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THE ORANGE LILY.

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BYTOWN, JANUARY 22, 1854.

NO. 3.

Poetry.

Lament for O'Flynn.

Sad and piercing is the wail of Erin;
Quick and hot fall the tears of sorrow—
Red are the eyes of her handmaidens,
And the stout shillelaha drop
From the nerveless hands of her fiery sons.
O'Flynn is gone! and very lonely
Are the Halls of Tipperary.
No more in the Council Hall
Shall sound his manly voice—
The firm defender of his caste is gone!
And with him sleeps in deep repose
The hopes and aspirations of the East.
Ward off the weight of wo who will,
The City feels the mighty loss—
And sackcloth clothes her hopes that
Were sacked by lawless, foul ambition!
Ungrateful sons of Erin, what?
Is your nationality for ever gone?
What boots it that he was a Paddy,
"To the manor born"—a native of the sod—
Or that for aught the stricken minstrel knows,
"His mother kept a shebeen shop
In the Town of Enniskillen."
What boots it that his Grandsire drest
With "Brian Boru," the nation's sword,
And against the invader o'er the shamrock sod
Strode on in Giant might—alas!
His light is quenched—past is his
Day of power—a brother of the sod
With weapon strong, bore down
Upon his luckless head, and
Freed him from the fated ill of earth
And all the anxious ills of office too.
Star of the East, veil thou thy face
Beneath a cloud of gloom—and
Ye Hibernians raise the death-note high—
Lament the timeless end—the woful fate
Of Tipperary's chosen son deplora.
Alas! alas! for thee, it 'tis a sin,
Deeply the minstrel wails the great O'Flynn!

CORMAC O'SLAUO, "H.A.

January 18th, 1854.

The Cougar, and an Adventure with one.

The only indigenous long-tailed cat in America north of the parallel of 30 degrees is the cougar. The wild cats, so called, are lynxes with short tails; and of these there are three distinct species. But there is only one true representative of the genus Felis, and that is the animal we have mentioned. It has received many trivial appellations. Among Anglo-American hunters, he is called the panther—in their patois, painter. The absence of stripes, such as those of the tiger—or spots, as upon the leopard—or rosettes, as upon the jaguar, have suggested the name of the naturalists, concolor. Discolor was formerly in use; but the other has been generally adopted. There are few wild animals so regular in their colour as the cougar; very little variety has been observed among different specimens. Some naturalists speak of spotted cougars—that is having spots that may be seen in a certain light. Upon young cubs, such markings do appear;

but they are no longer visible on the full grown animal. The cougar of mature age is of a tawny red colour, almost over the whole body, though somewhat paler about the face and the parts underneath. This colour is not exactly the tawny of the lion: it is more of a reddish hue—nearer to what is termed calf-colour.

The cougar is far from being a well-shaped creature: it appears disproportioned. Its back is long and hollow; and its tail does not taper so gracefully as in some other animals of the cat kind. Its legs are short and stout; and although far from clumsy in appearance, it does not possess the graceful *fournure* of body so characteristic of some of its congeners. Though considered the representative of the lion in the New World, his resemblance to the royal beast is but slight; his colour alone entitles him to such an honour. For the rest, he is much more akin to the tigers, jaguars, and true panthers. Cougars are rarely more than six feet in length including the tail, which is usually about a third of that measurement. The range of the animal is very extensive. He is known from Paraguay to the great Lakes of North America. In no part of either continent is he to be seen every day, because he is for the most part not only nocturnal in his activity, but one of those fierce creatures that, fortunately, do not exist in large numbers. Like others of the genus, he is solitary in his habits, and at the approach of civilization betakes himself to the remoter parts of the forest. Hence the cougar, although found in all of the United States, is a rare animal everywhere, and seen only at long intervals in the mountain valleys or in other difficult places of the forest. The appearance of a cougar is sufficient to throw any neighbourhood into an excitement similar to that which would be produced among us by the chase of a mad dog.

He is a splendid tree climber. He can mount a tree with the agility of a cat; and although so large an animal, he climbs by means of his claws—not only by hugging, after the manner of the bears and opossums. While climbing a tree, his claws can be heard crackling along the bark as he mounts upward. He sometimes lies "squatted" along a horizontal branch—a lower one—for the purpose of springing upon a deer, or such other animals as he wishes to prey upon. The ledge of a cliff is also a favorite haunt, and such are known among the hunters as panther-ledges. He selects such a position in the neighbourhood of some watering place, or, if possible, one of the salt or soda springs (licks) so numerous in America. Here he is more certain that his victim will not be a protracted one. His prey—elk, deer, antelope, or buffalo—soon appears beneath, unconscious of the dangerous enemy that covers over them. When fairly within reach, the cougar springs, and pounce-down upon the shoulders of his victim, buries its claws in its flesh. The terrified animal starts forward, leaps from side to side, dashes into the papaw thickets, or breaks the dense cane-brake, in hopes of shaking off its relentless rider. All in vain! Closely clasping its neck, the cougar clings on, tearing its victim in the throat, and drinking its blood throughout the wild gallop. Faint and feeble, the ruminant at length totters and falls, and the fierce dea-

trouer squats himself along the body, and finishes his red repast. If the cougar can overcome several animals at a time, he will kill them all, although but the twentieth part may be required to satiate his hunger. Unlike the lion in this, even in repletion he will kill. With him destruction of life seems to be an instinct.

There is a small animal, and apparently a very helpless one, with which the cougar occasionally quarrels, but often with all success—this is the Canada porcupine. Whether the cougar ever succeeds in killing one of these creatures is not known, but that he attacks them is beyond question, and his own death is often the result. The quills of the Canada porcupine are slightly barbed at their extremities; and when stuck into the flesh of a living animal, this arrangement causes them to penetrate mechanically deeper and deeper as the animal moves. That the porcupine can itself discharge them to some distance, is not true, but it is true that it can cause them to be easily detached; and this it does when rashly seized by any of the predatory animals. The result is, that these remarkable spines become fast in the tongue, jaws, and lips of the cougar, or any other creature which may make an attack upon a seeming unprotected little animal. The fisher (*Mustela Canadensis*) is said to be the only animal that can kill the porcupine with impunity. It fights the latter by first throwing it upon its back, and then springing upon its upturned belly, where the spines are almost entirely wanting.

The cougar is called a cowardly animal; some naturalists even assert that it will not venture to attack man. This is, to say the least, a singular declaration, after the numerous well attested instances in which men have been attacked and even killed by cougars. There are many such in the history of early settlement in America. To say that cougars are cowardly now when found in the United States—to say they are shy of man, and will not attack him, may be true enough. Strange, if the experience of two hundred years' hunting, and by such hunters too, did not bring them to that. I might safely affirm, that if the lions of Africa were placed in the same circumstances, a very similar shyness and dread of the upright biped would soon exhibit itself. What all these creatures—bears, cougars, lynxes, wolves, and even alligators—are now, is no criterion of their past. Authentic history proves that their courage, at least so far as regards man, has changed altogether since they first heard the sharp detonation of the deadly rifle. Even contemporaneous history demonstrates this. In many parts of South America, both jaguar and cougar attack man and numerous are the deadly encounters there. In Peru, on the eastern declivity of the Andes, large settlements and villages have been abandoned solely on account of the perilous proximity of those fierce animals.

In the United States the cougar is hunted by dog and gun. He will run from the hounds, because he knows they are backed by the unerring rifle of the hunter; but should one of the yelping pack approach too near, a single blow of the cougar's paw is sufficient to stretch him out. When closely pushed, the cougar takes to a dog, and

halting in one of its forks, he lumps his back, unites his hair, bows downward with gleaming eyes, and utters a sound somewhat like the purring of a cat, though far louder. The crack of the hunter's rifle usually puts an end to these demonstrations, and the cougar drops to the ground either dead or wounded. It only the latter, a desperate fight ensues, between him and the dog, with several of whom he usually leaves a mark that distinguishes them from the rest of their lives.

The scream of the cougar is a common phrase. It is not very certain that the creature is addicted to screaming although noises of this kind heard in the nocturnal forest have been attributed to him. Hunters, however, have certainly never heard him, and they believe that the scream talked about proceeds from one of the numerous species of owls that inhabit the deep forests of America. At short intervals, the cougar does make himself heard in a note when somewhat resembles a deep-drawn sigh, or as if one were to utter with an extremely guttural expression the syllables: 'Co-oo,' or even 'Cougar.' Is it from this that he derives his trivial name?

Some years ago, while residing in Louisiana, I was told a squatter's story, which I have reason to believe to be true in every particular. I had it from the squatter himself, and that is my reason for endorsing its truth, as I knew the narrator, and creature though he was, to be a man of undoubted veracity. As an incident of hunter-life, the story may possess some interest for the general reader; but to the naturalist it will be equally interesting, as illustrating a curious trait in the character of the cougar, as well as other preying animals, when under the influence of fear—the fear of some common danger. These lose at all times their ferocity, and will not molest even those animals upon which they are accustomed to prey. I have observed this forbearance often times myself, but the story of the squatter will fully illustrate it. I shall give it in the language that fell from his own lips as nearly as I can remember it:—

'Wal, stranger, we hev floods lyin' in Loozy-anny, sich as I guess, you've never seed the like o' in England. England ain't big enough to hev sich floods. One o' em ud kiver yur whole country, I hev heern said. I won't say that ar's true, as I ain't acquainted with yur jography. I know howsomdever, the're mighty big freshets lyin', as I sated a shift more'n a hundred mile across one o' em, whar that war'n't nothin' to be seen but cypress tops peepin' out o' the water. The floods, as ye know, come every year, but them ar big ones only once in a while. Wal, about ten years ago, I located in the Red River bottom, about fifty mile or ther about below Nacatoosh, whar I built me a shanty. I hed left my wife an' two young critters in Mississippi state, intendin' to go back to 'em in the spring, so, ye see, I war all alone by meself, exceptin' my ole mare, a Collins's axe an' o' coorie my rifle.

'I hed finished the shanty, all but the chickin' on the buildin' o' a chimney, when what shed come on but one o' em terribl' floods. It war a big one, when it began to make its appearance. I war asleep on the floor o' the shanty, an' the next mornin' I hed o' it war the feel o' the water sinkin' through my ole blanket. I had been a-deamin' an' thort it war rainin', and then agin I thort that I war bein' drowned in the Mississippi; but I wan't many seconds awoke, till I got seed what it war in reality, so I jumped to my feet like a started buck, an' groped my way to the door. A sight that war when I got thar, I hed cleared a piece o' ground around the shanty—a kuppel o' acres or better—I hed left the shanty a good three feet high; thar wan't a sump to be seen. My clarin', stumps an' all, was under water; an' I could see it shinin' through the trees all round the shanty. Of course my first thoughts war about my wife; an' I

turned buck into the shanty, an' laid my claws upon that quick enough. I next went in search o' my ole mar. She wan't hard to find; for if ever a critter made a noise, she did. She war tied to a tree close by the shanty, an' the way she war a squatin' war a caution to cats. I found her up to the belly in water, pitchin' an' flounderin' all round the tree. She had nothin' on but the rope that she war hitched by. Both saddle an' bridle hed been washed away; so I made the rope into a sort o' halter, an' mounted her barebacked. Jest then I began to think whar I war a-goin'. The hul country appeared under water, an' the nearest neighbor I hed lived across the parairy ten miles off. I knew that his shanty sot on high ground, but how war I to get thar? It war night, I mout lose my way, and ride chuck into the river. When I thort o' this, I concluded it mout be better to stay at my own shanty till mornin'. I could hitch the mar inside to keep her from boin' floated away, an' for meself, I could climb on the roof. Howsomdever, while I war thinkin' on this, I noticed that the water war a-deepenin', an' it jest kum into my head, that it ud soon be deep enough to drown my ole mare. For meself I war'n't frightened. I mout a clomb a tree, an' stayed-thar till the flood fell; but I shed a lost the mar, an' that critter war too vallyable to think o' sich a sacryfize; so I made up my mind to chance crossin' the parairy. Thar war'n't no time to be wasted—ne'era minnit; so I gin the mar a kick or two in the ribs, an' started.

'I found the path out to the edge of the parairy easy enough. I hed blazed it when I fust come to the place; an' as the night war not a very dark one, I could see the blazes as I passed between the trees. My mar knew the track as well as meself, an' swalttered through at a sharp rate, for she knew too thar wan't no time to be wasted. In five minutes we kim out on the edge o' the parairy, an' jest as I expected the hul thing war kivered with water; an' lookin' like a big pond. I could see it shinin' clur across to the other side o' the openin'. As luck ud hev it, I could jest git a glimpse o' the trees on the fur side o' the parairy. Thar war a big clump o' cypress, that I could see plain enough; so I knew this war close to my neighbor's shanty; so I gin my critter the switch, an' struck right for it. As I left the timber, the mar war up to her hips. Of course, I expected a good grist o' heavy wadin', but I hed no idee that the water war a-gwine to git much higher; thar's whar I made my mistake. I hedn't got more'n a kuppel o' miles out, when I diskivered that the thung war a-risin' rapidly, for I seed the mar war a-gettin' deeper an' deeper. Twan't no use turnin' back now. I ud lose the mar to a dead certainty, if I didn't make the high ground; so I spoke to the critter to do her best, an' kep on. The poor best dedn't need any whippin'—she knew as well as I did meself thar war danger, an' she war a doin' her darndest, an' no mistake. Still the water riz, an' kep a-risin', until it come clur up to her shoulders. I begun to get skeart in earnest. We war'n't more a half across, an' I seed if it riz much more we ud hev to swim for it. I war'n't far astray about that. The minit arter it seemed to deepen suddin', as if thar war a hollow in the parairy. I heerd the mar give a loud goun, an' then go down, till I war up to the waist. She riz agin the next minit, but I could tell from the smooth ridin' that she war off the bottom. She war swimmin'; an' no mistake.

