eyes took in but two faces; my ears caught but two names. Clara Emerson was there, with her face so strangely fair in its quiet beauty, and her slender figure robed in azure silk. A wreath of white buds nestled in her golden curls, and she looked even more lovely than when I had first seen her. Beside her sat Horace Mann. His was truly the handsomest face my eyes ever rested on. He was indeed, as my guardian had said, a man of mark; with his Apollo Belvidere figure, his hyacinthine locks, and his roguish, laughing, dark blue eyes. The Lady Clara looked up, smiled, and spoke very sweetly; but Horace seemed so intent upon his conversation with her, that he merely noticed me by a bow. A moment after, however, as Mrs. Sikes repeated my name, "Miss Agnes Lee," he paused in his conversation, and, by his puzzled face, I knew he was remembering he had heard that name before; but he could not remember where, and I felt relieved. But even if he had, he would hardly have associated the fisher-girl of the Cornwall lee-shore with the very different-looking young lady presented to him in Mrs. Sikes' drawing-room.

He sat opposite to me at dinner, but his attention was wholly engrossed by his companion. Once, indeed, he casually glanced at me, and then I heard him remarking to Lady Clara "that Miss Lee was magnificently handsome," and then he added,

"But her style is so different from yours *ma belle Clara*," in a tone which left his fair listener at little loss to judge which style he preferred.

During the evening I had been making painful efforts to be agreeable to some dowager-countesses until I was tired; when, much to my delight, my task was interrupted by a call for music, and the Lady Clara Emerson was led to the piano. Her performance was mediocre, perhaps a trifle better than that of boarding-school misses in general. She affected opera airs for the most part, and, though Horace Mann leaned over her and turned her music, I could see he was neither interested nor animated; and yet I knew that music was his passion. At last the Lady Clara arose from the piano.

"Perhaps Miss Lee will favor us," suggested Mrs. Sikes; and Horace Mann came to my side, to lead me to the instrument. His hand just touched mine as I took my seat, and, strong as my nerves were, it thrilled me strangely. I sang an old Scotch legend of hopeless love—a song that required power and pathos—and I sang it well.

I dared not glance at Horace, but I could hear his quickened breathing—I could almost seem to feel his attitude of wrapt attention; and I knew he felt my power.—And yet for a week after that he scarcely spoke to me. His attention was still absorbed by the beautiful Clara; and yet sometimes, when he was sitting at her side, I would raise my eyes from my embroidery, and meet a glance from a distant corner of the room where they were sitting, that would cause my cheek to crimson beneath my drooping lashes. When I sang Horace never came near me; but I knew he listened, and that, let him struggle as he would, one day my purpose would meet its accomplishment.

(To be Continued.)

INSURRECTION IN LESSER WALLACHIA.—The latest accounts from the Danubian Principalities confirm the report of an insurrection among the peasants of Lesser Wallachia. The insurrection was extending, and may cause the Russians serious trouble. A report, which did not obtain much credit, was current at Jassy relative to the death of Prince Woronzow. Official accounts had been received there announcing the death of Admiral Osman Pasha, who was wounded and made prisoner at Sinope. Many of the Wallachian militia, which effected their escape from Major Barileanu's corps, have been re-captured by the Russians and brought back to Krajowa. The rest have succeeded in joining the Turks. The Wallachian officer who commanded the corps under Barileanu is in prison at Krajowa, and is charged, firstly, with not preventing the "desertion" of the men; and, secondly, with having had the boldness to declare that he considered the Sultan as his liege lord, and the Czar as only possessing the rights of a protector, that consequently he did not feel bound to fight for the second against the first. There are in Little Wallachia a few Greek farmers who sympathise with Russia, and endeavour to win over the people to the same way of thinking. The peasants have seized some of these, bound them, and delivered them to the Turks.

THE COURT OF ST. JAMES AND THE TUILERIES.—England lately narrowly escaped invasion, owing to the hostile feelings which had been excited in the mind of the French Emperor by the discourtesy with which he had been treated by our Court. The irritation produced in the mind of the French Emperor was caused by a letter

having been intercepted (probably in the French Post-office) from an illustrious personage in this country to one of his German relatives, in which the hostile intentions of the English Court towards Louis Napoleon's dynasty were unreservedly spoken of, and he himself freely commented on. The English nation has been exposed to, and most narrowly escaped the greatest evil which could possibly befall it, by a most imprudent indulgence of family prejudices on the part of one who, of all others, is bound to sustain and protect the country which has so generously adopted him.

COBURG INFLUENCES AT COURT.—The country will learn with pleasure, that one of the most spirited and independent Members of the House of Commons, has intimated to his friends his intention of bringing the whole question of the Coburg influences at the Court of Queen Victoria, before Parliament, immediately on its reassembling. The subject could not have fallen into better hands, provided the state of the Hon. Gentleman's health will be such as to admit of his going fully, and with his wonted fearlessness, into it.—*Daily Paper.*

LORD CARDIGAN.—An absurd story is going the rounds of the provincial press, to the effect that the Lieut.-Colonel, commanding the 11th Light Dragoons pressed her Majesty's hand upon the occasion of his being her partner in a dance at the Vice-Regal Palace, in Ireland. We need not say it is a fabrication. Whatever Lord Cardigan's faults of temper and caprice may be, and however severe his disciplinary system, he is too well-bred a gentleman, too well versed in the usages of courts, to be guilty of the preposterous *gaucherie* ascribed to him.

Arrival of the Arabia.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.

The *Arabia* from Liverpool, arrived at Halifax at a quarter past 12, p. m. with 79 passengers.

The *Pacific* arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday.

TURKISH WAR.

We have further accounts of the battle of Citale. The Turkish success is confirmed. It appears that the Russians were concentrating all their forces at Citale to attack Kalafat.

On the 6th, 15,000 Turks marched out of Kalafat and attacked and stormed Citale. They resumed the conflict with the Russians on the 6th, which ended with the total discomfiture of the Russians, who confess that they had 1000 killed and 4000 wounded, including 3 Generals. On the 9th, the Turks having remained over night in a field beyond Citale, attacked the reserve of the Russians and drove them back upon Krajova, with the loss of their cannon. There was immense slaughter on both sides.

On the 10th the Turks having razed the Russian fortifications returned to Kalafat.

The Turks were commanded by Selim Pacha, Zedlinsky and Mahomed.

Mahomed is reported killed.

The above victories have been officially announced to the Turkish, French, and British Ambassadors.

ASIA.—A letter from Rebizond, 16th December, says:—Schamayl had organised a Polish regiment, 1200 strong; he has plenty of ammunition, and is organizing an army in Dagheston; the Abyssinians are in alliance with him. The Hungarians who had waited at Constantinople for employment were shipped Jan. 2nd for the Asian army. Klappa declined an Asian command but offers to serve in Europe. On the 5th, while the allied fleets were in the Black Sea, two ships were sent with the following message to the Russian Governor of Sebastopol:—"Conformably with orders of our Government, the British squadron, in concert with that of France is on the point of appearing in the Black Sea. The object of this movement is to protect Turkey's territory from aggression or hostile acts.

We apprise you thereof with the view to prevent all collision tending to disturb the amicable relations existing between our Governments, which we are desirous of preserving, and which you are no doubt equally anxious to maintain, and should feel happy to learn that you are animated by similar intentions. We have deemed it expedient to give instructions to the Admiral commanding the forces in the Black Sea so as to obviate any occurrence calculated to endanger peace."

It was at first intended to send only a portion of the fleet into the Black Sea, but the rumour reached them that the whole of the Russian fleet had sailed from Sebastopol, with the intention it was believed of intercepting a Turkish Convoy, which, under the protection of the Allies carries 15,000 men for Asia.

Merchantmen at Constantinople report not having seen the fleet, which is supposed to be towards Batoum, where it is surmised the Russians have also gone.

Around Sebastopol, and the coast of Crimea, the Russians are erecting batteries and destroying light-houses.

On the 31st December, the Porte made the following modifications to the Note of the Four Powers:

1st—The evacuation of the Principalities as soon as possible; say within 15 or 20 days after acceptance by Russia.

2nd—The renewal of treaties to be with special reference to the integrity and independence of Turkey, the Porte to ameliorate his administrative system alone and spontaneously.

On the receipt at Vienna, the English, French, Austrian & Prussian representatives met and drew up a protocol, stating that the terms of the Porte were good and satisfactory. They were immediately sent off by courier to St. Petersburg, where they would arrive on the 16th.

The Porte demands that the Note shall be definitely accepted or rejected within 40 days from January 2nd, and the Principalities evacuated within 20 or 30 days after the Czar's letter of acceptance. This demand was on its way to St. Petersburg on the 12th inst.

The British and French Ministers at St. Petersburg also communicated to the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs the entry of the Allied Fleets into the Black Sea. The Czar's reply was not known when the *Arabia* sailed, all Europe anxiously awaiting it, as indications had already transpired that he would at once withdraw his Ambassadors from France and England, and formally declare war. Nothing else is expected.

Destruction of the Parliament Building by Fire.

THE VALUABLE LIBRARY OF THE ASSEMBLY SERIOUSLY INJURED AND MANY VALUABLE MANUSCRIPTS DESTROYED.—THE MINERALOGICAL, ZOOLOGICAL AND ORNITHOLOGICAL SPECIMENS, BOOKS, PAPERS, OPTICAL AND PNEUMATICAL INSTRUMENTS, AND LIBRARY OF THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY IRREPARABLY INJURED.

This morning, at half-past three o'clock, a dense smoke was seen to issue from the upper part of the left or new wing of the Parliament building, facing Mountain Street, the smoke issuing the most densely from the three gable windows over the Prescott Gate Guard Room. The alarm of fire was soon given and the utmost exertions used to arrest the progress of the flames, which had broken out seemingly in full fury in the attics, extending downwards in the direction of the furnaces in the south-eastern vault, by which the whole building was heated, and the lighting of which originally occurred at one in the morning, so that by office hours the house might be agreeably warm. There lived in this end of the building the Messenger of the Legislative Council, Mr. Keating, and his father-in-law, Mr. Mimeo, Crier of the Court of Queen's Bench, both exceedingly careful persons who, with difficulty saved part of their effects. The library, containing new books which had cost upwards of £6000, was as rapidly as possible cleared of a great part of its contents through the great exertions and activity of the Revd. Dr. Adamson, Dr. Winder, and Mr. Todd the li-

brarians; but we regret to learn that many valuable manuscripts, including a catalogue which has been three years in preparation, and the journals and sessional papers of the Imperial Parliament (complete), which after the destruction of the library by fire in Montreal, had been collected from the libraries of noblemen in England by Mr. Speaker Loebner of the House of Commons, with great difficulty, on account of the Commons' House extra copies having been destroyed when the Westminster Parliamentary buildings fell a prey to the ravages of fire. The left wing was one blaze of flame by five in the morning and the fire having broken out in the attics, the flames seemed to have run along and taken possession of the interior of the cupola, the outside of which was as it were breathing smoke of various tints, the deep red indicating flames within. Every exertion was now being made to save the newly classified specimens of ornithology, mineralogy, and zoology in the newly arranged museum of the Literary and Historical Society, to preserve the very valuable library and still more valuable manuscripts, the society's museum and library being situated directly under the burning cupola. Many specimens and the great bulk of the books were possibly saved; but any one who knows the difficulty of saving from fire mineralogical, zoological, or ornithological specimens will have an idea of the great loss which the society has sustained. About 6 in the morning and while it is said some persons were endeavouring to clear out the museum, the roof of the room fell in causing the people to retreat hastily. Fortunately no one was injured. The room, however, was speedily one sheet of flame, and the flames shortly after burst through the cupola.

