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THE ORANGE LILY.

VOL. VI.

BYTOWN, FEBRUARY 2, 1854.

NO. 4.

Poetry.

A Song of the North.

BY MISS ELIZABETH DOTEN.

"Thou rulest the waves, O God."

"Away! away!" cried the stout Sir John,
"While the blossoms are on the trees;
For the summer is short, and the time speeds on,
As we sail for the Northern Seas.
Hol' gallant Crozier, and brave Fitz James!
We will start the world I trow,
When we find a way through the Northern Seas,
That never was found till now!
A good, stout ship is the *Erebus*
As ever unfurled a sail,
And the *Terror* will meet with as brave a one,
As ever outrode a gale."
So they bid farewell to their pleasant homes,
To the hills and valleys green,
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,
And three for the English Queen.
They sped away beyond cape and bay,
Where the day and night are one,
Where the hissing light in the heavens grew
bright,
And flamed like a midnight sun.
There was nought below save the fields of snow,
That stretched to the icy pole;
And the Esquimaux in his strange canoe,
Was the only living soul!
Along the coast, like a giant host,
The glittering icebergs frowned;
Or they met on the main, like a battle plain,
And crashed with a fearful sound!
The seal and the bear, with a cautious stare,
Boked down from the frozen heights,
And the stars in the skies, with great wild eyes,
Peered out from the Northern Lights.
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Felt a doubt like a chill, through their warm
hearts thrill.
As they urged the good ships on,
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay
Where even the bear-dogs freeze;
But no way was found, by strait or sound,
To sail through the Northern Seas:
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
And they sought, but they sought in vain!
For no way was found through the ice around
To return to their homes again.
But the wild waves rose, and the waters froze,
Till they closed like a prison wall,
And the icebergs stood, in the silent flood.
Like jailers grim and tall!
O, God! O, God!—it was heard to die,
In that prison house of ice!
For what was fame, or a mighty name,
When life was the fearful price.
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Had a secret dread, and their hopes all fled,
As the weeks and months passed on.
Then the ice-king came, with his eyes of flame,
And looked on the fated crew;
His chilling breath was as cold as death,
And it pierced their warm hearts through!
A heavy sleep that was dark and deep,
Came over their weary eyes,
And they dreamed strange dreams of the hills
and streams,
And the blue of their native skies.
The Christmas chimes, of the good old times,
Were heard in each dying ear,
And the darling feet, and the voices sweet,
Of their wives and children dear!
But it faded away—away—away!
Like a sound on a distant shore;
And deeper and deeper came the sleep,
Till they slept to wake no more!
O, the sailor's wife, and the sailor's child!
They weep and watch, and pray;
And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain.

As the long years pass away!
The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz James,
And the good Sir John have found,
An open way, to a quiet bay,
And a Port where all are bound!
Let the waters roar, on the ice-bound shore,
That circles the frozen pole;
But there is no sleep, and no grave so deep,
That can hold the human soul.
From the Lily of the Valley, for 1853.

AGNES LEE; OR 'THE SHIPWRECKED.

CHAPTER I.

I LIKE this strange morning, on which I
am waking—this featureless, rainless day—the
all-grey sky—the phantom wind, sailing
over the hills with its ghostly feet; and
now and then stopping to blow some fear-
ful, shrieking, clarion blast, on its tramp of
air. I like it, for it comes to me like a
memorial. I sit still, holding my breath,
with my hand clasped tightly over my eyes,
and think of high fierce tides trampling in
upon low lee-shore—of alarm guns sound-
ing among the breakers at midnight; and
the pale moon over head stretching out her
arms and fighting fiercely with black pur-
suing clouds.

Some one has said there are moments
which command our lives—moments look-
ing back upon which we can see where a
single half hour might have changed our
destinies. Every one's life has such points,
that tower pyramid-like above the dead
level of the years—and I am going back to
one this morning.

