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# THE ORANGE LILY.

VOL. VI.

BYEOWN, NOVEMBER 29, 1854.

NO. 43.

## Poetry.

### A Broadside from the Black Sea.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

Brightly, briskly runs the Alma, cold and green  
From mountain snow;  
Pleasant shade, along its borders, oak and plane  
and walnut throw;  
Where the Tatar shepherd fleeters with his  
flock from mountain leat.  
In a silence only broken by the browsing goat's  
faint bleat.

From the huts beneath the hill-sides, Tatar  
women to the brink,  
Shyly come to fill their pitchers, or drive down  
the cows to drink;  
All is calm and peace and plenty. Over all—a  
form of awe—  
Sleeps in light the snow spread table of the  
mighty Tshahaty-Dagh.

On the northern bank the copses flash with au-  
tumn red and gold;  
On the southern bank the margin shows a cliff-  
line bare and bold.  
You may cross the stream in spring-time, nor  
be wet above the knee;  
But when summer melts the snow-wreaths, who  
would ford it stout must be.

On the twentieth of September—they had  
march'd from early morn—  
As our armies near'd the Alma, they were weary  
men and worn;  
But the heaviest tread grew springy, strength  
was in the weakest hand,  
As the word "Halt!—Form!" was given—for  
they knew the Russ at hand.

There, along the southern heights, in entrench-  
ments lay the foe,  
With his batteries in position—seven score  
great guns, level'd low.  
There was little time to count them ere their  
roar the silence broke—  
And the dell has grown a hell—all fire and  
sulphurous smoke.

How Zouaves and Tirailleurs!—new Rifles and  
Goussours?  
Scatter wide, finding shelter where you can;  
Fire steadily and slow, till the distant foemen  
know  
That every Minie bullet has its man!

See, they crouch, well-filled pour'd from hand  
and murderous aim!  
Every bush, a puff of smoke; every stone, a jet  
of flame;  
And behind their covering shot, at a steady,  
swinging trot  
Downward pour, to the shores, the Allies' van!

Again—again—again—those batteries' iron rain,  
And thick, alas! our gallant fellows fall:  
For the river it is deep, and they banks the  
are steep,  
And the heights there beyond, are like a wall.  
But a lusty British cheer, and a thundering  
British charge and the foremost are already  
in the flood,  
Though the great guns ever roar, down upon  
them from the shore, and the water that  
was green turns to blood!

Through the shallows, in the deeps, o'er  
boulders, up the steep,  
British, French and Turk, eager for the work,  
Are floundering and clambering and rushing  
On again—on again—some are left, though  
many die—

Your powder may be damp, but your bayonets  
are dry;  
Let it come but to the steel, and the Muscovite  
shall feel  
With what men he his prowess hath to try!

Hark to those ringing cheers! 'Tis the bold  
Welsh Fusiliers,  
Ever foremost where there's work to be done!—  
They're won footing on the bank—they are  
rank on rank,  
Scores of dying, but of flying never one!

Now, fiery Celtic blood, to our French allies  
make good  
The credit of the lineage that you share!  
They've gained the heights—halt crown!—Now  
they stagger—now they're down!  
But hark, another cheer, and the gallant  
guards are near!  
And with glorious tartans streaming, and High-  
land bag-pipes screaming,  
The Black-Watch to the rescue appear!

At length the crest is won! Stab the gunner  
at his gun!  
Ever to take up new ground the batteries  
wheel;  
On—Britons, Turks and French—o'er redoubt  
and over trench,  
Surge on like a wave of flashing steel!—  
Lo, they waver—lo, they shake—lo, their line  
begins to break  
With the tramp of flying men, flying horses,  
Earth doth quake.

You have fought a desperate fight, you have  
crushed a giant might,  
And four heavy guns, rattling at the sky,  
The triple flags wave high, bullet-runt against  
the sky,  
And the battle of the Alma hath been won!

#### WAITING FOR NEWS.

Haste, haste—post haste—across the waste the  
sleepless Tartar rides;  
The steamboat's prow the sea doth plough, de-  
fying winds and tides;  
On iron rails the train sped mails like fiery  
meteors dash;  
Electric fires along the wires, their thought-quick  
tidings flash.  
But neither Tartar riding, nor steamboat clearing  
sea,  
Nor engine's race devouring space, nor lightning  
fast and free,  
Can match the speed, wherewith at need, hope,  
fear, and love combined,  
In their strong flight, to the scene of fight, will  
sweep the unresisting mind.

Almost we curse the skill percerer, that so far  
having gone,  
To conquer space and time efface, halts ere its  
work is done;  
Leaving half-said what should be read entire, or  
not at all.  
Till hope's hot thrill, and fear's cold chill, like  
ague on us fall.

In stately homes—in lowly rooms—how many  
hearts unsleeping  
What pampered wealth, and toiling health, alike  
their vigil keeping!  
Still to one tune, both late and soon, all hearts  
are set and strung;  
In mart and street, wher'er men meet, one  
theme on every tongue!

What stalwart hands are lifted up, what grey  
heads bowed and bare!  
What hisping tongues of infants are taught to  
shape a prayer!  
Young hearts that looked to lives of love, are  
set with bitter care.

Old eyes are dim for thought of him that should  
have stayed their years.

At the Horse-Guards gate are throngs that  
wait, till the fateful lists are show'd,  
Hard men—pale women, selfish all—all think-  
ing of their own;  
While those too proud, with the common crowd,  
their joys and grief to blend,  
Restless at home, await the doom that hopes or  
fears shall end.

But those who hide their hearts at home, and  
those the gates that fill,  
Whate'er their hopes—whate'er their fears—are  
English, English still.  
No soul so glad, no soul so sad, but its sorrow  
and its glee  
Will be lessened and be heightened by the news  
of victory.

Thank God, we still have something of the stout  
old Spartan strain;  
What mother but would sooner learn how that  
her son was slain,  
Face to the foe, than he should owe his life to  
flight or fear?  
Better to spare a hero there, than have a coward  
here.

Then pray and wait—you at the gate, and you,  
your homes within,  
Till the cannon's roar, from sea to shore, wake  
a victorious din.  
Your country laughs with those who laugh, and  
mourn, with those who mourn.  
And their names that fall, at duty's call, in  
England's heart are borne!

### THE SWAN.

#### AN ADVENTURE IN LOUISIANA.

From the Americans at Home.

EDITED BY SAM SLICK.

It was a sultry September afternoon in  
the year 18—. My friend Carleton and my-  
self had been three days wandering about  
the prairies, and had nearly filled our tin  
boxes and other receptacles with specimens  
of rare and curious plants. But we had not  
escaped paying the penalty of our zeal as  
naturalists in the shape of a perfect roasting  
from the sun which had shot down its rays  
during the whole time of our ramble, with  
an ardour only to be appreciated by those  
who have visited the Louisiana prairies.  
What made matters worse, our little store  
of wine had been early expended; some  
taffia, with which we had replenished our  
flasks, had also disappeared; and the wa-  
ter we met with, besides being rare, ob-  
tained so much vegetable and animal mat-  
ter as to be undrinkable, unless quali-  
fied in some manner. In this dilemma  
to a halt under a clump of hickory trees,  
and dispatched Martin, Carleton's Arcadian  
servant, upon a voyage of discovery.

The air was so hot and parching  
that our horse's coats, which a short time  
previously had been dripping with sweat,  
were now perfectly dry, and the hair plas-  
tered upon them; the animals' tongues hung  
out of their mouths, and they seemed pant-  
ing for cooler air. "Look yonder," said  
Carleton, and he pointed to the line of the  
horizon, which had hitherto been of a  
lead-coloured vapour. It was now becom-  
ing reddish in the southwest quarter, and  
the sun had taken the appearance of  
smoke. At the same time we heard a sort  
of distant crackling, like a heavy running

fire of musketry, and which was repeated at short intervals. Each time it was heard our horses appeared scared and trembling.

The whole prairie, the whole horizon to the southwest was one mass of dense smoke, through which the sun's disc looked scarcely brighter than a paper lantern. Behind the thick curtain which thus concealed everything from our view, we heard a low hissing, like that of a multitude of snakes. The smoke was stifling and unbearable; our horses again turned panting round, and tore madly towards the creek. — On reaching it we dismounted, but had the greatest difficulty to prevent them from leaping into the water. The streaks of red to our right became brighter and brighter, and gleamed through the huge dark trunks of the cypress trees. The crackling and hissing grew louder than ever. Suddenly the frightful truth flashed upon us, and at the very same moment Carleton and I exclaimed, "The prairie is on fire!" As we uttered the words there was a loud rustling behind us, and a herd of deer broke headlong through a thicket of tall reeds and bulrushes, and dashed up to their necks into the water. There they remained, not fifty paces from us, little more than their heads above the surface, gazing at us, as though imploring our help and compassion. We fancied we could see tears in the poor beasts' eyes. We looked behind us. On came the pillars of flame, flickering and threatening through the smoke, licking up all before them; and, at times, a gust of so hot and blasting a wind as seemed to dry the very marrow in our bones. The roaring of the fire was now distinctly audible, mingled with hissing, whistling, rattling, and crackling noises, as if of mighty trees falling. "Birds only a bright flame shot up through the smoky smoke, and immediately afterwards a sea of fire burst upon our aching eyeballs. The whole palmetto field was in flames. — The heat was so great that we every moment expected to see our clothes take fire. Our horses dragged us still nearer to the creek, sprang into the water, and drew us down the bank after them. Another rustling and noise in the thicket of reeds. A she bear, with her cubs at her heels, came towards us; and, at the same time, a second herd of deer rushed into the water twenty yards from where we were standing. — We pointed our guns at the bears; they moved off towards the deer, who remained undisturbed at their approach; and there they stood, bears and deer, not five paces apart, but taking no more notice of each other than if they had been animals of the same species. Most beasts now came flocking to the river. Deer, wolves, foxes, horses, all came in crowds to seek shelter in one element from the fury of another. Most of them, however, went further up the creek, where it took a northeasterly direction, and widened into a sort of lake. Those that had first arrived began to follow the new comers, and we did the same. Suddenly the baying of hounds was heard. "Hurra! these are dogs; men must be near." A volley from a dozen rifles was the answer to our explanation. The shots were fired not two hundred yards from us, yet we saw nothing of the persons who fired them. The wild beasts around us trembled and crouched before this new danger, but did not attempt to move a step. We ourselves were standing in the midst of them up to our waists in water. "Who goes there?" we shouted. — Another volley, and this time not one hundred yards off. We saw the flashes of the pieces, and heard voices talking in a dialect compounded of French and Indian. We perceived that we had to do with Acadians.

A third volley, and the bullets whistled about our ears. It was getting past a joke. "Halt!" shouted we, "stop firing till you see what you are firing at." There was a dead silence for a moment, then a burst of savage laughter. "Fire! fire!" cried two or three voices. "If you fire," cried I, "look out for yourselves, for we shall do the same. Have a care what you are about." "Mouille! Sacré!" roared half-a-score of voices. "Who is that who dares to give orders? Fire on the dogs!" "If you do we return it." "Sacré!" screamed the savages. "They are gentlemen from the towns. Their speech betrays them. Shoot them, the dogs, the spies! What do they want in the prairie?" "Your blood be on your own heads," cried I. And, with the feelings of desperate men, we levelled our guns in the direction in which we had seen the flashes of the last volley. At that moment, "Halt! what is here?" shouted a stentorian voice close to us. "Stop firing, or you are dead men," cried five or six other voices. "Sacré! ce sont des Américains," muttered the Acadians. "Monsieur Carleton!" cried a voice. "Here!" replied my friend. A bat shot out of the smoke, between us and our antagonists. Carleton's servant was in it. The next moment we were surrounded by a score of Acadians and half-a-dozen Americans. It appeared that the Acadians, so soon as they perceived the prairies on fire, had got into a boat and descended a creek that flowed into the Chicott creek, on which we now were. The beasts of the forest and prairie, flying to the water found themselves inclosed in the angle formed by the two creeks, and their retreat being cut off by the fire, they fell an easy prey to the Acadians, with a few savage fellows, who slaughtered them in a profusion and with a brutality that excited our disgust, a feeling which the Americans seemed to share. "Well, stranger!" said one of the latter, an old man, to Carleton, "do you go with them Acadians, or come with us?"

We glanced at the Acadians, who were still firing and dragging the beasts they slaughtered into their boat and to the shore. They appeared perfect rascals, and there was little temptation to seek guidance or assistance at their hands. "If it is agreeable to you, we will accompany you," said I to the American, making a step towards the boat. We were eager to be off, for the heat and smoke were unbearable. The Yankee answered neither yes nor no. His attention seemed taken up by the proceedings of the Acadians. "They're wuss than Injuns," said he to a young man standing by him. "They slood more in an hour than they could eat in a year, in their tarnation French wastefulness." "I've a notion of makin' 'em leave off," replied the young man. "The country's theirs, or their masters' at least," rejoined the other. "I reckon it's no business of ours."

Carleton and myself, up to our waists in water, and the Americans, chattering together as unconcerned as if they had been sitting under the roofs of their own blockhouses. "My good man," said I, "will you take the trouble to put your hospitable offer into execution, and take——" I could not continue, for I was literally suffocated with the heat and smoke. The very water of the creek was getting warm.

"I've a notion," said the Yankee with his usual drawl, and apparently only just perceiving our distress, "I've a notion we had better be movin' out o' the way o' the fire. Now, strangers, in with you." And he helped Carleton and myself into the boat, where we lay down, and became insensible

from heat and exhaustion. When we recovered our senses we found ourselves in the bottom of the boat, and the old Yankee standing by us with a bottle of whiskey in his hand, which he invited us to take. We felt better for the cordial, and began to look around us.

Before us lay an apparently interminable cypress swamp; behind us, a sheet of water, formed by the junction of the two creeks and at present overhung by a mass of smoke that concealed the horizon from our view. From time to time there was a burst of flame that lit up the swamp, and caused the cypress trees to appear as if they grew out of a sea of fire. "Come," said the old Yankee, "we must go on; it is near sunset, and we have far to go."

"And which way does our road lie?" I asked.

"Across the cypress swamp, unless you'd rather go around it."

I had found myself once or twice upon the borders of the swamp that now lay before us, but had always considered it impenetrable; and I did not understand, as I gazed into its gloomy depths, how we could possibly cross it.

"Is there any beaten path or road thro' the swamp?" inquired I of the old man.

"Path or road! Do you take it for a gentleman's park? There's the path that nature has made."

And he sprang upon the trunk of a tree covered with moss and creepers, which rose out of the vast depth of mud that formed the swamp.

"Here's the path," said he.

"Then we will wait and come around with our horses," I replied.

"Where shall we find them?"

"As you please, stranger. We shall cross the swamp. Only, if you can't do like your horses, sup off bulrushes, you are likely to fast for the next twenty-four hours."

"And why so? There is game and wild fowl for the shooting."

"No doubt there is, if you can eat them raw, like the Injuns. Where will you find within two miles round, a square foot of dry land to make your fire on?"