'At fust I thort o' headin' her back to the shanty; an' I drew her round with that intent; but turn her, which way I would, I found she could no longer touch bottom, I guess; stranger I war in a quandairy about then. I gin to think that both my own an' my mar's time war come in airmest, for I hed no idee that the critter could iver swim to the other side, specially with me on her back, an' particularly as at that time these hyer ribs had a sight more griskin' upon 'em than they hev now. I wan't much under two hundred at the time, an' thar ar no light weight I reckon. Wall I war about reckonin' up, I hed got to thinkin' o' Mary an' the childer, and the old shanty in the Mississippi, an' a hepp o' things that I had left unsettled, an' that now come into my head to trouble me. The mar war still plungin' ahead; but I seed

she war sinkin' deeper an' deeper, an' fust loosin' her strength, an' I know she couldn't hold out much longer. I thort at this time that if I got off o' her back, an' tuk hold o' the tail she mout manage a kittle better. So I slipped backwards over her hips, an' grumped the long hair. It did do some good, for she swum higher; but we got mighty slow through the water, an' I hau but little hopes we should reach land.

'I war towed in this way about a quarter o' a mile, when I spied somethin' floatin' on the water a little ahead. It hed growed considerably darker; but thar war still light enough to show me that the thung war a log. An' indee now I entered my brain-pan, that I mout save meself by takin' to the log. The mar ud then have a better chance for herself; an' maybe when cascled o' draggin' my carcass, thar war a-keepin' her back, she mout make footin' somehow. So I waited till she got a little closer; an' then, lettin' go o' her tail, I clasped the log, an' crawled on to it. The mar swum on apparently 'thout miskin' me. I seed her disappear through the darkness; but I didn't as much as say good-by to her, for I war afraid that my voice might bring her back agin, an' she mought strike the log with her hoofs, an' whammel it about. So I lay quiet, an' let her hev her own way.

'I wan't long on the log till I seed it war a-drifin', for thar war a current in the water that set to blo sharp across the parairy. I had crawled up at one end, an' got stridelegs; but as the log dipped considerable, I war still over the hams in the water. I thort I mout be more comfortable towards the middle, an' war about to pull the thung more under me, when all at once I seed thar war somethin' clumped up on t'other end o' the log. Twan't very clur at the time, for it had been a-growin' cloudier ever since I left the shanty, but twar clur enough to show me that the thung war a varmint; y hat sort, I couldn't tell. It mout be a bar, an' it mout not; but I had my suspects it war cyther a bar or a painter. I wan't left long in doubt about the thing's gender. The log kep making circles as it drifted, an' when the varmint kim round into a different light, I caught a glimpse of its eyes. I knew them eyes to be no bar's eyes; they war painter's eyes, an' no mistake. I reckon, stranger, I felt very queery jest about then. I didn't try to go any nearer the middle o' the log; but instead o' that, I wriggled back until I war right plum on the end of it, an' could git no further. Thar I sot for a good long spell 'thout movin' hand or foot. I darn't make a motion, as I war afraid it mout tempt the varmint to attack me. I hed no wecpun but my knife; I had let go o' my rifle when I slid from my mar's back, an' it had gone to the bottom long since. I wan't in any condition to stand a tussle with the painter now; so I war determined to let him alone as long's he ud me.

'Wal, we drifted on for a good hour, I guess, 'thout cyther o' us stirrin'. We sot face to face; an' now an' then the current ud set the log in a sort o' up an' down motion, an' then the painter an' I kept bowin' to each other like a pair o' bob-sawyers. I could see all the while that the varmint's eyes war fixed upon mine, an' I never tuk mine from his'n; I know'd twar the only way to keep him still.

'I war jest prospectin' what ud be the endin' o' the business, when I seed wo war a-gettin' closer to the timber; twan't more than two miles off, but twar all under water 'ceptin' the tops o' the trees. I war thinkin' that when the log shed float in among the branches, I mout slip off, an' git my claws upon a tree, 'thout sayin' to my travellin' companion. Jest at that minit somethin' appeared dead ahead o' the log—It war like a island, but what could hev brought a island thar? Then I recollects that I hed seed a piece o' high ground about that part o' the prairy—a sort o' mound that hed been made by Injuns, I s'pose. This, then, that looked like a island, war the top o' that mound, sure enough. The log war a-drifin' in sich away that I seed it mout pass within twenty yards o' the mound. I determined then, as soon as we shed git alongside, to put out for it, an' leave the painter to continue his voyage 'thout me.

'When I fust sighted the island I seed somethin' that I hed tuk for bushes. But thar wan't no bushes on the mound—that I know'd: How-

somdever, when we got a leetle closther, I discovered that the bushes war beests. They war deer; for I spied a pair o' buck's horns atween me an' the sky. But thar war a somethin' bigger than a deer. It mout be a horse, or it mout be an opelous or ox, but I thort it war a horse. I war right about that, for a horse it war, sure enough, or myther I shed say, a mar, an' that mar no other than my ole critter! Arter partin' company, she hed turned with the current; an' us good-luck ud have it, hed swum in bec line for the island, an' thar she stood lookin as sick us if she hed been greased. The log hed by this got nigh enough, as I kalkulated; an', with as little rumpus as possible, I slipped over the cend an' let go my hold o' it. I wan't right spread in the water, afore I heard a plump, an' lookin' round a bit, I seed the painter hed left the log, an' tuk the water tool. At fust, I thort he war arter me; and I drewed my knife with one hand, while I swum with the other. But the painter didn't mean fight that time. He made but poor swimmin' himself, an' appeared glad enough to get upon dry groun' 'thout molesting me; so we swam on side by side, an' not a word passed atween us. I didn't want to make a race o' it; so I let him pass me, rayther than that he should fall behind, an' get among my legs. Of course, he landed fust; an' I could hear by the stompin' o' hoofs, that his sidentt appearance hed kicked up a jolly stampede among the critters on the island. I could see both deer an' mar dancing a' round the groun', as if Old Nick himself had got over 'em. None o' 'em, horse-somdever, mout o' takin to the water. They hed all hed enough, o' that, I guess. I kep a leetle round, so as not to land near the painter; an' then touchin bottom, I climbed up on the mound. I had hardly drewed my drippin' carcass out o' the water, when I hearn a loud squeal, which I knew to be the whiger o' my old mar; and jest at that minnit the critter him runnin' up, an' rubbed her nose agin my shoulder. I tuk the halter in my hand, an' sidin' round a leetle, I jumped upon her back, for I still war in fear o' the painter, an' the mar's buck appeared to me the safest place about, an' that wan't very safe I reckon.

I now looked all round to see what new company I hed got into. The day war jest breakin', an' I could distinguish a leetle better every minnit. The top o' the mound which war above water wan't over half an acre in size, an' it war as clear o' timber as any other part o' the parairy, so I could see every inch o' it, an' everythin' on it as big as a tumble-bug. I reckon, stranger, that you'll hardly believe me when I tell you the concatenation o' varmints that war then an' thar caucused together. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I seed sick a gatherin', an' I thort I hed got aboard o' Noah's Ark. Thar war—listen, stranger—fust my ole mar an' mesel, an' I wished both o' us anywhar else, I reckon—then thar war the painter, your old acquaintance—then thar war four deer, a buck an' three does. Then kim a catamount: an' arter him a black bar, a most as big as a buffalo.—Then thar war a 'coon an' 'possum, an' a kuppel o' gray wolves, an' a swamp rabbit, an' daru the thing! a stinkin' skunk. Perhaps the last want the maist dangerous varmint on the groun' but it sartintly war the most disagreeable o' the hul lot, for it smelt as nothin', but a cussed polecat can smell.

I'vo said, stranger, that I war mightly tuk by surprise when I first seed this curious clajmjam-frey o' critters; but I kin tell you I war still more dumbfounded when I seed thar behavevur to one another, knowin' thar different natures as I did. Thar war the painter lyin' clost up to the deer—its nat'ral prey; an' thar war the wolves too; an' thar war the catamount standin' within three feet o' the 'possum an' the swamp rabbit; an' thar war the bar and the cunnin' old coon; an' thar they all war, no more mindin' one another than if they hed spent all thar days together in the same penn. 'Twar the oddest sight I ever seed; an' it remembered me o' a bit o' Scrip'ter my ole mother hed ofen read from a book called the Bible, or some sich name—about a lion that war so tame he used to squat down beside a lamb, 'thout layin' a claw upon the innocent critter. Wal, stranger, as I'm sayin', the hul party behaved in this very way. They 'll appeared down in the mouth, an' badly skear't

about the water; but for all that, I hed my fears that the painter or the bar—I wan't afeard o' the other—mout git over thar, fright afore the flood fell; an' therefore I kep as quiet as any one o' them during the hul time I war in thar company, an' stayin' all the time clost by the mar. But neyther bar nor painter showed any savage sign the hul o' the next day, nor the night that followed it.

'Stronger it ud tire, you war I to tell you all the movements that tuk place among these critters durin' that long day an' night. Ne'er a one o' 'em laid tooth or claw on the other. I war hungry enough mesel, and ud a liked to have taken a steak from the buttocks o' one o' the deer, but I darn't do it. I war afeard to break the peace, which mout a led to a general shindy. When day broke, next morning, arter I seed that the flood war a-fallin'; and as soon as it war shallow enough I led my mar quietly into the water, and climbin' upon her back, tuk a silent leave o' my companions. The water still tuk my mar up to my flanks, so I knew none o' the varmint could follow 'thout swimmin', an' ne'er a one seemed inclined to try a swim, I struck direct for my neighbor's shanty, which I could see about three miles off, an' in an hour or so, I war at his door. Thar I didn't stay long, but borrowin' an extra gun which he happened to hev, an' takin' him along with his own rifle, I waded my mar back to the island.

'We found the game not exactly as I had left it. The fall o' the flood had given the painter, the cat, an' the wolves courage. The swamp rabbit an' the possum war clean gone—all but bits o' thar wool—an' one o' the does war better than half devoured. My neighbor tuk one side, an' I the other, an' ridin' close up, we surrounded the island. I plugged the painter at the fust shot, an' he did the same for the bar. We next laid out the wolves, an' arter that cooney, an' then we took our time about the deer—these last an' the bar bein' the only valley ble things on the island. The skunk we kilt last, as we didn't want the thing to stink us off the place while we war a-shinin' the deer. Arter killin' the skunk, we mounted and left of course load'd with our bar-meat an' venison. I got my rifle arter all. When the flood went down I found it near the middle of the parairy, half buried in the sludge.

'I saw I hed built my shanty in the wrong place, but I soon looked out a better location, an' put up another. I hed all ready in the spring, when I went back to Mississippi, an' brought out Mary and the two young uns.'

Thus ended the squatter's story.

Billy Buffam's Story.

'Well, gentlemen,' said Billy, 'I'll tell you why Major Pete wouldn't fight that ar' dool, so don't say a word until I'm finished. You remember the little 'Lady Jane' what busted last fall?—Well, it was on that steamer's roof where I seed the most charming female that ever lived, except Eve. When I tell you she sailed round like a mad peacock, you can imagine how she made me feel as if a caterpillar was 'er crawlin' up my trowsers leg. And he-makes how I'm a daru handsome feller, I begun to jump and dance around her like a young buffalo.

'Well, arter I detracted her attention, and cut up a good many shimes, I'll be darned if she didn't wink! Yes s'ree, gentlemen—wink! Wan't that ex-cru-ciatin'? And sich eyes—blue as the sky—and a pretty mouth chock full o' pearls. O, jinnemine! I like to have had an Egyptian fit! However, I didn't; so I begun to edge up nigh to her, to ask where she located.

'When I got pretty cluss, I riz my hat slick as an' Injin, and were jest

goin' to heat, when I'll be god darn'd if I knowed what to say! Then I begun to feel hot, and tremble—the gal seen me, and so I tremblin' too; and between us both a tremblin', the little boat shook like a young hurricane.

'Pretty soon I begun to come to my senses, when I felt dreadful skared, for I didn't know but the dear critter might be somebody's wife; consequently, I thought I'd back out. So I leapt a backin', and a backin'—howin' perlite all the time, you know—until not lookin' behind, I backed square overboard—true as thunder! Well, gentlemen, mind this is the truth, the water was very uneven—I couldn't stand up!'

'Ha, ha!' laughed Tom Oliphant Esq., as Billy started to leave; 'but you didn't tell me why Major Pete wouldn't fight that ar' dool.'

'O, yes,' sed Bill, 'I forgot all about that. Well, let's see:—I expect the reason was, he were afraid that if he got shot and fell, he might bump his head!'

A MISTE.—Lord Braco, an ancestor of the Earl of Fife, was remarkable for practisin' that celebrated rule "Get all you can, an' keep all you get."—One day walking down the avenue from his house, he saw a farthing lying at his feet, which he took up and carefully cleaned. A beggar, passing at the same time, entreated His Lordship would give him the farthing, saying, it was not worth a nobleman's attention. "I'm a farthing to yourself, pur body," replied His Lordship, and carefully put the coin into his breeches pocket. In addition to being his own furthing fin'er, His Lordship was his own factor and rent-collector. A tenant, who called upon him to pay his rent, happened to be deficient a farthing. This amount could not be excused, and the farmer had to seek the farthing.—When the business was adjusted, the countryman said to His Lordship, "Now, Braco, I would gie ye a shillin' for a sight o' a' the goud an' siller ye hae." "Weel, mon," replied Braco, "it's no cost ye any mar;" and, accordingly, for and in consideration of the aforesaid sum, in hand list well and truly paid, His Lordship exhibited several iron boxes filed with gold and silver coin. "Now," says the farmer, "I'm as rich as yourself, Braco." "Aye, mon?" said His Lordship, "how can that be?" "Because I've seen it—an' you can do no mar."—*Le Follett, Journal du Grand No. de.*

In the course of an engagement a soldier of the enemy took hold of the bridle of the horse on which Louis VI., King of France, was mounted, crying out—"The King is taken?" "No, Sir," replied Louis, lifting up his battle-axe, with which he clave his head in two.—"No, Sir, a King is never taken, not even at chess."