For a moment, the spectacle was grand, as the lurid flame twisted about and lapped the certainly, architecturally considered, most beautiful part of the immense building. But the grandeur of the sight was even increased by the snapping off of the cupola in the centre, which bent over towards the Lower Town and reeled head foremost, wrapped in fire, either just outside of the building or into the body of the Assembly room below.

The centre part of the building was now every where in flame, and the attic of the old, or right wing of the building on fire. A dense black smoke was issuing from the oval gable window next the Bishop's Palace and from every ventilator; and fire showed itself occasionally at one of the lower windows, and by half-past seven the upper part of the old wing was in the grasp of the devouring element, the fire engines apparently not being of the slightest service in even checking the conflagration. The offices had been however previously gutted of their contents and considerable quantities of furniture tossed out of windows and smashed on the ground below. By this time the old has probably met the fate of the body and new wing of certainly one of the most substantial if not most elegant public edifices of the province.

The loss is estimated at £150,000 and insurance to the amount of £30,000 has been effected in several offices, the Quebec Assurance Company suffering in the sum of £6000.

Parliament will not, of course, meet in February, but may in June in the Music Hall, Sword's Hotel being rented for offices. The fire still burns.

The fire is supposed to have been caused by the hot-air heating apparatus. The ventilators contributed very much to the rapid extension of the flames.—*Quebec Gazette.*

The decision of the Queen's Bench, Toronto, as rendered by the Chief Justice, has been given against Mr. Ogle R. Gowan; that person is therefore *unseated* from the Corporation, and the City of Toronto thereby relieved from the services of the "giant mind," for a year to come.

The trials of the persons accused of attempting to demolish Chalmer's Church at Quebec, at the time of Gavazzi's lecture, have ended in acquittal.

Bearding of the People.

We have to confess neglect of an important movement, which consists partly in the suspension of another important and truly national movement. The primary movement consists in the gradual protrusion of the hairs that naturally grow on the upper lip and chin of the adult male population of the United Kingdom, at least so far as that can be coaxed out of the diffidence which inclines those important ornaments of the human face to retire from sight, like Æneas, in a cloud of lather. The movement has an advantage quite peculiar to it, inasmuch as the arguments on both sides have all the amusing elements of the ridiculous. The present custom is absurd. To foreigners who come from nations unmitigated in the face, the aspect of men strolling about in public, deprived of the distinctive ornament of the muzzle, and thus reduced to stunted and rough copies of women, is more amusing than imposing. The North American Indian, who shaves his head and leaves a tuft in the centre for the convenience of his enemy in taking off the scalp, is actuated by a higher sense of honour than that which actuates Englishmen in compelling them to shave the muzzle and leave two seraps at the side for that domestic enemy the favourite child to tug at. The custom therefore is ridiculous; but the revolution is scarcely graver. The artist, who tells us that the beard is better than the shaven chin—personal comfort, which tells us that the operation of shaving is a daily torture—or common sense, which tells us that the fur upon the lips and round the throat in harsh weather is a natural "comforter"—have strong grounds on their side; but when the physician interposes, and gravely assures us that the national malady of consumption may be warded off by the natural respirator, and especially when the distinguished member of a public department heads the anti-razor movement: an essential to public health—it may be said that material improvement is beginning to reveal among the soap suds. One is prompted to ask whether the preacher practises; and perhaps a contemporary can tell us whether the great apostle of this bearded doctrine is himself an exemplar of his mission? It is one that can only be taught by example, not inculcated by doctrine or ordered by statute. We have a compulsory vaccination act, but a compulsory anti-shaving act would be tolerated only in Russia—or the Bank of England. Soldiers shave or grow by regulation, but the civilians might at least claim freedom of action. The Police have not been required to grow a handle by which to be bearded; but the authorities at the Bank, it is said, have put down certain rising moustaches; perhaps as dangerous to the safety of that institution. Such is our custom of ty-

ranny in trifles: we grant a freedom to religious and political principles which we deny to the capillary principles; we admit private judgment on the most important questions, and deny it on the toilet question of the morning!

The Profligacy of Paris.

"Let us go to the theatre. It is the Palais Royal," and there are five different pieces, all short and high-spirited, to be acted. High-spirited indeed they are, full of false sentiment and the worst licentiousness, all wrapped up in pleasant wit and lively songs. Not one honest thought or healthy moral from the first to the last. One piece especially is decidedly the most filthy obscene performance I ever witnessed, carrying its obscenity beyond words into actions. Yet it was Sunday, and the house was full of young men and girls, out for their weekly holiday, drinking in poison with every breath they drew. And as I listened very thoughtfully and mournfully, and looked with purged English eyes upon all this, I almost believed I could see the spirit of another revolution, more terrible than the past ones, sitting in the midst of the ungodly crowd and rejoicing. Let us go to the ball at the opera: a wild scene of riot if ever there was one. It is crowded to suffocation; yet there are two every week, one here, and one at the Opera Comique. It is not, therefore, the single holiday of a people, spent in a new pleasure, in which a licence may be allowed; it is the habit, the custom, the common thing with them, as Julien's conceit's may be with the Londoners. An immense space, the stage and pit of the theatre, is brilliantly lit up, and an excellent band, under the direction of young Musard, is playing lively airs, while some three or four hundred people are dancing like mad things.—The dancers are mostly masked; and all, or nearly all, in extravagant costumes, in the worst possible taste. To describe a tenth part of the wild licentiousness, the indecencies, the songs, the speeches which take place in this palace of infamy, this very high temple of the Vices, would be a thankless and impossible task. Let us go into the Foyer, where the better part of the guests, many of the most distinguished men in Paris, never fail to assemble. Shouting women, screaming, laughing, quarrelling, speaking words which should blister their lips, such is what we hear; and costumes more fit for a place which shall be nameless, than for what we see at a ball. Nay, do not ask me to take you into the boxes, or to any of those supper-houses on our way home: what passes there beggars belief, and almost possibility. And as I learn, mark, and inwardly digest all these things and lighting my cigar walk musingly home through the wet streets, I can see the spirit of another revolu-

tion, more terrible than the past ones, standing in the midst of this ungodly city and rejoicing."

Table-moving in Russia.

The *Abeille* of St. Petersburg, Russia, publishes an article from a correspondent, from which it appears that table-moving has been long known and used by the priests of the religion of Buddha.

When a priest is applied to by an individual who has lost something of value, and who is desirous of knowing where to look for it, he sits down on the ground before a small square table, places his hands upon it and commences repeating a passage from some religious book in a low voice. In about half-an-hour, the priest rises, raises his hand slowly from the table, and the table follows the hand until he is standing at his full height. The priest then moves backwards and forwards, the table follows or precedes him, sometimes with such swiftness that he has difficulty in keeping up with it. After a certain time the table oscillates in the air, and falls to the ground.—The seeker is then directed to look for the objects lost in the direction the table has taken. If one could believe the country people, the things are always found on the exact spot where it falls.

The day I witnessed the experiment, writes the correspondent, the table moved at least eighty feet through the air, and fell in a spot where the stolen property was not discovered; still, I must confess that the same day a Russian peasant, living in that direction, committed suicide. The act created suspicion. His domicile was searched and the stolen property found there. The experiment had previously failed three different times. This took place at a village called Elane, in the province of Zabaikal, in the Russian dominions. Not daring to trust my eyes, I explained the phenomenon to myself: a mere trick of legerdemain; I accused the priest of raising the table by an invisible thread. But, on being allowed to examine it, I found nothing—the table was of pine wood, and weighed about two pounds. I am now persuaded that this feat is performed in the same way table-moving in Europe.

Mutiny on board the "Winchester" in the China Seas.

At a time when the navy of Great Britain may be called to bear the brunt of war, the news of anything like mutiny on board an important ship is a sign of peculiar significance and danger. When we have most need to rely on the loyalty and fidelity of our seamen, to be told that some of them are insubordinate is most painful news. Yet such news we have recently had to tell. The accounts declare that in

the China Seas a very serious affray recently took place—not on board an unimportant vessel of the squadron, but in the ship of the Admiral commanding on that station! It appears that on the 8th of November last the crew of Her Majesty's ship Winchester, then lying at anchor in Hong Kong harbour, made application to the rear-admiral, through the usual channel—their captain and the first lieutenant—for leave to go on shore, a "watch" or a "quarter-watch" at a time, no leave having (it is said) been granted for many months. The admiral immediately and firmly refused the boon. About sunset that evening the hammocks were piped down, but not a man would stir from the lower deck to come up and fetch them. The word was then given to "beat to quarters," and on the men refusing to come to their guns, the officers (with their bayonets) and the marines (with their swords) were ordered to drive the people off the lower deck. The ship's company were by this time throwing their mess traps and furniture, as well as "round shot," about the lower (or berth) deck. The captain, it is said, was struck by a missile of some kind on his going below, and an affray immediately ensued between the officers and marines on the one side and the ship's company on the other. The latter in a short time came to terms, but not, it is said, before some fifteen or sixteen were wounded. The United States 48 gun frigate Macedonian, was, it is said, almost within earshot of the affray. On the following day ten men were sent to the hospital ship, and the remains of one are stated to have been buried on shore; but we must add that it was not known—on shore at least—whether or not the deceased had been one of the mutineers, or had come to a violent end. The admiral is reported to have addressed the ship's company on the morning following this astounding business, and said the men should "cut him to pieces before they should go on shore." There had been, it seems, some flogging on board the Winchester previous to this outbreak. Can all this be true? We appeal to the Admiralty to answer the question.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM LOBELIA.—An inquest has been held at Carlisle on Sarah Addison, wife of John Addison, blacksmith, aged 29 years. Deceased and her husband had been separated for nearly four years, and for the last fifteen months she had resided with her married sister, during which time she had frequently complained of rheumatism in her legs. No medical man attended her, but she was in the habit of taking tea made of herbs collected by herself, and occasionally some powders, which she procured of Dr. Francis Kendal. After her death, reports were that she had died from the effects of violence inflicted upon her by a man

who lodged in the same house. On a *post mortem* examination, it turned out that, instead of her death being occasioned by any violence, the body exhibited in every respect a healthy appearance; but in the stomach was found about half a teaspoonful of brownish sediment, consisting of small particles, which proved to be composed chiefly of the seeds of lobelia inflata. (Dr. Coffin's medicine) The lining membrane of the stomach presented the appearance of intense inflammation, with lobelia seed in different stages of digestion adhering to it. The lungs also were in a highly congested and engorged state; and the brain was also slightly congested. The medical gentlemen were of opinion that the death of the deceased was caused by a narcotic irritant poison, namely, lobelia inflata, and not by any violence inflicted upon her, of which there was not the least trace. Unfortunately there was none of the powder left, so that it could not be ascertained whether the one administered by the sister was lobelia or not. The sister stated that she had previously given to the deceased, at her own request, much larger doses than the one she gave to her on the day of her death.—The jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict that the deceased died from the effects of a narcotic poison called lobelia inflata, but how, or by what means, or under what circumstances administered or taken, the evidence did not sufficiently show. The jury accompanied their verdict by an expression of strong disapprobation of the incautious manner in which lobelia is administered.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN ADAMS was once called upon for a contribution on behalf of foreign mission. "I have nothing to give for this purpose," said he, "but there are in this vicinity six ministers, not one of which will preach in the other's pulpit. Now, I will give as much any other person for the purpose of civilizing and christianizing clergymen."