"I've a notion," said one of the younger men, "the stranger don't rightly know what he wants."

"Jot," said the elder Yankee, "where are the torches? We shall want 'em."

"Torches!" exclaimed I.

The Yankee gave me a look as much as to say, you must meddle with everything.

"Yes," replied he, "and if you had ten lives it would be as much as they are all worth to enter this swamp without torches."

So saying he struck fire, and selected a couple of pine splinters from several lying in the boat, he lighted them, doing everything with such extraordinary deliberation, and so oddly, that in spite of our unpleasant situation, we could scarce help laughing. — Meantime, the boat pushed off with two men in it, leaving Carleton, myself, the old man, and another American standing at the edge of the swamp.

"Follow me, step by step, and as if you were treading on eggs," said our leader; "and you, Jonathan, have an eye to the strangers, and don't wait till they are up to their necks in the mud to pick them out of it."

We did not feel much comforted by this speech, but mastering all our courage, we strode on after our plain-spoken guide. We had proceeded but a very short distance into the swamp before we found out the use of the torches. The huge trunks of the cy-

press trees, which stood four or five yards asunder, shot up to the height of fifty feet, entirely free from branches, which then, however, spread out at right angles to the stem, making the trees appear like gigantic umbrellas, and covering the whole morass with an impenetrable roof, through which not even a sunbeam could find a passage. On looking behind us we saw the daylight at the entrance of the swamp, as at the mouth of a vast cavern. The further we went the thicker became the air, and at last the alluvia were so stifling and pestilential that the torches burnt pale and dim, and more than once threatened to go out.

"Yes, yes," muttered our guide to himself, "a night passed in this swamp would leave a man ague-struck for the rest of his days. A night, ay, an hour would do it, if your pores were ever so little open; but now there's no danger, the prairie fire's good for that, dries the sweat and closes up the pores."

He went on conversing thus with himself, but still strutting forward, throwing his torch light on each log, or tree-trunk, and trying its solidity before he trusted his weight upon it, doing all this with a dexterity and speed that proved his familiarity with these dangerous paths.

"Keep close to me," said he to us, "but make yourselves light, as light at least as Botishers can make themselves. Hold your breath, and—ha! what is that log? Hello, Nathan," continued he to himself, "what comes to you, man? Don't you know a sixteen foot alligator from a tree?"

He had stretched out his foot, but, fortunately, before setting it down, he poked what he took for a log with the butt of his gun. The supposed block of wood gave way a little, and the old squatter, throwing himself back, was within an ace of pushing me into the swamp.

"Ah, friend," said he, not in the least disconcerted, "you thought to circumvent honest folks with your devilry and cunning."

"What is the matter?" asked I.

"Not much the matter," he replied, pulling his knife from its sheath; "only an alligator. There it is again."

And in the place of the log which had disappeared, the jaws of a huge alligator gaped before us. I raised my gun to my shoulder. The Yankee seized my arm.

"Don't fire," whispered he; "don't fire so long as you can help it. We ain't alone here. This will do as well." He added, as he stooped down, and drove his long knife into the alligator's eye. The monster gave a frightful howl, and lashed violently with its tail, besprinkling us with the black, slimy mud of the swamp.

"Take that," said the squatter, with a grim smile, "and that, and that!" stabbing the brute repeatedly between the neck and the ribs, while it writhed and snapped furiously at him. Then wiping his knife, he stuck it in his belt, and looked keenly and cautiously around him.

"I've a notion there must be a tree trunk here away; it ain't the first time I've followed this track. There it is, but a good six foot off."

And so saying he gave a spring, and alighted safely on the stepping-place.

"Have a care, man," cried I. "There is water there; I see it glitter."

"Pho, water! what you call water is snakes. Come on."

I hesitated, and a shudder came over me. The leap, as regarded distance, was a trifling one, but it was over an almost bottomless chasm, full of the foulest mud, on which

the moccasins snakes, the deadliest of the American reptiles, were swarming. "Come on."

Necessity lent me strength, and, pressing my left foot firmly against the log on which I was standing, and which was each moment sinking with our weight deeper into the soft, slimy ground, I sprang across.—Carleton followed me.

"Well done!" cried the old man; "courage, and a couple more such leaps, and we shall be getting over the worst of it."

We pushed on steadily but slowly, never setting our foot on a log till we had ascertained its solidity with the butts of our guns.

"There seems to have been a sort of path made here," said I to our guide, "for?"

"Silence!" interrupted he in a low tone; "silence for your life till we are on firm ground again. Don't mind the snakes," added he, as the torchlight revealed some enormous ones lying coiled up on the moss and lianas close to us. "Follow me very closely."

But just as I stretched forward my foot, and was about to place it in the very print that his had left, the hideous jaw of an alligator was suddenly stretched over the tree trunk, not six inches from my leg, and the creature snapped at me so suddenly, that I had just time to fire my gun into his glittering lizard-like eye. The monster bounded back, uttered a sound between a bellow and a groan, and, striking wildly about him in the morass, disappeared.

The American looked round when I fired, and an approving smile played about his mouth as he said something to me which I did not hear, owing to the infernal uproar that now arose on all sides of us, and at first completely deafened me. Thousands, tens of thousands of birds and reptiles, alligators, enormous bull-frogs, night-owls, ahingas, herons, whose dwellings were in the mud of the swamp, or on its leafy roof, now lifted up their voices, bellowing, hooting, shrieking and growling. Bursting forth from the obscure retreat in which they had hitherto lain hidden, the alligators raised their luteous snouts out of the green coating of the swamp, gnashing their teeth and straining towards us, while the owls and other birds circled round our heads, flapping and striking us with their wings as they passed. We drew our knives, and endeavoured to defend at least our heads and eyes; but all was in vain against the myriads of enemies that surrounded us; and the unequal combat could not possibly have lasted long, when suddenly a shot was fired, followed immediately by another. The effect they produced was magical. The growls and cries of rage and fury were exchanged for howls of fear and complaint, the alligators withdrew gradually into their native mud; the birds flew in wilder circles around us, the unequal multitudes were in full retreat. By degrees the various noises died away.—But our torches had gone out, and all around us was black as pitch.

"In God's name, are you there old man," asked I.

"What! still alive?" he replied, with a laugh that jarred unpleasantly upon my nerves, "and the other Britisher, too? I told ye we were not alone. These brutes defend themselves if you attack them upon their own ground, and a single shot is sufficient to bring them about one's ears. But when they see you're in earnest, they soon get tired of it, and a couple more shots sent among them generally drive them away again; for they are but senseless squealing creatures after all."

While the old man was speaking he struck fire, and lit one of the torches.

"Luckyly we have rather better footing here," continued he.

"And now, forward quickly; for the swamp is set, and we have still some way to go." And again he led the march, with a skill and confidence in himself which each moment increased our reliance on him. After proceeding in this manner for about half-an-hour, we saw a pale light glimmering in the distance.

"Five minutes more and your troubles are over; but now is the time to be cautious, for it is on the borders of these swamps the alligators best love to lie."

In my eagerness to find myself once more on dry land, I scarcely heard the Yankee's words; and as the stepping-places were now near together, I hastened on, and got a little in front of the party. Suddenly I felt a log on which I had just placed my foot, give way under me. I had scarcely time to call out "Halt!" when I was upon the armpits in the swamp, with every prospect of sinking still deeper.

"You will hurry on," said the old man, with a laugh; and at the same time, springing forward, he caught me by the hair.

"Take warning for the future," added he as he helped me out of the mud; "and look there!"

I did look, and saw half-a-dozen alligators writhing and crawling in the noxious sludge within a few feet of us. I felt a sickening sensation, and for a moment I could not utter a word; the Yankee produced his whiskey flask.

"Take a swallow of this," said he, "but no, better wait till we are out of the swamp. Stop a little till your heart beats quieter.—So, you are better now. When you've made two or three such journeys with old Nathan you'll be quite another man. Now, forward again."

A few minutes later we were out of the swamp, and looking over a field of palmettos that waved & rustled in the moonbeam. The air was fresh, and once more we breathed freely.

**MONUMENT TO SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.**  
—A proposal for a monument to Sir William Wallace is about to be carried out. Funds have been realised, and the Hill of Barrow, near Craigie, between Kilmarnock and Ayr, is proposed as the site. The hill in question is supposed to be that on which the "Wallace Wicht" stood and took a last look at the blazing "barns of Ayr," to which he had set fire, after fastening the doors and windows to prevent the escape of the Englishmen feasting inside.—*Kilmarnock Journal.*

A number of pins were recently exhibited to the Pathological Society of London, removed from various parts of the body of a young woman, who was taking down clothes from the drying lines, and putting the pins in her mouth, while some one came behind her and seized her by the arms, startling her so much that she swallowed the whole mouthful; sickness and emaciation followed; a swelling showed itself under her left breast, which ulcerated and burst, giving passage to a pin, the head of which was gone. Sixteen others were removed from about the same spot, and others from the left knee, from over the sternum, and from the wrist—twenty-two in all. They had all lost their heads except two.

The New Government of New Brunswick is likely to meet with a fierce opposition. In the House a motion of want of confidence has already been introduced the most complaining among other things that no member of the Catholic Church had been selected in forming the new cabinet.

## LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

## SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

**DEATH OF THE RUSSIAN ADMIRAL, NACHIKHOFF.—EXPLOSION OF TWO POWDER MAGAZINES.**

It is stated in advices from Bicharest, of the 20th, that General Prince Gortschakoff had stopped the troops moving from the Danester to the Crimea, in consequence of Omar Pasha commencing operations against the Dobrukscha.

The English steamer Trent arrived at Yarna on the 24th. She brings the intelligence that on the 25th the bombardment of Sebastopol was vigorously continued.

Several cannon had carried against the gates of the city.

Numerous corpses infect Sebastopol.

Admiral Nachikoff had been killed by a shell.

**YARNA, Oct. 26.**—The Russian fire in reply to the bombardment of the allies is feeble.

Two powder magazines in Sebastopol had exploded.

The loss on both sides is considerable.

The admirals report that the fall of Sebastopol is expected shortly.

**St. Petersburg, Oct. 31.**—Prince Menschikoff's last despatch says that nothing important had occurred up to the 27th of October.

## ANOTHER RUSSIAN DESPATCH.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg* published an official epitome of the events which have recently taken place in the Crimea. Prince Menschikoff reports the Russian loss in killed and wounded at the Battle of Alma at 4,500.

On the evening of the 17th ult., he states, that the English had only two pieces which were capable of continuing the firing, and that the French had been "silenced" earlier.

A powder magazine had exploded. Fort Constantine had been much damaged by the fire of the fleet, and Bastion No. 8, had 33 of its guns dismantled.

Admiral Kerauloff was dead, and Admiral Nachikoff wounded.

## Engagement with Two Steamers and a Troop of Cossacks.

The following from the Odessa journal of the 6th of Oct., shows that the governor of that place, General Amienkoff II., is resolved not to be inexpert in hatching "Muscovy duck":—

"On the 29th September one of the enemy's steamers, which had for some time been cruising off our harbour, chased two barques laden with wood coming from Cherson. One of those boats was captured by the enemy and taken in tow, the other succeeded in running aground near Doniowaka, about a musket shot from the beach. The steamer sent three boats, the crews armed with rifles; but our gallant Cossacks of the 2nd sotnia, 37th Don Regiment, hastened to the shore and defended the boat with well-directed shots. In vain the enemy showered shots of all kind, even grape, from the steamer—in vain they discharged their rifles from boats—our Cossacks dauntlessly sustained the combat, the enemy retired, and the defended boat remained in our possession. On our side, fortunately, we had neither killed nor wounded. The loss of the enemy is unknown."

"On the 20th (old style) two enemy's steamers approached the shore near the Cossack station of Grigorenka, with the intention of taking possession of a raft laden with timber. For this purpose they sent off a boat and opened a heavy fire against the 4th sotnia of the 37th Don Regiment, which was thrown out in a chain of fusillades. But scarcely had the boat reached the raft and fastened ropes to tow it off, ere our brave Cossacks regardless of their small numbers, opened such a sharp fire that the enemy was compelled to abandon his enterprise, and retire without effecting the same. God be praised! we had no loss during this combat."

Then follow commendations bestowed upon Scheiking, Popoff, and other invulnerables of the Don.

## Lord Raglan's Desire for a Protracted Bombardment.

A report is circulating at Constantinople,

that Lord Raglan had expressed his opinion at a council of war in favor of a prolonged bombardment in preference to an immediate assault. Having accomplished the prodigious labour of conveying the heavy guns and their ammunition to our batteries and opened a successful fire on Sebastopol, the reduction of the place is said to be only a question of time, and these operations are carried on with very inconsiderable losses to the allied forces. An assault, on the contrary, though it might lead to more rapid success, would cost innumerable lives and materially weaken the besieging armies. Sebastopol is occupied and defended not merely by the ordinary garrison of a fortress, but by an army. The troops are placed at a very great disadvantage so long as they are exposed to the incessant fire of our batteries, for it is impossible that the casemates of the forts should be sufficiently extensive to afford them shelter; but in an assault their numbers and their desperation is thought would render them formidable enemies. The continuance of the siege it is also thought is so far advantageous to the allied armies that it must exhaust and destroy the resources of the Russians in the Crimea infinitely more than those of the French and English camps.