"The Corner" London.

Few people are so serious in their amusements and so easy in their business transactions as the English. A Frenchman buys or sells stock or merchandise in gross, with the air of being engaged in a deadly duel; while Capel, who concludes an affair of a thousand pounds with apparent indifference and perfect good humor, is only to be found truly grave and unhappy at a ball or concert.

Even the Germans, the most industrious and penetrating of foreign travellers, who dive into cellars, study life in temperance coffee houses, coal-heavers' taps, and other resorts still less known but not less worthy studying by the common race of travellers generally, miss an exchange or mart, which combines to a large class of Englishmen all the charms of gambling on the Bourse, of lounging on the Boulevards of Paris, the casinos and gardens of Hanaburg and Baden-Baden—at once a place of business and of speculation to the extent of hundreds of thousands; while to an unlimited number who neither buy nor bet it is a regular promenade and lounge at least twice a week.

This place, hitherto overlooked by book-making visitors from abroad, is Tattersall's—the Garraway's of horses, and the Stock Exchange of racing men; where the supporters of two leading national institutions, for hunting and horse-racing, most do congregate.

Piccadilly has been widened and beautified, the Green Park drained, levelled, and cleared of encroaching houses and gardens. St. George's Hospital has risen to keep the monuments of our victories in commemoration, and the mean suburb of Kimbushbridge and the dingy houses of Grosvenor Place are rapidly giving way to palaces as gorgeous as stone and stucco, with much money and little taste, can make them. But one cluster of desultory buildings, stretching their vast length many a road between Belgravia and Constitution Hill, remains unchanged. Take an omnibus from any part of London that will pass Hyde Park Corner. If it be Saturday, Sunday, or Monday in the season, at any hour between one and four p. m., a collection of the red-waistcoated equestrian gentry, who are to be found at the corner of every fashionable street in the London season, will direct your attention to the narrow and sombre avenue which otherwise it would be as easy to pass as any news entrance, and which is technically designated "The Corner." Suppose that it is Monday, the day of the sale of the stud of young Lord Crashington (going abroad), consisting of some forty horses, when everything perfect, from the pony hack to the dozen of thoroughbred hunters, beside two or three worn-out creakers, are to be offered to competition. There is also a celebrated race-horse, sold in consequence of a dispute; a lot of well-bred yearlings; whose owner, having prepared his mind by twenty years of jockeying on the turf, the House of Commons, and the fashionable world, is about to take the military command of a province rather larger than France; and the usual lots of animals for all uses, fit for park, field, or state carriage, brougham, tandem, fly, to breed from; or feed hounds. The sporting aristocracy are so oppressively hampered for time during the rest of the week, that Sunday is the only day they can find to buy horses and to make bets. Their Sabbath desecration we fully recommend to those advocates of Sabbath observance whose attention has been hitherto confined to tea-drinkings and country excursions of pent-up artizans and their stifled families. The

aristocracy may have its Sunday Tattersall's unquestioned; but the labour-ocracy must not have its Sunday Crystal Palace on any terms whatever.

Tattersall's yard—a square ill-paved court, adorned in its centre by a painted cupola, crowned with a painted bust of George the Fourth, over a painted box—is crowded on Sunday with gentle and simple. There is Lord Bullfinch determined to buy Brookjumper, and so is Ginger the horse-dealer, who will run him very hard; Tomkins in search of a pony for his little boy; the Earl of Flower-de-Luce, with his eye on a pair of greys for the Countess's chariot; Mr. Bullion, ready to secure Mr. Welter's cob, although it cost him a check in three large figures; and Nobler, the gaming-house keeper, who is on the look out for a good-looking bit of blood, that he may make useful either to win or lose. There they are, crowded together—the learned and unlearned, high-born and low-born, the capitalist and the adventurer, the new sledged man of fashion, and the broken down gentleman—beside a host of fillers, examining each horse as he is brought out, with an affectation of acuteness that is truly national. Although there are horse-buyers of all grades, the well-dressed are the majority. The slang style of attire has gone out. The green coat and top boots in which Thurtell and other murderers swaggered on the race-course and the betting-race is out of fashion; and, if seen, generally covers some decent north country farmer. Black is the favorite wear. The next-looking quietly dressed man in patent leather boots and closely-cropped whiskers, whom your country cousin takes for a peer, is a horse-dealer. The bearded gentleman, rufed and chained, magnificent in waistcoats and solid jewelry, is an ex-quaker capitalist, and anti-in-arm with the son of a Chapman dissenter; while sporting publicans and keepers of betting-houses affect a sort of dress and demeanor which, five-and-twenty years ago, would have been considered the mark of what in that day was known as "A Methodist."

On Monday, the auctioneer might, as he passes through the crowd to the forum, be taken for a barrister or a physician, or even for a clergyman. "The Pride of Leicestershire" is brought out; a big horse with a scanty mane, and no magnificence of tail, with several marks of scars and bangs on all legs. The Count de Volage, who is intent in carrying back something to out-ritual his friends in the Champs Elysees, is astonished to hear an amount of such unimpeachable appearance introduced to the audience in a very few words, and in a very few minutes, with very little fuss, knocked down for upwards of five thousand francs. The sale goes on; no noise, no fuss, no wrangling; the auctioneer an artocrat, before whom all must give way. To horses of priceless value, succed others within the reach of all pockets—some good, some good for nothing. Volage secures a grey pony, with a flowing mane and tail, that steps along in a perpetual prance, at a tenth part of the price of the *grande bête de chasse de reynard*, and makes an oration to surround him and groom him, which they don't understand and much despise.

Seven or eight thousand pounds' worth of horseflesh is disposed of with as much sober seriousness, and not more unseemly excitement than if it had been a sale of old China or Autographs. There are no disputes; the rule prevents them; the fashion of the place is to be respectable. The English admiration for and imitation of lords comes out in the universal mutation; when lords in top-boots attended fights, drank deep at taverns,

and boxed in the streets, their humble followers did the like. Now black coats and eyeglasses curiously fixed, are considered the correct thing. How can any cad venture to begin a stormy dispute when he goes into Tattersall's gloomy office to pay his money, when, perhaps, a cabinet minister is warning his back at the fire? If any excesses of language are ever permitted, it is in the very ancient tavern that stands within the premises opposite the gates of the sale yard;—a tavern, the like of which for thorough unchangeability of character, is not to be met with even in the neighborhood of Temple Bar. One-storied, with latticed small-paned windows; an ancient bench on each side the narrow portal to accommodate the foot-sore groom or helper out of place, when not occupied by washing tubs or cooking pots. No gin-palatial style has been permitted to deface either the interior or exterior of this primitive tavern; where perhaps the possessor of Highflyer and founder of Hyde Park Corner, formerly smoked the pipe of peace. The counter—grainless of brass, and dark with the beer of three generations—bears the hieroglyphic carvings of feather weights, who have since grown into state coachmen of state dimensions. All is dark, dusky, cobwebby, except the beer, which enjoys the excellence incident to a quick draught, and critical customers. There is an ordinary, laid out in a supplemental apartment adorned with sporting prints, on sale days, but into the refectory I have not ventured to penetrate.

Truly the English love of ancient ways is to be seen in perfection at "the Corner." Had the same amount of business been transacted in any other capital, what an architectural pile, what fountains, what statues, what trezors would have adorned it! What numerous government regulations would have impeded its business. How many infantry, cavalry, and artillery would have guarded it; and, above all, what an elegant *café* would have replaced the dingy alehouse; and what a magnificent lady in silk and lace would have presided over piles of fifty sugar and carafes of liquors ranged on each side her throne!

To return to the peculiar aspect of Tattersall's, which is, in this eminently pious country (where cries of horror meet the proposition for opening gardens and museums on Sundays), both curious and discreditable. On some week days, when sales are not about to take place, solitude reigns in this wilderness of stables, and on others dainty ladies of the highest rank pass in review, without fear of soiling their kid boots, park hats and platon ponies. But on certain special Sundays the yard and avenues are crammed with a multitude on anything but pious thoughts intent. On the day before the Derby or St. Leger races a long line of vehicles and led horses crowd Grosvenor Place. A long line of anxious peers and blebians, butchers; brokers, betting-list keepers and all their parasites, and all their victims; usurers; guardsmen and prize-fighters; costermongers and sporting parsons; Manchester manufacturers, Yorkshire farmers, sham captains, elevated gentlemen, heedless boys, and gray-haired, but not venerable grandfathers, fill the narrow descent, crowd the yards and stables, and especially congregate around a plain-brick barn-like building, which might, in any other situation, pass for a Latter Day Saints' Chapel.

This is the great temple of Mercury or Plutus, the *bourse* of betting men—the exchange where millions change hands in the course of the year. On great days a Cerberus of triple-headed acuteness, assist-

ed by a couple of policemen, guards the entrance, and rebuffs the uninitiated. The presence of policemen gives an official sanction to this profane Sabbath desecration, which renders it complete. At one side, divided off by iron gates, is the ring, where, at times, high-bred horses are exercised, and where, not, under the shade of the trees, on a green lawn, the aristocracy of the betting world sit and balance their books.

To be admitted within the subscription-room, and the green ring—which is its appurtenance, two qualifications only are necessary—to bet and to pay. Politics, religion, manners, calling are questions of no moment. The victor and the proudest meet on equal terms. Equality and fraternity can only exist in and be created by a spirit of gambling. The man on your right was boots to an inn; the man on your left is a peer; the man opposite to you keeps a gambling house; the man behind you talking to an M. P. has been tried, convicted, and sent to Newgate for fraud. Every crime and every grade has here its representative; but they all pay honorably. The greater the scamp the sicker the bet. It is young sprigs of fashion and credit who make the worst books and most lamentable failures. Bill Jones has nothing to hope if he makes a mistake, while the Honourable Tom Flashley has hopes of his father or his aunt. Lord Centivro, who claims Norman descent, and is heir to forty thousand a year, makes up his book with these ruffians; he associates with them in the ring; he accepts their congratulations when his horse wins. Out of the ring he will not speak, he will not look at them, he will not allow them on any occasion to sit down in his presence; but he takes their money when he can get it.

The church bells are ringing, the public houses are closed, the betting men are shutting up their little books, and prepare for the park drive and Richmond dinners. The Leviathan of the ring, an ex-carpenter, whose word is good for fifty thousand pounds, takes his last ostrich-like stride round the flock, who look on him with envious admiration, and snubs a viscount, who wants less than the current odds against a favorite. A miserable shrunken man, who inherited an estate of ten thousand a year, finds a butcher's stake preferred to his own. Languid offers to bet meet with equally languid answers. The field is exhausted, the ring is cleared, and Sunday at the Corner closes.

This is a Sunday in London foreigners do not see, and to which the loudest denouncers of Sabbath desecration among the humbler brethren have been, hitherto, equally blind.

From the Ottawa Citizen.

Grand Masonic Ball in Bytown.

In all parts of the civilized world, Free-Mason's Balls are entertainments of a superior class, for the reason, that wherever Lodges are established, the leading members of society belong to them, and take a warm interest and active part in all that tends to their advancement. The Dalhousie Lodge No. 24 of this Ancient and Noble Order gave one of those entertainments at the British Hotel last night, which, whether as regards the exquisite appropriateness of the decorations of the Ball-room—the beauty of one portion of the Company—the gentlemanly bearing of the other—the taste displayed in the dress of both—the sweet music—good

cheer, and good humour that prevailed throughout and delighted all,—most certainly supported the high character to which we have alluded, and was not only a credit to the Lodge of this vicinity, but would also be not unworthy of other places of more distinguished note.

The preparations were upon a large scale, and intended to make the time pass in as pleasant a manner as it is in the power of artistic skill to do. The decorations of the Ball room were really the most exquisite achievements of the kind that have yet been accomplished in Bytown. There was nothing of the gaudy, tawdry, unmeaning style of embellishment, so frequently to be seen in those rooms where ordinary assemblies take place. Everything on the walls meant something, understood by those initiated, and yet was so arranged as to appear at the same time unostentatious and beautiful. The walls, in fact, were pictures of the lovely and noble virtues which lie at the foundation of the Order.

These arrangements were made under the supervision of Messrs. R. Robinson, C. J. Ford and Captain Selater, who, judging from the complete success that attended their labours, must, in our opinion, have managed matters of this kind before now.

The proceedings were opened by the Worshipful Master calling the brethren to order, who formed a semicircle from orchestra, and after a few preliminary remarks, introduced Mr. J. B. Monk, who addressed those present as follows:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN;—

The antiquaries of our Order trace its existence no farther back than the days of Adam, and I have no doubt they are right, so far as they go,—for the simple reason, that Masonry is one of those great facts that always existed. Although we may not suppose that in the days of Adam Masonic Lodges were very numerous, or well attended,—yet Masonry existed; Steam and Electricity existed, tho' there were no Steamboats nor Telegraphic wires. With respect to this particular Lodge, of which I have the honour to be an humble member, we do not pretend to a foundation anterior to the days of Noah; and although there are no authentic records of the Ark having been sailed up the Ottawa, yet I think it highly probable that it may have touched at the Barrack-Hill before the course of the river became accurately defined, and then and there may have been planted the Banner of Masonry,—and hence the origin of our Lodge.—And, indeed, the names of some of the ancient and respected members of the Lodge indicate such an origin: for instance, Br. Hannutt Hill,—clearly in allusion to the landing of *Ham*, the son of Noah upon the hill, and Br. Nohill, whose family name must have been acquired from some circumstance which occurred on board before the waters had sufficiently receded to render the prominent features of the long looked-for land visible.