You would think me very odd, could you
see me now. The smooth gray hair is fold-
ed back under my quaker cap, like bands
of silver, and over my face are drawn deep,
furrowed lines, the foot-prints left by lone-
some years, in their tireless journeying. I
am old, when I count my life by incidents,
and yet not so very old, when I tell it in
years.

I do not know how far back I can remem-
ber. Sometimes I seem to have dim
visions of a far southern home. Bright
flowers are blowing round me; and south-
ern lreezes make sweet music; touching
with their invisible fingers Aolian harp-
strings. Standing there, the soft eyes of
beautiful pictures smile on me, or the still
form of some old marble hunter rises up in
solemn state at my side. It is a pleasant
country, though I see it very dimly through
mists of years, and I am not quite sure,
after all, whether it be anything more than
a floating island of fancy. It seems little
else on mornings such as this. I can go
back to it, and bend my brow with its
flowers, in the calm pleasant days of mid-
summer, when I sit in my low chair before
my cottage door, and round me the wild
birds sing, the summer flowers blossom,
and the south wind lifts lovingly my silver
hair.

But it is different now; this sobbing,
lonely November morning, I see not fair
and sunny scenes—no southern palaces, or
soft red pictures, but back to my heart
comes the first deep, vivid memory of my
life, stern—crushing—terrible!

It was a strange scene—you may have
read of such, but God grant they may never
have dawned on your own life, never have

made your hair stifen, or chilled the blood
in your veins. I was very small; for I
know I was playing on the deck of a
stately ship, and passed round, wax-baby
like from one to another. At last I had
been put to bed, in my little hammock, and
a being fair as a seraph had bent over me,
saying prayers, and ave-maries.

I had been dreaming, I believe, pleasant
sunny dreams, when suddenly a quick
touch woke me. It was the same fair wo-
man, but now her face was blanched
deadly pale. The white women whose
work it is to bury the dead drowned at sea
could not have looked more ghastly. She
said nothing but gathering me up in her
arms, she rushed on deck.

I see it very distinctly—that fearful
scene. The good ship was plunging like
a frightened steed—madly plunging—rush-
ing on toward a low lee-shore upon our
left.

There, over rocks, whose white tops shone
up clear, and ghastly in the fitful moonlight,
the great waves boiled and surged, and
then retreated coming up again to hug those
frightful, desolate rocks more madly than
before.

The winds howled, and trumped, and
shrieked like so many devils keeping hold-
fast; and onward toward this terrible shore
our ship was plunging. The moon overhead
shone out sometimes from thick, black
clouds, like a phantom-face looking down
mockingly upon this war of elements. Aton
the vivid lightnings flashed, and the un-
der sonned its hoarse, muffled dirge-notes,
and in the midst of it all our vessel, like a
prancing steed was careering joyously,
bounding onward toward death.

There was no boat which could stand for
a moment the fury of such a gale. Some
of the men launched one, it is true, but it
had scarcely cleared the ship, when it went
to pieces before our eyes, and the poor fel-
lows perished.

No, there was no hope, none—the boldest
swimmers were powerless in such a sea,
and the grasp of those fiercely battling waves,
was no mother's cherishing love-clasp.

I know that fair woman strained mo
closely to her breast, as she clung with her
other arm to a rope overhanging the side of
the vessel—I know, with my ear close to
her lips, I could catch, amid the storm,
sweet, solemn words of prayer, then there
was a mighty shock, a sound as when
many a cannon peals forth its echo-startling
clang of defiance; and after that I know no
more.

I seem to have a faint, yet most terrible
vision, of the moon shining down brighter
than ever on white ghastly faces upturned
to her gaze, their long locks dropping with
the briny waves of the sea subsiding to a
dead calm, as if contented with its prey—
but beyond that fierce, terrible crash I know
nothing.