## The Alleged Surprise of the British Camp.

## PROBABLE EXPLANATION OF THE ALARMING RUSSIAN DESPATCHES.

Great doubt hangs over the intelligence of an advantage gained by the Russians over a detachment of the English army before Sebastopol. No less than three principal versions of the story are in circulation; one dated St. Petersburg, another Warsaw, and a third Odessa. These, and the minor variations of the tale, have reached this country by various routes—Berlin and Vienna, Hamburg, Brussels, and Paris. But it is clear they all emanate from one source; they are all derived from one and the same report, and that a Russian one. With our experience of Russian despatches and bulletins, we will scarcely be accused of lack of clarity if we assume that, given if there be some truth in the news, the English loss is likely to have been exaggerated; and of the Russian loss no mention is made. In a telegraphic report it is affirmed that the news of the loss sustained by the English was "almost entirely false." Even on the assumption, however, that any weight can be attributed to this non-official intelligence, it seems to admit that an affair between the Russians and the English took place on or about the 25th. Amid so many conflicting rumours, it is not easy to decide what is to be believed. The Russian attack is stated to have been made on "a detached camp of the English," or on "the right flank of the English, at Inkermann, on the Tchernaya." If there be any truth in these accounts, a detachment of the English army must have been pushed forward across the Tchernaya, and must have entrenched itself near Inkermann at a date subsequent to the most recent letters received from the Allied camp. It will be remembered, however, that a report has been circulated that the Allies intended to advance a detachment for the purpose of intercepting the communication between the forts on the north side of Sebastopol and the army under Prince Menschikoff. It is therefore neither impossible nor improbable that an entrenchment or camp, occupied by English troops, may have been established in the vicinity of Inkermann. A despatch from Prince Menschikoff's aide-de-camp states that a detachment of the Russian army had been stationed at the village of Tchorgenn, on the Tchernaya, "with a view to cut off the water of the enemy, and at the same threaten his communications with Bala Clava." That the communications at the Allies with Bala Clava had been threatened we know for certain, and this imparts a degree of probability to the assertion that the Russian commander would also try to cut off or render difficult the obtaining of a sufficient supply of water by the Allies. In this case it would be indispensable to advance a detachment to cover the watering place on the Tchernaya. All the considerations adverted to concur to increase the probability that the English had a detached camp at the position said to have been the scene of the affair of the

25th. The omission on the part of Lord Raglan to throw out exploring parties in advance of his march upon the Tchernaya, and the tardiness with which the works were thrown up to cover the communications with Bala Clava were set about, render it but too probable that any detached camp established near Inkermann may have been surprised. Whilst we still, therefore, hope and believe that the loss said to have been sustained by the English on the 25th will ultimately be found to have been exaggerated, and that the Russians will be found to have purchased dearly any partial advantage they may have gained, it is possible that a detachment of our army has actually experienced a check. If we are right in this conclusion, it necessarily follows that the Russian army in the field under Prince Menschikoff has been sufficiently augmented to enable it to act in a manner that may prostrate the siege operations of the Allies at Sebastopol. We dwell upon these themes in no spirit of despondency as to the ultimate result of the struggle, but for the purpose of warning the public that the capture of Sebastopol and the expulsion of the Russians from the Crimea may be a tedious process. With this prospect before us, it is impossible not to feel our indignation revive at that imbecile and procrastinating policy—whenever be to blame for it—which kept the Allied Armies so long inactive at Yarna—which kept them inactive so long after the enemy had been forewarned that Sebastopol was to be attacked. The enemy have had notice given them and time allowed them to strengthen their defences, and the siege operations have been postponed until the most unfavourable period of the year.

A despatch, from a perfectly reliable source, states that the statement from the *Wiener Zeitung* of the English army having experienced a serious reverse is a gross exaggeration. The affair referred to took place near Eupatoria, where the allies were on the look-out for the advancing reinforcements of the Russians. The British cavalry was attacked, but the French advanced to its assistance, and the Russians retired. The date is not exactly known, but the affair is supposed to have occurred on the 23rd ultimo.

## Despatch of Troops to the East.

A portion of the Egyptian contingent promised to the Sultan by Said Pasha, and commanded by Menschli-Pasha, embarked at Alexandria, in three steamers, on the 19th of October. News from Malta announces that, since the 11th of October, six steam-vessels, having on board some French and English troops, and also 20 briggs from Marseilles, with cavalry, have passed La Valetta. Three ships are being loaded at Toulon, with 500,000 rations, as well as troops, 3,000 workmen are, besides, actively occupied in the arsenal in building ships-of-war. Several foreign steamers have been chartered at Marseilles.

A letter from Marseilles says:—"The weather is magnificent, and the wind quite favourable for the reinforcements which are being despatched en masse to the army of the East. All the transports laden with Cuirassiers and Engineers with their horses, which were detained here by contrary winds for some days, have cleared out, and there is not an hired transport remaining in the docks. The Samai mail steamer took 500 of the 19th Regiment of Infantry to Constantinople. The City of London, British Government transport, which came here with despatches from Lord Raglan, sailed for Constantinople on Thursday, and provided accommodation for 500 of the 30th of the Line. The mail steamer Telemaque sailed the same day. Her decks were crowded with Chasseurs of Vincennes. The new iron screw steamer *Lyzardine*, of 1,200 tons, has been chartered by Government, and is taking in flour and a vast number of cartridges for the Minie rifles. She will sail direct for Bala Clava. The Spanish steamer Pelayo is engaged for the same purpose."

## From Another Officer.

"Heights above Sebastopol, Oct. 12.

"We have been constantly under fire of shell, rocket, and grape this last fortnight. But you need not be alarmed. My trust is in God, and no shells or anything else can touch me

without his will, which makes me not to fear them in the slightest degree. I have only just returned from a four-and-twenty hours sojourn in the trenches, which enables me to pronounce the Russians remarkably bad artillerymen, for by the hundreds of grape, rockets, shell, shot, and musketry with which we were yesterday and all last night favoured only two men were killed—one of our regiment, the 29th, close by me, by a bit of a shell on the head—and three men wounded, exclusive of Rotherams, of ours, who was struck yesterday by the bursting of a shell, on his way home from the trenches on the front part of the calf of his left leg, which, luckily, is not broken, and he is likely to be right again in less than a month. You must not be needlessly alarmed at this description. I have nothing else to write. When I sleep in my tent I always lie in full dress, boots and spurs, and even in my dress shake, which you will laugh at when I tell you it is no bad substitute for a night-cap these cold nights: but in the trenches; no one sleeps. Most of us are at hard work preparing the embreasures for the guns, 200 in number, which we expect to get into position in about three days more, when the whole are to open at once, and will doubtless lay Sebastopol a heap of stones, with scarcely the appearance of its ever having been a city and one of Russia's strongholds. Their defences against our preparations are "footy" and foolish: nothing can save them. We can distinctly see into all parts of the town, which appears to contain soldiers, sailors, and their wives. I believe all others have left it—very wisely so. About 3 a. m., last night, or rather this morning, a most lively fire of all sorts of arms took place. They threatened to attack, or pretended to do so, for the purpose of interfering with and stopping our working party, which, of course, succeeded for a time, but they knew better than to attack us in open field by day or by night after the specimen they had of the 'red devils' of Alma. In fact, Sebastopol is doomed, and the delay in setting its fate is caused by the difficulty in getting up the heavy guns. We had about 300 sailors assisting in the trenches last night. This to 'Jack' is the fun; they work like slaves, and look as fierce as if they had been fed upon nothing but Russians for the last month; and such is their spirit that they actually wanted to use their ship guns, which have been landed for the embreasures, without any trenches or parapets to protect them. You may imagine how fine will be the effect of our attack which will open at daylight, by a salvo of the heaviest shotted guns and mortars, about 200 in number, and these 200 guns will be repeated every three minutes for eight hours, or until the white flag is hoisted. I think our attack will commence on Monday, and by this fine arrangement of Lord Raglan's much loss of life will be saved to our forces. I fear Alma must have occasioned much mourning in England. Cholera does not now exist among the troops, and we are very healthy. The hand of the Almighty appears to be with us, and we are favoured by weather and everything else, which is, of course all against the doings of the tyrant Czar. Our force now amounts to about 90,000, English, French, and Turks, exclusive of sailors—at least equal to double the amount of Russians. The French and Turks have lately had an increase to their numbers of 24,000."

### Heartless and reckless Obstinance of the Czar,

ST. PETERSBURG, OCT. 18.—Count Nesselrode had yesterday a confidential interview of some length with His Majesty the Emperor Nicholas, at Gatshina. Shortly afterwards a courier was sent off with a despatch to the Russian Ambassador in Berlin, which despatch contains instructions for the ambassador, regulating his conduct in respect to the attempts now being made to bring Prussia and Austria into unison. The Russian Cabinet lays down in this note the fixed principles by which it intends to be guided, no matter what eventualities may arise in the course of the present war. In this note no disposition to make concessions is evinced; Russia, it is declared, will, under all circumstances, act up to the principles she has maintained hitherto in her Oriental policy. Should even Sebastopol fall and the Crimea be lost, Russia will not yield

one inch. Russia, so runs the note in question, is the most powerful State in the East, and will remain such, despite all casualties!!! She has not yet brought her chief military strength into the field, nor have the Western Powers as yet any cause to triumph. The Russian envoy in Berlin is directed to read the despatch to the Prussian premier, but without leaving him a copy. The Czar is said to have with his own hand made several emphatic alterations in passages which, as originally drawn up by Nesselrode, were not sufficiently decisive.

### Winter Clothing for the Soldiers.

Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the amount of stores of winter clothing sent out, when we state that upwards of 70,000 pairs of worsted socks, 90,000 woolen jerseys, 50,000 pairs of flannel drawers, and 80,000 pairs of gloves have been sent to the army under Lord Raglan, and still further supplies of the same articles will be sent. Arrangements have also been made to send out 25,000 great coats, which will be an addition to the great coats already possessed by each man; and the army clothiers, with a zeal for the welfare of the public service which does them great credit, have, at the request of the Government, completed 30,000 additional suits of winter clothing, which will all leave this country before the middle of the month.

### The Noble Spirit of our Fighting Men.

Look at the gallant young Walsban's last moments at the Alma. In the thick of his first fight, the young lieutenant saw one of his artillerymen wounded in the arm—said "Go instantly to the rear, to the surgeons"—himself finished the sponging of the gun, and was lifting the ball to load it when he was shot through the breast. Look at the serving of the colours—a new bearer stepping forward as each ensign was shot down. As for the personal endurance, look at that surgeon's letter which tells what wounded men did at Alma. "The pluck of a soldier," says the surgeon, "no one has yet truly described. They laugh at pain, and will scarcely submit to die. It is perfectly marvellous, this triumph of mind over body. If a limb were torn off or crushed at home, you would have them brought home fainting, and in a state of collapse. Here they come with a dangling arm or a riddled elbow, and it's 'Now docter, be quick if you please; I'm not done for so bad but I can get away back and see.'" And see they do.—The dying raise themselves from the ground for one cheer more. One cavalry officer, the surgeon tells as "a solemn truth," would have gone into the battle again after losing his foot (which he called having his foot "dressed"), in the face of assurances that he would bleed to death immediately; but no one would put him on his horse. This matches Witherington in "Chevy Chase," and gives us evidence that the true old blood is as warm as ever in us yet, unchilled by civilisation, and that the old spirit is as noble as ever—not pulled down but exalted by knowledge and the influences of peace.

### Military Life on the Field.

The following are extracts from a letter from a surgeon in the army:—"We have got our tents at last, though the men are much crowded in them. The nights have been intensely cold, and accompanied by heavy dews or rain, and, with our scanty covering, we frequently found ourselves in the morning benumbed in every joint. Lots of men have died from the effects of the exposure. Rheumatism and fever have been very rife among us. Cholera is decreasing; but there have been a great many cases of jaundice, particularly among the officers. The enemy are shelling us again to-day, but one gets used to being shot at. Many of our senses are considerably altered by our campaigning. Smell, from colds, is quite gone—a great blessing in this country; taste, from want of practice, considerably blunted; sight, from sleeping with one eye open and looking out for number one and shells very acute. Although many have escaped from the fire of the enemy, we have all bled in our country's cause, as we are devoured by insects of the most vulgar description, which in former days we associated with paupers and the other

tribes belonging to the large body of the unwashed: but in this respect the British officer has descended from his high estate, and, when we remember him in all the pride of gold and red cloth, it would be difficult to recognize him in the faded and tattered object seated by the bivouac fire smoking his pipe contentedly and dreaming of home and happier days. The young gentleman, Norval (he of the Grampian Hills,) who longed to follow to the field son of a warlike lord, would, I suspect, be satisfied with a short trial of our work and be glad to return to feed his father's flocks. As there are no more villages where we can expect anything in the shape of plunder, we must confine ourselves to our rations. The commissariat are at their old tricks; we have been in the habit of getting tea and sugar regularly served out, which were great luxuries, but this morning they have served out green coffee-beans. How do they expect men in a campaign like this to roast and grind them? Of course they are thrown away."

### Prices at Balaclava.

As an instance, take the following anecdote:—A young artillery officer, Mr. Cockerell, just come out, died lately of one of the prevailing diseases. As usual in such cases his kit was sold by public auction. It was very valuable, for he had just got his outfit, and the things were all of them quite new. After the sale I saw the catalogue with the prices paid, and took the following notes of some which struck me as characteristic:—A military cloak, 6s; one pair of worsted socks, 30s; a shell jacket, 2s 6d; a pair of gold epaulettes (quite new), 8s; a clasp-knife, 10s. The epaulettes were scarcely worn. The price I understand, is £5, and £3 could always be realized in London for the gold they contain; out here their value is far below that of a common bone-handled clasp knife or a pair of worsted socks, which in London would be dear at 2s.—*Private Letter.*

### Italy.

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF ITALIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS.—The enemies of papal *regime*, imprisoned for their political offences in the strong castle of Palliano, near the Neapolitan frontier, were nearly affording the Government fresh cause for anxiety a few days ago, by effecting their escape from durance vile; but, as is usual in such cases, the necessity of confiding the plan to several persons was the cause of the whole conspiracy being revealed and nipped in the bud. One of the soldiers on guard received a bribe of six pauls to convey a letter from one of the prisoners to another, confined in a different cell, but after executing the commission, probably reflecting that his own personal risk in the adventure was hardly compensated by the moderate sum of half-a-crown, he denounced the affair to the Governor of the castle. From this document, seized in the prisoner's cell, the plot became manifest, and one of the keepers inculcated as favouring it. The prisoners were to make a whole through the wall communicating with the *corps de garde*, to choose the hour when the soldiers were at dinner, to seize their muskets, and make a desperate attack upon the rest of the garrison. The governor commended the soldier, and in due time reported the affair to the authorities in Rome, who, however, looked upon it in a very serious light, and sent immediate orders for the governor to be removed from his command for not acting more energetically, for the soldier to be imprisoned, and the keeper to be brought in chains to Rome to undergo immediate trial. The prisoners for political misdemeanours at Palliano are upwards of two hundred. The garrison of the castle consists of a company of infantry, and another company is stationed in the town, so that the numerical force of the belligerent parties, supposing the prisoners were actually to have got out, would have been about equal.

THE CARDINAL-VICAR'S LUGUBRIOUS ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Cardinal-Vicar has announced to the Christian world, by means of a lengthy proclamation, the commencement of the expected jubilee, which is to last from the beginning of November to the end of January. His Eminence's exordium is in a tone more than usually

languorous. Although war, pestilence, famine, and earthquakes, desolate the world in general, the church, he says, has to lament still greater evils, arising from the systematic attacks of poisonous and abandoned wretches, who have united in diabolical pact, and bound themselves by the most flagitious oaths not to rest until they have sunk the mystical bark of St. Peter. To keep this vessel afloat, and also to obtain divine illumination for his Holiness with regard to his approaching solution of the oft debated question of the immaculate conception, are professedly the two objects to be obtained by the prayers of the faithful during the ensuing jubilee, in return for which the Pope opens the stored treasures of indulgence, and invests confessors with the most ample powers of absolution.

**PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES OF AUSTRIA.**—Some months ago it was rumored that a Bavarian army would occupy the Austro-Italian provinces, and the same report is again circulated in circles which are generally well informed—That things have almost come to a crisis in Germany is evident, and it is therefore not impossible that, in order to avoid a rupture with Austria, the second-rate States will consent to march a powerful body of federal troops into the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, which measure would naturally enable this Government to move the whole of the Italian army to the northern frontiers of the empire. The forces under Marshal Radetzky consist of some 120,000 men, with 150 guns, and if this army was placed in Bohemia and Moravia, Austria could entirely dispense with the assistance of Prussia. No guarantee can be given for the correctness of the intelligence, but it is said that one part of M. Von der Pfotzen's mission is to make an arrangement with Prussia for assisting Austria in the way above mentioned. General Hess either considers the danger of an attack on Galicia imminent, or he is of opinion that prevention is better than cure, for it was resolved at the Council of War, that the "remainder" of the army should be placed on a war footing. The garrison which may be about 16,000 strong, has received orders to be prepared to march at 48 hours' notice.

### Lord Raglan's Excessive Caution-Symptoms of Winter in the Crimea.

SEVASTOPOL, from the Heights, }  
to the South, October 11. }

I have slept eleven nights under my little tent. I have eaten much fried ham, cheese, figs, pickles, biscuit, and ketchup sauce. My great leather bottle of brandy was drunk out by marauders in my absence. We have had beautiful weather, with the exception of the night before last and all yesterday, which was as terribly bleak, drizzly, grizzly, leaden-coloured, gusty, blustering weather as could be, the evening snow, which seemed to be slowly moving down upon us in heavy bolsters from the mountains. It gave us a most bitter foretaste of what the winter will be when it comes, as it may now any day, and make us all the more thankful now our fine warm sun has returned this morning. I am sitting in my tent in (flannel) shirt sleeves, rather too hot than otherwise, and quite jolly and comfortable. The Russians go on booming away at our trenches, but we have not yet opened fire. We are said to be ready with our guns, and material and gabion batteries; but the French are not, and we are waiting for them.

It has seemed to me that we have been very slow and slack in getting our preparations made; but it is impossible for a mere spectator to know the difficulties overcome, and to say whether the number of men and horses, who seem idle when they might be working, may not be necessary for the defence of the positions.

Lord Raglan is said to be very much set

upon economizing the life of his troops, and advancing cautiously by graduated approaches. But if the inclement season overtakes us, loss of time may become equivalent to loss of life, and still more to loss of spirits and energy in the army, which is much harassed by night alarms and general discomfort, quite enough in fine weather.—From day to day we have been expecting to open fire. It is always confidently reported that it will open to-morrow, so that one gets to take as little notice of reports from human as from cannon mouths.

When you read in the columns of "our correspondents" about his writing under fire, with shot and shell dropping around, and the screech of winged messengers of death in his ears, think nothing at all of his valour, for, practically, these distant sprinkling of spent balls and sputtering shell do not kill more than a man or two in a fortnight, and are so constantly whizzing and popping to so little purpose, that the mind gets weary of being alarmed. When one comes very near, it excites a little emotion, which in these dull days passes for amusement, and makes us more cheerful.

Last Sunday, as I was making my coffee at Sir G. Brown's fire, there was a very loud pop, out of which came (as night comes out of a cloudy) a very long screech, which grew louder and louder, till a great round shot whistled about five yards over my head, and fell about five-and-twenty yards from my tent. This is the nearest that has happened to me in the course of ten or twelve days passed within range. At church, while all the light division were drawn up in a hollow square, waiting for the clergyman, shot and shell fell about us so close that it was thought advisable to move a few hundred yards backwards. A stout, well-fed priest in flowing robes appeared, and read through the service with his back turned to Sevastopol, with a full, sonorous voice that never changed or faltered as the long screech approached, which as long as it lasts may be bringing destruction. The service, under such circumstances, was very impressive. We expected the fighting was to begin on the morrow, and the feeling that it was the last service many of us might hear—nay, that an extra pinch of powder might send a shell to kill 50 or 60 of us on the spot—gave great weight to any allusions to the uncertainty of life.

### Harmless Russian Thunder,

October 12, 1854.

The fine weather continues, with the exception of the harmless Russian thunder.—They must have lots of ammunition, and take pleasure in using up as much as they can before they blow it all up and retire, which I suppose they will when our fire becomes too much for them. We only cover one side of Sevastopol; in fact, I should think not more than a third of the land circumference. Last night, after sunset, there were some strange clouds, that looked like a train of laden beasts, among which several camels were very distinct. A little ahead flew a large black eagle with drooping wings. Some of the old Highlanders, smoking by the camp fires, thought it might portend the "flecht o' the Roosh'us; and we wad no be sorry if they wad just decamp en the necht. At wad ae spare muckle ammunition and bluidshed to nae purpose." I fraternize with all sorts of people—Zouaves, Algerian Arabs, Turkish arabajees, Greek interpreters, soldiers, and blue-jackets, who have a very rum camp of their

own, where one picks up some very choice specimens of language.

I think a farce may be made out of the camp-life, but it would be badly off for a heroic.

### Introduction of New Customs' Bill.

CHANGES SUBMITTED.

The New Tariff is to be as follows:  
Sugar refined in leaves, crushed or candy, per cwt. 12s.  
Sugar raw, bastard and other kinds, per cwt. 7s 6d  
Molasses per gallon, 2s  
Tea per pound, 2d  
Coffee per pound, 1d; Cigars per lb, 2d.  
Tobacco, other than cigars and snuff, per pound, 2s.  
Snuff per pound, 4d.  
Wine in wood, not bottled, per gallon 1s.  
Wine in bottles, per dozen, quarts, 7s 6d.  
do do in pints, 3s 9d.  
Whiskey per gallon 5d.  
Rum per gallon, 1s 6d.  
Geneva or Gin, or other spirits, Whiskey, Rum or Brandy per gallon, 2s 6d.  
Cordials, Liquors and Spirits, sweetened or mixed with any other article, per gallon, 4s.  
Dried Fruits per lb, 1d.  
Pimento, Alspice, Pepper, Ground Ginger, per lb, 2d.  
Cassia, Cinnamon, Cloves, and Root Ginger, per lb, 3d.  
Mace and Nutmegs per lb, 7½d.  
Maccaroni and Vermicelli per lb, 2d.  
Vinegar per gallon, 3d.  
Green Fruit, Sweetmeats, or Fruits preserved in sugar candy or molasses and other Confectionery, for every £100 value £12 10s.

Animals of all kinds, Meats of all kinds, except mess pork, butter, cheese, flour, barley, buckwheat, (bear and bigg,) oats, rye, beans and peas, meals of the above grain, and wheat not bolted, bran in shorts, and hops, to be admitted free of duty.

Bark, Berries, Nuts, Vegetables, Woods and Drugs used solely in dyeing, and Indigo, Bristles, Burr Stones, unwrought, Coal and Coke, all Grease and Scraps, Hemp Flax and Tow, undressed Hides, Junk and Oakum, Lard, Lead, pig or sheet, Marble in blocks unpolished, Oil, cocoanut, pine and palm only, Ores of all kinds of all Metals, Pipe Clay, Resin and Rosin, Saw Logs, Ships' Water Casks in use, Teazels, Broom Corn, Wood used in making Carpenters' and Joiners' tools, Tar and Pitch, Type Metal in blocks or pigs, Wool, Caoutchouc, Cordage of all kinds, Sail Cloth, Copper in bars or in sheets, Yellow Metal in bars or sheets bright and black Printing Types, Printers' Ink, Printing Implements of all kinds, Bookbinders' Tools, Presses, and Implements of all kinds, Nets and Ropes, Cotton and Flax, waste Rags, Fire Clay and Russian Hemp, Yarn, to be admitted free of duty, subject to condition of American Reciprocity Bill when from United States.

The whole number on board the *Acw Eré*, was 410, of whom 39 died at sea, 155 escaped, and 215 were drowned. It is represented that the Captain mistook the soundings for Long Island, and one statement, (which is, however, contradicted,) represents him as having been asleep. One child was born on board, on the night of the wreck. It was very shortlived.

The sum of \$5500 is acknowledged in the New York *Albion*, by the Committee for procuring subscriptions in the City of New York for the benefit of the widows and orphans of soldiers, seamen, and marines of the British service, employed in the war against Russia.

[From the Crusader.]

## The Winking Madonna of Bedini.

BY ALEXANDER GAVAZZI.

Since the paper Madonna of the notorious Bedini happily arrived in America, I have not said a word on this portentous importation. Undoubtedly it does honor to Romanism. For such worshippers—such idols. A paper image! Behold the whole papal worship! But, however absurd so ridiculous a gift of the Most Holy Papal Nuncio might be, it will, nevertheless, find among the herd of the blind fanatical papists, not a few who will appreciate it, like a precious treasure; many will call themselves blessed by being enabled to kneel before this paper image, and will consider it a great privilege to kiss the ink eyes of the Mother of God; envying those Italians who, were permitted to see those very eyes painted, and yet winking as if they were a thing of life. Of such blind and fanatical believers there is no deficiency in America, particularly among the Irish Catholics. I would not be surprised, were I to learn that the paper Madonna of Bedini, in consideration of the great miracle performed by the original painting, had been placed with the honors due to its dignity, in the Catholic churches and cathedrals of America, for public worship. When an immoral and cruel man, like Bedini, has found in the United States Protestant editors, who have published of him, that it was only necessary to look him in the face, to be persuaded of his malignity; and of the goodness of his heart: when this ill-omened individual has been able to find Protestant senators who have publicly endorsed his noble and immaculate character, and Protestant Mayors and Governors (vice Mayor Westervelt and Governor Seymour) who have honored in him the celestial ambassador and representative of the Divine Vicar of Jesus Christ: it is a very trifling thing, and equally natural that there should be Catholics in America, who appreciate such gifts, although composed of paper, and should proportionally praise and venerate this Madonna, although it came to light through the press of the lithographic.

But, Bedini and his minions attach of these Madonnas considerable impotence, they being copies of that other painted Madonna, which in Rimini opened and shut the eyes, precisely when our Lord, the skinner, was extraordinary legate of the four legations, approving by such miracle his exemplary administration. If the administration of Bedini was signalized by such wonders, any one attacking it must be a sacrilegious person, an atheist, a heretic; therefore, all that has been transacted by Bedini, in Bologna, during his administration, was honest, upright, and worthy of the greatest eponium. In denouncing Bedini to the Americans as a monster, for what he committed in the Roman States, it was but a calumny of perfidious individuals; the diabolical work of dark spirits in the shape, and with the name of Italian exiles; and to deny all these falsehoods, arrived in proper time in America, the paper Madonnas of the Angelic Bedini.

Thus reasoned the famous McGee, McMaster, Orestes Brownson, and all the legion of papal journals in America. Well, all right! But here arises a little difficulty:—

My readers; do not ignore that the original of these Bedinian Madonnas, is a poor modern painting of the so-called *Mother of God*, (Who, between us, never had any mother) which was exposed in a church of Rimini, without any special veneration; when, fortunately for the picture, there arrived in that city, about four years ago, some shrewd missionaries, who having compelled the painting to open and wink the eyes, procured to it the highest place over all the Madonnas of Italy, nay of the whole Catholic World; putting it, at one stroke, as by enchantment, at the head of an army of one hundred thousand Madonnas, less impudent than her, and consequently less famous, and less worshiped. Therefore the Madonna of Rimini opened the eyes. Behold the miracle. But wait awhile.

I have proved in my lectures, that God Himself could not operate such a prodigy, because, it being contrary to His law, as it is given to us in the Decalogue, that we would have the Omnipotence of God in opposition to Divine Wisdom, which is a blasphemy to assert. If the miracle exists, if God has not performed it, it leaves but the alternative than man or Satan have worked it, or better to say, man and the devil together. And such is our case. In Chapter 24, of the 2d Epistle of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, you will find the biblical demonstration of my proposition. Therefore, I do not occupy myself but with the fact, and of myself assert that, by the suggestion of Satan, the priests of Rome found the means (very easy in itself, and already accomplished by pagan priests and by other popish priests, in past ages) to move, by a secret machine placed behind the painting, the eyes of the canvass-made Madonna. I repeat it again, this is an old practice which the clergy of Rome has inherited and copied from the pagan clergy. The features of the Madonna, with artificial eyes are to be seen, even to this day, in the museums of Naples and of Rome, to the great edification of the bigoted Catholics.

And an indisputable proof of this priestly imposture is found in the contemporary annals of Italy. Cardinal Oppizzoni, Archbishop of Bologna (destined by God to do the opposite of Bedini, in the so-called Papal States) having heard the pretended miracle of the winking of the eyes of the Madonna, sent to Rimini, to take an exact and canonical information, a deputation, composed of the three best papists of Bologna; at the head of which was My Lord Battistini, the most interesting personage, according to Rome, of the Bolognese clergy. This deputation remained many days in Rimini, and often visited the church to see the miracles: but the miracle was never performed in their presence, and they returned to the Cardinal Archbishop reporting that they had not seen any moving of the eyes, and consequently no miracle at all. And, what makes it worse, is that these R. R. gentlemen could not see the winking of the eyes, while certain individuals among the people exclaimed, "the miracle, the miracle," and asserted that they could plainly see the opening and closing of the eyes of the Madonna.

From this we would infer: 1st, that fanaticism makes catholics so blind, especially the ignorant, as actually to see things which do not exist. 2d, that fanaticism makes one oversight; like the hunter, who, looking very fixedly, mistakes a fox or a fly for a bird; thus the masses of the people, drunk with religious enthusiasm, mistook the eyes of a picture looking horizontally for moving eyes. 3d, that religious fanaticism is easily deceived by shrewd priests, who make believe a miracle which is but the effect of a skilful hand and of some concealed wires. But what comes more particularly to our point is, that the Madonna, in our days is fearful of scientific men, of men truly pious, without prejudices and errors. In fact, according to the last visions of the Madonna, which happened within the last few years; I find that the favored ones of this sovereign mercy were stupid boys, rough and superstitious shepherds, or embeccle old women, but never a man of sound mind, of great learning or of a distinguished position, and why? because it is easy for the priests to make boys, shepherds and bigoted old women believe it: while to make a man of mind and education to believe such impostures, it would be a loss of time to endanger the reputation of the priestly imposters, and the effect expected from the cabal. Such is the reason why the Madonna of Rimini never opened the eyes in the presence of the Bologna Deputation. But this proves, moreover, that if the image opened her eyes, it would have been easy for the sages despatched by the Card. Archbishop of Bologna to find behind it a secret artifice which performed the miracle. I know well that the priests in order to justify their Madonna for these wonders and for her opposition to the stupid, say that true simplicity and fervent faith is only to be found among the ignorant who are the most favored by heaven: or, in other terms, that only the stupid, are the proper ground for such nonsense: but such a justification does not suit or

adapt itself to our case. The Deputation not being composed of atheists, but of very pious Catholics, and not having been sent to look at the Virgin, like unbelievers would do, but to investigate and ascertain the miracle in order to recommend it better to the veneration of the Catholics, Catholicly speaking, it seems that the Madonna ought to have been more tractable and more courteous towards the legitimate authority of the Cardinal Archbishop that she really was. This conduct of the Madonna, in the language of the Papal Hierarchy, should be considered as a true act of rebellion; were I not disposed to call it rather like an act of forbearance of the machinist priests, in order to avoid the shame of seeing their imposture legally exposed. Therefore, one of these results must follow, either the Madonna of Rimini never opened the eyes, as it appeared only to the blind fanatics; or, she opened by mechanical means applied to the picture by the shrewdness of some sordid missionaries. What will then Bedini prove in favor of his administration from the opening of these canvass-eyes. Nothing, absolutely, nothing, unless they would discover in it this analogy, but whereas the miracle was performed by the working of Satan, thence his administration in Bologna was wholly Satanic. Yes, yes: the facts of immorality, of robberies, during his sway are written in letters of blood in the history of Italy and all the Madonnas of the papists shall not suffice to deface them.