Music is said to be the language of all Nations—Masonry in its organization is conforming upon the principle of a Grammar of all Languages—intelligible to all: And some of the Offices follow the very form of a Grammar: For instance,—we have our Present Master, Past Master, Perfect Master, Future Master, and so on. The different grades like the comparison of adjectives, having many degrees. In Masonry there are some ninety degrees,—the lowest of which ranks, I believe, with a General in the Army.

The system of Masonry, as far as morals can judge is perfect: but it has a fault—if it lacks anything it is

"The fault that lies
In Woman's eyes"

—And since the question of Woman's Rights has been so seriously agitated, the question has also much troubled the Masons. The old Bachelor has been led by the hand, and giving weight to a most fallacious and Adamic prejudice, urges that the Ladies are not of the secret, but those I speak of are who have already entered within the holy pale of Masonry, and know they would keep it—keep it as long, to be sure. But, beyond all this I have the assurance of informing you that this difficulty is this night about to be removed for ever,—for I have authority to disclose the secret of Masonry. The Professor of the Matter in the Superlative Degree of the Supreme Lodge of Timbuctoo has, in an imperative mood, issued the following authorizing this disclosure. And I hope the Ladies will be gratified to hear that the Secret of Masonry is *Love*—and Love, men know, rules the world. The ambitious man loves power—the aspiring man loves fame—the Irish man loves whiskey—the Scotch, they say, are partial to oat's, and the English to pudding,—be this as it may, Masons Love worthy objects, and worthy objects alone—the Masons love one another,—they love charity, truth, science, and the Ladies, more especially when they are pretty.

In conclusion, allow me to remark that were I to speak more freely I might say much (however indifferently) of the beauty, glory, and grandeur of our time-honored Institution—of its great antiquity and remarkable preservation of its motives, never other than the good of man—the of the conscientious names in Sacred and Profane History connected with it—of the Kings, Emperors, Princes, Scholars, Heroes, Statesmen, and Divines, who have existed and flourished under our banners,—but in this speaking we should be speaking of ourselves in the reflected light, and a sense of decorum suggests silence here on these points, however much we may love and reverence our Ancient Order; and besides, we have more important business before us than the manufacture of bad speeches. I will, therefore, conclude by seconding the noble sentiments of our Worthy and Worshipful Master, and bid you, on behalf of myself and brethren, a cordial welcome to this assembly; and be assured, that if you are this night, and hereafter, as happy, or half as happy, as the Masons wish you to be, you will know no care. Ladies and Gentlemen, we now welcome you with the usual Masonic reception:

After their accustomed "welcome," dancing immediately commenced, and was kept up until one o'clock, when the Company retired to the supper-room, where they were delighted with still better things. The tables were loaded with the choicest delicacies that could be procured, amongst which the delicious Confections from Mr. A. Scott's establishment occupied a high degree of favour. We have not space to describe all the good things that were both seen and eaten at this part of the entertainment.

After supper dancing was resumed, and kept up with spirit until an early hour, when the company dispersed, highly gratified, to their respective homes.

Too much cannot be said in praise of this assembly. Much credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. McArthur for the superior style of everything that meets the eye in their well known Hotel, which, capacious and excellent as it was before, has now, with its recent addition, exceeded its former self.

We must apologize to our readers for the late appearance of the *Lily*; it is owing in fact to the utter impossibility just now of procuring sufficient Compositors to do our work; we have taken steps to procure additional hands, and trust that in the course of a fortnight we shall be able to publish our journal regularly.

The New York papers, which bring intelligence of the arrival of John Mitchell, with his wife and six children, in that city, contain a long report of his reception at San Francisco, which he had visited on his way from Australia. The speech of the Irish patriot is not calculated to inspire the people of the old country with much regret at having lost his services. The style in which he alluded to the Irish Exhibition of Industry, and other evidences of amelioration in his native land, shows a degree of malignant feeling quite compatible with Irish rebellion, but at which every sensible Irish patriot must revolt. Making all due allowance for what he calls the "five weary years of living death, immured in dungeons by land and sea, or eating the bitter bread of penal exile in the depths of the forests of a convict colony," there is something alike undignified and unmanly in the way in which he speaks of the people of Ireland, including Mr. Dargan and the other promoters of the Exhibition, as having been "once more deluded by British falsehood to make an idiotic pretence of loyalty before their she-tyrant." Language like that is not calculated to serve any good cause, nor is it such as any true-hearted man would use under such circumstances as those in which John Mitchell has placed himself. Every body knows that he and his comrades played for a great stake; every person with a grain of common sense knows also that the game was a desperate one, in which only fools or madmen could have risked their lives. Since he and Mr. O'Brien failed, why not submit to his fate like a hero, and if he must indulge in cursing any one but himself and the self-exaggeration which led him to fancy that such a harebrained enterprise could ever succeed, let him pour out his maledictions on the heads of those of his compatriots by whom he was betrayed. But I suppose we must lay our account with his pouring out the pent-up wrath which has been accumulating in his "volcanic bosom" during the last five years, and which might have flowed forth in a harmless tide had he obtained admission to the columns of some congenial organ at the antipodes. A few months' residence among his old friends at New York will, no doubt, help to make him speak of his native land and of the powerful influence at work for its regeneration,

in a somewhat more sober tone of feeling. Meantime he will delight the ears of the Young Ireland party in the United States with his violent attacks upon the English government, and his mysterious warnings and melodramatic brandishing of the bloody dagger and the incendiary torch in the face of the British ambassador at Washington. He will tell the men of New York, as he has told those of California, that all is not over with Ireland yet. "High hearts and strong arms are bred there still, and the cup of slavery is still a bitter draught as of old, and the sting of universal contempt is maddening, and time and shame wait on all men, and steel cuts, and fire still burns, and heaven is above us all." This is sad drivelling stuff for a middle-aged man to indulge in, after having seen so much of the world and life as John Mitchell has done since the battle of Ballinacorney. I see that in speaking of America, he says that it becomes a stranger to study her institutions reverently and deliberately before expressing his opinions of them.—I hope his reverence for the peculiar "domestic institutions of the south" will not lead him to join the majority of his countrymen in the States in their unprincipled alliance with the slave party.—*English Paper.*

Miscellaneous.

TWO IN HEAVEN.—The following touching paragraph is from Fanny Fern's *Portfolio*, "You have two children?" said I. "I have four," was the reply; "two on earth, two in heaven." There spoke the mother! Still hers, only, 'gone before!' Still remembered, loved, and cherished, by the hearth and at the board;—their places not yet filled; even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed. 'Two in heaven! Safely housed from storm and tempest. No sickness there, no drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pastures, tended by the good Shepherd, lingers the little lambs of the heavenly fold. 'Two in heaven! Earth less attractive. Eternity nearer. Invisible cords drawing the maternal soul upwards. 'Still small voices' ever whispering. Come! to the world-weary spirit. 'Two in heaven!' Mother of angels! Walk softly!—holy eyes watch thy footsteps!—cherub forms bend to listen; Keep thy spirit free from earth's taint; so shalt thou go to them, though they may not return to thee!"

We met a gentleman in a bookstore the other evening searching for the author of the multiplication table. It was invented by Pythagoras, the Grecian philosopher, 528 years before Christ, and is thus 2381 years old. It has done service in the world in the study of mathematics.

LOT'S WIFE.—The story of this celebrated and unfortunate lady has received a new version. In Putnam's Monthly we find a notice of M. De Sauley's "Journey about the Dead Sea and in Bible Land's" in which the ingenious Frenchman gives us, with other curious matters, his theory of the "Pillar of Salt."

"The mountain of Sodom," he says, "is a compact mass of crystal salt, varying in height, but nowhere exceeding a hundred metres. The whole side of this hill presents numerous fissures, worn by the torrents of winter, with considerable slides. At many points there rise enormous columns of salt.—Is it possible to explain how the death of Lot's wife occurred? I think so.—At least this is the way that I should explain it:—At the very moment when the volcanic agitation of this enormous mountain took place, there must have been slides over the whole of the convulsed mass. Lot's wife having delayed, either from curiosity or terror, was crushed by one of these rocks, as it was rolling from the top to the bottom of the mountain, and when Lot and his children came to look for her, they found in the place where the unhappy woman had stopped, nothing but the mass of salt which had overwhelmed her body."

A Parisian artist recently met a very pretty girl, whom he induced to officiate as a model for him in his artistical studies. One day, while the lady was to be engaged, the painter in her presence opened his secretaire and deposited therein a sum of 15,000 francs, and then, without locking it, proceeded with his painting. Scarcely, however, had he commenced, when the girl uttered a piercing cry, and writhed as if suffering from the most violent spasms. The painter was in a terrible embarrassment as to what course he should pursue. He had no anti-spasmodic at hand, and he could not call any one to his assistance, as the lady was in a state of nudity. As a last resource, he threw the sofa-cushions and other light things on her, and ran off to a pharmacist's in search of some other. On his way back he was rather surprised at seeing a female very much resembling his friend turning the corner of the street, but, conceiving he must be mistaken, he hastened on, when he found that the lady and his 15,000 francs had disappeared. She was afterwards apprehended.

A TIME PROOF BEAUTY.—Mrs. Flowerdale had been a pretty girl, and was a pretty woman still, when, after a long absence, Capt. Sparkler, of the Guards called upon her. "What an age since we met?" she exclaimed, as he entered. "Twelve years," replied the gallant soldier, "by the almanac, but only yesterday by your looks!" The lady was more convinced than ever that none but the brave deserved the fair.

KENNY DODD ON THE RUSSIAN QUESTION.—To all appearance, we are not far from a war; but where it's to be, and with whom, is hard to say. There's no doubt but fighting is a costly amusement; and, I believe, no country pays so heavy for her fun in that shape as England; but, nevertheless, there is nothing would so much tend to revive her drooping and declining influence on the Continent as a little brush at sea. She is, I take it, as good as certain to be victorious; and the very fervour of the enthusiasm success would evoke in England would go far to disabuse the foreigner of his notion that we are only eager about printing calicoes and sharpening Sheffield ware. Believe me, it is vital to us to eradicate this fallacy; and until the world sees a British fleet reeling up the Downs with some half-dozen dismasted line-of-battle ships in their wake, they'll not be convinced of what you and I know well, that we are just the same people that fought the Nile and Trafalgar. Those industrial exhibitions, I think, brought out a great deal of trashy sentimentality about universal brotherhood, peace, and the rest of it. I suppose the Crystal Palace was a kind of allegory to show that they who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones; but our ships, Tom, our ships, as the song says, are "hearts of oak!"—*The Dord Family Abroad.*

THE IRISH EMIGRATION.—The attempt of the Irish to run their country by running away from it, is becoming every day more and more demonstrated, the tide of emigration flowing on with feistless force, and its current setting in principally towards America. Alarming as the state of the last census of Ireland appeared to be, we shrewdly suspect the condition of the next one will tell a more lamentable tale. The population of that large portion of Great Britain is month after month perceptibly thinned, a fact in itself bad enough; but when it is recollected that this draft of people goes to swell the numbered (not yet numbered) inhabitants of another empire, the case becomes infinitely worse. The reader is unusually astounded when he is frequently told that the population of such or such a place in the United States has doubled itself in the incredibly brief space of ten years; and he begins to think what a procreative set of people the children of Jonathan must be; but he forgets all the while that immigration, and not procreation, is the grand contributor to this extraordinary exuberance. The extent of this immigration, and the consequences arising, and that may arise, out of it, can only be adequately adjudged by a residence in the immediate scene of action.—*Alfred Bunn's Old England and New England.*

Mrs. Nicely bought a warming pan the other day. When she came home, she found Bridget, the servant girl, cooking griddle cakes in it.—This is the same young lady who was sent to the dry goods store for a bed comforter, and returned with one of the clerks.

Mr. Dion Bourcicault, lecturing at New York upon woman, says a wife "dresses her temper with care, but leaves a pin sticking out, on which of course, the husband scratches himself, and then the row begins. Where and how it ends, an intelligent audience need not be told."

"The sacrament hath no grace included in it; but to those that receive it well, it is turned to grace. After that manner the water in baptism hath grace promised, and by that grace the Holy Spirit is given: not that grace is included in water, but that grace cometh by water." *Bishop Ridley. 1547.*

"The true way of judging whether the Spirit of God be in us, is to consider our own deeds. Righteousness and holiness are the only certain marks of Regeneration."

Underdraining:

The one word most needed to be understood by American farmers is *Underdraining*. It carries off all stagnant water. It arrests the ascent of water from beneath. It allows the water to percolate or strain through the soil instead of running over it.—It carries the nutritive elements of rain water into the soil for the use of plants. It causes fresh air to circulate through the soil. It makes the soil sweeter, looser, more friable, more easily worked, more productive.—It hastens the maturity of crops. It is equal to a change of one or two degrees of climate. The removal of stagnant water removes the cold. It enables the farmer to seed two or three weeks earlier in the spring. It is equal to a denning of the soil all over the field. It enables the farmer to use manure to much greater advantage. On wet soils, bones, wood ashes, and other artificial manures are almost thrown away. Even lime cements but one half of its fertilizing virtues where water is allowed to stagnate on the soil. Many of the failures of experimenters to derive benefit from the use of artificial fertilizers may be attributed to the presence of water in the soil. It makes the soil of a field like the soil of a garden. Thus gives it a highly absorbent power to attract moisture from the atmosphere, a most valuable property. Fitting the soil to receive the air freely is one important assistance to the introduction of nutritious matter. The more extensively the air finds access, the more fully it is able to act as a more delicate sieve, the more thoroughly, the more profitable is nature employed to work for man. The act of ploughing and harrowing and stirring the earth in the time of drought, is an act of manuring. In the driest weather the earth is loaded with moisture. This moisture is carried by the air in among the roots of plants if the soil be kept open to admit it.—Then the roots of plants in the soil are better supplied with nourishment, it being nearer to them on all sides within reach, than it can be where the soil is less fine, as in common tillage.