My next memory is very different. It is
of a fisherman's hut on the Cornwall lee-
shore—a little, smoky, disagreeable place,
where one morning I lifted my head from
a couch of seaweed and looked around me.
I saw low, smoke-blackened walls, hung
with fishers' nets, seal-skins, and dried
herring. A man sat by the drift-wood fire
—he had a strange face, in which my ripen
judgement can hardly tell whether the

good or evil predominant. It wore an expression of hardy, patient endurance.—About the mouth were the strong lines of physical power, and the thick shaggy hair shaded a brow, whose solidity and breadth belokened anything but a simpleton.

I fancy I must have loved power and strength even then, for I know my childish spirit seemed to recognize more affinity with him than with his wife, who was by far the kindest looking person of the two.

But whatever I thought of them, I am sure I must have had memories of far different scenes, for I well remember that I resented, as an indignity, my having been brought to that humble dwelling.

I was only weak, for I had no sooner completed my survey of the desolate looking apartment, than I was forced to lay my head back upon my sea-weed pillow; and it must have been half an hour before I was able to speak. By this time the woman had completed the preparation of breakfast, and approached me with a porringer of warm goat's milk, and coarse bread. But I put it haughtily from me, and rising up in my bed I exclaimed

"I don't want any of your breakfast, if you'll just tell me what I've been brought to this nasty place for."

"I reckon 'twas as kind a thing," growled the man at the fire, "to bring you home here, as to a' left you out o' doors to die, along with that dead woman I found you fastened to, two weeks ago on this mornin'."

"Dead," said I; "mamma isn't dead, is she?"

"Well, I guess you won't find any on 'em anythin' else but dead, that was out on the lee-shore that night. They're all gone barrin' you, and we might as well a' left you to die, if you can't carry a more civil tongue in your head."

"Well, go away, please," said I, more gently to the woman, who still stood at my bed-side. "I can't eat my breakfast this morning."

"Poor little critter," said the woman compassionately; "belike she's lonesome, you ought not to told her, John;" and she turned away. I lay there in a kind of stupor—I was not old enough to realize how strange was the Providence which had preserved only me, a helpless child, among all that crew of bold, strong men, not old enough for prave and thankfulness; and I was only sensible as I lay there, still and quiet, with closed eyes, or a deep desperate feeling of hate and anger, against I knew not what—the sea, the storm, the ship, almost against the very people who had died, and left me alone in the world.

CHAPTER II.

Mine was surely a strange childhood.—I grew up there, in a fisherman's lonely hut, on the Cornwall lee-shore. The fisherman and his wife had no children, and they loved me, and were kind to me in their way. The woman soon found out that my errant wandering could ill brook confinement, and she ceased her attempts to teach me knitting and net-making, and allowed me to wander whither I listed, only exacting that I should bring home at night a certain quantity of sea-moss, which her husband used to carry for sale to the next market-town, a distance of some twenty miles.

Perhaps, to one of my temperament, this hardy life was not without its advantages, at least it was singularly free from temptation. No Indian maiden ever led a life freer or more tameless. I used to scale cliffs, from which the boldest hunter would have shrunk back appalled, and, standing

on their jagged summits, laugh a defiance to the eagles, and toss back my long black hair, with its sea-weed coronet, a princess in my own right.

Neither the fisherman nor his wife knew how to read, and I grew up in a like ignorance; and yet I was by no means void of one kind of education. I could tell where the eagles hatched and the sea-birds hung their nest,—where the tallest trees lifted their great arms, praying to the pitiless sky, and where the stormy winds lashed the waves to widest fury.

My keen eye could discern in the distance, each little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and afar off I recognized the coming spirit of a blast that should be strong to strew the sea with wrecks.

One night—I must have been about thirteen years old—I had climbed the very top of a high cliff, known as the Devil's Tea-kettle. It was a singular place—steep pointed, and jagged rocks hemmed in a basin, on whose sandy bed white shining pebbles lay bleaching in the sunlight. I had heard terrible tales of this strange charm. The peasantry said it was the brewing-place of the waters of the stream of death—for never were the waves known to rise high enough to fill the basin, but that some goodly ship went down in sight of land, with all her freight of precious souls.