A MERCHANT in the city suddenly entered his counting-house, and found one of his clerks rearing a large book in the air, with the end resting on his chin. "Why ain't you at work, John?" he inquired. "I am, sir," replied the clerk. "You are!—at what?" "Balancing the ledger, sir!"

"What are you doing there, Jane?"—"Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore red."—"But what have you to dye it with?"—"Beer, pa!"—"Beer? Who on earth told you that beer would dye red?"—"Why, ma said yesterday that it was beer that made your nose so red, and I thought that—"—"Here, Susan, take this child to bed."

A SMALL TRACT ON TEMPERANCE.—Temperance will never be effectually preached by a pump. To throw cold water is discouraging; and the pump, moreover, affords a handle to ridicule. If he wants to deliver an effectual discourse on sobriety, the apostle of that virtue had better take his stand on the barrel—which vessel should contain light French wine, admitted at a considerably reduced duty. The only way to induce the British public to relinquish its present drinking habits, is to give it something better to drink. That is to be found in the draught which cheers the heart without getting into the head; and now that the French alli-

ances has become so desirable, one of the wisest things we can do is to pledge amity with our neighbours in their own cup.

The man who "fell into raptures" with a pretty girl, was got out with considerable difficulty.

Into News.

The French Government has received a despatch from Constantinople, announcing a great victory gained by Omar Pasha over the Russians in the neighbourhood of Kulefat. The Russians, who were more numerous than the Turks, had from 25,000 to 30,000 engaged. It is said, besides, that the great majority of the population of Lesser Wallachia have risen against the Russians, and the victory now gained by Omar Pasha, is expected to decide such parts of the country as might still hesitate to join the insurgents. This insurrection would appear to be of an infinitely more general character than the partial outbreaks already reported from other quarters. Constantinople is said to be in the greatest joy and enthusiasm; and the disaster at Sinope is almost forgotten in the delight caused by the signal advantage now gained.

The news thus received is said to have produced a profound impression on the French Council of Ministers, which was cotinued immediately on the arrival of the despatch at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

We learn from another source that the advantage thus obtained by the Turkish arms was not confined to a single encounter, but that several took place—at Sisowa, and on the Danube in front of Isatchka and Matsehin. The date given of these actions is the 19th December.

ENTRANCE OF THE FLEETS INTO THE BLACK SEA.—Regarding the entrance of the fleets, one despatch from Constantinople of the 2nd says that—"On the 29th orders arrived that the fleets should enter the Black Sea immediately. In the course of the day the order was executed, and only one vessel of each fleet was left in the Bosphorus at sunset." Another tells us that the movement of the combined fleets into the Black Sea commenced on the 30th ult., when four French and four English ships left Beycos, and anchored on both sides of the Cyanean rocks, near the Turkish coast between the Bosphorus and Varna, and that other vessels of war intended for the Euxine were to enter on the 2nd instant. Another of the 1st still left the squadrons at Beycos Bay, but one of the 3rd states positively that they entered the Black Sea on that day.

SHIP TIMBER.—Over three hundred oak trees, it is said, have been recently disposed of in Oakham, Mass., to ship builders from Maine, to constitute the frame of one ship. Some of the trees brought \$15 each on the stump. Mr. McKay, the builder of the Republic lately burned in New York city, and brother of the commander of the same, is here from East Boston, exploring the timber lands of farmers, and purchasing all the white oak that he can, for ship building, which he carries on at East Boston. He pays the farmers, we have been informed, \$12 a thousand, board measure, after the timber is hewn. A large quantity has been drawn to the depot, soon to be sent to its place of destination. Several carloads have already been forwarded from Balchertown. Mr. McKay, we understand, is procuring this timber to build another ship like the Republic. The timber thus demanded, is becoming scarce, and is, consequently very valuable. We hope that those who own such timber will not part with it, without a full equivalent. One farmer in this town, we understand, has sold three hundred trees, and several others, each a less number—

ANOTHER LARGE FIRE IN NEW YORK.

On Saturday night another fire took place in the Columbia foundry and machine-shop in Duane street, New York. The building occupied nearly the entire block. The fire communicated to Nos. 29, 41, 43, and 45, small wooden shanties on Centre street. In a short time there was nothing left of these buildings. Eight or ten other buildings were totally destroyed. No estimate has been made of the loss, but it must be very great. It is, however, a mere trifle, when compared with the terrible suffering of the poor people who were rendered homeless. The atmosphere was intensely cold, and the lamentations of the poor thinly clad children, who had been robbed of their homes, presented a mournful spectacle.

We are enabled to inform our readers that Lord Elgin positively does not return to Canada.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—The New Brunswick papers contain a proclamation summoning the Legislature of that Province to meet on the 5th of February. A number of important measures, it is expected, will be discussed and settled by this body, among which are mentioned Law Reform and the Revenue Bill.

The Nova Scotia Legislature is to meet for the despatch of business on the 25th January.

Annual Meeting of the Protestant Hospital.

The Third Annual Meeting of the Subscribers to the County of Carleton General Protestant Hospital was held in the Director's Hall, on Tuesday the 7th Feb'y. instant—Mr. McKinnon, President of the Corporation, in the Chair. After explaining the objects for which the meeting was convened, he briefly alluded to the operations connected with the Institution during the past year, and concluded by requesting the Secretary to read the Annual Report which was accordingly done, when it was

Moved by Mr. Porter, seconded by Mr. Burpee, and resolved—

That the Report now read be adopted, and printed under the direction of the Secretary.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Fraser, seconded by Mr. Graham, and resolved—

That this meeting tender its warmest acknowledgments to the President, Vice-President, Directors and other Officers of the Institution, for the satisfactory manner in which they have discharged the onerous duties appertaining to their respective departments during the past year; and they would impress upon the inhabitants of this County, and the surrounding country, the necessity that exists for increased liberality, to enable the Directors to meet the increased expenditure anticipated during the current year.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Foster, seconded by Mr. Thompson and resolved—

That Messrs. Fraser and Graham be appointed to audit the accounts, and report thereon.—Carried.

The subscribers then proceeded to the election of Directors, when the six lowest on the list below were declared by the scrutineers to be duly elected.

(Signed)

JOHN MCKINNON,
Chairman.

Roderick Ross,
Secretary.

LIST OF DIRECTORS.

Archibald Foster,	W. H. Thompson,
John McKinnon,	Thomas Langroll,
George Patterson,	Alexander Workman,
Richard Stethem,	Alex. Bryson,
C. A. Burpee,	James Peacock,
Donald Grant,	James Cunningham,

LIFE DIRECTORS.

Edward Malloch, M.P.P.
Roderick Ross,
Honourable Thomas McKay.

OFFICE STAFF.

John McKinnon, President.
W. H. Thompson, Vice-President.
Alexander Workman, Treasurer.
Roderick Ross, Secretary.
Hanzett Hill, M. D. Surgeon.

REPORT.

With devout gratitude to the Author of all mercies, for the prosperity which has been vouchsafed to them during the past year, the Board of Directors of the County of Carleton General Protestant Hospital, respectfully submit to its subscribers and the Public, the following, being their Third Annual Report.

The Directors beg to tender their warmest thanks to the most illustrious Ladies of Bytown, for their handsome donation of £50, proceeds of a Bazaar held by them. The Ladies are always foremost in promoting labours of love and charity, which their tenderness of disposition, sensitive innocent and holy lives so peculiarly qualify them for performing; no nurse being so tender, no smiles so sweet, and no sounds so soft as the music of their tongues. It is when poor and miserable and wretched—by the world contemned, neglected or forgot, that we know the real value of beings, whose smile confers rapture, whose business is to cheer, happiness to perceive its efficacy and whose darling object is thinking over the good they have done.

To the Provincial Legislature for their esteemed Annual Grant, to the Clergy of the English and Scotch Churches, for their esteemed annual collections,—to Hugh Carmichael Esq., Chelsea Canada East for a donation of £56 17s 3d by the men employed in his, and the Messrs. Gilmour's shanties,—to the Honourable Thomas McKay for his donation of £65 Gs being his allowance as a Legislative Councillor for the last session of the Provincial Parliament,—to Donald Grant Esq., for £15 16s collections made by him in New Edinburgh, and to all others who contributed to the Institution during the past year, the corporation offers its grateful acknowledgments.

They regret, however, to state, that the appeal made on a former occasion to the Protestant Inhabitants resident in the adjacent Townships, and counties on both sides of the River Ottawa, has not, with few exceptions been responded to, fully three fourths of all the private contributions have been collected in Bytown, while, as will be seen from a perusal of the Medical Report, not one fifth of the patients belonged to the Town, and even some of them only became resident a short time previous to their admission, and might therefore be justly classed as Emigrants. The others were all from a distance, and about one half from without the bounds of the County; should the present appeal meet with the same apparent apathy and neglect, it will become imperative on the Board, in justice to those who do subscribe, to exclude from the Hospital, applicants seeking admission therein as non pay Patients, from localities whose Inhabitants do not contribute towards its support.