Tull said—"To demonstrate that dews moisten the land when fine, dig a hole in the dry, hard ground, in the driest weather, as deep as the plough ought to go, beat the earth fine, and fill the hole therewith; and after a few nights' dew, you will find this earth become moist at the bottom, while the hard ground around will be dry. Till a field in lands; make one field very fine with frequent deep ploughing; and let another be rough from insufficient tillage. After-

nately, then plough the whole field crosswise in the driest weather which has continued long; and you will perceive, from the colour of the earth, that very fine lands will be turned up moist, but very rough land will be as dry as powder from top to bottom. In the driest weather good hoeing procures moisture to roots; though the ignorant and curious fancy it lets in drought, and are, therefore, afraid to hoe their plants at such times."

In one of his arguments to his brother farmers to deepen their soil by every practicable means, to let air into the roots of the crops, and to give every facility possible to the growth of the roots of plants, he expressly assures them that thereby plants derive benefits which exclusively belong to the vegetable world.

Of the subsoil plough, Prof. Johnston says, "it is an instrument unequalled at present, I believe, for giving a real practicable money value to stiff clayey subsoil." Yet even he, strong advocate as he is for deep ploughing and the use of the subsoil plough, admits that oftentimes it is of but little use unless preceded by draining.

"But though it open up," says he, "the soil for a time to a greater depth, the subsoil plough will, in most cases, afford no permanent cure, for the deficiencies of the subsoil, if unaided by drainage."

When a soil, especially a retentive one, is underdrained, the water as it percolates through it, leaves innumerable small pores—it becomes like a sponge—a reticulated mass of fine tubes. Not only does underdraining remove all excess of water, and supply it when deficient, but it equalizes the temperature of the soil. Besides the beneficial mechanical effect on the soil, underdraining has great chemical action. The removal of stagnant water and the free admission of air in its stead accelerate the disintegration of minerals, as well as the decomposition of organic matter in the soil, rendering them both available as food for plants. The whole of the increase in crops obtained from draining must be considered *clear profit*. We believe one-third increase to be a low estimate; and as this one-third of the farm is clear profit, it will pay a high interest on \$20 invested in underdraining. Any farm which, from its location is worth from \$20 to \$100 per acre, if it needs draining, cannot fail to pay a hundred-one rate of interest for money judiciously laid out in underdraining.

Requisites of a Good Farm.

A committee to award premiums on farms, state that in viewing the farms entered for premium, they endeavored to keep in view as standard requisites of good farming, the following points:

1. A good soil, well-filled, and kept free of various weeds both on the field and in the roads.
2. Land well-fenced, and suitable in number to the size of the farm.
3. Substantial and convenient barns and stables, of sufficient dimensions to contain the produce of the farm, and to comfortably house the cattle kept on it.
4. A judiciously arranged dwelling, in neat condition, with a well and filtering cistern.
5. Convenient buildings to facilitate the economical management of the farm, among which may be enumerated a cow-house, a wagon and tool-house, a work-shop, a granary and corn-house, a convenient pigstery, an ice-house, ash and smoke-house, all secured against decay by being well raised from the ground and neatly painted or white-washed.
6. Convenient yards attached to the barns and stables, so as to prevent waste of the liquid manure, well sheltered from the blasts of winter, and provided with water for the cattle.
7. Door-yards laid with grass, and rose and flower beds, and shaded by ornamental trees, indicating to the passer-by, the dwelling of taste, health and comfort.
8. A kitchen garden highly cultivated, and containing every species of vegetables that can be raised in our climate, with strawberries and asparagus beds.
9. A fruit garden or orchard where choice apples, cherries and plums are carefully cultivated, and where can be found neat rows of raspberry, gooseberry, blackberry and currant bushes.



The Orange Lily.

BYTOWN, JANUARY 21, 1854.

County Meetings.

As our Orange readers are aware, the Regular Annual County Meetings of the Orange Association, throughout British North America, will be held on the first Monday in February next. It is highly imperative, on the part of the Brethren, that the County Meetings should be well attended. Every Lodge in the country should be adequately represented; as, on the various County Masters to be elected, will mainly depend the settlement of the difficulties at present unhappily existing among the Grand Officers. We trust, in the discharge of their important duties to Orangeism, and to themselves, that the brethren will throw aside, as far as possible, their predilections for individuals, and pursue that course which reason will dictate, as that which will most conduce to the welfare and prosperity of the Orange Association. We have already had division enough amongst us, as a consequence of the ambitious plots of aspiring and unworthy members of our Society; and we believe that the time has now come for the Orangemen of the country, as a body, to take the matter in hand, and put down effectually and for ever those incorrigible disturbers of our internal harmony who would sacrifice the interests of our cause to their own iniquitous ambition. Let the Orangemen, as one man, determine to put an end to all division among themselves, and restore the unity of their Society, and the thing can be easily done—let the great talkers be put down, and the great actors—the men who have done and suffered for the good cause come forward and use their influence for the benefit of Orangeism.

From the Report of the proceedings of the Semi-Annual Meeting of the Grand Lodge, held on the 19th of last October in the city of Montreal, we learn that a Committee was appointed, with power to add to their numbers, for the purpose of inviting the County Masters in British North America, to constitute themselves as a special Committee to consider on the best means of healing the differences that so unhappily exist in the Institution, and to recommend to the Grand Lodge, at its next meeting, the

names of Brethren, in their opinion, most eligible to fill the various Grand Offices."

We have not learned, as yet, that anything has been done by the above named Committee; but from the names of those who compose it, we have every confidence in them, and we feel certain that they will perform efficiently the important duties assigned to them.

In all probability, therefore, the settling of the differences alluded to above, will devolve on the various County Masters who will be elected at the approaching Annual County Meetings. The Brethren, therefore, should weigh the matter maturely and well, and be careful in their selection of Brethren to occupy the important position of those upon whose prudence, ability and foresight, interests so momentous will depend.

Our readers will remember that shortly after the meeting of the Grand Lodge, last June, we suggested an appeal to the County Masters, in British North America, as the most prudent course, for the settlement of the difficulties which originated at that meeting. It was the only course, we believe, which suggested itself; and we hope the idea will be fully carried out—and that peace and union among Orangemen may be the result.

Public Men.

We have frequently been asked how our public men in Bytown stand with respect to the manner in which they have discharged their duties to the people.

We do not know what answer to give to the inquisitive citizens of Bytown. We cannot tell whether our municipal representatives have been honest in the discharge of their civic duties, or not. Unpleasant and depreciating rumors have been circulated respecting the management of the affairs of this town; and it rests with the late Town Council, in self defence, to set the electors right, and clear themselves of any suspicions which may be attached to them. Perchance they do not know how much the revenue of the town is, or how that revenue has been expended. They know that from various sources, such as taxes, licences, Fines, &c. &c. &c., a large sum must accumulate to the credit of Bytown during a year; and what they want further to know, is, how much, precisely and exactly, the amount of yearly revenue is, and how every halfpenny, (not cent,) of that revenue is expended. The public are kept in the dark in reference to this very important matter; and a natural suspicion arises that all is not right. Now the true and only way of setting this matter at rest, is, for the Corporation to publish a minute and detailed account of the sums received and expended by that body, as the servants of the people, during the past year. Nothing short of this will satisfy the spirit of inquiry which has been aroused. The people of Bytown will no longer be satisfied to have their business managed in the dark, and

their money expended, just as their representatives please, and no account rendered.

In the name of the Electors of Bytown, we now call upon the late Mayor and Town Council to render up to their constituencies an account of their stewardship. We wish them to do this for their own sake, for the satisfaction of the tax-payers of the town, and for the purpose of showing a good example to the new Town Council who have recently assumed the reins of office.

We trust that a published statement of the matters and things in question will be forthcoming in due time: nothing less will satisfy the people, or allay the suspicions, which, right or wrong, are entertained of the conduct of some of our public men.

Lecture.

RODERICK ROSS, Esq., delivered a Lecture on Thursday Evening, in the Orange Hall, on the duties of young men to themselves and to society. Although it was advertised that the Lecturer would be open to all, there were few present who were not members of the Orange Order. We regretted this at the time, as the Lecture was an excellent one, and might have been profitably attended by all the young men in town.

The Lecturer endeavoured to impress upon the young men present the importance of the position which they occupied, and what was expected of them in their day and generation.

Alluding to the advantages which the young men of the present day possessed over those of past times, he showed what constituted the character of a good citizen and a useful member of society; and exhorted his hearers to pursue such a line of conduct as would make them worthy of taking up with honor the trust which would so soon be relinquished by their fathers. He instanced the cases of many of the most illustrious men of the past and present century who had risen to positions of eminence and trust from humble spheres of life, as examples worthy of imitation, and calculated to give encouragement to those who are aiming at high things, and struggling for honestly attained popularity.

The interesting remarks of the speaker were concluded by a well deserved and able tribute of admiration to our common country, as the land of true greatness and liberty—the only empire under the sun where freedom in its most comprehensive sense is fully enjoyed.

At the close of the Address, a vote of thanks was given to Mr. Ross for the able and interesting Lecture he had delivered. The Chair was occupied by Br. Thomas Langrell, District Master, who also received a vote of thanks for the satisfactory manner in which he had presided.

The delivering of monthly Lectures we consider a pleasing and profitable feature in the operations of the Orange Association; and we trust that the example set by Brother Ross will be followed up by others during the winter.

Table Moving.

We understand that Table moving is carried on to an extraordinary extent, in this town, at present. Knocking has also commenced; and in spite of its being well known to be an irrational humbug, it has, in some cases, led to disagreeable and dangerous results. Table moving is all well enough; but the idea of a table being capable, by knocks, of answering questions, should be scouted from the land as a perilous delusion calculated to disturb the peace of families and create strife among neighbors. We have heard of a madman in Lower town, who interrogated a table as to the chastity of his wife, and having received an unfavourable answer, he charged his partner with unfaithfulness, and gave her a severe beating. When such deplorable occurrences take place, it is high time that the efforts of sensible men were directed against the humbug. From the above instance of the results of spirit knocking, the reader can form some idea of the frightful extent to which the evil may be carried. Viewing the humbug in this dangerous light we consider it the duty of the Pulpit and the Press, and of all men of common sense in the community, to endeavour to discourage and put it down.

A Black Wolf—a very rare animal in this country—of enormous size, was killed by an Indian who rejoices in the military soubriquet of Captain Pete, on Friday last, near the head of Black Lake, on the Nation River. The Indian had killed, on the evening previous, a large buck; and on passing the spot next morning, he saw the wolf devouring the remains of the offal of the deer. He shot him with a bullet, and on taking his dimensions found that he was 32 inches high at the shoulder, and four feet six inches long from the nose to the tip of the tail.

We have done some service to the world by killing a number of wolves in our day; the largest of which, a fine old full grown grey fellow measured no more than 28 inches high at the shoulder.

Wolves are growing a great deal more rare than they were some years ago: notwithstanding this fact, a friend of ours who was out deer stalking, in the early part of the present winter, in a certain part of the country with which the reader is probably not acquainted, informed us that he saw six wolves in full chase of a deer. With a brace of ten-inch barrelled pistols, a good double gun and a tomahawk, what sportsman would not take the place of the deer?

At present, the snow, in the woods, is not more than six inches deep. Thus far the season has been unusually favorable to lumbering operations, although a little more snow would now do much good, particularly in rough and hilly places.

Masonic Ball.

In another part of to-days paper will be found an account of the Grand Masonic Ball which was lately held at the British Hotel. We believe our contemporary, the *Citizen*, does not go too far in describing the magnificence of the affair: we learn from those who were present that everything was regulated by a scale of splendor surpassing anything of the kind hitherto witnessed in Bytown. Without any desire to appear unusually witty, we should say that the Free Masons of Bytown have given a most acceptable entertainment. They are a set of regular bricks, who have built for themselves a reputation for spirit and liberality which, we trust, may endure as a precedent for all future festive operations of the craft.

County Council.

The County Council for the County of Carleton met on Monday the 23rd instans, for the first time, and proceeded to the election of a Warden for the current year. The candidates were Messrs. W. F. Powell, the late Warden, and W. R. R. Lyon, Reeve of Richmond.

Mr. Powell was elected by a large majority, three only of the Councillors having voted against him.

After the election of Warden the Council, on motion, was adjourned till Tuesday morning at ten o'clock.

We may state that Mr. Powell was not present being confined to bed by severe indisposition; and under the circumstances his triumphant election may be taken as a striking indication of his popularity in the Council.

The *True Freeman's Journal* is the name of a new journal published in New York, the first number of which we have received. It is a thorough going Protestant paper, and is the organ, we believe, of the American Protestant Association, which Society, we are glad to learn, is rapidly growing more numerous and influential in the United States.

Our new contemporary is opposed in every particular to the old *Freeman's Journal*, which has long been understood to be the organ of Bishop John Hughes of New York.

We wish the *True Freeman's Journal*, and the Association whose cause it so ably advocates, the most complete success.

JOHN MITCHELL has commenced the publication of a new paper, called the *Citizen*, in New York. The leading article of this transatlantic offshoot of the *United Irishman*, is somewhat milder in spirit, but nevertheless quite worthy of that defiant vitriolic print.

Mitchell is still a red republican and avows his determination to wage a war of extermination against Kings. From the novelty of the thing, or some other cause, the *Citizen* has received an unbounded patronage; 45,000 copies of the first number were ordered before it was issued.

We are requested to state that the Annual County Meeting of the Orange Association of the County of Carleton, will be held at Bell's Corner, Nepean, on the first Monday in February next.