To pretend that the Madonna approved by a miracle, the Governorship of Bedini, is to make the Virgin Mary responsible of the facts, speculations, and cruelties of this apostolic monster; in this case the Madonna of the Papists, would not be better than Irminsul, Mulock, and Belfaf. It is repugnant to Divine Omnipotence that times past should not be past; and it is repulsive to the logic of reasoning men that a miracle of the Madonna can change the nature and substance of undeniable facts; viz: to represent and make believe as innocent and humane the administration of Bedini, while it was signalized only by turpitudes and inhumanities.

Poor Bedini, if he has but paper Madonnas & credentials of his paternal administration! I know that for some priests in America, these *lithographed Mothers of God* will change into so many Californias and Australias to the great advantage of their pockets; but their golden veins will not wash off the stains of the Angelic Nuncio! When the feet are of clay, even with the big head of Gen. Lewis Cass, the breast of Westervelt, the stomach of Hughes, the thighs of Purcell and Fitzpatrick, the giraffe legs of McMaster, the elephantine lips of McGee, and arms of the Postmaster General, against common sense, Bedini must fall and break into atoms.

**QUARTER SESSIONS.**—The County Court and Court of General Quarter Sessions for this county are now in session. The business before the former court is limited to two cases, of no particular importance to any but the parties concerned, having been brought to recover balances, alleged to be due the plaintiffs for wages.

The business before the Quarter Sessions is also limited. A true bill for larceny was found against Felix Cassidy, who was on Tuesday last put on his trial and acquitted. Two young men named Nicholas Barry and Thomas Kennedy, were also convicted of a Common Assault, and each sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of twenty shillings, to find security to keep the peace. A true bill for larceny has also been found against Lewis Major, who has not yet been tried.

Wednesday, a person named John Cortran was put on his trial for an Assault with intent to commit rape upon a young woman named Sarah Ryan, and convicted.

Some appeals from convictions by magistrates, as usual, also came up before the Court.—*Gazette.*





## The Orange Lily.

BYTOWN, NOV. 29, 1854.

### BYTOWN.

FAREWELL to thee Bytown, thou good old name! around which so many and dear reminiscences are clinging. The hand of improvement, to use a poetical quotation, "that would stop the stream of the Helicon to turn a mill, and fell the cedar of Lebanon to make a raft," is determined not to spare thee—soon shalt thou be erased from the records of the times, and thy well-known place shall be occupied by a higher sounding and more imposing title. Let us hope that our city will prosper as well under the new name and its superadded dignity, as it did when bearing the modest name of the veteran Engineer officer who did his best for its prosperity.—Change is written in legible characters on everything material, therefore it is not to be wondered at that innovation has accomplished the task of sweeping away the ancient designation of our rising city.

In future, when we think of Bytown, retrospection will carry us back to the days of old, when three-fourths of Lower town was a dense cedar swamp, the Barrack Hill a beech ridge, and Upper town had but ten or twelve houses as the embryo of its present prosperity; before the old Suspension bridge spanned the Chaudiere, or the channel was cut beneath the majestic arch of Sappers' bridge;—when "Besserer Place" was a bush and "Letter O" a wilderness—ere a single water-wheel disturbed the equanimity of the Rideau Falls, and but one old steamer ploughed the bosom of the mighty Ottawa—when the adjacent woods were still the hunting grounds of the red man, and the Moose, the Beaver and other wild animals, now retired from our vicinity, roamed almost in our midst.

Memory turns another leaf; the Ri-

beau Canal is in full operation. "The Point" (the ancient name of this town) is beginning to be forgotten. Colonel By and his noble Sappers and Miners have arrived, and the little village has taken his name. All is bustle, confusion, blasting, drinking, fighting and making money. The last named article has never been so plentiful since the good old days when the Locks were building, the "deep cut" was being excavated, and the "Hogsback dam" was in course of erection. These were the good old departed times when many a man in humble life laid the foundation of future independence—when money was plenty, and political trickery, municipal humbug, and grinding taxation were unknown amongst the happy denizens of our thriving community! 'Tis true, we had no expensive sidewalks, no electric telegraphs, no Railroad nearly completed, no gaol, nor courthouse, and, to tell the truth, very little use for these latter temples of increased civilization. In the good old times we had muddy streets, but we paid nothing for the privilege of walking on them. We were not affected every second day with a rise in the price of bread, for the news from Europe came only once in six weeks, and Flour dealers had no chance of tucking on an extra dollar when there was a rise of a shilling reported in the English market.

We had no Bill of Incorporation then nor a class of Town Councillors who have nearly made that Bill a curse, not less by their own misdoings than by the crowd of unnecessary and exorbitantly paid *idle officials* who now hound around the municipal hive.

Memory turns another leaf: the Canal is finished, our wharfs are crowded with steamboats and barges; trade feels the impetus, the lumber trade too prospers; we grew to be a great people, and wanted to have our town incorporated. With increase of population and extension of civilization, crime increased and lawlessness prevailed.—This state of affairs was at last regulated by the *strong hand* of municipal authority, aided SLIGHTLY by an unpaid agency which never fails to lend its arm to make the law respected.

Another leaf is at last turned. Bytown has grown too big for its unassuming name. A pretty name indeed for a city in very fact, with a Railroad, a telegraph, a canal, a wire bridge, a

Mayor, an Inspector of works, a High Constable, a pump Inspector, a Fire Warden, &c., &c., &c., and TAXES THREE SHILLINGS in the pound.

Without disputing the advantages of the change we may be allowed earnestly to hope that the next municipal election here will give a return of men worthy of being the representatives of a city. Ignorant and prejudicial men, such as some of those who have disgraced every Council since we have been questionably blest with a body corporate, may do well enough for a town, but we want material of another stamp for city representatives. Only think what a farce it would be to have some of the present Council and some of the members of past Councils, as City Councillors. What a figure such worthies would cut among strangers.

### Protestant Soiree.

The Orangemen and Protestants of Aylmer held a Soiree in that village on Friday evening last. The festival passed off in a most creditable manner. About 180 persons were present, and the entertainment was got up in the best style by Mrs. Proderick of this town.

The audience was addressed by a number of the gentlemen who were present, and the whole affair was as delightful as good speakers, good fellowship, good music, and last, though not least, fair faces could make it.

Aylmer is famous for doing these things in superior style; and we believe that this, the latest effort, was the best.

### The Sevastopol March.

We understand that the Emperor Nicholas is a great lover of military music. When His Imperial Majesty was in England in the year 1844, the "British Grenadiers" and "Rule Britannia," were among the favorite airs which he wished to hear repeated at the festivals then given by Queen Victoria. We wonder if those stirring tunes have still the same charm for the Czar. Perhaps their too oft and uncomplimentary repetition in the ears of his Generals has by this time rendered them somewhat unwelcome if not disagreeable. The "Sevastopol March" will, doubtless, be added to the list of Britain's spirit-stirring military music. The material will be furnished for its composition after the assault and storming of the mighty stronghold.

### Indian Orangemen.

Our contemporary the Perth *British Standard* contains an interesting account of the existence of an Orange Lodge in Canada West composed almost exclusively of Indians of the Mohawk tribe.

Our insinuating friends, the Jesuits will, we fear, make very little headway in any attempt to convert these aboriginal followers of King William of Glorious Memory from the error of their ways. We can fancy the proud and gratified appearance of the gallant sons of the forest as they marched to Church dressed in full Orange regalia, to commemorate the 5th of November. We hail with delight the intelligence of this new band of "Protestant Boys."

The following extract from a letter written by a clergyman returning from attending synod at Toronto, will be read with interest by all to whom the principles of Orangeism are dear. In reference to the Indian Lodge, he says:—

"On that day, intending to proceed to Kingston, I stopped at the Indian wharf on my way down, with the view of calling upon an old friend the Mohawk Rector. Upon arriving at the parsonage, however, I found that that staunch loyalist had just been preaching a sermon, &c., to an Orange Lodge gathered within the walls of the Indian church to celebrate the two-fold deliverance of the British nation, by the good providence of God, from Popish craft and tyranny.

"As the procession had left church, on its way to James Brant's house where they were to dine, carrying my friend with them, I was easily persuaded to go in pursuit. Shortly after their arrival they sat down to a very excellent dinner of which I was cordially invited to partake by two or three Mohawk brethren.

"For the delectation of those who delight in fat things, I will describe the dinner. There were two fine roasters, three turkeys, several joints of beef, &c., with vegetables, puddings, and pies, *ad libitum*. Instead of the strong waters so common on such occasions, the guests were supplied with abundance of tea, a new feature in anniversary dinners. The lodge is composed almost entirely of Mohawks; Joseph Claus being master, and Abraham Brant, whom you may remember as a lay delegate at the Synod, deputy master. At the dinner were seated with the members several of their wives and sisters in their picturesque costume. The scarlet cloak, purple and orange scarfs, and other insignia, mingled with the women's dresses, and a few white faces, presented quite a scene. The whole affair rather resembled a large family party than a public dinner. The little kindly attentions shown to one another, the universal harmony and decorum made me think of the ancient *agapae* when the church was yet young and undefiled, and Christian brotherhood was a living reality, not an empty name."

After that we are inclined, notwithstanding the authority of King Solomon to the contrary, to come to the conclusion that there is something new under the sun. In future it will create no surprise in our mind should we receive a token of brotherhood from some strapping Mohawk.

Although, we regret to say, too many of our North American Indians are Papists, we have often met with Protestant Native Americans; this, however, is the first time we have heard of an Indian Orange Lodge. We expect yet to see some representatives of this interesting Lodge attending a Session of the Grand Lodge of British North America.

### The Fine Arts.

Captain Hunter is now at work on a large picture of the Grand Chaudiere Falls, which he informed us he will exhibit, with others of his fine collection, at a Musical Concert, with which he intends shortly to favor the good citizens of Bytown. When completed this magnificent painting will represent the thrilling scene of the Raftsmen on the crib, which was stuck on the edge of the Falls, together with the entire scene of their rescue.

### Rather Unpleasant.

The *Bathurst Courier* some time ago labelled Mr. John McWhinnie, of the Woodstock *Sentinel*, by charging him with having committed forgery. Mr. McWhinnie commenced a prosecution, and the *Courier* was obliged to apologize in the most ample and satisfactory manner before the legal proceedings were stopped. The apology was published in the *Courier*, acknowledging what had previously been published to be false.

### A New Book.

We have received from the Publishers, Thomas McLearn & Co., Toronto, a pamphlet entitled "Right of the Bible in our Common Schools," by George B. Cheever, D.D.

This little work is replete with the strongest arguments in favor of the unrestricted use of the Bible in our Common Schools. It is calculated to do much good in these times when free thinking political apostacy and infidelity are doing so much injury to the world.

### A Hoax.

The report of a bed of coal having been discovered in Upper Canada turns out to be a hoax. It appears the coal, about which so much noise has been made, was taken from a Blacksmith's shop, and thrown into the well by some waggish genius who fully succeeded in making the learned, and would be thought, learned, dance to his "black joko."

### Interesting.

His Holiness the Pope has been obliged to have recourse to a son of Israel to support his rotten dynasty. He has just negotiated a loan of twenty one millions of francs with the house of Rothschild. What a humiliating position for the persecutor of the Jews—the pretended Vicar of Jesus Christ! We should not wonder if the Pope would next make application to the Orangemen of Ireland to raise a subscription for him. Poor *Pio Nono!* all the money in the world will not preserve your tottering and blasphemous rule from the assaults which Truth is making upon it. Neither Jewish gold, Jesuit cunning, French bayonets, nor winking Madonnas, will save Popery from the destruction that must swallow it up with every other system of error with which the world is infested. The next run which the Pope makes to Gaeta, we are strongly of opinion, will be the final run from the Vatican. The world is getting too wise and intelligent much longer to tolerate or adhere to such rank errors as are found in the Popish system.

### Beauties of Popery.

The Montreal *Witness* says that the Rev. Father Fremiot, Romish Missionary, in giving an idea of the intensity of the cold in North America, stated that while saying a mass the chalice had three times to be thawed."

What an admirable comment on the complete absurdity of the doctrines of Popery.

Gentle reader, just imagine; the cold was not sufficiently severe to freeze the Rev. Father Fremiot; yet "the body and blood, the soul and divinity, of Jesus Christ," according to Romish teaching and belief, were frozen and thawed three times in his hands.—What abominable and idolatrous absurdity!

### The Weather.

On Friday evening last the weather became mild and rain fell in great abundance all night, and now (Saturday) it is still raining copiously.

This rain will do much good to the country, as we have learned that there is, in many parts, a very great scarcity of water, some farmers being obliged to drive their cattle a distance of 5 or 6 miles to water.

## EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

The letters and papers by the Royal Mail Steamer *Lata* were delivered at our Post Office on Sunday morning.

Very few of the details by the Telegraph seem to be correct; we have authentic accounts from the allied camps before Sevastopol, after the alleged date of the attack by Laprandi, which make no mention of any such occurrence; it is generally supposed to be a Russian *canard*. All the details of the proceedings at Sevastopol, as known in England, when the *Asia* sailed are given in another column. The Emperor of Russia has addressed a note to Prussia, in which he declares that he still adheres to his Oriental policy, and that even should Sevastopol be taken, and the Crimea be lost, he will not yield an inch, but insist on his Treaty rights with Turkey. This being the case England, France, and Austria may make up their minds for a long war; indeed from the gigantic preparations on foot in the two former countries, it is evident that the respective Governments anticipate this eventually as probable. Six of the smaller German powers have declared their adhesion to the policy of Austria; two large armies, Austrian and Russian are confronting one another in an hostile attitude on the frontier of Galicia, and it is the general impression that a declaration of war, on the part of Austria, must soon take place.