The Directors are specially anxious to press upon the attention of those resident in Town and country, that it is their duty as well as their interest to strive to advance the general prosperity of this Charity by every means in their power. This is easily explained. The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other, for from the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All therefore that need aid have a right to ask it of their fellow mortals; no one who blinks the power of granting can refuse it without guilt, and none but a few abominably constituted natures bear of sickness in a fellow creature, however it may have been induced with sympathy and

compassion, and are as eager to alleviate the sufferings which follow from imprudence and vice, as those which have come in despite of the most virtuous and the most cautious conduct. And it is well that we have such feelings, for it is necessary to the general welfare that no case of disease be left to neglect, seeing that every instance of any kind of unsoundness in the body or mind of any human being tends to become a focus for the diffusion of evil among others, so that the whole public has an interest in the health of every one of its members. A healthy human being is qualified to perform all his appointed duties in an efficient manner. He is able to provide for himself and those for whom he is responsible, without being a burden to any one. He can also contribute his full share to the goods of the commonwealth, and take his part in those services which are required for the benefit of the unavoidably distressed members of the community.

The season is fast approaching when our Town may again be visited by Cholera, that scourge of the human race, the influx of Emigrants who are likely to come among us, to seek employment on the extensive public works about to be commenced, may carry with it fever and other contagious diseases. These taken into consideration with the increasing population of the Town and neighborhood, and the insufficient accommodation at present provided in the Hospital for any such exigency, rendered it advisable to suspend for a time, the contemplated addition to the Hospital buildings as stated in the last annual Report, the estimated cost of which is about £400, the Directors not feeling warranted in undertaking them at present although they are absolutely required for the accommodation and convenience of the establishment, for fear that the cash receipts for the year now commenced, should fall short of its current expense, which is expected to be considerably augmented beyond that of last year.

The object most coveted by the Board is the establishment of an "Endowment Fund," to be yearly added to, the interest of which, would create a certain annual revenue, to be applied to the maintenance of the Institution, thereby making it less dependent on private contributions, which cannot at all times be relied upon.

The Treasurers Report hereto annexed shews that the whole amount of cash received from every source during the past year, including the balance of £75 7s 6d, on hand at date of last annual meeting, is £543 15s 7d cy.

The disbursements during the same time, amounted to £257 Gs 3d cy, leaving a balance in his hands in favor of the Institution of £285 9s 4d cy.

The able and gratuitous services of Dr. Hill the attending medical officer, during the past year, cannot be too highly appreciated, and must have been as gratifying to his own feelings as beneficial to the Patients. The profession of the Physician & Surgeon constitutes an exalting study of the noblest work of God. Its mission is one of the most blessed character—the alleviating the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. How delightful it must be when called to the poor wretch writhing upon a bed of agony, or feel that by administering a simple prescription or performing an operation, he relieves from terrible pain and perhaps snatches some loved and lovely creature from the grave. How frequently is he called in to a patient driven frantic by pain, shrieking aloud and writhing convulsively, and administers a draught, when in a few moments the countenance of the sufferer becomes calm; and the patient kissing the hand of his benefactor sinks into a sound sleep from which he awakes with his mania entirely dispelled. Even in those cases where death must ensue—where God claims the struggling spirit—how delightful to soothe the dying moments, by reducing bodily pain, giving the mind more freedom to exchange sweet thoughts and hope with kind friends before the spirit flies to Heaven.

The same remarks also apply to the Clergymen of the respective Protestant denominations who visited the Hospital, for while the constant visits of the former must have been of incalculable value to the



The Orange Lily.

BYTOWN, FEBRUARY 11, 1854.

Bedini in Boston.

We learn by Telegraph that the somewhat notorious Bedini was in Boston on the 30th ult.; and that the "meek and lowly" apostle of Roman liberty did not escape without receiving the usual attentions which appear to be paid him in the United States, wherever he travels.

It appears, from the account we have received, that the Nuncio sneaked into the city *incognito*, and took refuge at the house of Bishop Fitzpatrick; on learning which some of the German population, to the number of 500, assembled on the common, and gave him an *inquisitorial* touch of their sentiments, by burning the anointed of Pius the Ninth, in effigy.

On completing the "*Auta de fe*," the Germans proceeded to the House of Bishop Fitzpatrick, and saluted the Nuncio with groans and cries of "Butcher of Bologna," and other complimentary vociferations.—Without doing any farther damage the crowd dispersed: No attempts were made by the Police to arrest any of the parties engaged in this welcoming Bedini to Boston.

From the frequent burning of the rag and straw representative of this obnoxious personage, we should rather be politely inclined to imagine that the United States is getting too hot for him. From recent indications of a move, in the right direction, among the Protestants of the neighboring Union; and from other stirring signs of the times, we venture to preannunciate that the United States of America will, ere long, be too warm for pleasure and enjoyment for the Bishops, Priests and Jesuits of Rome, of every class. Protestantism is rising on its feet wide awake, among our neighbors, and the aggressive aspect which she wears bodes neither peace nor favor to Popery.

The American Eagle is whetting his beak and pluming his wings for a game conflict with the Vulture of the Vatican.—No one can doubt the issue of the battle. Whoever lives to see it will, doubtless, live to see enough native feathers torn from the back of the ominous bird of the Tiber to make a robe of honor for any such lad as

Bedini who may foolishly await the termination of the struggle.

Canadian Ribbonism.

We learn from the *Toronto Globe* that a case of Romish persecution has recently taken place in the Township of Southwold. A farmer in that Township, named Crowder, a Protestant, is married to a Roman Catholic. He intended to sell his farm for some purpose, as our contemporary remarks, best known to himself, when he received, thro' the Post Office, the following letter:—

"WILLIAM CROWDER.—We have borne with your insults to our Church and People on account of your family, and while you allow them to enjoy their home you are safe as far as regards us, leaving it with God to punish the Heretic as he may think best. But should you persist in selling the House from over your wife's head contrary to her wish dragging her from the chapel the only place where she can take comfort our vengeance shall follow you, and before one year passes you will regret what you have done we give this warning that you may save yourself from pain, we have also given timely notice to Hugh that he may know what to expect should he come here. We'll be unto you both if you heed it not. The cause of God demands, it will come, this is not to frighten only, but to save your family distraction."

Reader, what do you think of the above production? Is it not as good, or rather bad, a specimen of a threatening letter as the annals of Ribbonism, in Ireland, can furnish? Things are truly come to a pretty pass in Canada, if the confessing Thugs of Popery are thus beginning to re-enact scenes in the practice of which their ancestors, and possibly themselves, acquired proficiency in Ireland.

We trust that the threatened individual will adopt every means to discover the ruffians who have thus dared to threaten assassination unless their demands are complied with, that they may receive the punishment they deserve. It is not often, in this highly privileged country, that we are favored with an example of Popery in its secret assassinating and malicious aspect; and we sincerely hope, should the miscant concoctors of the above specimen of Popish literature, attempt to put their murderous threat into execution, that they may be so promptly and ably met on their path of blood, that their chances of further improvement in the art of crucifix or dagger composition, will be extremely slender indeed.

Canada is already sufficiently cursed with Popery without such practical displays of Ribbonism as that indicated by the above precious document.

Look Out.

Citizens of Bytown, be on your guard; dog poisoning has commenced in town, and we take it, as experience has already proved in the cases of Messrs. Howell and Patterson, this poisoning business is a preliminary arrangement of burglary and robbery.

The man who is bad enough to poison a dog would have no objection to kill or rob

that dog's master, as the case might be; and it will be just as well that people should look carefully after their watch dogs, as well as their lock and shutters.

New Arrivals.

We saw a number of greasy creeked burly fellows, smoothly shorn, on our streets the other day; and on making enquiry about them found that they were Romish Priests from the United States. Wonder what they are about? Probably some begging scrape, like that pious mendicant Brother Macarious who was here a few years ago; and who fobbed the rhino pretty freely in favor of some imaginary temple that was to be built upon some ideal eminence, in Ireland or some other country.

"My Voice is still for War"

So sings the Turk on the banks of the Danube. Since our last issue, we have received intelligence of the defeat of the Russians by the Turks with the loss of 1,000 slain and 4,000 wounded. The prophecies of Dr. Thomas in "the coming struggle," so far, are at complete variance with the current of events at the seat of war; the people of the world are beginning to think the Russians not quite so terrible after all.

Missionary Meetings.

The Anniversary Missionary Meetings of the Bytown Branch Missionary Society, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, were held, in this town, on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday last. The Missionary Sermons were preached by the Rev. Messrs. Bevitt and Hurlburt, the former Chairman of the Brockville, and the latter Chairman of the Bytown District. The annual meeting was held on Monday evening, the Chair being occupied by the Rev. K. Creighton, Wesleyan minister of this town. The meeting was addressed with effect by the Chairman, and by the Rev. Messrs. Hurlburt, Bevitt, Huntington, Greener and others.

The Annual Tea Meeting took place in the Basement story of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, on Tuesday evening; and if we do not say too much when we assert that all the meetings previously held were well attended; we do not say too much when we say that the Tea Meeting was a crowded one. The Chair was occupied by George B. Lyon, Esq., M. P. P., who eloquently opened the proceedings of the evening. The audience was then addressed by the Rev. Gentlemen above named and also by the Rev. James Elliott and another Rev. Gentleman whose name we have not learned. The Speeches were interesting, some of them witty; and the music, under the superintendence of Mr. Mercer—who presided at the Piano—was excellent.

Last not least, the entertainment prepared by the Ladies forming the Committee of management, was not the least interesting part of the proceedings. The tea, coffee,

tarts, cakes, &c., &c., &c. were all in "apple pie order," and of the most inviting description; and the alacrity and civility of the band of waiters beyond all praise. We have attended a number of similar celebrations, and, in justice, we must say that the last was equal, if not superior to any at which we have had the good fortune to be present. The Ladies of the managing committee certainly deserve the utmost credit for the efficiency and spirit they displayed in catering so successfully for the taste of so large an assemblage.

In a pecuniary point of view, we understand that the missionary meetings, a brief account of which we have just given, were peculiarly successful. In this particular we believe Bytown has always done its duty.

We commend the subjoined article, copied from the *Belfast Weekly Mail*, of December the 16th—to the attention of some of would-be-leaders of Orangeism in this Province. There is such a similitude between the proceedings of those trans-atlantic worthies, and the worthies who some time ago did such gallant work at a meeting held in the town of Perth, that we cannot refrain from giving our readers the benefit of the entire observations of our Irish contemporary. We have a high Priest of the "want of candor" "Degree," and a *refugium peccatorum* in Canada as well as in Ireland.