The *Catholic Citizen* is the title of a newspaper recently established at Toronto. It is a large and well printed sheet; but as it is an advocate of Romish doctrines and interests, we cannot wish it success.

What's in the Wind?

Something extraordinary; for the new line of Telegraph from Prescott to Bytown appears to be knocked into *smill-creens*: The poles are lying prostrate and the wire is in tangled heaps here and there along the road. So far as we can learn a battle between the Bytown and Prescott Railroad Company and the Grand Trunk Telegraph Company has taken place, and the consequence is the new Telegraph line has been smashed up.

To the Editor of the Orange Lily.

MIRIAM BARRAN.—These is mortal strange times sharely: its mity dangerous for a fellow to be med a Town-Candy ate; for who knows but the very next thing they'll be after makin' him Mare. Faith, recent occurrences has med me begin to think that its purty hard to find a man willin to accept of that same office. Mister Frail is mare any how. Be me sowl wonders 'll nivir case, as me ould Frind Tim Connolly sel, when he fired at the hare an' accidentally peppered a Gamekeeper.—divil mind 'll sich intherlopers say 't may be the chance was as great as the accidint wud Tim? An' be the same tokin, talkin or accidints, sum people think that Mister Frail's elevation to "the top o' the ladder," (no illusion to soft soap, be no mains,) was a mity accidental occurrence completely. The divil a pin Sweeny Ryan cares who's mare, or who's horse, or whether the Corporashun Omnibus goes quick or slow; as long as it has such a Powerful Hlave to defend it agin the lumber shleights o' the County. Pohn me-conscienceed the Warden is a Boyo. Faith he squeezed sum o' the new members of the Council through a hole or mity insignificant diminishments, the o'her day; at the mare's classum: Ledad! Mister Bushway lucked as scitened as a hare wud a hagle on his thrail. Long life to you, Powell, say I! an' may you always be a double match for the Frog-aithers. Begor! settin jokin aside, wusnt it mortal axthoridary to see the sworn friends or His Holiness, (goodness presarce us from harm,) votin hand an' glove for a Thruve Blew? No matter; its all right; the longer I live, the more I'm persuaded that the divil a thing in the world can be compared wud the blarney, barrin the shillaly.

If it wusnt that I have to attend a meetin axthoridary of the Oisther Aiten Society, I'd tell you sumthin 'bout the kicken out of O'Flynn, in the Aist Ward. Be the same token I heerd Patsy Shinegan singen a song that was composed by Brine Cadigan about that same. I ould rem'ber the first verse, an' here it is:—

"Eachers of Bytown attend to my ditty
All sing or a Councillor of the Aist Ward,
Blood an' turf boys, an' shure its a mity grate pity
That he should be subject to thraiment so hard.
Lament for the Fate of us shinen a jaynties
As our was out, boys, or ivir was in
Patricks life ayre while I sing the death chorus
Wud grief for the grate an' immortal O'Fiinn.
Brine's the boy to do it; and the next time I
see him faith I'll ax him to write me out the
whole song, an' then you know I can tip it to
yoursel some fine molrain.

Yours, be the mortal,
SWERNY RYAN.

Bytown, January 18th 1854.

Foreign News.

Since our last publication we have received intelligence by the *Baltic* and the *Europa*; the latter steamer reached New York on Monday at nine o'clock.

The most important item of home news was the withdrawal of his resignation by Lord Palmerston. We do not yet know on what terms his Lordship has returned to office, but the general impression seems to be that the ministry is on its last legs, and must go out ere long; the indignation against Lord Aberdeen's temporizing policy is most intense, and we are sorry to say that the papers are full of direct attacks on the Queen and Prince Albert, who are openly accused of being in opposition to the general feeling of the country. The language used by some of them towards the Prince is absolutely menacing. Certain it is that since the days when the Popish Stuarts were direct pensioners of France, England has never been so degraded by foreign influence in her councils.

It is strange that we have not yet the Turkish account of the battle of Sinope; it is generally believed that the Turkish loss was much less than at first believed. The British and French fleets, at the last advices, had not yet entered the Black Sea; it is perfectly clear that Russian influence predominates in England, but it is said that Louis Napoleon is determined to act, and has demanded from the British Government a direct answer, peace or war!

Persia has formally declared war against Turkey and it is reported that five English regiments have been sent from Ireland to Bombay, there to form part of an expedition which will be sent to Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, to operate on the flanks of the Shah.

Lord Dudley Stuart is at Constantinople endeavoring to get up a Polish legion.

There is nothing more from the seat of war on the Danube; there had been a few trifling skirmishes, and the Russians are said to be concentrating for an attack on the Turkish entrenchment at Kalafat.

The Porte has consented to send an envoy to a congress of the European powers to be held at some neutral city, but the Sultan has observed that he will abate none of his rights, and no one expects that the congress will do anything. The impression all over Europe is that the sword must decide the matter.

Sweden and Denmark have entered into an offensive and defensive alliance against any probable Russian aggression.

The French funds went down considerably on the receipt of the news of Lord Palmerston's return to office; it was looked on as an evidence of England's determination to accede to the Emperor Napoleon's wish, and declare war.

The funds were down in London.

A great many workmen are still out on strike for wages, in the manufacturing districts.

Breadstuffs again slightly advanced.

Mr. Soule, American Minister in Spain, has been fighting another duel with the Duke D'Alba, and is said to have been spitted by his adversary's rapier.

Parliament meets for dispatch of business on the 21st.

The Lumber Trade of 1853.

Notwithstanding the high prices of provisions during the winter of 1852 and spring of 1853, adding greatly to the cost of manufacture, and the low water in the Ottawa and its tributaries, which delayed many rafts till a late period in the season, increased the expenses of "driving," and prevented some rafts from reaching Quebec at all, the lumbermen have not much reason to complain of the season of 1853.

The circulars usually prepared at the close of the business season, by parties engaged in the timber trade have reached us, and are certainly satisfactory proofs of the prosperity of this most important branch of Canadian trade.

In the year 1849 the Export of White Pine, that description of timber in which the Ottawa is chiefly engaged, was 11,521,920 feet; from that year there has been a steady increase in the quantity exported, till it reached 17,399,480 feet in 1853, being an increase of about 50 per cent in the five years. A very large quantity of White Pine, about twelve and a half millions of feet wintered over in Quebec from the season of 1852, a very fortunate thing as it turned out, for the timber was ready for the spring fleet, and so made up for the inconvenience which might have arisen from the late arrival of so many rafts.

The White Pine continued to rise in price, after July, nearly every ten or twelve days, and there is no doubt but that the Ottawa Lumber Merchants realized considerable profits, particularly as the timber was this year of very superior quality. The supply for the season of 1853, was 17,487,000 feet, while the supply for 1852 reached 27,631,600 feet, but we learn from Forsyth & Bell's Circular, that the demand for the United States was not so large as it was expected to be, owing to the tightness of the New-York money market during the last months of the season. The quantity of White Pine exported was 17,399,480 feet, against 15,695,920 of the year before, and the stock wintering is 9,815,688 against 12,711,447 of 1852, and nearly all valuable timber.

We learn from the same source that in Red Pine, which went off slowly at the beginning of the season, the prices gradually improved, and large shipments were made, the quantity wintering over being only 1,388,099 feet against 2,172,975 feet of the year before. Red Pine in shipping order of 50 feet average ruled as high as 1s. 4d. a foot during the season.

Although the duty on Red Pine has been reduced to one halfpenny a foot, the supply is still short, compared with former years,

the export of 1849 having been 4,070,600 against 2,315,160 of 1853.

In Pine deals the business was very brisk, the export being quoted at 2,425,369, being a very considerable improvement over the business of the two preceding years. The stock of Pine deals wintering over is 529,948 against 584,187, of the year before.

In Spruce deals the Export was 653,106, a trifle less than the year before, and the stock wintering over is larger, being 217,441 against 181,614 of the year before.

In the other varieties of Lumber, Oak has been in good demand, the supply having been short, and the Quebec ship-yards using a good deal; Elm was also in good demand and the supply short.

In Ash, Birch, Tamarac &c., and Staves; the export of the season of '53 was pretty much the same with that of '52. We do not go into the details of these varieties of Lumber as they are not interesting in this locality.

Mr. Law, the superintendent of the Merchants' Exchange, Quebec, estimates the value of the Lumber exported from that port at £1,080,517 cy. to which in fairness should be added the value of 43 ships built in Quebec for the English market, having an aggregate of 486,575 tons, which at £10 per ton, the price at which they have lately sold, will give £486,750, this added to the value of the lumber will give a total of £1,567,567 cy.

The total value of the whole of the timber exported from Quebec and various parts on the Lakes and St. Lawrence to Europe and the United States in 1852 was estimated at £1,600,000; the total export of 1853 will probably be found to reach £2,250,000.

There was a pretty steady demand for our timber in the United States during the season of '53, and a heavy local demand for building and other purposes. The *Albany Journal* estimates the increase in value of the timber that changed hands in that port alone at \$1,000,000 over that of the year before, notwithstanding the fact that a very large portion of the timber from Canada West, Michigan and Illinois, which used to find its way to Albany is now diverted to Chicago, a place rapidly rising in importance in the inland Lumber Trade. The *Journal* estimates the total value of the timber that changed hands in Albany in 1853 at \$7,912,900. About one million and a half feet passed into the States by way of Sorel, from Canada, and a quantity through Longueuil and other places.

In tonnage there is a steady increase; in 1849, 1064 vessels arrived at Quebec, the tonnage 431,953 tons; in 1853, 1163 vessels, of 531,616 tons; of these, 192 vessels, of 86190 tons, were foreign; it is rather singular that but one Russian vessel came to Quebec last year, while in 1852 there were thirty-two vessels under the Russian flag trading to that port. Of these vessels 160 were loaded by Gilmour & Co.; 155 by H. & E. Dureau; 145 by G. B. Symes & Co.;

119 by LeMesurier & Co.; 135 by Benson & Co.—and the remainder by various other merchants. The timber trade of the country, though so large, and employing such an amount of capital, is in fact in very few hands, a circumstance, which in our humble opinion must contribute greatly to its stability.

The Custom-House returns show an increase of tonnage at Quebec, of 116,600 tons for '53 over '52; and many vessels that sailed for Quebec never reached their destination, having arrived in the Gulf at too late a period in the season, and been obliged to take shelter in some of the Lower Ports; about fifteen or twenty vessels are wintering in Quebec, and about as many more have been driven ashore at various points in the Gulf. Freight rates high all the season, being at the opening 43s. for London, and from 42s. to 44s. for Liverpool, and 42s. 6d. for the Clyde, with a slight decline towards June and July; these prices ruled till September when they commenced to rise and continued rising till the close of the navigation, the last rates being 60s. for London, 56s. 6d. for Liverpool, and 55s. for the Clyde.

This is a short and necessarily imperfect sketch, for the materials of which we are indebted to the Circulars of the Quebec firms, mentioned above, but we prefer to put the leading facts in this form, being assured that they will thus come under the notice of many persons, who would never think of looking at the more formal documents, from which they have been extracted.

In our next issue we intend to make a few observations on the present system of collecting duties on timber, with a view, if we can, to stir up the Lumbermen to petition for the alteration of a mode of taxation which is excessively onerous, unjust and inconvenient.

(N. B.—We observe a difference in the statements of Messrs. Forsyth & Bell, and of Messrs. Wood & Petry, in their respective circulars, the latter gentlemen giving the number of vessels that arrived at Quebec, as we have done, that is, 1158, of 531,648 tons, while in Forsyth & Bell's Circular, they are stated at 1352 vessels, and 570,738 tons; perhaps Messrs. Wood & Petry do not include the vessels trading about the Gulf.)—*Railway Times.*

Mr. BENJAMIN, as we are informed, still retains his office as Registrar of the County of Hastings. It will be recollected that Mr. Benjamin was tried for an offence and found guilty by the petty Jury; the offence was that in his official capacity he gave one man a preference in the Registration of a deed over another; this is a constructive crime under a special statute, and the Jury thinking the evidence sufficient found a verdict in accordance with the indictment, though it was in reality Mr. Benjamin's son, his deputy, who did the deed; Mr. Benjamin

appealed the case to the Bench of Judges, in order that the verdict might be set aside, as contrary to the evidence, and we understand that the prosecutors having failed to appear, the whole affair has tumbled thro', and Mr. Benjamin, as a matter of course, stands once more *rectus in curia.*

The Bowes party have sustained a thorough defeat in the municipal elections in Toronto, only three of the former members of the corporation who voted in favor of exonerating Bowes from his jobbery, having been re-elected, Messrs. Gowan, Romani, and Lee. Gowan's election is protested against, and will be a matter for settlement in the Queen's Bench. He is said to have no property qualification, and is also protested against on the ground of violence, it being stated that he employed a gang of blackguards to occupy the avenues to the Poll-booth, and keep out all his opponents.

It is said that Mr. Gowan has been dismissed from the *Patriot* by his co-partners.

There was a large fire at Portland, in Maine, on the 7th, by which the Custom-House, Post-Office, Reading-Room, Atlantic Bank, United States Court-Rooms, and several other large buildings, were destroyed.

Pork.—The *New York Herald* of the 4th inst. says:—"The swine harvest of the West promises an abundant yield. We are informed that three hundred and twenty-six thousand hogs have already been received at Cincinnati, being only thirty-five thousand short of the whole number last year. They were quoted in that city yesterday at \$1 70 a \$1 90 per hundred pounds, while at Louisville they were selling at only \$1 25. In the latter part of the day mess pork was held at \$12 25 in Louisville. A private despatch states that about three hundred and fifty thousand hogs have been killed. While upon the subject, we will remark that we have in type a large amount of statistical and other information, relative to the commerce of this port during the past year, which we shall publish to-morrow."

SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

QUEBEC, 14th January, 1854.