I had never seen the waves boil in the Devil's Tea-kettle, but I had been told that never had they surged so high, so wild, so mad, as on that fearful night when I was dashed upon the lonely shore and the storm-spirits clasped hands with the winds and shouted forth my mother's requiem.

I think I must have been born in a storm, for they were to me the familiar faces of dear old friends—I loved them, and on this night of which I speak, when I had climbed to the topmost ledge of these spectral cliffs, I planted there my bold, firm step, and, looking forth to sea, laughed merrily. And yet a handsman would have said it bade fair to be a beautiful night. The sea was very calm—too calm—for it was the lull before the tempest. The sun was going down into his subterranean palace of clouds, flinging back over the waters the lengthening robe of his glory, and over opposite the moon, like a fair young bride, was climbing up the east, with a star or two for brides-maids, going forth to be wedded to the night.

Oh, it was a beautiful scene. I have looked on such, in later years, till my heart ached with their quiet beauty. But it ached not then! I clapped my hands as I looked forth over the waters, for there, in the far distance, was a little cloud. It was a pretty thing enough—quite in keeping with the scene—white and soft, and fleecy as an angel's wing. But I recognized it—I knew it was no seraph coming nearer—but that, as in their funeral processions at the East, they send far on, in advance, white-robed maidens, scattering flowers, even so now had the advancing spirit of the storm, twin-leagued with darkness and despair, sent forth this peaceful herald before his face. And I knew from its position, and the rate at which it scudded before the wind, that it was to be a fearful storm—no gentle breeze to rock a child's cradle, but a Euroclydon, to lash the deep sea into fury.

Oh, how high my heart swelled as I looked on it, and shouted in my glee, that the Devil's Tea-kettle would boil well to-night. But I think it was not from any native malignity. I desired not death, but excitement. I wanted a wreck, it is true,

but then I would have braved death itself to save the lives of its victims. But the sunset glory faded out from the heavens, the moon climbed higher, the white cloud widened, and I sprang down the cliff, and gathering up my basket of sea-moss, walked slowly home.

I did not sleep that night. My little room opened out of the one where I first found myself, and which was at once sleeping-room, kitchen and parlor, for the fisherman and his wife. About midnight, I heard a sound. It was a signal gun—once and again it boomed over the waters. Hurriedly dressing myself, I roused the fisherman from his slumbers, and, putting on a cloak and hood, stole unobserved from the dwelling. My feet paused not till I had reached the top ledge of the Devil's Tea-kettle. Merciful Heaven! the waves seethed and boiled there like mad. What a sight! It frightened even me, who had never known fear before, and springing down the rocks, I fled, as if a whole army of fiends were pursuing me.

I hurried along the shore for a few rods, when the light of a lantern flashed full in my face, and I paused. It was John. "You here, child," he said, in a tone which had more of fear than anger. I think he was glad to have some human eyes to gaze on the terrible scene, beside his own. The moon, which had shone out fitfully as I stood beside the Devil's Tea-kettle, was now buried beneath billows of black, surging clouds. It was wild—it was pitch dark. Only now and then some vivid flash of lightning would show us in the distance a great, black-looking ship, like some fearful phantom, bearing down upon the shore.

At intervals the signal guns would boom over the waves, like the sullen roar of some wild animal, or some human voice would shriek out wildly, madly, hopelessly for the help which came not. Oh, it was a terrible sight to stand there and watch that mighty ship, hurrying helplessly to its death. I looked till my soul grew sick—I could no longer. I sank down upon the cliff where I was standing, and clasped my hands across my eyes. I did not see the struggles of the great ship, but I heard the sullen, deafening crash when she too struck upon hidden rocks, and went down, helplessly in sight of land. I heard the crash, and, putting my fingers in my ears, ran inland till my breath was spent.

And then the early summer morning dawned. We had stood there three hours, though it seemed to me not as many minutes. So long had the good ship struggled with the waves—so long her brave crew died a living death of anguish and suspense. As soon as the earliest dawn-rays commenced to light my path, I turned my footsteps homeward, and at the door of the hut I met John, bearing a senseless figure in his arms.