THE LISSERS "INDEPENDENTS."—Nothing can exceed the ridiculous conduct of the Lisburn "Independents," who once belonged to the Watson Orange Lodge. The warrant of the Lodge was cancelled, and the individuals who had disgraced the cause of Orangeism by voting for a Liberal expelled from the Institution altogether by the District Lodge. The Grand Lodge has confirmed the sentence of expulsion. Since that period, the expelled parties have been making regular fools of themselves. As we stated before, they formed themselves into some sort of a club, which they call an Orange Lodge. They lately summoned several respectable gentlemen who belonged to the original Watson Lodge for taking a part in the proceedings which terminated in their expulsion. No notice, of course, was taken of the summons and the "Independents" forthwith passed sentence of expulsion for two years. Truly this is amusing. An omnium gatherum club, consisting of renegade Orangemen, Papists, and semi-Papists—a positive fact—expelling real Orangemen who have no concern with their disreputable doings! We may expect to hear, after this, that some Romish congregation has ex-communicated the Archbishop of Canterbury. A drunken attorney's clerk was once seen idling about the streets, and upon being asked the reason, he said that he had dismissed his employer. Such cases are paralleled by that of the Renegade Radical-Jonathan-Joseph-Popish and semi-Popish Club of Lisburn. Some time ago, we announced, upon the authority of a faithful correspondent, that Romanists dined with this club on the 5th of November. Only think of the brazen-faced audacity of these fellows. They pretend to celebrate the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, though they are political traitors of the deepest dye themselves, who have, so far as they are concerned, betrayed the cause of Protestantism, and would have assisted Guy Fawkes to fire the train and blow up the Parliament. A correspondent of the *Banner* charged the *Mail* with "deliberate falsification," because we stated that Romanists joined them in their meaningless orgies on that occasion. We had no opportunity at the time of com-

municating with our informant, but we have since learned that the statement put forward by us was not only true, but that it fell far short of a complete exposure of the mongrel society into which these hedge-Orangemen have fallen. Romule long ago established an asylum for all kinds of malefactors, that he might increase the population of his new city; in like manner, the "Independent" ex-Orange club is a species of *refugium peccatorum*. All is welcome that comes to their net. By Orange rules, even a reformed Romanist, or repentant United Irishman, could not be admitted into an Orange Lodge; yet Romanists and semi-Romanists are admitted to the Lisburn Club, and enjoy their invaluable society. We shall keep an eye upon the parties, and duly expose their proceedings. They intended, perhaps, by their summonses and their sentences of expulsion to insult respectable gentlemen, but they have only made themselves supremely ridiculous, as they are thoroughly contemptible.

In our columns to-day may be found a communication entitled "The Cloven Foot," copied from the *New York True Freeman's Journal*, and addressed to John Mitchell, the editor of a newly established red republican print, called the *Citizen*.

In this able and well written letter the searcher after truth will find many important facts connected with the history of Ribbonism and Orangeism, which will well repay him for his perusal.

The writer, with a master hand, portrays Ribbonism in all its deadly and diabolical hues, giving at the same time a true and correct picture of Orangeism—its nature and intent: and in conclusion draws a striking contrast between the conduct of the members of the associations which cannot fail to instruct and interest the reader. Mr. Mitchell has pitched upon the wrong location, if he imagines that his vitriolic froth and fury will be allowed to go uncontradicted in New York. His poisonous declamation will do little harm in a community in which such champions of Protestant truth as the writer in the *Freeman's Journal* can be found.

To Irishmen, the letter to which we have reference, will be peculiarly interesting, as it recounts so many well known and well remembered historical facts detailing the former cruelties and treacheries of Popery in their native land.

Foreign News.

The letters and papers by the last English Mail reached us on Saturday. The telegraphic advices by this Mail were briefly noticed in our last paper.

The Turkish Government has agreed to the terms of a diplomatic note, presented by the four great powers, England, France, Austria and Prussia, being the basis of an amicable arrangement of the Eastern difficulty, and will send a Minister to a proposed conference at some neutral city. A copy of this note has been sent to St. Petersburg, inviting the Czar to negotiate in accordance with its terms, but no one supposes that it will have any effect in staying off hostilities; it seems to be agreed on all hands that matters have proceeded to that extremity, that the dispute can be solved by the sword

alone. In this view naval and military preparations are being urged on with all speed both in France and England.

The Allied fleets, with the exception of a small squadron left with a division of the Turkish fleet to guard the Bosphorus, have entered the Black Sea. The instructions given to the Admirals have not transpired, but as the Allied Fleets are accompanied by a heavy division of the Turkish Fleets, it is to be presumed that their entrance is something more than a mere idle demonstration.

A squadron of Turkish ships had succeeded in carrying supplies of cannon, arms, and ammunition to Schamyl Bey, the Circassian Chief, and a powerful reinforcement to the army in Asia. The Turks had experienced some slight reverses in that quarter, but nothing to justify the exaggerated boastings of the Russians; these reverses are said to be owing, in a great measure, to the incapacity of the Turkish General, but General Guyon, a British subject, who distinguished himself so highly in the ranks of the Hungarian party, has been sent to take the command. We have no details of the affair at Citilla, but it appears certain that the Russian entrenchments were stormed with great carnage, and a powerful *corps d'armee* sent to relieve them, successfully encountered and driven back. The Turks are in great spirits at this success.

In England there have been some disturbances caused by the high price of bread, the ignorant populace, as usual, venting their indignation on the unfortunate bakers, as if they could help the rise in flour; the 4d. loaf has risen to 6d., and everything else in proportion. Coals have also risen to an unprecedented price, being sold in London at 60s. the ton.

We have given below some details with respect to the weather in England, and have only to add, that we have since heard that the intense cold and snow have been followed by an equally rapid thaw, in consequence of which floods have occurred in several places, causing much mischief.

The London and provincial papers are still hammering away at Prince Albert, and it is said that Mr. Roebuck is prepared to bring his Royal Highness's conduct before Parliament, in the shape of interrogatories to the Ministers.

The "old folks at home" seem to be enjoying a sort of Canadian winter. The cold has been intense, accompanied by heavier snow storms than have been experienced in England for some years; in some places the snow had drifted till it was nine feet deep, and every part of the country the railroads were seriously obstructed, thirteen trains being due at one time at the Easton Square station in London; several engines were attached together, in one place, and an attempt made by their united power to force a way through the drifts, but all to no purpose; we shall have to teach them the use of the snow plough in front of a train; we wonder what they would say to a Cana-

dian snow drift, 20 or 30 feet deep, and half a mile long!

In London the people found themselves regularly snowed up on the morning of the 4th of January; the Eastern wind having drifted the snow *three feet* high, against their doors! We wonder what they would have said if they had had it drifted up to the top of their ground floor windows, as has happened to us! Hardly an omnibus or cab was to be seen, the proprietors not liking to send their horses out; business was absolutely at a stand, in consequence of this, and the non-arrival of any mails.

Several persons have been frozen to death in different parts of England. This must have arisen from the want of clothing, for it does not appear that the thermometer even reached as low as zero in any part of England.

THE CLOVEN FOOT.

TO JOHN MITCHELL, EDITOR OF "THE CITIZEN."

From the True Freeman's Journal.

SIR—A promise having appeared in your paper of the 14th, to give, in the next number, an account of the history, constitution, and objects of Ribbonism in Ireland, I need not say I was disappointed at its non-appearance. The article inserted does not fulfil the promise.

Knowing that the American people are imperfectly acquainted with that Institution I propose to fill the gap you have left open.

You state that moral force agitators for forty years have pointed out this Society with execration to the vengeance of mankind. You allude to O'Connell's party. They were *ostensibly* opposed to it for prudential reasons. In heart and soul O'Connell was a Ribbonman. When, aping the monarch, he displayed a mock crown on Tara's sacred hill, and hundreds of thousands of the men of Leinster swore allegiance to his policy, how many Ribbonmen were absent? Not one in a thousand. There they arrived, parish by parish, headed by their priests. And when, with an audacity, paralleled only in modern times by the butcher bastard of a Dutch admiral—reckless of blood alike in France and Rome, the same O'Connell chose for his *coup-de-main* on Protestantism (happily frustrated by the authorities) the anniversary and locality of Boru's grand triumph—Clontarf—how was it, Sir, that, by a mere word, he restrained the myriads who intended to be present? Simply because he was in heart a Ribbonman.

Your calumnies on the "murderous Orangemen" will receive consideration hereafter. My business now is with Ribbonism or Power, for the terms are synonymous. The oath of a Ribbonman binds him to "wade knee deep in Protestant blood." That of an Orangeman binds him to defend Protestantism and the throne of England (being Protestant.) The former is an aggressive system—the latter a defensive one. The principles and practices of Ribbonism once made known throughout the United States, its ramifications will very soon become narrowed. This Society has during its career, assumed several names—such as Defenders, Peep-o'-Day Boys, Rapparees, Molly Maguires, Terry Alts, Rockites, Hearts of Steel, Hearts of Oak, and many others. A large proportion of the priests in Ireland are looked upon as Ribbonmen. The secrecy maintained by the confederacy is such that this assertion cannot be fully established.

I assert, however, that RIBBONMEN, ONE AND ALL, ARE BIGOTTED, MURDEROUS, TREACHEROUS, COWARDLY, DECEITFUL, AND UNGRATEFUL.

They are Bigotted.—They swear allegiance only to the see of Rome; allow none but Roman Catholics into their institution; and vow to exterminate all who differ from them in religion, and particularly Protestants.

They are Murderous.—Their entire history can be traced in blood.

Come with me, Sir, to one of the loveliest districts in Ireland—the county of Louth. On that grassy hillock before us, some half-century ago, stood a comfortable mansion. At some distance there was a Popish chapel. Let us visit them at the time spoken of. The night is pitchy dark; nevertheless, we will approach the house of God. Listen: there is a pattering of feet, a rustling of weapons, and half-suppressed whisperings inside. A rusklight serves but to increase the gloom. Listen again:—the Popish schoolmaster of the parish is speaking. He demands those present, in the holy name of religion, to support him on that night's errand. "Swear," he says, "to follow where I lead;" and each one on the crucifix records his vow. The night becomes colder and more stormy. The leader brings from the corner a small barrel of whiskey; glass after glass goes round; an artificial courage is created; the words "full in" are given, and the troop leaves the sanctuary. The schoolmaster heads that hideous band. The flood-gates of heaven have been opened, and the roads are as rivers. On they creep, stealthily, silently: The mansion on the hill is described through the gloom. The horrid objects flashes o'er the minds of all; conscience revolts; and hardy hearts, appalled, shrink from the cruel work. One rude voice is heard above the elemental war, commanding obedience from all, and the procession hastens on. But, lo! the torrent at the hill-foot is impassable. Not so. The hellish ingenuity of the leader aids him; he orders the tallest of the band to station themselves at certain distances in the stream. This done, by a species of leap-frog, one by one, the remainder pass over. Up, up the hill they crouch towards the dwelling. The owner, a Protestant, is absent. His relatives, family, and domestics—the unconscious inmates—are in slumber, for it is midnight. The ruffian band surround the house; combustibles are at hand; and the dwelling is fired. A few minutes elapse, and shrill, piercing shrieks reverberate above the storm—succeeded by others, from many souls. A lurid flame reddens the horizon; the flooded country is one vast sheet of lava. See! the agonized and terrified inmates rush outwards. Back they are driven at the pike's-point upon the crackling ruins: the circle of the wretches cannot be broken: Oh, God, all hope is gone. Suddenly, a white, unearthly form appears at an open window, with a babe in her arms, and, stepping on the ledge, prepares to leap. She sees deliverers and cries for help and mercy! But, no: the Ribbon leader lifts the murderous pike (yes, Sir, the "pike") and thrusts the nurse and babe back on the burning mass. A few stifled, suffocating groans, and all is over: the souls of the "heretics" are under the altar of their God. This atrocious crime is known in the annals of Ireland as "The Burning of Wild Goose Lodge." Many of the fiends were subsequently executed. You will find full details in a Scottish annual—*The Republic of Letters*, under the title of "Dying Confessions of a Ribbonman"—the very ruffian who led the hellish band.