His Excellency the Administrator of the Government has been pleased to make the under-mentioned appointments within Lower Canada, viz:

Campbell Sweeney, of Memphrains: Simon Lelièvre, of Quebec, and William Locker Felton of Sherbrooke, Esquires, to be Commissioners to enquire into the conduct of the Police Authorities on the occasion of a riot which took place in the City of Quebec on the sixth of June last, and further to enquire into the state of the Police force of the said City.

Louis Trépot, of Quebec, Esquire, to be Commissioner in pursuance of the Address of the Legislative Assembly dated Seventh June last, to enquire into the circumstances attending the Loan of £100,000, to the Sufferers by the Quebec Fires, with a view to establish the amount equitably due in Capital and Interest by the said Sufferers according to the original intentions of the Legislature, and to inquire into the best mode of obtaining securities for the repayment of the amounts equitably due as aforesaid.

A correspondent thus pleasantly discourseth of Alexander Smith and his poems:

"So I bought the Poems of Alexander Smith? I guess Alexander will do for a poet. He is certainly the most combustible gentleman I have met for a long time. He has a fancy for "mild maidens" and "slumber-parted lips," and "dew-drops clear," and "flaming stars." So had I, once, and so, I dare say, had you, Mr. Knick. They are not bad to think of, even yet. It is not a bad thing to lie under a tree in summer and look up into Violet's eyes, but if you are not careful it plays the deuce with your rheumatism. Besides, if Violet has become the mother of three or four babies, the time of day for sitting under trees is just the time when she must give them bread and butter. As for the stars, they are very well in their way, but there is no use in watching them. A few years of married life, getting up at night to dandle Violet's babies, who have the colic, gives one great confidence in the stars, and makes him willing to let them off easy. Violet, the wife and mother, even if she shores a very little, is a much more charming personage than Violet, the girl who looks in your eyes under a tree. All this, I hope, is in store for Alexander; for he has a boiling-hot nature, which must naturally take to babies.—Let us hope that Violet knows how to make good coffee and that Alexander will succeed in his hope.

"By strong ambition to control a lay
Whose melody will haunt the world for aye,
Carrying it onward on its golden way,"
and that he will be able, ere long,
"To sing a poem, like a comet, out,
Far-splendoring the sleepy realms of night"
But yet, his poem should not have so long a tail as a comet; nor consist mainly of nebulous matter; nor be so much of a vagabond.

ORANGE ASSOCIATION.—At the Annual Meeting of the District for the City of Toronto, held at the McKim's Hall, Church Street, on Tuesday, the 10th instant, the following Brethren were elected Officers for the ensuing year, viz.:
Brother H. W. METCALF, District Master.
" THOMAS PAUL, Deputy Master.
" JOHN A. PEEL, Secretary.
" JOHN ROGERS, Treasurer.
" WILLIAM WESTERN, Chaplain.

AN INCIDENT IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.—Commander McClure, in his dispatches, relates the following: "On the 8th of July, Sergeant Wood, of the marines, while in pursuit of a wounded deer, unexpectedly met a couple of musk balls, which he succeeded in killing, evincing the most soldier-like coolness and intrepidity during the entire transaction. Having expended his ammunition, as one of the wounded and infuriated monsters rushed towards him, he fired his worn, when at a few yards, but without effect. As he continued his advance, evidently, however, weak from loss of blood, till he had reached within six feet, when putting his head to the ground previous to his final rush, the Sergeant, as his last resource, fired his iron ramrod, which, entering behind the left shoulder, passed thro' the heart and out at the right flank, dropping him dead at his feet."

St. James' PARSONAGE,
Kingston, January 11, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge the liberality of the Orange Lodge at Brighton, of £5 4 0; and, in the name of the Church of England Missions to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, most heartily to thank them through you. Permit me to add, as my opinion, that such an application of the funds of Orangemen will do much to conciliate the good opinion of Protestant Christians; whilst the amount of good secured will only be adequately known when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

Let me say, that one of the surest means of securing the continuance of our own privileges is to extend them to others.

Believe me, dear Sir, truly yours,
R. V. ROGERS.
To Mr. LUKE GUNNER, BRIGHTON, C. W.

Rail and Steam.

DISASTERS ON THE LAKES IN 1853.—A statement has just been prepared by Captain G. W. Rounds, shewing the number of Marine Disasters during the past year, and the loss of life and property which they occasioned. The number of accidents, 226, exceeds those of last year by 37, while the loss of property, \$874,143 is less than that of last year by \$118,516. The number of lives lost was 81, contrasting favorably with the previous year, when the loss of life was 296. With but one exception (that of the *Ocean Wave* on Lake Ontario) no lives have been lost on any of the regular passage steamers by any accident whatever. There is a very great decrease in the loss of life and property by collision and explosion, which shews a very gratifying result of the first year's operation of the new law, relating to vessels propelled by steam, and the improved system of lights. During the year, six steamers, two propellers, and thirty sail of vessels have gone out of existence entirely.

APPLICATION TO PARLIAMENT.—Notice is given in the *Gazette* that application will be made to Parliament at the next session for an Act to incorporate a Joint Stock Company for the construction of a Canal between the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario, by W. H. Ponton, F. Nacanany, and Ira Gould.

Notice is given that application will be made at the next session for an Act to vest in the Town Council of the Town of Belleville the ferry between the Town and the Township of Ameliasburgh, for the purpose of establishing a Steam Ferry, by Robert M. Roy, clerk of the Town Council.

For an act to incorporate a Company under the name and style of "The Canada Ocean Steamship Company," by Andrew Slaw, William Workman, David Torrance, and Ira Gould.

For an act to construct a Branch Railway, or an act to incorporate a Company for the construction of a Railway from the town of Chatham, or some other point of the Great Western Railway, to Amherstburgh, or some other point on the Detroit River, or Lake Erie, and also for an act to amend the Charter of the Great Western Railway Company, by John O. Hatt, Solicitor G. W. R. Co.

For an extension of the powers of the Woodstock and Lake Erie Railway and Harbour Company, to enable the Company to extend and construct a Railway from the Village of Dunnville, in the County of Haldimand, to the Falls of Niagara River, and further to enable the Company to extend and construct a Railway from the Village of Port Dover, or the town of Simcoe, or from any point between those places, to the Town of St. Thomas, in the County of Elgin.

Also for an extension of the powers of the Woodstock and Lake Erie Railway and Harbour Company, to enable the said Company to extend and construct a Railway from the Town of Woodstock in the County of Oxford, to the Town of Stratford, in the County of Perth, by Wm. Lynn Smart.

THE LARGEST VIADUCT IN THE WORLD.—The Crumlyn viaduct, on the Newport Abergavenny and Hereford Railway, when completed, it is said will be the largest work of the kind in the world. It has been undertaken by Mr. T. W. Kennard of Duke street, Adelphi, London, the engineers being Mr. Liddel and professor Gordon. The entire erection has been taken by Mr. Kennard at a sum somewhat below £49,000 and though it is believed the amount is unusually low, it is stated that the work will be accomplished within that figure. The viaduct will be in two parts, the first stretching from the Soverydd mountain to the Trinant,—the total length being 1,650 feet. The chief structure—that crossing the Western Valley—will be 1,066 feet, divided into seven 150 feet spans. Each span will be composed of four wrought-iron truss girders, the whole being surmounted by a wooden platform, on which will be laid the permanent way. These girders will rest on piers, entirely formed of iron, and each pier will consist of a group of 14 columns, framed together with cast-iron girders every 17 feet, and braced vertically and horizontally with wrought iron ties. When the whole of this stupendous

structure is raised, and passengers are seated in carriages proceeding across it, they will be at a height from the level of the railway in the valley below equal to that of the great monument in London, or more than 200 feet. The erection of the first column took place a few weeks ago, when the Hon. Captain Fitzmaurice and other distinguished persons took part in the interesting ceremony. Lady Isabella Fitzmaurice breaking a bottle of champagne against the column, named it "The Isabella Pier," amid a salvo of cannon and the applause of the assembled multitude.

COMPLETION OF THE GRAND TRUNK TELEGRAPH LINE TO BUFFALO.—The Hamilton and Buffalo division of the Grand Trunk Telegraph Line was yesterday completed and put in successful operation. At the office of the company may be seen by the curious, that novelty, in Canadian telegraphing at least, House's Lightning Printing Press. This section of the line will be worked throughout with a printing instrument,—which for expedition, accuracy and beauty, appears to eclipse entirely every other system ever invented for telegraphing. For its introduction into this country, the Company are indebted to the enterprise of its former superintendent, and present gentlemanly contractor, Mr. W. D. Snow. The completion of this section gives a total distance now working to the Grand Trunk Company of 830 miles, while the completion of the Montreal and Quebec section, by the same contractors on the 1st prox., will make an aggregate of 1,080 miles, or the longest line under one Company, in America.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

RICHMOND RAILWAY.—It is said that the Government is to bear the expenses (£25,000) of the wharf partially erected at Hadlow Cove, which is to be abandoned because the road is required to be carried on to Point Levi, at an additional £8000 per mile, where a new terminus, &c. will be built. This move *in extenso* has been bargained for between Mr. Jackson, the Government, and Messrs. Forsyth, Rhodes, Burstall, and Tibbits. The latter parties own the place of termination at Point Levi, and the former are interested in having the road pass through the properties of Hincks, Cameron, Morris, & Co. Mr. Cameron boasts that he has made such a bargain in his purchase that a firm in this city offered to loan him £1600 on the strength of it.—*Quebec Mercury*.

The New York *Daily Tribune* says "a negotiation of considerable importance to Erie and its connecting roads is now going on. It is an arrangement by which goods imported by the English steamers and intended for Canada, will be forwarded for their destination over the Erie and Chemung, the Canandaigua and Niagara Falls and Youngstown Roads. These goods have heretofore been forwarded over the chain of Roads connecting Boston and the West. The completion of the Erie gauge to Jersey City and the Youngstown Road has caused this change. The goods will now be landed at Jersey City, and without intermediate handling, will be unloaded alongside steamboat at Youngstown. This must become an important branch of traffic to this line of Roads. The Youngstown Road will be completed in about three weeks."

MARINE RAILWAY.—In the course of the past summer a new marine railway, furnished with a steam engine, &c., for drawing out vessels, has been erected about a mile and a half above Ogdensburg, on the American side of the river. Four steamboats have taken up their winter quarters at the docks of this railway, viz., the *Jenny Lind*, the *Niagara*, the *British Empire* and the *Queen*.

Corporation Election.

TOWN HALL,

Bytown, January 16th, 1854.

The newly elected Town Councillors assembled at the Town Hall on Monday at noon. The Clerk having read the returns declaring the members elected,

Mr. Damase Bourgeois moved, seconded by Mr. E. McGillivray, That H. F. Friel, Esq., be Mayor for this year (1854.)

Yeas and Nays being called, the vote stood as follows:—

YEAS:	NAYS:
McGillivray,	Powell,
Friel,	Smith,
Lewis,	Barriele,
Rowan,	Leamy,
Bourgeois,	(Carried.)

His Honor Judge Armstrong being present and having administered the oath of office to Mr. Friel as Mayor, His Worship took the chair,—when it was moved by Mr. Edward McGillivray, seconded by Mr. Edward Smith that Wm. F. Powell, Esq., be Reeve of the Town of Bytown for the current year.

YEAS:	NAYS:
Powell,	Lewis,
McGillivray,	Bourgeois,
Smith,	Leamy,
Rowan,	(Carried)
Barriele,	

Moved by Mr. J. Leamy, seconded by Mr. John Barriele, That Damase Bourgeois be Deputy Reeve of Bytown for the current year.

Moved in amendment by Mr. Powell, seconded by Mr. Smith, That Chas. Rowan be Deputy Reeve of the Town of Bytown for the current year. Lost on division.

YEAS:	NAYS:
Powell,	McGillivray,
Smith,	Lewis,
Rowan,	Barriele,
	Bourgeois,
	Leamy,

The original motion was then submitted and carried on the following division:

YEAS:	NAYS:
McGillivray,	Powell,
Lewis,	Smith,
Barriele,	Rowan,
Bourgeois,	
Leamy,	

Moved by Mr. Bourgeois, seconded by Mr. Barriele, That Mr. Edward Griffin be one of the Auditors for the present year. Carried.

Tea Mayor appointed Dr. C. Beaubien the associate Auditor.

The Council then adjourned till Monday next at 6½ P. M.

TOWNSHIP ELECTIONS.—The following are the names of the councillors elected for the township of Gloucester in this County for the present year:

George Lang,	Braddish Billings
Peter Tomkins,	George Fenton,
	Isaac Brown.

In the township of Fitzroy the following persons have been returned:

John Grierson,	Samuel Stevenson,
James Hubbard,	William Dean,
	John Neal.

For the township of Nepean the following are the councillors:

Michael Grady,	Chester Chapman,
J. Houlahan,	George Bell,
	John Scott.

—*Gazette.*

The following gentlemen were elected as Trustees for the Bytown Grammar School at the meeting of the Board on the 4th inst:—Edward Malloch, Esq. M. P. P., D. O'Connor, Esq., and George B. Lyon, Esq. M. P. P.

These for the Village of Richmond are Wm. R. R. Lyon, Esq., Joseph Hinton, Esq., and Robert Evans, Esq. Three other Trustees for each of those schools will be chosen at the first meeting of the County Council.—*Citizen*.

Births.

In this town, on the 4th instant, the wife of Dr. HANNETT HILL, of a daughter.

In this town, on the 6th instant, the wife of JOHN DAMASE ROBILARD, Esq., of a daughter.

In this town, on the 14th instant, Mrs. JOHN FRELIGH, of a daughter.

In this town, on the 19th inst., Mrs. FRANCIS ABBOTT, of a Son.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE Partnership existing between the undersigned for the Summer of 1853, is this day Dissolved by mutual consent.