"This is all that's left of 'em, Agnes," said he, with a sadness unusual to his tone, and entering his house, he laid his half-drowned burden down upon the sea-weed couch. His wife had already opened the windows and lighted the fire, and she hastened to apply vigorously all her stock of simple restoratives. Her care was presently rewarded, by seeing the stranger's eyes unclose, and catching the faint sound of his irregular breathing.

It was several days, however, before he could rise from the couch where he had been placed. On the morning of the fourth day, he slowly approached the window and sat down. "My friend," said he to the fisherman, "I owe you already, more than

gold can ever pay you. Will you do more for me still? Can you bring me, from the next post-town, a sheet of paper and some ink, and will you let me be your guest till I receive an answer to this letter which I must write? When it comes, I shall have god enough to reward your care, and strength enough to proceed on my journey."

Of course he gained his point, for when did Horace Mann ever fail to do so? I watched his course after that for years, and I never knew him fail to accomplish what he undertook. The letter was written, and sent, and during the two months that glided away before its answer came, Horace Mann was my constant companion in all my walks. He wanted a guide and took me, for want of any other, quite careless as to what effect such an association might produce upon my mind. And yet, to do him justice, he was really good-natured, and when he found out, a week or two after our acquaintance commenced, that I could not read, he set himself to work in earnest to supply the deficiency. I loved my teacher, and my progress was rapid.

I suppose Horace Mann would as soon have thought of winning the fisherman himself to love, as me, the rough, wild-natured child of his adoption. But I have been told by physiognomical connoisseurs that half the blood in my veins is Spanish, and I, uncultivated child of thirteen, as I was, loved the handsome young Englishman with a wilder devotion than many a grown woman is capable. Oh, how I loved him!

He told me nothing of his personal history, but years afterwards I learned that he was very rich and noble. I was for a long time unconscious of the nature of my own love, until one afternoon, when we were walking, words of his revealed it to me.

"So they call you Agnes Lee, do they?" he asked, pulling me down on a rock beside him, and leisurely drawing my long hair through his fingers. "How in the world came you by such a romantic name?"

"I don't know what romantic means, sir," I answered simply, "but they called me Agnes Lee, because on St. Agnes' night I was cast upon the lee-shore, in a terrible storm, and my mother was drowned, and they hadn't any other name for me."

"Ho! that's it, is it? Quite a good account. You must have been born for tell-tale stories. Well, I've a mind to amuse myself now, by telling you one. Did you ever hear about love? But I know you never did; you, who never saw a handsome man in your life."

"Except you, sir," said I looking admiringly into his bold, handsome face. His laughing blue eyes twinkled with fun, in appreciation of the honestly-given compliment, and he proceeded to give me my first lesson of that love, stronger than life and more terrible than death. As he described its workings, my cheeks flushed crimson, and I knew that even so I loved him. At last he grew weary of me, or of his subject, and drawing a book from his pocket, (he had procured several from the market-town, in order to teach me to read,) he bade me run away for a while to play, and come again when I got tired.

Slowly I sauntered onward, with one remark which he had made sounding in my ears; he had said, "Love seeks beauty as naturally as the flowers the sunlight!"

Was I beautiful? My whole mind and soul were full of the question. At last I remembered a sunny pool of clear, fresh water, where I could see myself as in a mirror. I had often looked there to adjust my seaweed wreaths, but I had never noticed my

face, for never, until this afternoon, had the question suggested itself whether I was beautiful. Cautiously I crept to the brink, and many times drawing back in fear. I at length looked in. I unbound my long tresses, and they floated almost to my feet, long, heavy, and black as night. Set in them, as in a frame, a face looked out; a childish, sun-burned face. There were eyes there—like sloes, large, black, and melting, and anon flashing fire. I thought they might be beautiful, but I was not sure. As to the features, I was not very well competent to judge. I know now that they were regular enough for a sculptor's model, then I only knew that Horace Mann was handsome—my face was not like Horace Mann's, therefore, I thought it must be homely. But I was not satisfied. I stole lingering back to my companion, and found him in turn tired of his book, and ready to amuse himself with me. "Please sir, may I ask you a question?" I inquired, rather timidly.