Come farther with me, Sir. We will visit the most polished city in Ireland—the metropolis. It is some years ago. How crowded the streets! Every countenance exhibits excitement—fear on some; revenge on many; determination on all. There is a rumbling of a carriage in the distance. It approaches nearer. There it halts. It is surrounded by a mob of people. The door is torn open; the foremost rush in; a moment—and the grey-haired inmate is weltering in his blood; the venerable dispenser of justice is brutally, cowardly murdered by Ribbonmen, in the open day, in the public street, and in the presence of his daughter! That victim was a Protestant—Chief Justice Wolfe, Lord Kilwarden.

Come with me still. You know something of Wexford. Have you ever read the history of the burning of Scullabogue Barn (where the defenceless Protestants took refuge from the Ribbon hordes in '98?)—an act of atrocity never paralleled in either civilized or savage society; and in comparison with which the sufferings in the Black Hole of Calcutta were merciful. Then, there is Vinegar Hill, where your favorite pike, "queen of weapons," did such inglorious cruelty. The isolated, defenceless Protestants—men, women, and children—were tracked

throughout the country, arrested by the Ribbonmen, lodged in chapels and barns, and massacred by wholesale. On one occasion they were taken out, two by two, tied together, "piked," and thrown into the river. The massacre proceeded, until the militia were known to be approaching, and the cowards, as usual, fled. The soldiery arrived in time to save numbers from impending death. Amongst the survivors, and one of the pair next to be brought out when deliverance arrived, was George Taylor, a Methodist preacher; whose narrative would well repay your perusal. In one of the scenes referred to, the Rev. Father Murphy, was killed whilst displaying to his deluded followers some bullets (taken secretly from his waistcoat pocket,) which he alleged had been fired at him, but could not penetrate his hide.

No wonder, Sir, if under such circumstances as the foregoing, the Protestants should organize for their mutual defence, and tr awe their enemies into peace. Accordingly, the first Orange Lodge was formed in the county of Armagh, about '98, and was almost inaugurated by the "Battle of the Diamond," where the Ribbonmen were signally routed. It is a singular coincidence that, for giving as a toast this very battle, Sir William Verner, the uncle of your respected wife, was dismissed from the magistracy and deputy-lieutenancy by a Popish lord-lieutenant. Yet you, Sir, are the apologist of the scoundrels who were thrashed there.

I have not yet done, Sir. You may say—"Those times are long past." True: but trace the subsequent history of the organization, and the bloody catalogue of murdered Protestant noblemen, clergymen, magistrates, landlords, merchants, and farmers—down to the recent assassinations of Fawcett and Maitlewerer, will too truly attest its sanguinary character.

There is a mountain in your native county, called Slievegallan. At its base, lonely and retired, is a cottage, not inapely called "Solitude." A few years since, its occupant, a worthy L.L.D. (whose praises and works are in all the American and English churches,) pointed out, in his own church, and to his own congregation, the errors of Romanism. Will you believe it, Sir, for this offence, his house was nightly surrounded by organized corps of Ribbonmen, taking regular turn, and hissing and hooting, like devils incarnate. At last, the Protestants of the neighborhood formed themselves into small parties, took their nightly sentry in the house, each armed with a good "brown Bess" (that means a gun, Sir, in the county of Derry,) and dared the ruffians to their worst. Months passed over in this manner, when the Ribbonmen being worsted in a local conflict, these demonstrations were at once given up.

Still on further, friend. Let us visit your native County at the present day, and we will drop in upon one of its pleasant little villages. It is a "fair-day" evening. We shall take a walk through the streets, to see what is going on. See that mass of people collected. Listen to their yells. Be they men, devils, or what? And who is he—that genteelly dressed man on the grey horse, flourishing his whip, and shouting frantically, "To hell with all Yellow-bellies (the Protestants)"—the mob echoing, "Show us the face of a Yellow-belly?" He on the pale horse is the Reverend Father Kelly; those who surround him are Ribbonmen. Their "pikes" are at their homes in the adjacent glens. They have just come to return thanks, *in their own fashion*, to those villagers, who voluntarily fed them whilst they were starving, and had been deserted by the British government. Many a poor "Yellow-belly" has had a physical indentation made on the "moral organs" of his cranium whilst returning from the fair or market of G—.

These cases, Sir, are not the worst. I pity more, by far, those defenceless, isolated farmers and others in the rural districts of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught—where Churches and Protestants are few and scattered—the men who dare not proceed to worship on the Sabbath without loaded pistols in their breast pockets; who never leave their homes, wives, and little ones without forebodings and misgivings; and who, in some instances, cannot even plough or harrow their land, cart their produce to market or pursue the ordinary avocations of life with

out an escort of police. These are men I most pity. And if, as you state, Ribbonism be greatly on the increase throughout Ireland, then, with all my heart and soul I pray, "May Daniel's God be theirs."

They are treacherous, cowardly, and deceitful.—Ribbonmen invariably force forward the too confiding, but mistaken Protestants into their front ranks, and when the struggle commences they leave them there. Wherever and whenever Ribbonism desires to accomplish an object, if there be one place more dangerous than another, there it places some ass or fool of a Protestant. This was the case in 1798 and in 1843. Who were the men in '93, that bore the brunt of the rebellion, and sacrificed life itself in the cause of Popery?—Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, the Jacksons, Harveys, Snares, Orrs, Dunlops, and a host of others. How many Papist leaders suffered? In 1843, how many Catholics stood by O'Brien, Martin, yourself, and Meagher (for T. F. M. is no Papist) when you were offered up as holocausts to England's vengeance? When you stood in Green-street dock in Dublin, and, in imitation of the ancient, asked "but three, to save the new Tlormopyla," how effective was the response? Where were, then, the Dohenys, Kenyons, Canes, Sheehans, Lalors, Birminghams, O'Gormans, Dillons, Duffys, Reillys, and M'Gees? To use a sporting phrase—Nowhere. Compare your case with that of the Popish weathercock, Charles Gavan Duffy? Wherein lies the secret of his escape? You were tried by a jury of Protestants, on their oaths to decide according to British law—no matter what their opinion of the justice of that law, or what the effect of their verdict on your future might be. They knew nothing of absolution. Duffy had a jury on which there was at least one Papist—a safe man Martin Burke. He stood out obstinately; the jury, not agreeing, were discharged, and Duffy after two trials, was liberated. He was a "safe" *Catholic* (you understand this mode of pronunciation) you were supposed to be a *heretic*. I wonder how they were so much mistaken, for common opinion recognizes you as an attendant at "Early Prayers" before 1848.

They are ungrateful.—Even "Old Nick" himself, if he desires to secure a poor sinner, will, at least, give the unfortunate wretch some purchase money—he can "sell" his soul to the Devil. (So they used to tell me in my young days.) But the Ribbonmen and Priesthood of Ireland will use poor Protestant dupes to their ruin, for time and for eternity, and not have the manliness or gratitude to thank them for it. Take one instance out of thousands: time can afford no more. It is that of "Honest Tom Steele"—the accomplished, though erring Protestant—he who hung upon the breath of the murderer of D'Esterre (O'Connell) as none of his own children ever did—who spent a princely fortune in promoting the great and noble cause (I speak as a Republican) of Catholic freedom. On the downfall of his leader, he proceeded to London—a pauper, whom "nobody owned." Wandering, penniless, through that metropolis, whilst the sons and nephew of O'Connell were enjoying the festivities of Bellamy's (purveyor of the House of Commons)—heart-stricken and desolate, the dejected man wends his steps to Waterloo-bridge—his last penny, perhaps, going to the toll-keeper (but, then, it is the loneliest of the bridges.) Arrived at the second recess (I have never passed it since without a sickening sensation), he mounts the parapet—a leap—a splash!—and one of Oxford's most gifted and (at one period) wealthiest sons is all but a suicide!

Alas! for the rarity
Of Popish charity
Under the sun;
Oh! it was pitiful,
In that whole city full,
Home he had none.

But the friendless, hopeless outcast had a home. The God that overshadoweth the sparrows rescued the too-sensitive wanderer from a watery grave. Who cheered that heart in its last throbbings, for he died soon after of exhaustion? The Ribbonmen? No! The O'Connells? Ah, no! The Shells, Grattans, Butlers, Greens, Fagans, Clements, O'Briens, and Fitzsimons, and the many others who associated with him in

the heyday of his wealth and popularity? No! No!! The providers of his few wants—the smoothers of his lonely pillow were none of these men. They were Colonels Perceval and Connolly, and the prominent *Orangemen* in the House of Commons—the leading spirits of that institution which the dying man had consistently opposed through life. And in whose house did he receive their kindnesses? In Austin's of the "Peele Coffee-House,"—a man of the right stamp. But it will be asked—Can it be possible that not one of his old colleagues (then within two streets of his lodgings), came to see him? Yes: John O'Connell called on Mr. Austin, and told him he would be responsible for the funeral expenses!! *Even these* had to be recovered by process of law some months after. There was the gratitude of *enlightened* Ribbonmen. Be, thankful, Sir, you did not succeed in throwing Ireland into their hands.

Let the Protestants of Ireland be thankful you never realized a Republic amongst them. They know now what they would be receiving in case you had been successful—a Romish misaliberty; no, a flask of vitrol on the other.

Enough for the present. Notwithstanding all the unhappy associations connecting themselves with Ribbonism in our minds, we are desirous to forgive and forget. Our motto is to live in peace with all men.

We are truly sorry to find the firebrand of discord thrown in amongst us by Archbishops Hughes and Purcell, the Cardinal Cajetan, yourself, M'Gee, and the vile spawn of Popish editors throughout the States. Whilst anxious, however, to "let bygones be bygones," and to hold out the hand of brotherly love, we will not tolerate the encouragement of a conspiracy which has aimed at the destruction of our altars, our firesides, and our lives. We shall have no renewals of the heart-burnings of Ireland. Already matters assume a phase which bears a strong affinity to the old country.