THOS. LANGRELL,
ROBT. GRAY,
THOS. WILSON.

Bytown, December 30th, 1853.



Royal Scarlet Chapter.
L. O. A., B. N. A.

A Convocation of the Chapter will be held in Bytown on the 14th of next month, at 8 o'clock.

By order,
FRANCIS ABBOTT
Companion & Scribe.

January 21th, 1854.

Loyal Orange Association.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual meeting of the County Lodge of the County of Ottawa, for the election of Officers, and for the transaction of business generally, will be held in Loyal Orange Lodge No. 33 Aylmer, on Monday evening the 6th February next at 6 o'clock P. M.

By order,
R. A. YOUNG
County Secretary.

Aylmer, January 20th, 1854.

Valuable Property for Sale.

SEVERAL VALUABLE LOTS at the foot of the Chaudiere Slides in Bytown are now offered for sale. This property is situated between Wellington Street and the Ottawa River affording the only easy access to the latter for the projected Canal and Railway. It adjoins an Ordnance reserve, which is the head of deep water navigation below the Chaudiere Falls. For Manufactories of any kind,—but more particularly for Steam Saw Mills,—the position is unrivalled, and its value as an investment may be inferred from the fact of its being at the outlet of the future Canal and Water-power from the head of the Chaudiere Falls, as well as being the last terminus for any Railway connecting with the Ottawa river at Bytown.

For further particulars apply to JOHN MacKINNON, Esq, of New Edinburgh, or to A. KERR, Esq, Barrister, Prescott.

Bytown, Dec., 21th 1853.

NOW'S THE TIME,

FOR CHEAP
GROCERIES, LIQUORS

AND
CROCKERY!

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

MR. GEORGE ROBBS,
AGENT FOR THE "ORANGE LILY."

ARMAGH INN,
Corner of King & Queen Streets,
Kingston, C. W.



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 & McDUGAL.
Bytown, Nov. 1852. 41-4f.

CAUTION.

ANY person or persons found trespassing on the North half of Lot No. 10, in the 12th Concession of the Township of Ross, in the County of Renfrew, or on the west halves of No 10 and 11 in the 13th Concession of the aforesaid Township, will be Prosecuted according to law.

N. B.—Part or the whole of the above land will be sold. Application to be made to the subscriber, at Bytown.

WM. P. LETT.

June 7th, 1853.

**THE BRITISH HOTEL,
RE-OPENED.**

In returning thanks to the public for the liberal support hitherto extended to his Establishment—a continuation of which is solicited—the Subscriber would respectfully announce to his OLD FRIENDS throughout the country, and the travelling community generally, that he has Re-opened the BRITISH HOTEL; and is now prepared to receive and entertain all those who may favor him with their patronage.

The British Hotel has recently been much enlarged and improved, and thoroughly repaired throughout; so that, in extent of accommodation, and convenience and comfort it is now equal to any other establishment in the Province.

D. McARTHUR.

Bytown, Jan'y 10th 1853.

**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 Leach'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.

DR. WM. THOS. IRWIN,
M. R. C. S. L.

DEGS have to inform the Inhabitants of Pembroke and surrounding country, that he has taken up his abode in Pembroke, where he will at all times be found ready to wait upon those needing his professional Services. Reference of the most unexceptionable character can be given, as to ability &c.
Pembroke, October, 7th 1853.

John's Saloon.
SUSSEX STREET
LOWER BYTOWN.

Will be open for the reception of Customers on Wednesday Evening the 5th of October.
JOHN B. HILLICK.
Proprietor.

Life Assurance

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY.

Medical Referee, Dr. HILL.
Agent for Bytown,
G. P. BAKER.
Bytown, February 1st, 1852.

ALEX. BRYSON.
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER & BOOK
BINDER.

HAS constantly on hand a well assorted Stock of BOOKS and STATIONERY BLANK BOOKS made to order, and every description of BOOKBINDING done in the neatest manner and moderate charges, at the OLD EMPORIUM, Rideau Street, Lower Bytown.
May 1st, 1850.

REMOVAL.

ALEXANDER BRYSON,
STATIONER AND BOOK-BINDER.

HAS removed to the new frame building two doors east of Sussex Street on Rideau Street, and next door to Mr. Alex. Mowatt's Clothing Establishment, and nearly opposite the Store of John L. Cambell, Esq.
Bytown, 18th May, 1852.

Take Notice.

THE Subscriber hereby forbids any person or persons TRESPASSING or CUTTING TIMBER on Lot No. 27, in the Second Concession of the Township of Nepean, Ottawa Front, as any person found doing so, will after this notice, be prosecuted according to Law.

ROBERT HARE.

Nepean, Nov. 28th, 1853.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM,

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant.

DEGS to return his sincere thanks to his Friends of Bytown, and the Public in general, for the liberal patronage he has received.—Begg to inform them that he continues to devote his time to the above business; from his long experience and thorough knowledge of the same, he hopes for a continuation of that patronage always bestowed upon him.

All Consignments, Auction Sales, &c., placed in his hands will be carefully attended to, with that promptness and despatch, which the above business requires.

Bytown, 22nd Feb'y. 1852.

EDUCATION.

MISS FRASER'S Seminary will be re-opened on the 16th inst. ant.
Bytown, January 2nd, 1854. (tin)

GREEN MOUNTAIN HEALTH ASSOCIATION

Office, Bytown, Canada West.
RATES OF YEARLY PAYMENTS.

First Table--Fractional parts of a week excepted.

BETWEEN 15 AND 30

Per Year.	draws	Per Week
\$2.00		\$2.00
3.00		3.00
4.00		4.00
5.00		5.00
6.00		6.00

BETWEEN 50 AND 65.

Per Year.	draws	Per Week.
\$2.50		\$2.00
3.75		3.00
5.00		4.00
6.25		5.00
7.50		6.00

\$1.50 Admission Fee will be charged in addition to the above the first year only, and must be paid at the time of making application.
Officers.

GEORGE H. DOWE, President,
E. B. WORTHEN, Secy. & Treasurer.
J. B. MONK, Assistant Secretary.

DIRECTORS:

HORACE MERRILL,	S. H. WAGGONER,
J. B. MANTION,	E. B. WORTHEN,
T. M. BLASDELL,	JAMES INGLE,
J. B. MONK,	G. CLARKE,
GARDINER CHURCH,	D. H. WILSON,
G. H. DOWE,	JAMES ROSAMOND.

It is the determination of the Board of Directors, by a just, judicious, economical management of its affairs, to render this Association every way worthy of the confidence and patronage of the public.

REFERENCES:

Rev. S. S. Strong, Bytown.
 " Thos. Wardrope, "
 " Alex. Spence, "
 Dr. S. C. Sewell, "
 " J. E. Robichaud, "
 E. B. Read, Smith's Falls,
 Charles Rice, Perth.
 J. C. Poole, Carleton Place.
 Dr. Church, Aylmer.
 Thomas Watson, Aylmer.
 F. A. Moor, Burrill's Rapids.

All communications should be directed to the Secretary, Bytown, Canada West, post-paid.

TO R. H. WILFORD. Dear Sir—Confidence in the Green Mountain Health Association, of which you are the Agent, and gratitude for the payment of my claim for sickness since Nov. last, induce me thus publicly to acknowledge my thankfulness, and to recommend this Association to the favorable consideration of all classes of men and women who depend on their own labor for support.

AMABLE BELONA.

ORANGE ISM.

A FEW Copies of the UNITED EMPIRE MINSTREL, by William Shannon, are expected at this Office in a few days.

This is a selection of Orange Songs, Poems, Toasts, Historical matter, &c., connected with the British Empire, apostacies of Popery, History of Orangeism, and Lives of the Popes of Rome, from No. 1 down to the year 1853.

Prices.—3s. 9d. and 5s., according to style, of binding.

Persons wishing to subscribe will please leave their names at once, at this Office.

BLANK DEEDS

AND

MEMORIALS,

With and without Bar of Dover,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Lily & Advocate Office,
 Bytown, 25th October, 1852.

CASLEBAR HOUSE

KEMPTVILLE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the Inhabitants of Kemptville and surrounding country and the public generally, that he has leased the above premises formerly occupied by Mr. Alexander Beckett, and which has lately undergone a thorough repair, and well furnished. And that he is determined to make it second to none in the town. His BAR will always be supplied with LIQUORS of the choicest and best Brands—and his TABLE will be constantly supplied with the best the Markets can afford—his Stables are large and commodious, and attentive and obliging Ostlers.

He therefore would most respectfully solicit a call from the travelling public and judge for himself.

DONALD McDONALD DUNCAN.
 Kemptville, March 5th, 1853. 7-1f.

WATCH, CLOCK-MAKING AND ENGRAVING,

WILLIAM TRACY

(Rideau Street, opposite Burpee'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, 8th, 1853.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

MERCHANT TAILOR,
 193, NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL,

(Opposite the Recollect Church),

BEGS to inform his friends and the Public generally, that he has selected his Stock of Goods of the most suitable for the Season, and is prepared to execute all orders that he may be favored with, with neatness, and on the shortest notice.

OVER COATS of every style and pattern—DRESS, FROCK COATS, PANTALOONS, and VESTS, ready-made, and 10 per cent. lower than any other Establishment of the kind in the city. The garments are well made, and not to be surpassed.

Parties in want of good and Cheap Clothing will find it to their advantage to give a call as above.

May 3rd 1853.

New Grocery Establishment.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has opened a GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT on the premises in Wellington Street

UPPER BYTOWN

Opposite to Mr. Alex. Graham, Auctioneer, with a new and well selected stock in the above line, which he will sell on the most reasonable terms; and by strict attention he trusts he will be enabled to give entire satisfaction to all who may favour him with their Custom.

R. HICK.

Bytown, December 8th 1853.

ORANGE SASH RIBBONS

As Cheap as the Cheapest, and as Good as the Best, at the OLD STAND at the foot of the hill.

Rideau Street, Lower Bytown, Dec. 15, 1849.

FAIL ROAD HOUSE.

NEAR THE SPAN BOAT Landing, and LIVERY STABLES Connected thereto. There will be found good horses, and fashionable Carriages.

JOHN SAILS BURY Proprietor.
 Cobourg, c. w., Sept., 27th 1833.

FRANCIS SCOTT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

OFFICE, Over Mr. Bryson's Book Store, Corner of Rideau and Sussex Street, LOWER BYTOWN.
 Bytown, 5th July 1853.

JOHN LITTLE,
GUNSMITH,

LOCKSMITH, BELLHANGER &c

Has removed to the premises lately occupied by Mr. James Duffy, next door to Graham's Hotel, Rideau Street, LOWER BYTOWN.

J. S M I T H,

CLOCK & WATCH-MAKER,

Next Door to A. Foster, Esq. York Street. BEGS leave to solicit a Share of the Patronage of the Inhabitants of Bytown and its Environs.

WATCHES of every description accurately repaired. A variety of Jewellery, Watches, Clocks &c. &c. Jewellery neatly repaired. (7-1f.)

North Amer. Fire Insurance Co
BRANCH OFFICE PRESCOTT

THIS Company takes Risks on the Cash and Mutual Principle, and is divided into two departments—Farmers & Commercial. Property taken in one is in no wise subject of Losses in the other.

DIRECTORS.

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 JAMES ROSAMOND, CARLETON PLACE
V. R. KNAPP, General Agent.

JOHN PERRY,

GENERAL BOOT & SHOE SHOP

125, NOTRE DAME STREET
MONTREAL.

BEGS leave to inform the Inhabitants of the Ottawa country, and his friends generally, that he has opened a general Boot and Shoe Store, at the above stand where he will keep constantly on hand a large and varied assortment of Boots and Shoes, of good material, and best of workmanship, which will be found on inspection equal to any in the trade, and on as moderate terms.

J. P. respectfully solicits a call from intending purchasers.
 Montreal, August 12, 1852.



J. HARKOLD.

BOOT & SHOEMAKER,

Sign of the Mammoth Boot.

No. 103 1/2 Notre Dame Street Montreal.

WOULD respectfully announce to the public that he keeps constantly on hand a large and varied stock of Ladies' Gentlemen's, and children's Boots and Shoes; and as they are made under his own inspection, expressly for the Canada trade, he can warrant them to give satisfaction.

Country Merchants, and others about purchasing at wholesale will find it to their advantage to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
 Montreal, May 7th 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 compliance 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 are 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, £s. 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 10s. 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 Orangemen 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 acknowledgment 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 Orangism, 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 fast in need of support. When it most required a defender against the attacks of its numerous enemies, we stood in the breach, and finished 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 Orangism has progressed rapidly, and is now more numerous in membership than it has ever been in this country.

We had 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.



GEORGE LEATCH, AGENT FOR THE ORANGE LILY, PRINCE OF WALES' HOTEL, MAIN STREET, PRESCOTT. Good accommodation for Travellers.

ORANGE CERTIFICATES 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 MONTMERCY. NATURAL STEPS. INDIAN VILLAGE AND LORETTE FALLS. PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, AND MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF GEN. WOLFE. CITADEL. GOVERNOR'S GARDEN. DURHAM 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.

TURNPIKE HOTEL, AYLMER.

THE SUBSCRIBER takes this opportunity of informing his friends in Aylmer, Bytown, and their vicinities, and the public generally, that he has at considerable expense, re-fitted the house and premises lately known as the VICTORIA HOTEL, opposite the tavern of Mr. G. Bolton, where he will be happy at all times to attend to the comfort and convenience of those who may favour him with a call.

WINES AND LIQUOR of the choicest brands, also a variety of Temperance Drinks constantly on hand. He has also erected commodious and warm stabling.

Private boarders can be accommodated. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Aylmer, Feb. 25 1852

THE ORANGE LILY,

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

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.

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