There is a good deal of discussion in the English papers as to the propriety of sending out Miss Nightingale and the ladies who have volunteered to act as nurses in the Scutari Hospitals. It appears that with the exception of the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity, who have had real Hospital experience, Miss Nightingale's nurses are a batch of Puseyite women collected from Miss Sellon's Protestant Nunnery at Plymouth, and other Tractarian establishments of like character. Now with all those good intentions which it is possible these Puseyite feminines have, it is very questionable, whether these people will not be a nuisance instead of a benefit. In the first place whatever their slight medical experience may have been in "Asylums for women and children," "Refuges," &c., they can have but little of that experience necessary in a surgical ward, particularly in a Military Hospital, in which the horrors exceed any think that can be imagined. We can hardly fancy any woman, except a regularly case-hardened old Hospital nurse, having nerve enough to attend to such a case as we had even here in Bytown, last winter, when Dr. Hill was obliged to amputate one leg, one arm, and one foot from the same man; and this is hardly any thing compared with the fearful sights seen after an action. Moreover it requires some personal strength to turn in their beds a gigantic trooper or heavy Guardsman, which these delicate feminines cannot possess. We also doubt the propriety of training

into the wards of a Hospital, filled with men of all religious denominations, a lot of rampagious Puseyite females, possessed with a humor for converting to their own ridiculous dogmas, every soul that is silly enough to listen to them; we can fancy some lantern-jawed feminine entertaining a prostrate dragon with the edifying and very credible legends which these silly people admire so much, for instance that of the woman who longed for crabs, and of the female saint, we forget her name, who prayed that her prayers might be gratified, when lo! the ceiling opened and a perfect shower of those delicious "Crustacea" tumbled about her ears! What a much better plan it would have been to pick up about the Hospitals in the large cities at home, a hundred or two of those medical students, who are such harem-scarem fellows in their larks among one another, but the gentlest creatures in the world among the sick. Those lads have all had experience, and they would gain more, and be gratified with but little pay, while their medical education would still go on.

The Hon'ble and Rev. Sydney G. Osborne has been sent out by the *Times*, to Scutari, to superintend the expenditure of the money raised for the sick and wounded at Alma.

Insurances to the amount of £87,332 are claimed from different offices, by the losers in the Liverpool fire.

The distillation of spirits from grain is prohibited in France, on account of the short harvest.

The import of timber into the Mersey during the month, from North America, was brought in 65 vessels, 48,376 tons. Timber has depreciated in price more than any other article of commerce, in consequence of limited consumption, the high rate of money, and the forced auction sales.

Corn was slightly rising.

## PARLIAMENT.

The Seigniorial Tenures Bill has passed through Committee of the Whole, and awaits its third reading. Mr. Cayley has brought forward his resolutions for a re-adjustment of the Tariff, the alteration proposed being the substitution of a specific instead of an ad valorem duty. Sir Allan McNab in reply to Mr. Brown stated that the Government desired to pass the Grand Trunk Bill; the Clergy Reserve Bill; the Seigniorial Tenure; the Franchise Act; the Tariff and Bank Amendment Bills, and then if the House desired it, the Legislative Council Bill; after that though the Government would not propose it, an adjournment would be consented to. We apprehend that the House will adjourn in about ten days.

We quote from the debates in the Legislative Council the speech of the Hon. Mr. Fernier, because it shows exactly in what position, the inquiry into the alleged delinquencies of Mr. Hocks now stands, and

how much wool is likely to be got after such a great cry.

"Hon. Mr. Fernier in entering upon the duties imposed by the House on the committee appointed to investigate these charges he had immediately asked 'what charges?' 'Who brings them forward?' 'Who undertakes their proof &c. &c.?' But there was no answer, there were no accusers. The members of the committee were left to themselves, to digest certain rumors of gross improprieties said to have been committed by certain members of the late Administration. How had these rumors originated? by articles in the newspapers adverse to the late Administration. Then they had been repeated so often that the whole country was thoroughly leavened with them, and it seemed to the members of the Government in this House indispensably necessary that an inquiry should take place. Under these circumstances a committee was appointed but as no charge had been brought against the members of the late Administration before the committee, he was desirous of coming back to the House to ask for instructions as to the things to be inquired into, the mode of procedure &c. &c., but after much conference the committee itself struck out the plan described to the House by the Chairman, and notice was given that the investigation could proceed. The committee has now been sitting for weeks, and all the facts elicited amount just to nothing. It is true they had no lack of advisers or auxiliaries. One would come and whisper to the members of the committee in private that if they sent for so and so, and asked him so and so, they would learn so and so, but these parties seemed always unwilling themselves to testify anything directly, or allow their names to be used. They were desirous apparently that the charges should be proved and they always know somebody who knew all about it or who knew somebody else who did. On his way down from Montreal in company with a gentleman whom he was not permitted to name he was told 'if you send to a certain person, whom he named 'you will learn all about the purchase of debentures &c. &c. but remember that I impart this information to you in confidence and that my name must not on any account be mentioned. This was the kind of information they had to proceed upon and it the committee had taken up all the rumors which had reached them the members would have become the prosecutors. Six distinct heads would not have comprehended the scope of their inquiries, twice six would have been nearer the number of jobs said to have been committed by members of the late Administration, for there is no end to rumor. The Committee in respect of a thorough and complete investigation were just about as near the end of their task as they were when they commenced and for one he would be glad if the House were to discharge the committee. It seemed however that the sense of the House was opposed to this and he would therefore cheerfully acquiesce in its decision. He thought it was a pity this House had taken up the matter at all, especially as a committee of the same nature had been formed in the other House. He thought it was more the business of the Assembly than of the Legislative Council to inquire into such matters. It was going over the same ground without any special need, but as he had just said, he would be ready to give his aid in bringing the investigation to as speedy and satisfactory a conclusion as its nature would admit of, but there was one thing certain he would never again act on a committee charged with investigating the conduct of individuals unless special charges were laid against them."

We publish below Mr. W. F. Powell's speech on the Clergy Reserves question, being aware that it will be read with interest in this part of the Province.

Mr. POWELL would move an amendment to the amendment of Mr. Gamble, which he read as follows:—"That the words 'qualified to vote at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly' be left out of the first of the said clauses, and the words 'whose name appear upon the Assessment

Rolls for the present year' inserted instead thereof." He said in support of his amendment that he desired to express his opinions generally on the bill, which he had not an opportunity of doing at an earlier period of the debate upon it. In the first place, he must state that he considered it was an act of spoliation—an infamous measure. (Cries of order.) He believed that he had the right to express that opinion. It was a measure so thoroughly bad, and went so far, that he thought it might well satisfy the hon. member for Lambton. The hon. gentlemen on the treasury benches had very well kept their promises that they were going to secularize the Clergy Reserves. He would not have referred to their position in taking that step, but for the remarks of the Hon. Attorney General, West, the other evening, in which he had the modesty to compare himself and the hon. and gallant knight from Hamilton, to Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. He (Mr. P.) denied that there was any analogy whatever between their position and that of those statesmen, who acted under the pressure of urgent necessity, and who did not gain office by yielding to it; but on the contrary, made sacrifices. The position of the hon. gentlemen on the treasury benches was made like that of a judge of old, of famous memory, who consented to a deed of enormous injustice, and then said that he would wash his hands of it because the people demanded it. Those hon. gentlemen do not say that they approve of this bill; on the contrary they say it is an act of injustice, but agree to it because it is clamored for. The Hon. Attorney General, West, said that he expected, and was prepared for reproaches and taunts, and that he was ready to kiss the rod, which he (Mr. P.) would give him a touch of. (Laughter.) He was not of those who believed that the state ought not to support religion. He believed that it ought; and that the most desirable state of society was that in which religion was the handmaid of the state. He did not say that religion ought to control the state; but it ought to receive assistance from it. He could cite even the opinions of voluntaries to prove that the tendency of voluntarism was infidel. That opinion was recently expressed at a Synod of the Free Church of Scotland, in Scotland. What would Wesley say of this bill if he were alive? What would Dr. Chalmers say of it? Did those men hold that it was wrong for the State to support religion. Look at the condition of Scotland at the present time. Where was there a more religious country, or people better ordered? Yet there, religion was supported by the State. The hon. member for Toronto the other evening had shewn some of the effects of voluntarism in the State of New York, and he might have gone further. Here, Mr. P. read from *Mackenzie's Message* an extract, copied from some American newspaper, to the effect that a large number of Ministers left the profession of preaching, and took to trades, because they could not get their living from voluntary support. That was one practical effect of voluntarism—a society without religious teachers. The hon. member then went on to contend that he did not believe the great body of the people of this country would sanction the Bill before the House. He read over statistics of the different religious bodies, and contended that the majority must be opposed to secularization. He could not believe that their sentiments were represented in that House, which did not fully represent the people. He was convinced that not one in twelve of the whole population would vote for secularization if the question were put before the people on its

own merits. He, with others, would warn the Roman Catholic members from Lower Canada to beware of their votes on this occasion. If this Bill were passed by the votes of hon. gentlemen from Lower Canada, he did not know, if he (Mr. P.) would not follow the leadership of the hon. member for Lambton. The people would demand the secularization of Lower Canada Roman Catholic Church property, after that which had been laid aside for the support of the Protestant religion was gone. The Lower Canada members were sowing the storm, and they might be sure that they would reap the whirlwind. He warned them that their Upper Canada Conservative allies would make but a poor barrier against the storm, whatever might be their professions. It was perfectly idle to talk about the different tenure of the Lower Canada Church property as compared with that of Upper Canada. Why, the ground on which a Presbyterian Church in this city stood, was once wrested from the Dominicans. Once admit the principle of destroying religious property, and no nice distinctions of tenure would be made. A good deal had been said about the unconstitutionality of the step that he proposed to take, and also about a written constitution. If he proposed to take a step that was extraordinary, the question was also an extraordinary one; and as to a written constitution, he thought it would be well if we had in Canada a Court like the Supreme Court of the United States, to revise such legislation as that proposed in the Bill before the House. As to the argument that had been used that these lands had not been appropriated, he could only say that he held that the sales under the different Acts of Parliament of these Reserves, the proceeds of which had been applied to religion, were as much appropriations as any patent could be; and the principle that destroyed them would destroy a patent. He supposed, however, notwithstanding all, that the Bill would pass; but he had done his duty in opposing it, and endeavouring to get it referred to the people.

A man named Sheppard was brutally murdered a few days ago in Searboro'; a Coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Willful murder" against Matthew Gleeson and James McGrath; Gleeson confessed his guilt, at once, before the Inquest, and actually acknowledged that the murderers had no ill feeling whatever towards the man as a fellow workman or acquaintance, but they slew him simply because he was a Protestant! Several other parties are implicated in this horrid deed.

**FIRE.**—We regret very much to learn from the last Prescott *Telegraph*, that the Hotel of Mr. GEORGE LEATCH of that town was destroyed by fire on Tuesday last. We understand that Mr. Leatch was insured to the amount of £400, which will cover part of the loss he has sustained. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The House of Assembly has voted £20,000 in aid of the Patriotic Fund for the relief of the widows and children of the soldiers who may fall in the war. All honor to Mr. Hincks, who brought the subject under the notice of the House. We observe that collections are also being made by the National Societies. Half the sum voted by the House goes to France,

The Miners at work on Michipicoton Island on the North Shore of Lake Superior, for the Quebec Mining Company, have been driven off by a band of armed Indians. We have no doubt whatever but that this is the result of some wrong done to the poor Indians, who, as a race, are, we believe, a most inoffensive set of men, but do not like, any more than white people, to have their rights invaded.

Some wag has been poking fun at the *Troy Whig*; that journal tells us in its Saturday number, "that Lord Dign is detained at Quebec because of a reported deficiency in his accounts."—We do not know any thing of his Lordship's accounts, but we will bet any one a new hat that he don't leave Canada with any thing owing to him in the shape of salary.

The *Montreal Pilot*, the dullest paper in Canada, has actually published a debate in the Legislative Council in order to enliven its columns in a trifling degree.

Mr. CHAMBERS, the celebrated Accordion player, gave a Concert on Tuesday night in the West Ward Market Hall; it was but poorly attended.

### Special Notices.

Just received by R. A. Beal and John Roberts, Bytown, a fresh supply of PERRY DAVIS' VESICABLE PAIN KILLER, in entire New Dress. To be sure that you get the genuine Medicine, enquire for the New Dress—with two fine engraved steel labels on each bottle.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is an excellent regulator of the stomach and bowels, and should always be kept on hand, especially at this season of the year. Sold at only 25 cents a bottle by merchants generally.

**JOY FOR THE INVALID.**—We cut the following from the "Philadelphia Saturday Gazette," and recommend our readers to peruse it carefully, and those suffering should not delay purchasing:—

"DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.—This celebrated medicine, prepared by DR. O. M. JACKSON, at the imposing German Medicine Store, No. 120 Arch Street, is exciting unprecedented public attraction, and the proprietor, who is a scientific physician, is selling immense quantities of it. The virtues of this remedy are so fully set forth in the extended notice of it, to be seen in our advertising columns, that there is hardly any room left for us to speak of it. This much we may add.—Of the long train of physical ills to which humanity is heir, there is none more distressing than the general derangement of the digestive apparatus, which never fails to accompany a disordered state of the liver. Headache, piles, languor, fretfulness, a bilious tongue, a morbid breath, loss of appetite—in short, an indescribable wretchedness of existence, are its insufferable and life-wasting attendants. These diseases, which have baffled the skill of the ablest Doctors, have been radically cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. See advertisement.

[FROM OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.]

P—, COUNTY CORK, NOV. 1.

We are still most anxiously awaiting decisive news from the seat of war. Considering that the loss of the "Tiger" was known in five days by the Greek merchants in London, it is almost incredible that we should have reached the 1st November without any decided intelligence of the fall of Sevastopol; the bombardment of which began on the 6th of October, and was said by the authorities at the seat of war to be sure of taking the town in eight or nine days. Meanwhile, we cannot conceal it from ourselves that all does not go as well with us, as we could wish. Though far enough from the faction of "grumblers," and feeling fully confident that all has been done which wisdom, foresight, and prudence can suggest, and that the evils over which we grieve are not produced by the hand of man, still we cannot but feel that our prospects are, in some respects, gloomy. The immense number of deaths in the army, still amounting to fifty a day, the almost total loss of horses, the extreme difficulties encountered by the men for want of proper accommodation, all these things and as many more of the same kind are making our fine army a wreck of its former self. Twenty-four officers were killed and wounded at the Alma. Twenty-nine have since died of Cholera, &c.; added to this the extreme cold now setting in has brought its usual train of evils. Still, however, we hope the best. Since I began to write this we have received very unsatisfactory news, but as it comes through the "mendacious Menschikoff," we will hope it is untrue. He states that the fleet has given up firing, that no progress has been made on the land side, and that he has taken prisoner Lord Dunkellin, the eldest son of the Marquis of Clanricarde. Most of the London papers summarily deny all this, and some few consider that there must be some grounds for it; some days more must pass ere we can know with certainty.