There is in the "old country" an Archbishop John, of Saint Jarlath's, Tuam—blasphemously designated "The Lion of the Tribe o' Judah,"—the bitter enemy of Protestantism and the education of the people. We have here in the United States an Archbishop John, of New York—better known, perhaps, as Cross John—and now we have landed among us layman John, bleating and bellowing against Orangeism and Christianity itself, whose only instruments of education are vitrol and the pike. Glorious trio of Irishmen—Lion John, Dagger John, and Pike John. (By the way, there was another John, who turned you out of Conciliation Hall, and flung your parchments after you into the gutter.) These Johns are all of the same kidney with that foul English slave of Rome, King John, from whom the barons of England wrung the "Bill of Rights" on the field of Runnymede. We have had our Johns also, who, in the dark ages, protested with the burning eloquence of truth against Papal tyranny, Papal practices, and Papal Sovereign—our Calvins and our Knoxes.

We claim, however, a John anterior to them all. Some eighteen centuries ago, on a small island in the Eastern Archipelago, moved by the spirit of God, "the beloved disciple" wrote for all time, the *Omega* of Revelation; and in the *Hue and Cry* which he has bequeathed us, he has so minutely described the number, color, marks and locality of the monster you defend, that he would be a sorry Protestant, indeed, a miserable inefficient detective, who could not track the beast to the shores of Connaught, to the World's end, to Purgatory, and (even at the risk of a good singing) to St. Johnston's * itself.

But, after all, why reason with one who publically states he will not take the advice of any man, and those writings teem with inconsistency. In one column you state, that (notwithstanding the alleged severity of your late Governor Denison,) you were permitted to watch closely, for six years, the *political* organization of Ireland. In an adjoining column, in addressing a distinguished citizen of Dublin, you state you have come out of some whale's belly. Now, I have paid some attention lately to the science of clairvoyance and I cannot put my finger on a single instance wherein a man, imbedded in

the belly of a whale, or other animal, knew what was passing in the world without. Moreover I am sure Jonah himself, albeit the holiness of his mission, knew nothing of mankind till he shifted his locality. But of course, you have a right to know best. All I can say is this, that it's a great pity you didn't remain there. I think the whale didn't require a very strong emetic to rid itself of you. Guess the "vitrol" must have inconvenienced it belimes. Now, I should vastly like to see that whale. If our speculative friend at the Park corner would only secure this leviathan, and include it in his collection, I'll be bound he'd make more dollars by it than by the Woolly Horse, the Giraffes, Tom Thumb and the Bearded Lady—all put together. And if, by any possibility, you could previously be prevailed upon again to creep into its belly, the interest of the exhibition to the American public would be greatly enhanced, and the speculation become decidedly more successful.

But to be serious. The state of the public mind in America has now arrived at a point when trifling with a subject of this nature is criminal. You can now, by virtue of accidental and adventitious circumstances, exert a powerful influence for good or evil. The internal and external peace of the religious world is at present in jeopardy; and woe to him, Protestant or Catholic, Christian or Infidel, who takes the initiative in aggression. A very slight spark may enkindle a very large flame. Let me entreat you, Sir, not to throw in that spark. That much by way of entreaty.

Now, by way of warning. Cease your ravings about pikes, vitrol and so forth. They are taken for their worth. I never knew a man yet who was eternally blustering and bellowing, come manfully up to the scratch. Recollect you are in the land of Washington; a land where silent, steady action, not bullying and threats, effected a glorious Revolution. The American folk, his descendants, won't stand—won't put up with these pop-gun discharges of froth, fuss, and feathers. They only tend to exasperate and engender petty squabbles amongst immigrants, and do immense injury to Irishmen. It is shrewdly suspected, that in this matter, you are the dupe of Popery, and you will be treated as such, if once found out. The friends of order are prepared—prepared at present—their arms are ready, their powder dry; and when you, like another Falstaff; (bye the bye, he was a John too,) enter the field with your ragged regiment, only two conditions will be stipulated for:—1st, That you pledge yourself that your men, for the first time in their history, shall keep the points of their toes facing us for a moderate space of time. (Posterior views of ragged troops are not particularly agreeable.) 2ndly, That you will not use vitrol. Americans are not accustomed to that mode of warfare, and they have no means of resuscitating from their long slumbers in the Alps and valleys of Central Europe, (and if they had they would feel loth to do so,) the Waldenses, Piedmontese, and others, whose throats, ears and eyes were but too well accustomed to molten lead and burning vitrol, at the hands of the Romish Inquisitors. No! no! Sir. Give us the midnight pike in preference, though that was not the weapon which gained our freedom at Bunker's Hill and Princeton.

It seems almost certain the struggle will come. Then "If done, 'twere well done, if done quickly." Come on, then, Whiteboys, Rockites, Defenders, Rapparees, Molly Maguires, Peep-o'-Day Boys, Hearts of Steel, Hearts of Oak, (for they are here as well as in Ireland,) Corkonians, Jesuites, Deists, renegade Protestants, and thou arch-Infidel,—who dares insult a Christian people, by placing on the same level the Mediator, who offered up his life a sacrifice for you, then; and I, with the Pagan, who in his death struggle sacrificed a cock as the propitiator of the wrath of an unknown Deity; come one, come all, and may the God of battles aid the right.

ONE WHO RARELY DRAWS A BOW
AT A VENTURE.

* Common report says that this place is ten miles below hell.

HURRAH FOR THE GRAND TRUNK

THE Subscriber desires to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Prescott and its vicinity and the public generally in the adjacent Townships, that he has recently commenced business in the large stone building in Main Street a few doors from Leitch's Hotel, and on the corner of the street leading direct to the Ferry; where he will keep constantly on hand a General Assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries suitable for Town and Country consumption. His Stock is all new and Fresh, having been selected by himself, and purchased for Cash in the cheapest markets, which will enable him to sell as cheap, if not cheaper than any other House in Town.

The Subscriber would respectfully invite intending purchasers to call and examine his stock before crossing the Ferry, as he intends selling cheap for Cash.

WILLIAM LEVIS.

Prescott, Nov. 19, 1853.

CAPTAIN W. S. HUNTER

Would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Bytown and the surrounding country, that he has now for sale a large collection of paintings, consisting chiefly of Scenes on the Ottawa, all of which he is prepared to dispose on reasonable terms.

Flags, Banners, Signs, and every other description of Ornamental Painting executed on the shortest notice.

Residence, next door to the dwelling house of Mr. Thomas G. Burns Lower Bytown.

Bytown, Feb. 15, 1853.

CORD-WOOD.

WRITTEN tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received up to the 30th instant, for supplying the Protestant Hospital with Cord-Wood for one year, one half to be seasoned, the other half green, to consist of equal portions of birch, beech and maple, to be full four feet long between point and scarp, and the wood to be delivered during the month of February next.

RODERICK ROSS,
Secretary.

Bytown, January 2nd, 1854.

LOST.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, the 12th instant, between Bytown and Mr. Richard O'Connor's an Orange handkerchief with black flower border, containing a Dred of the half of Lot No. 5, in the 5th Concession of Gloucester, Rideau Street, together with other papers that can be of no use to any one but the owner. Any person finding said handkerchief with contents, and leaving the same at the office of the Ottawa Railway & Commercial Times, will be suitably rewarded.

ELIZA CLIFFORD.

Bytown, 13th Jan'y 1854.

TO BE LET.

THE SUBSCRIBER will receive written applications until the 18th day of September next, for the leasing of his land and premises in the Township of Nepean, being Lot No. 23 in the second concession of said Township. The land is in a high state of cultivation, preparations are now making to sow 15 Acres of Fall Wheat, and if required, a long term of years will be given and the person renting the premises can possession on the first day of November next.

Persons desirous of renting the above Farm can obtain all the information they may require by making application to the Subscriber on the premises. Applications by letter, or mail, must be Postpaid.

ROBERT STANLEY.

Nepean, July 15th, 1852.

FOR SALE.

A Steam Engine (50 Horse power,) Boilers &c.

THE Aylmer Mill and Steam Mill Company having determined to wind up their affairs, will on WEDNESDAY the FIRST of FEBRUARY next, sell by Public Auction in Aylmer, the following valuable property:—

1st—The ground on which their Mill stood before the Fire, comprising upwards of an acre of land in the Village of Aylmer, on the shore of the Ottawa River, together with the ruins (still standing) of the Grist Mill.

2nd—The Engine (50 Horse power) Boilers, and most of the machinery connected therewith, the whole in an excellent state of preservation.

3rd—About 400 feet of substantial Booms, Chains, &c.

In the hands of an enterprising individual the above materials, with little additional expense, would be amply sufficient to construct a first rate establishment, on one of the most desirable points of the Ottawa River.

Terms,—Cash, on delivery.
The Secretary will show intending purchasers over the property on application at his Office.

(By order,) R. A. YOUNG,
Secretary & Treasurer

Aylmer, January 10th, 1854.

The Bytown Gazette and Ottawa Railway & Commercial Times, to publish on it 1st Feb'y and send their accounts to the Sec'y and Treasr.

WATCH, CLOCK-MAKING AND ENGRAVING,

WILLIAM TRACY

(Rideau Street, opposite Bayne's Hotel.)

BEGS leave to acquaint his customers, and the public generally, that he has now on hand a large and varied assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELLERY consisting of Gold and Silver Watches, Guard Chains, Brooches, Rings, Plated Ware, &c. &c., which he is prepared to dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

Clocks, Watches and Jewellery repaired at the shortest notice, and all jobs warranted. Engraving done on Brass, Copper, Silver, &c.

Lodge seals neatly engraved at the shortest notice.

Bytown, March, 5th, 1853.

ANNUAL MEETING, PROTESTANT HOSPITAL.

THE Annual Meeting of the subscribers to the County of Carleton General Protestant Hospital, will be held in the Directors' Room, on Tuesday the seventh day of February next at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., to receive the Annual Report and to elect six Directors—Meeting open to the Public.

W. H. THOMPSON,
G. A. BAKER,
DAVISON KING,
JAMES PEACOCK,
J. MACKINSON,
RODERICK ROSS,
Trustees.

Bytown, January 2nd, 1854.

NEW STORE & NEW GOODS

THE Subscriber begs to inform his Old Friends and the Public generally, that he has opened a NEW STORE in Sussex Street, Lower Bytown, and that he has on hand an Extensive and Varied Assortment of FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS, selected at the best Houses in Montreal and New York.

Also,—An excellent assortment of Ladies Gentlemen's and children's

Boots and Shoes

from New York. Having purchased for Cash he has had every advantage in laying in his Stock at a cheap rate, and can therefore afford to sell as low as any Establishment in Bytown.

The Public are respectfully invited to call and examine the Goods.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF AMHERST COLLEGE, EDWARD HITCHCOCK, M. D., L. L. D., &c.