"Why yes, Miss Agnes Lee, since you never in the world did such a thing, I suppose you may."

"Well, sir, am I handsome?"

Horace laughed long and loudly ere he replied.

"Well, you genuine descendent of Eve, you precious little specimen of feminine beauty, where you picked up your vanity, nestled here on the lee-shore, like a sea-gull, I don't know; but go and stand there in the sunshine, and I'll answer you.—Shake down your long, black hair, all about you, gipsy—there, that's right—now stand still."

I should think I stood still there a minute and a half, waiting for him to make his decision. I really suffered, while his eyes were so bent upon me. At last, his fixed, steady look, was getting to be torturing, and it was an inconceivable relief when he spoke.

"Well, Aggie, it took me some time to decide, didn't it? No, you are not handsome yet, Aggie. You are brown as a Malay, and there's something almost savage in your fierce black eyes. But your features are good enough—your hair is long and thick, and if it were taken care of, and weren't sun-burned, it might be magnificent; as it is, you're rather homely, but if some people had you, you might be made a very handsome woman."

Strange to say, dearly as I loved him, this reply gave me pleasure instead of pain, though I well knew, had he loved me, he never would have made it. But I don't think I wanted him to love me then. He had said I had the material for a handsome woman, and that was all I wanted to know. My heart beat quicker with a sense of power. I said that I would make him know that I was beautiful, some time—that some other day, I would make his proud heart beat quicker, and with this hope for the future I was quite content.

One day, soon after, we were walking together over the rough rocks bordering the shore. I remember a sense of life swelled high and exultant in my heart, and I bounded over the steepest ledges, hardly touching them, or paused to balance myself and turn around on their sharpest points.

"Come down here, Agnes Lee," said Horace Mann's voice, at length, and in an instant I was by his side.

"I've been thinking," he remarked, carelessly braiding up some strands of sea-weed "I've been thinking you would make a capital ballet-dancer." And then he proceeded, in answer to my eager inquiries, to explain to me the nature of theatrical per-

formances in general, and ballet-dancing in particular.

"It's a bad life," he concluded, "and I wouldn't advise you to try it. But, after all, I don't know but you'd be better off there than here. You do very well here now, but what'll become of you when you get old? If you could get to be prima donna, you could make a fortune, if you only kept it. Let me tell you one thing, Agnes, some people think all dancing girls are wicked; but I tell you it is the soul governs the profession, not the profession the soul, and you could be as good and pure on the boards of the Royal Theatre, as in the Hermitage of Lough Derg."

It was but a few days after this last conversation, when the answers to Horace Mann's letters came, and having rewarded the fisherman's care with many a broad piece of shining gold, he bade farewell to the lee-shore of Cornwall. It was a beautiful morning in the early autumn, and I went with him a mile or two on his journey. Oh, how gladly the waves danced, and the sun shone, and I could see his heart was dancing too. As for me, I was not glad, nor yet very sorry, for my whole heart was full of a strong undying purpose. Pausing at length, he let go my hand.

"There, Agnes, you must go home now," he said, "good-bye my child," and, taking a guinea from his pocket, he added, "take that, Aggie; it's the best thing I've got to give you to remember me by."

"Will you just please to make a round hole in it, and mark an H on it somewhere?" I pleadingly inquired.

"Well, here's one with a hole in it, that will do—and there," and sitting down, he marked "H. M." in bold, distinct characters. "There, little one, good-bye now," and drawing me to him, he kissed me. It was the first time he had ever kissed me—the first kiss man had ever left on my lips, and it lingered there for weeks, and its memory had power to thrill for many a year.

(To be Continued.)