Fresh details of the battle of Alma are still continually reaching us—the public never tires of this absorbing subject. Out of the 1,400 killed and wounded, the large proportion of 750 were Irish. Of the Welsh Fusiliers, who suffered so very severely, the greater number were Irish, and in the Scotch Fusiliers, whose loss was next greatest, there were only 10 or 12 English—the rest being entirely Scotch and Irish. The two young brothers Annesley who suffered so severely, are both Irish; being the sons of the Earl of Annesley; and Lord Ennismore, whose gallantry in keeping the field after the battle, with a severe and dangerous wound in the leg, which has caused him to be most highly spoken of, is also an Irishman, son of the Earl of Listowell. A death much regretted is that of the Viscount Chesham, which took place at Scutari, 19 days after the battle, for so long had he lingered in the agony of eleven wounds. He

was the son of the Earl of Waldegrave, long known among those most interested in all manner of good works, as Captain Waldegrave. The wife of the unfortunate young nobleman gave birth to a son in London, two days before his much lamented death at Constantinople. The courage and endurance of the men is said by the medical men to be quite incredible. Their sole thought or care is to get back again to the army; the most desperate operations, the most agonizing pain is made nothing of in the excitement of gaining fresh glory for "Old England." It is earnestly hoped that the taking of the fortress will not be the occasion of so much fearful loss of life, as a battle on open ground, this kind of warfare having become more mechanical than heretofore, owing to the immense improvement in all kinds of siege "material." However little, it will be a thousand times too much.

With such interests abroad, you cannot suppose we care very much for any thing that is going on at home. Truly are all things else forgotten in the fixed and painful expectation of "news from the seat of war!"

Lord John Russell has been going a round of dinner-eating, and speech-making visits, as is the wont of Ministers in time of war. The little Lord is over popular with the "swinish multitude" of late years, that is to say; and his recent speeches will not have diminished the said popularity, being very full of the usual sentiments of a "patriotic Minister." The Queen has returned to Windsor, from her autumn sojourn in the Highlands, in obedience, we presume, to the mandate of the all-potent *Times* newspaper, which desired her in a right-royal, and at the same time, right-loyal manner, to keep herself in London, for appearance sake, during the "thickest of the fight" abroad. It is said that the Emperor and Empress of the French are to pay a visit to our court during this month, and that preparations on a grand scale are being made for their entertainment. Certainly, the Emperor hath a forbearing and a forgiving spirit, if this be the case. Is it possible he can have forgotten the cool contempt, the studied neglect, with which he was treated when he visited this country, friendless and a fugitive? As he is in deed and truth a great man, perhaps he has, but we fancy the meeting between the two royal pairs will be rather an awkward one, on one side at any rate.

There is much talk of new things in our literary monde; but I have already exceeded my limits, and must close, hoping to give you the benefit of it next month.

FRANK.

[Our Irish correspondent is misinformed as to the 23d, or Welsh Fusiliers. We have looked carefully over the list of the killed and wounded in that corps, and find that there are not more than a dozen names of Celtic origin. We know that when the Regiment was in Montreal a short time ago,

nearly the whole of the six companies attended the English Church.

The Scots Fusilier Guards are mostly recruited in Scotland. The recent returns of the Chaplain General to the forces, show that the religious denominations in the army stand thus: three-sixths, Episcopal and Protestant dissenters; one-sixth, Presbyterian, and two-sixth, Roman Catholics.—Ed. R. & C. TIMES.]

## Dr. West and the Wesleyans.

To the Editor of the *Railway Times*.

SIR,—

The Editor of the *Tribune* having thought proper to lay before the public through the columns of that paper his version of the misunderstanding that has unfortunately arisen between Dr. West and the Trustees of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in this place, we deem it our duty to lay before the public a correct account of the matter so far as it affects ourselves,—leaving it to them to judge whether there is anything in it to be condemned. This will be best accomplished by a simple narrative of facts to which we shall confine ourselves at present.

On the Sunday previously to that in which the Rev. Dr. lectured in the new Methodist Church, the Rev. Mr. Creighton, who had been for some time Minister here, and who was about leaving for another Station, announced from the pulpit to his congregation, that on the ensuing Sunday a collection would be taken up at the close of both Morning and Evening Service for the purpose of making up a deficiency in his Salary. In the meantime Dr. West had obtained permission from the Trustees to lecture in the basement of the Church, which he did on Friday and Saturday evenings. Mr. Creighton as he was fatigued from the preparations making for his departure requested Dr. West to officiate for him on the evening of Sunday the 12th instant, also not of course contemplating that it would affect in any way the collection, nor in all probability bestowing a thought upon it. The Dr. accepted the offer and subsequently issued handbills announcing that he would lecture that Sunday in both the Free Church and the Methodist Church. The handbills also contained, as we are informed, a notice that a collection would be taken up at the close of each lecture. This was done as far as we are concerned without any of us, or the Rev. Mr. Creighton being consulted, or giving our consent, or being in any manner either directly or indirectly privy to it. Neither did any of the handbills come under our notice, so that up to the claim to the collection being made by Dr. West, sometime after it had been taken up, we were perfectly ignorant that he considered he had any right to it. On learning that he looked upon it as having been taken up for his benefit and considering that many strangers had been present, who in all probability intended any contribution made of themselves for the lecturer's use, and as the fairest way of getting over the difficulty we came to the conclusion to give him a fair proportion of the collection. It amounted in all to the sum of £5 6s. of which was handed over to the Doctor £2 10s. the balance having been retained for the purpose for which the Rev. Mr. Creighton had announced it would be taken up. The persons in the habit of attending the Church who were present on the previous Sunday, we have the very best opportunity of knowing, and the best grounds for stating, took the same view of the matter as we did, and contributed whatever was put in by them for the purpose previously announced by the Rev'd Mr. Creighton. To divert their contributions into Dr. West's pocket would have been unjust both towards the Congregation and the Rev'd Mr. Creighton. These are the facts as they really occurred, and who can say, under this view of the case, that Dr. West had any right to more



New York, Nov. 23.

Jas. FitzGibbon night clerk at our Post Office, was detected last night abstracting money packages from the mail. He was arrested, and proofs of his guilt were found on him.

Baltimore, 23d.

Mr. Martin, the principal distributing clerk in the Post Office here for the last 20 years, has been detected robbing letters of money. He had lived extravagantly, which excited suspicion, and he fell into a trap prepared for him.

## FURTHER BY THE CANADA.

Halifax, Nov. 23.

The *Canada* reached here at 12-20 last night.

The *Herman* left Southampton for New York on the 8th, with 175 passengers.

The *Baltic* arrived out on the 7th.

The *Union* off Cowes on the 6th.

The United States frigate "San Jacinto" sailed on the 7th from Southampton to Bourdeaux and took Mr. Soule on board, and conveyed him to Santander.

Mr Soule proceeds via Paris to Bourdeaux.

The African steamer "Forerunner," was wrecked on Lorenzo Point, Madeira on the 25th October; 14 out of 50 lives were lost.

Thirty-five ships belonging to Edward Oliver of Liverpool, were advertised for sale at that port, on the 23d Nov.

## THE WAR.

Sevastopol holds out strongly. The substance of the news is that the Allies had met with a check of importance, and had not made much progress.

General Canrobert sent an official report to the French Minister of war, dated Oct. 26th, that the French forces continued to advance.

The difficulties met with are twofold, viz: the rocky nature of the soil and the heavy calibre of the enemy's artillery while the French camp can only depend on 68 pounders and 12 inch mortars.

This explains the delay.

On the night of the 20th the enemy attempted to spike the French guns, but failed, and the Russians who entered the batteries were killed.

The French losses are not so great as might be expected.

The wounded are all sent to Constantinople Hospitals.

The health of the city is satisfactory, although sickness has appeared among the gunners from the corps.

The French whole loss from the 17th to 28th Oct was 50.

Private accounts in the *Moniteur*, contain the French narrative to the 30th.

On the 25th, 20,000 Russians attacked the French rear, defeated the Turks, and drove them from the redoubts, and took possession of them.

The English commenced the attack, and sent word to Canrobert to hasten the second division and a squadron of Chasseurs to their relief.

The French and English cavalry repulsed the enemy by a brilliant charge. The positions were retained; the English loss is 400, that of the French is not so great.

It is stated Gen. Liprandi took four redoubts, two of which he destroyed, he retained the other two and fortified them.

The Russians estimate the loss of English cavalry at five hundred on the 29th Oct. The French had advanced their trenches within three hundred yards of the Russian

works, and the Chasseurs killed all the Russian artillery-men who showed themselves.

From Odessa it was stated that an assault was looked for on the night of the 28th. The steamer *Lanslee* had arrived at Constantinople with news to the 3rd, the Cannons were then violent on both sides. Damage great.

On the 1st of Nov. the siege works were as far advanced that a 3d parallel was opened. It would be completed in 8 or 10 days—Menschikoff reports that up to this writing of November 3rd the siege continued without a result. The fire from the English had slackened. The damage done to the Russian works was not much and was immediately repaired. Nothing can be attempted against the north side of Sebastopol. It was reported doubtfully that the grand Duke Constantine was in the City of Sebastopol. English accounts say that the City was in ruins, that tubular corpses poisoned the air, and that the commanders of the allied armies refused Menschikoff three hours work to bury the dead.

The total loss since the commencement of the siege is estimated at 16,000 men. The English assert that Menschikoff hoisted the Hospital flag over one of his Magazines and that they fired shells upon it and blew it up. A Turkish bulletin (doubtful) says that a disturbance had occurred in Sebastopol on the part of the people who wished to surrender, and the Polish deserters say that a meeting of the troops had occurred to plunder the spirit stores. The blockade is ordered to be extended to all the Ports on the Black Sea and Azoff.

LONDON FRIDAY, 8 P. M.—No later news from the Crimea. The *Moniteur* of this morning publishes a despatch from General Canrobert, saying, the work of the siege are being continued. On the 27th 5,000 Russians left Sebastopol and attacked the left wing of the British troops, but were beaten back. The Russians rallied again, but were defeated with considerable loss.

The Baltic fleet was still in Kiel Bay. The steamers are ready for sea.

ASIA.—The Turks at Kara, and Russians at Tiflis had gone into winter quarters.

Germany and Vienna advices report, that Austria and Bavaria on the 18th, came to a satisfactory understanding on the Russian question.—Austria concedes with Prussia at postponing the deliberations of the German diet on the War question,

—until the arrival of the Czar's reply to the last Prussian note, in addition, that Russia will reply to the Prussian note, if the latter will obtain a guarantee from France, England, and Austria,—that they will not go in their dominions beyond the four points. Russia will be willing to negotiate on that basis.

ENGLAND.—In London on November 9th, the Lord Mayor's day was duly celebrated; the new Lord Mayor, Alderman Noon gave a grand banquet to the Cabinet Ministry, and Ambassadors. Mr. Buchanan was present, the French Minister expressed a hope, that at the moment all the Allies flags were waving over Sebastopol. Lord Aberdeen then said, the Allies would press the war to a conclusion on a permanent peace basis, and an admiralty notice announces that a strict blockade of the mouth of the Danube, the Black Sea, the Sea of Azoff, and the White Sea, would be enforced.

SPAIN.—On the 8th, the Queen opened the Cortez, in her speech she declared that she adheres to the principles expressed on the 25th July, and that she would continue to respect the liberty and the rights of the nation; she hopes that by administration of proper law all the wounds of the State would be healed,—she adds "let us derive from the past misfortune a lesson for the new political life that is before us."

A new route has been organized for receiving from the Crimea in three days and eighteen hours.

The Greek firms in Manchester have drawn much censure on themselves by public rejoicings at the ill success of the Allies before Sebastopol.

FRANCE.—All available troops are being hurried off to the Crimea.

The following official despatch is published—Paris Friday—The visit of Lord Palmerston to

this City will be a mission concerning the policy of England and France in case of an attack on Cuba by the U. S.

Belgium.—The King's speech says that Belgium feels more strongly than ever the value of neutrality, and it also mentions that industry and all other rights were flourishing.

Greece.—The Cholera has reappeared violently at Athens.

ENGLAND, London 10 A. M.—A telegraphic despatch from Marseilles says that it is certain that in the action of Balaclava, that 400 British infantry and 600 cavalry were annihilated, thus making the return of 1000 men and 800 horses killed in three hours the numbers given are based on the force that went into and returned from the field—Russians say that they took prisoners, 600 light cavalry were engaged and only 100 returned 800 English cavalry were engaged and only 200 returned—two French divisions have been ordered to the Crimea.

## Arrival of the "Baltic."

New York, Nov. 26.

The *Baltic* arrived at midnight last night, and reached her dock shortly after 9 this morning.

She brings 148 passengers. Among them the Hon. Beverly Johnson, and D. Pratt, Secretary of Legation at Paris, bearing despatches.

The *Baltic* left Liverpool on the 16th. The *Africa* arrived on the 12th at Liverpool.

War news exciting—all profound anxiety. Raglan and Canrobert had sent the most urgent demands for reinforcements, and great haste was manifested by them. First class frigates taken up for immediate service, and others wanted. The *Alps* sailed on the 11th for Toulon, the *Europa* would go to Kingston on the 11th, and various others, including the *India* were under orders to embark troops.

The disastrous result of the battle of the 25th is confirmed, though it is not so bad as at first reported.

It was owing to the misconception of an order from the commander in chief, Lord Cardigan rode the light horse over a plain a mile and a half in length, exposed to cross fire from the Russian artillery. The attempt was madness, and the result destruction. Out of 607 only 198 escaped, and they must all have been destroyed but for a magnificent charge by the heavy Dragoons, and the brave stand of the Highlanders, which redeemed the day. After the action it was resolved by the Allies to abandon Bala Clava and retire to the hills, overlooking the town in which case headquarters would have been established at Arrow Bay or Cheason.

Advices here however of the 27th, state that it was decided to retain Bala Clava.

A despatch from Menschikoff sent to Berlin states that on the 4th Nov. unusual activity was manifest in the allied camp, doubtless preparing to storm Laprand, reinforced by a corps sent by Menschikoff, had attacked the allied camp and killed 800 men. This, however, is doubtful, as is also a statement that a practicable breach was opened in the walls on the same day.

General Canrobert's official report of the battle of the 25th is published in the *Moniteur* of the 14th instant. He says—"The Russian army is swollen by reinforcements from the Danube, as well as by the combined reserves of the Southern provinces, and animated by the presence of the Grand Dukes, Michael and Nicholas, attacked yesterday, Nov. 25th, the right of the English position before Sebastopol. The English army sustained the attack with the most remarkable firmness and solidity, supported by a portion of General Basquet's division, which fought with admirable valour, as well as by the works nearest the English position. Finally the enemy who far outnumbered our forces, beat a retreat with the loss of from 800 to 900 men.

The struggle lasted the whole day. At the same time Gen. Foley was forced to encounter a sortie made by the garrison, and under his direction the enemy was repulsed with the loss of 1000 killed and wounded. This brilliant day

was not purchased without considerable loss to the allies, and also the greatest honor to our armies. The siege continues with regularity.

Signed,  
CANROBERT.

English advices of the 10th, from Bucharest, state that on the morning of the 5th Menschikoff's army attacked the English position. A sanguinary battle ensued which lasted till 4 p. m. The allies obtained a decisive victory. There were severe losses on both sides. The English took many hundred prisoners.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

*Breakstuff.*—Messrs. Brown, Shipley, & Co., say the market is quiet with a decline of 2d in wheat, 6d in flour, and 6d in corn. Other circumstances while admitting the market to favor buyers shew but little if any change.