J. C. AYER. SIR: I have used your CHERY PECTORAL in my own case of desiccated bronchitis, and am satisfied, from its chemical constitution, that it is an admirable compound for the relief of laryngeal and bronchial difficulties. If my opinion as to its superior character, can be of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you think proper—EDWARD HITCHCOCK.

Amherst, Sept. 12, 1849.

Among the other distinguished authorities who have lent their names to recommend this preparation as the best known to them for affections of the lungs are:

PROF. SILLMAN, Yale College.
PROF. VALENTINE MOTT, New-York.
PROF. CLEVELAND, Bowden Med. College.
PROF. BUTTRFIELD, Ohio Med. College.
CANADIAN JOURNAL OF MED. SCIENCE.
BOSTON MED. & SURG. JOURNAL.
CHARLESTON, S. C. MEDICAL REVIEW.
NEW JERSEY MEDICAL REPORTER.
HON. HENRY CLAY, U. S. Senator.
HON. GEO. P. MARSH, Am. Ambassador to Turkey.

GEN. EMANUEL BULNES, President of Chili.
H. Rev. ED. POLMER, Lord Bishop of Toronto.
Rev. Doct. LANZING, Brookline New York.
ARCHBISHOP PURCELL, of Cincinnati, Ohio.
Also, many eminent personages in foreign countries.

Not only in the more dangerous and distressing diseases of the Lungs, but also as a family medicine for occasional use, it is the safest, pleasantest and best in the world.

PREPARED BY

J. C. AYER, Chemist,
Lowell, Massachusetts.

Sold by John Robert's Wholesale and retail.
Rueau Street, Lower Bytown.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF EDWARD CORNER, a native of Tan-driger, County of Arming, Ireland. It is twenty-seven years since he left that place, and has resided in the city of Kingston ever since; which place he left on the 12th July, 1852, and supposed to come to Toronto. He is a Quarryer by trade; and about five feet nine inches in height, black-haired, dark complexion, and about fifty years of age. Any person knowing or hearing of him will do an act of great kindness and humanity by sending the particulars of his whereabouts to his bereaved and heart broken wife, "JANE CORNER, Stewartsville, Kingston, Canada West. Toronto, August 23d, 1853.

Any of our exchange papers inserting the above gratis will do an act of charity.

CARD.

JACOB GRUSEN begs leave to inform the public, that he is prepared to smoke Hams, Beef, Fish, and Bacon, with the greatest care, and in the very best manner, at his Establishment next to Beauchamp's Hotel, Sussex street, Lower Bytown.

NOW'S THE TIME, FOR CHEAP

GROCERIES, LIQUORS

AND
CROCKERY &c

THE Subscriber offers for sale a general assortment of the above articles, and would call particular attention to his stock of TEAS, SUGARS, TOBACCOES, & LIQUORS all of the best quality.

The Subscriber is determined to carry out the principle of small profits, quick returns and ready sale.

Henry Burrows,
WELLINGTON STREET,
UPPER BYTOWN.

Bytown, Dec. 13th, 1853.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
Sixth Volume
OF
THE ORANGE LILY.

In presenting to the Patrons of the *Orange Lily* the Prospectus of the Sixth Volume, we have concluded to publish it in Quarto Form, beginning on the 1st of January; each number will contain sixteen pages. We have been induced to make this alteration in consequence with the repeated solicitations of many of our subscribers—and others desirous of becoming subscribers—who wish to have the *Lily* printed in such a form as would make it convenient for binding. As we have always manifested a desire to meet the wishes of our friends, when we can conveniently and consistently do so, we there more readily comply with their solicitations. To do this in the present case, we shall necessarily be put to considerable inconvenience and expense; and must, in consequence, throw ourselves upon the Brethren for a larger increase of support. To effect our purpose without inconveniencing them; and to put our Journal within the reach of all, we propose to those forming Clubs, to reduce the subscription to the following rates:—

Ten Copies to one Address, £1 7 6, or \$s. 9d. each.
Twenty Copies do., 7 10 0, or 7s. 6d. each.
Thirty Copies do., 9 7 6, or 9s. 3d. each.
Forty Copies do., 10 0 0, or 9s. 0d. each.

This plan, we feel assured, will induce many to subscribe who have not hitherto done so; but they must bear in mind that, unless the money accompanies the order, in no instance will any notice be taken of such order, or any paper forwarded to any such address. At the above extremely low rates, we cannot afford to lie out of our money for six or twelve months, much less send a person to collect. We have been put to too much expense and trouble in this way already, and we are determined to avoid it in future. Payment in advance is the best system for all parties concerned, and we shall adhere to it for the time to come.

The *Orange Lily* has now been five years in existence and may be said to be fairly established. When we first commenced its publication, the *Orange Institution*—of which it professes to be the organ—had no paper in Canada, or British America, devoted to its interests; nor was there any Journal in the Province to come forward and defend Orangeism against the attacks of its enemies, or refute the slanderous aspersions continually cast upon it by the Roman Catholic and Radical press of both Upper and Lower Canada. The *Orange Lily* made its appearance—it boldly occupied the vacant ground; and ever since has always battled fearlessly for the *Orange cause*. As an acknowledgement of our services, we received unanimous votes of thanks from two successive meetings of the Grand Lodge of British North America; that august body approving of our efforts in behalf of our noble Institution, and wishing us every success in our career.— Since our advent as an advocate of Orangeism, two or three Protestant journals have been established in different sections of the Province; not one of which, however, was exclusively devoted to the interests of the Order. To us alone the *Orange Institution* is indebted for the support it received at a period of its history in which it stood most in need of support. When it most required a defender against the attacks of its numerous enemies, we stood in the breach, and flinched not from the encounter; and we glory in the pleasing recollection that we did not do so in vain. We rejoice in the gratifying contemplation that Orangeism has progressed rapidly, and is now more numerous in membership than it has ever been in this country.

We hail our Protestant contemporaries with delight, as co-workers and auxiliaries in the field; and

wish them, in the name of God, every success.— We trust that none of them will grow weary in aiding us to "fight the good fight of faith." Never was there a time in the history of Canada which required a truly Protestant Press more than the present. Romanism is putting forth all her energies, and girding herself for the contest—determined, if possible, to destroy civil and religious liberty, and annihilate Protestantism in the land. Witness the attacks of her votaries on Protestant Churches in Quebec and Montreal. Witness the slaughter of Protestants by men under the influence of a Romish Priesthood; and the more startling fact that no Romanist can be convicted in our Courts of Justice; no matter how heinous his crime or how clearly proven may be his guilt, if a fellow Romanist happens to be on the jury he is sure to be acquitted.— Are such things to be tolerated and allowed to continue in a Protestant country? The Protestants of Canada must give the answer. They have in their power, if they only unite and advance to the conflict together, to reverse this deplorable state of things. Let the Protestants of Upper and Lower Canada unite with each other in the determination to cast minor political differences to the winds. Let them determine to maintain civil and religious liberty, the rights of free discussion, and the inviolability of Protestant Institutions; and no power which Priests or Jesuits can bring against them will be able to prevail. To Protestants in Canada, in British North America, therefore, we say, unite and triumph.

In addition to a strict and faithful detail of Protestant intelligence, we will give our readers in each number, a summary of European and Colonial news; together with the latest intelligence, on the arrival of Steamers from Europe.

For the benefit of those who may not be subscribers to any other paper, this Journal will contain a weekly list of Prices Current of Home and Colonial markets; and occasionally a column or two on Agriculture. On the whole, we shall endeavor to make the *Orange Lily*, not only a good Protestant paper, but also a paper that will be interesting to the general reader.

✂ We have taken the liberty of sending a copy of this Circular to numbers of our friends throughout the Province, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the United States, with the hope that they will exert themselves in the formation of Clubs, and we would respectfully request of all who do so, to transmit us the lists of names, together with remittance, according to the terms mentioned above any time before the 25th of December next, in order that we may be able to regulate the additional number of copies which we will require to strike off.

N. B.—Papers with whom we exchange are respectfully requested to copy the above—a similar favor will be complied with, by us, when asked.

ORANGE LILY OFFICE,
Bytown, C. W., Nov., 1853.

REMOVAL.
THE CORNER HARDWARE
is removed to J. Forgie's Old Stand, facing
McARTHUR'S (BRITISH) HOTEL,
and the Old Market Place, Sussex Street Lower
Bytown.

LOOK FOR THE
BIG AUGER.
McARTHUR & McDOUGAL.
Bytown, Nov. 1852. 41-46,

BLANK DEEDS
AND
MEMORIALS.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

CITY HOTEL,
GARDEN STREET, UPPER TOWN,
QUEBEC.

J. LINDSAY, 1 Garden St., Upper Town
Quebec, having refitted the above central and Commodious House, is now prepared to accommodate his friends and the travelling public in a very comfortable manner, and upon the most reasonable terms.

BREAKFAST is always ready on the arrival of the Montreal Steamboats, and DINNER is laid on the table at One o'clock daily.

HIS WINES & LIQUORS

are of the best quality and of the choicest brands, and every information and assistance will be given to travellers passing up or down from Quebec, respecting the journey, whether they be passing to the United States or any part of the Province.

PLACES OF INTEREST IN & ABOUT
QUEBEC.

FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.
NATURAL STEPS.
INDIAN VILLAGE AND LORETTE
FALLS.
PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, AND MONUMENT
TO THE MEMORY OF GEN.
WOLFE.
CITADEL. (*)
GOVERNOR'S GARDEN.
DURIAM TERRACE.
GRAND BATTERY.
FRENCH CATHEDRAL.
SEMINARY.
HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.
LAKE ST. CHARLES.
LAKE BEAUFORT.
FALLS OF ST. ANNE.

N. B.—The above mentioned Lakes are famed for Trout fishing, and are within two hours' drive of Town.

(*) Permits to visit the Citadel may be had on Application at the Town Major's office.

HATS! HATS! HATS!

THE subscriber begs to intimate to his friends and the public generally that the *Montreal and New York Spring Fashions* of best SATIN HATS have just been received and requests gentlemen to call and inspect the same at his establishment in Rideau Street.

JAMES PEACOCK.
Bytown, March, 1853.

FOR SALE,
THAT VALUABLE PROPERTY
in George Street, Lower Bytown, well
known as BURKE'S BREWERY.

For particulars apply to the Subscriber on the premises.

GEORGE R. BURKE.
Bytown, July 5th, 1853. (23.)

THE ORANGE LILY,

is printed and published at the Office in Rideau Street, Lower Bytown, every Saturday, by Dawson Kerr.

TERMS: 10s. if paid in advance; 12s. 6d. if not paid before the expiration of the first six months; and 15s. if left unpaid until the end of the year.

LAW RESPECTING NEWSPAPERS.—Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their Subscriptions.

If Subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the Publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

If Subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the Post Office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their Bills, and ordered their papers to be discontinued.

If Subscribers remove to other places, without informing the Publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.