SHIPS OF WAR BUILDING FOR RUSSIA.—We understand that an official letter from Lord Palmerston, as Secretary for the Home Department has been received this week by the civic authorities of Glasgow, requesting to know particulars respecting some war steamers which his lordship was informed were building on the Clyde for the Emperor of Russia. His Lordship has, we believe, been misinformed on the subject, as there are no ships building here for the Czar; but there are at present being constructed two pairs of powerful first class mail engines and machinery for war steamers, by one of our first engineers, who is under contract to have them at Cronstadt in April, and to fit them up in the vessels there by his own workmen. Although there are no ships building here for the Autocrat, we have reason to believe that his lordship may learn something on the subject if he institutes inquiries on the banks of the Tyne or Wear.—North British Daily Mail.

The following ships of war were commissioned on the 27th: Dauntless 33, screw, Portsmouth; Pique, 43, Devonport; Phaeton, 50, Sheerness; and Euryalus, 50, screw, Obatham. The Dauntless is under the command of Captain A. Ryder, late of the Vixen, 6 steamloop, and promoted in 1848 for services at the storming of Port Serapique, on the St. Juan. The best command, that of the Euryalus, has been given to Captain G. Ramsay (1843). The Pique, the most expensive ship in the navy, except the Vernon, is to be commanded by Captain Sir F. W. Neilson, Bart., (1846). The Phaeton's captain has not yet been appointed.

"Sumbon, what am your pinon ob ra's?" "Why, I think de one dat hab de shortest tail w'il get in de hole de quickest."

John Mitchell and His Two Popes.

From the True Freeman's Journal.

In the last week's issue of the "Citizen," John Mitchell treats his readers to an essay on "The Pope," whom, in his own queer logic, he makes to appear in a two-fold aspect. Such a specimen of sophistry we presume has scarcely ever appeared in our city hitherto. It seems some of his readers threaten him with the Pope, while others warn him against his ITALIAN HOLINESS; and in order to direct his attention to a proper channel a "TRUE FRIEND" undertakes to tell him "that the redemption of one nationality (Ireland) is quite enough for one man and one newspaper." In reply to this he says, "God knows it is." . . . "The British Government, indeed, is Ireland's sole original enemy." Ah, Mr. Mitchell, who has informed you that the British Government is Ireland's sole original enemy? Had the Pope of Rome nothing to do in this? We open the pages of history and find that it is not England, but the Pope himself that was Ireland's sole original enemy. Such cant about England might have done very well among the "young Ireland party" in the green fields of Erin, but intelligent Americans look for something more than mere bombast. What did England do to oppress Ireland before the days of Pope Adrian IV., in the year 1155? Who gave Ireland to the English monarch? Was it not the Pope of Rome? Come, Mr. Mitchell, be candid for once, and answer as a freeman ought. But lest the prejudice of a *pervert to Romanism* may prevent you, allow us to direct your attention to documentary evidence in behalf of "Ireland's sole original enemy." The following is the Bull of Pope Adrian IV., addressed to King Henry II. of England, granting him the permission of taking possession of Ireland and the islands adjacent, saving the rights of the Church of Rome and of other churches:

"Adrian, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our well beloved son in Christ, the illustrious King of the English, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

"Your Highness contemplates the laudable and profitable work of gaining a glorious reputation on earth, and enhancing the recompense of future bliss in heaven, by turning your thoughts in the true spirit of a Catholic prince, to widening the bounds of the Church, and explaining the true Christian faith to ignorant and uncivilized tribes, and exterminating the nurseries of vices from the heritage of the Lord; and in order to the better execution of this project, you implore the counsel of the Apostolic See. In which matter the more mature the deliberation and the greater the discretion with which you proceed, so much the greater, we trust, will be the success that will, with the Lord's permission, attend your exertions.

"Certainly there is no doubt but that Ireland and all the islands upon which Christ and the Sun of Righteousness hath shined, and which have received instruction in the Christian faith, do belong of right to St. Peter and the Holy Roman Church, as your Grace admits. Whereupon we are the more ready to introduce into them a faithful plantation, and a stock acceptable to God, in proportion as we are convinced from conscientious motives that this is urgently required of us.