*Beef and Pork in good demand.*  
*Bacon dull, 3s. a 27s.*  
*Lard a shade firmer.*

*Trade*—Manchester continued dull. London Money Market unaltered. British funds had fluctuated considerably. Consols on Tuesday closed at 97½ a 92½.

NEW-YORK MARKETS.

New York, Nov. 27.

*Flour*—Good export demand. Market steady little doing in better grades owing to scarcity, sales 6000 bbls. 8.25 to 8.50 for State; 8.75 to 9.25 for Western; Canadian firm 800 bbls. sold 8.87 in bond.

*Grain*—Better supply of Wheat offering, and Market easier, some export demand for Canadian, but Millers will not operate except at reduced prices—sales 38,000 bushels, Red Southern 1.75 a 1.97.

*Corn*—firmer—sales 81,000 bushels, 94 a 95 for Western mixed.

*Mess Pork*—firmer—14.75 a 14.87. Prime steady, 11.37 a 11.50.

*Lard*—not active—10 a 11.

DIED.

On the 18th inst., aged 81 years at the Residence of N Sparks Esqr., John Lind a native of Norway well known to the first settlers of the place as "Old Lause." His early life from the age of 9 years was spent on the sea and he would favour his friends with many a tough yarn as he possessed a most remarkable memory: About 14 years ago he met with an accident which rendered him a cripple and helpless the remainder of his life, he was an honest worthy and faithful man.

LIVER COMPLAINT,  
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA,  
CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY

Disease of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness, or Blood to the Head. Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking, or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Harried and difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Lungs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the flesh Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits can be effectually cured by

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S  
CELEBRATED

GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY  
DR. C. M. JACKSON,  
German Medicine Store,  
No 120 Arch St. one door below Sixth, Philad'a.

Their power over the above diseases is not equalled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skillful physicians had failed.

These Bitters are worthy the attention of Invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of the liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching power in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are without equal, certain and pleasant.

Capt Daniel Abbott, Brookline, Maine, July 16, 1853, says:—"I was taken sick one year ago, last April, upon my passage from Havana to Charleston, S. C. At the latter place I took medicine and procured a physician, but on ten days could obtain no relief, no sleep or appetite. At last taking up a newspaper having your advertisement of "Hoofland's German Bitters" in it, I sent for some immediately, this was about 10 o'clock, at 11 o'clock I took the first dose, and another at 6 o'clock. The effect was so rapid on me that I had a good appetite for supper, and rested well that night, and the next day found me a well man. I have not been without your medicine since, having been sailing between Baltimore, Charleston and the West India Islands ever since. I have now given up going to sea, and reside in this place, where you should have an agency, as you could sell large quantities of it."

Jos. B. HALL & Co., Presque Isle, Aroostook Co., Maine, April 21, 1854, say:—"We herewith send you a certificate of a cure performed by the use of only one bottle of the German Bitters. We think Mr. Clark to be a man of veracity, and have no doubt of the truth of his story."

Messrs Jos. B. Hall & Co.—Gentlemen.—In answer to your inquiries I will state that my daughter, aged about 16 years, has been complaining of a pain in her side, for six or seven years, and about the first of January last, was taken down and confined to her bed. The pain in her side was very severe, besides being troubled with pains between her shoulders and in her breast. From reading a number of cures performed by "Hoofland's German Bitters," I was induced to try it in her case, and sent to your store and purchased one bottle. She had taken it but a few days when she began to improve, and now, after taking only one bottle, she is enjoying better health than she has for years. She feels no pain in her side or any part of her body, and attributes her cure entirely to the German Bitters.

WILLIAM CLARK,  
Salmon Brook, Aroostook Co., Me.

You should bear in mind, that these Bitters are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, thereby possessing advantages over most of the preparations recommended for similar diseases.

For sale Wholesale by Druggists in all the principal cities, and at retail by Apothecaries and storekeepers in every town in the United States & Canada,—and by R. A. Beal and John Roberts, Bytown.

Bytown, Nov. 22d, 1854.—[44.]

WANTED.

A YOUNG man of some experience in Teaching, is desirous of obtaining a good School about the 1st of January next.—Holds a second Class Certificate of Qualifications for the County of Carleton &c. The best reference as to ability and moral character can be given.

Apply stating Salary to A. Andrew Osgoode P. O. Nov. 20th 1854.

TAKE NOTICE.

WHAT All those indebted to the Estate of the late Francis Thomson, whose accounts are not settled on or before the 1st day of December, 1854, with the undersigned, who is alone legally authorized to collect the same, they will be handed over to an Attorney for collection. This notice is therefore given to save parties so indebted trouble and expense.

MRS. PRODERICK,  
Administratrix.  
Bytown, Nov. 15th, 1854.—[43]

TO THE PATRONS OF  
PERRY DAVIS'  
VEGETABLE

Pain Killer.

Owing to the large amount of Counterfeit Pain Killer put up and sold as genuine by unprincipled men, we have been obliged to resort to very expensive measures to protect ourselves pecuniarily, and the public from great injury, by buying and using their worthless counterfeits. The comparative plain and simple style in which our pain killer has been put up, has made it very easy for those disposed, to imitate it very successfully, as for as its external appearance, in style of bottle, label, and color of the article; but we need not say that the compound is a miserable, filthy production, and calculated to do great injury to those who might use it with the confidence that they have been accustomed to use the genuine Pain Killer. Parties whose business it is to counterfeit valuable preparations, do it in such a secret manner, that it is almost useless to attempt to punish them by legal measures, as it is difficult, and we might say impossible to bring the proof home to them.

Considering the great difficulty in protecting ourselves and the public by prosecuting parties, we have been to a very great expense in getting up a finely executed

STEEL ENGRAVED LABEL,

for our bottles. We also attach to our bottles a Steel Engraved Note of hand, which we issue as our obligation, and to counterfeit which is held to be forgery by the laws of the United States, and which parties will not dare attempt to do. The great expense attending the getting up and printing of these labels will prevent the attempt to counterfeit, thus securing to the public that the article they purchase is the genuine Perry Davis' Pain Killer, manufactured by Perry Davis & Son, Sole Proprietors.

The Pain Killer will be put up in a new style of panel bottle, with the words, DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER, blown in the Glass. We have discontinued the use of the 12½ and 37½ cent bottles, and now put up only three sizes, viz, at 25 cents, 50 cents, and 1.00 per bottle.

We have also a very fine engraving on Stone, for the Box labels, specifying the contents of the box, where and by whom manufactured, &c. We have also added to our Pamphlet of directions and certificates, a cover beautifully finished, presenting on the first page a very excellent likeness of Perry Davis, the original inventor of the Pain Killer. The bottle labels, and one label on each box has also a correct likeness of Perry Davis, which it will be impossible to counterfeit successfully.

We have been at this expense, that the public might have perfect confidence that they were getting the genuine article when they buy a bottle as above described. To those who have so long used and proved the merits of our article, we would say that we shall continue to prepare our Pain Killer of the best and purest materials, and that it shall be every way worthy of their approbation as a family medicine.

PERRY DAVIS & SON,  
Manufacturers and Proprietors.  
Providence, R. I., July 1st, 1854.

The Pain Killer is sold by WILLIAM LYMAN & Co., Montreal; JOHN ROBERTS, Bytown; R. A. BEAL, Bytown; H. S. HUMPHREY & Co., Brockville. And by all the principal Druggists.



## Paints & Oils.

A. M. S. Superior white Lead, dry and in Oil, with an assortment of Colours.—Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Pale Seal and Olive Oils of the finest qualities.

For sale by  
R. A. BEAL  
MEDICAL HALL,  
Ridgway Street.

## LICORICES

A few Chests of Superior quality just received, and

For sale by  
R. A. BEAL.

## SPICES, & C.

Cinnamon, Cloves, Cayenne Seeds, Nutmegs, Mace, Ginger, Irish Moss, Sparkling Gelatine, Fine Cut Isinglass, Citron, Lemon, and Orange Peel. All of the finest quality.

For sale by  
R. A. BEAL.  
Bytown, Nov. 16th, 1854.—[43.]

## THE GREAT STANDARD REMEDY FOR ALL

### PULMONARY DISEASES

Containing neither Prussic Acid, Tartar Emetic, nor any other deleterious drug. Extensively used, tested and approved in New England, Canada, and the British Provinces during a period of 30 years by Eminent Physicians, Clergymen, Professors of Colleges, Theological Seminaries, Scientific and Distinguished Public Men;—and, in fact, by all classes in the community. See Pamphlets and wrappers containing Certificates, among which are those of,

Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, Boston, late President of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio.—Late Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods, Abbott Prof. of Theology in Andover Theological Seminary, Mass.—Hon. Daniel P. Thompson, Secretary of State of Vermont.—N. F. Williams, Esq., formerly Collector of the Port of Baltimore, Md.—Rev. Josiah Litch Philadelphia, Pa.,—and many others.

How Estimated by Physicians.—John A. Berry, M. D., Saco, Me., says, "During a practice of twenty years, I have seen used all the popular remedies for Cough, and am well satisfied that your Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is best, and I hope it will be better known and more generally used."

Beware of Counterfeits and imitations! Enquire for the article by its Whole Name, "VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & Co. Druggists, 33 India street, Boston, Mass., and sold by Apothecaries and Country Merchants generally. Price, New Style, large bottles, containing nearly four times the quantity of the small, St. Old Style, small bottle, 50 cents.

For sale in Bytown by John Roberts, and R. A. Beal.  
Bytown, Nov. 15th 1854.—(43-6m.)

## FRESH & CHEAP GROCERIES AT THE GENERAL GROCERY & PROVISION WAREHOUSE

In the Brick Store  
Sign of the large  
(Ridgway Street Lower Bytown.)  
Teas, Sugars, Coffee, Tobacco, Patent Pails, Wash Boards, Brooms, and a general assortment of Groceries always on hand.

ALSO, Liquors, warranted pure.  
A Superior article of V. Chaloupin & Co. Dark & Pale Brandy.  
J. De Kupper & Son Gin.  
Port & Sherry Wine.  
Jamaica Spirits.  
High Wines.  
Molasses & W. W. Vinegar.

The Subscriber being desirous to do a Cash Business, his goods will be found at prices, which cannot be surpassed by any other House in the City of Ottawa.

Orders punctually attended to  
GEORGE H. PRESTON,

## THE BEST VALUE

### IN

## TEA, COFFEE

AND  
SUGAR.

ALSO  
BRANDY,  
Gin and Wine

LIKewise  
MOLASSES, FISH, AND SALT

ALWAYS  
TO BE HAD

AT THE  
GENERAL GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT,  
RIDGWAY STREET, BYTOWN,

PATTERSON & BLACKBURN.

ORDERS ACCOMPANIED WITH REMITTANCES  
Punctually attended to, and carefully packed.

Bytown, Nov. 15th, 1854.—(43-4m.)

## BYTOWN AND PRESCOTT RAILWAY.

### CHANGE OF TIME.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE TRAINS WILL  
Run as follows, viz:

#### LEAVE GLOUCESTER STATION

At 7 o'clock, A. M., stopping at Osgoode, Kempsville, Oxford, and Spencerville, and arrive at Prescott at 9½ o'clock.

#### LEAVE PRESCOTT

At 2 o'clock, P. M., stopping at the Way Stations above mentioned, and arrive at Gloucester at 4½ P. M.

STAGES will run regularly between Bytown and Gloucester: Leaving Bytown in time for the 7 o'clock Train to Prescott, and leaving Gloucester on the arrival of the Train from Prescott to convey passengers to Bytown.

Passengers for Montreal or Kingston will arrive at Prescott in season for either of the Mail Steamers.

Passengers for New York, Boston or Montreal can proceed by the 2 o'clock train on the Ogdensburg Railroad, and reach Montreal the same evening, or Boston and New York the day following.

R. HOUGH,  
Superintendent.

Prescott, Nov 3rd, 1854.—[40.]

## MONTREAL, PRESCOTT & BYTOWN TRANSPORTATION.

FREIGHT for BYTOWN and Places on the RIDEAU CANAL, can be safely, cheaply, and speedily forwarded by the Saint Lawrence River to Prescott, and thence via the BYTOWN and PRESCOTT RAILWAY and Rideau Canal to place of destination.

The Ogdensburg and Montreal Steamboats touch at the B. & P. Railway Wharf, at Prescott regularly, at 6.30 a. m., downwards, and at 2 p. m., upwards. Parties landing goods at the Railway Wharf, Prescott, for transshipment over the Railway, save wharfage and shipping charges.

R. HOUGH,  
Supt. B. & P. Railway.

Prescott, Oct. 9th, 1854.—[41.]

## WASHINGTON HUGHES BARBER, HAIRDRESSER, AND CLOTHES-CLEANER.

Rideau Street, Lower Bytown.  
CLOTHES CLEANED AND DYED, AND STAINS  
TAKEN OUT OF CLOTH AND SHAWLS.  
Ladies' Hair Curled and Dressed.  
Bytown, November 2, 1854.—(4)

## MRS. MINNS,

DEGS leave respectfully to announce to the inhabitants of Bytown and its vicinity, that, in addition to the other branches of the MILLINERY BUSINESS, she will keep on hand a good assortment of FASHIONABLE  
Straw Bonnets, French Lace, &c., &c.  
Straw, Leghorn and other Bonnets cleaned, pressed and trimmed in the best style and on the shortest notice.  
Wellington Street, Upper Bytown,  
March 14th, 1854.

## TO THE LOVERS OF MUSIC. (FRASER'S CORNET BAND.)

MESSRS. FRASERS will open their Evening Classes for instruction, on the CORNET, ANHORN, POSYHORN, FLUTE and VIOLIN, on the 1st November next, from seven o'clock till ten every evening. Public School and private families attended to in Vocal Music any day between 4 and 6 o'clock, e. m. Particulars made known, on application to Mr. F. at his School Room, No. 1, Duley-street, or, at his Dwelling House, No 6, Jesser-street, Lower Bytown.  
Bytown, Oct. 20, 1854.

## ON CONSIGNMENT,

AND For Sale, at Low Prices, and on favorable terms,  
Mess and Prime Mess Pork of undoubted inspection.

Superior Flour of favorite Western Brands.  
50 O P High Wines, Port Hope, Prescott and Kingston distillation.

Whisky, a superior article, and well flavored.  
Teas, Tobaccos, &c. &c., of various descriptions and qualities.

FRANCIS CLEMOW.

Bytown, 13th June 1854.

## 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.

## PATENT PAILS! PATENT PAILS!

100 DOZEN, to the Trade 11s. per dozen.—  
Also Groceries, Wines, Spirits, Crockery, &c., CHEAP.

## Wholesale & Retail. GEORGE H. PRESTON

Rideau Street, Lower Bytown, }—(21-4f)  
May 29th, 1854.

## THE ORANGE LILY,

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

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

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

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

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