"You have signified to us, Son, well-beloved in Christ, your desire to enter the island of Ireland, in order to bring that people into subjection to laws, and to exterminate the nurseries of vices from the country; and that you are willing to pay to St. Peter an annual tribute of one penny for every house, and to preserve, uninjured and inviolate, the ecclesiastical rights of that land.

"We therefore, treating your pious and laudable desire with the favor which it deserves, and graciously acceding to your petition, express our will and pleasure that in order to widen the bounds of the Church, to check the spread of vice, to reform morals and inculcate virtues, in order to the advancement of the Christian religion, you should enter that island, and do what shall tend to the honor of God and the welfare of that land. And let the people of that land receive you in an honorable manner, and respect you as their lord: provided, always, that ecclesi-

astical rights be uninjured and inviolate, and the annual payment of one penny for every house be secured to St. Peter and the Holy Roman Church."

Now was it the Pope as bishop, or the Pope as prince, that gave Ireland to England? The Pope requires one penny from every house for St. Peter. But St. Peter was never a prince, but a simple primitive bishop. But just hear what Peter's pretended successor says: "IRELAND, &c., DO BELONG OF RIGHT TO ST. PETER AND THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH." Then it is St. Peter's right to give away what he possesses. The Pope as bishop is St. Peter's pretended successor, therefore as bishop, and not as prince, the Pope gave Ireland to England. But as King Henry did not act in conformity with the above, but neglected Ireland, Pope Alexander, Adrian's successor, reminded him by a *new bull fully horned, and roaring loudly*, in the year 1172. Now, before these bulls began to roar, Ireland's Church was independent of Rome. The following is Alexander's bull:

"Alexander, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our well beloved son in Christ, the illustrious King of the English, health and apostolical benediction. Forasmuch as those grants of our predecessors, which are known to have been made on reasonable grounds, are worthy to be confirmed by a permanent sanction: We, therefore, following the footsteps of the late venerable Pope Adrian, and considering the fruits of our desire, do ratify and confirm the permission of the Pope, given you, relative to the lordship of the kingdom of Ireland: reserving to Blessed Peter and the Holy Roman Church, as in England, so also in Ireland, the annual payment of one penny for every house: to the end that the FLIRTY PRACTICES OF THAT LAND MAY BE ABOLISHED, and the Barbarous Nation, which is called by a CHRISTIAN NAME, (!) may, through your clemency, attain some decency of manners; and that, when the Church of that Country, which has been hitherto in a DISORDERLY STATE, shall have been reduced to order (?), that people may by your means possess for the future the *reality* as well as the *name* of the Christian profession."

Now we would like to know who was Ireland's sole original enemy in 1172?

If England is Ireland's enemy, which we deny, it was the POPE OF ROME THAT MADE HER SO. So much for misrepresentation. It is a notorious fact that Ireland is more prosperous to-day than ever she was—politically. We admit that Ireland would be able enough to govern herself had the time come; but why hold up England as a tyrant when she does not manifest any such intention. If a few Roman Catholics, who have always hated Protestant England, conspired against British rule in Ireland, under the mask of making Ireland free, but really with a worse intention, have, in common with other disturbers of the nation's peace, been banished their country, it was certainly, in a political sense, for their country's good. Was there any patriotism in disturbing the peace of the nation in 1848? This talk about patriotism is passing strange, indeed, when it can be shown in the most indubitable manner that no nation had ever received greater kindness from the other than Ireland has, since the year 1800, received from Britain.

With respect to the Pope, Mr. Mitchell says:

"But our friendly correspondent assures us that the Pope and the Catholic Church are ranged on the side of Despotism. There is some mistake here. It may help to clear up the mistake, if we consider that the Pope of Rome is a double personage, and has two distinct characters. Or rather there are two Popes—the one is a bishop, the other is a prince—the Bishop-Pope is God's vice-gerent upon earth—the Prince-Pope is Austria's vice-gerent at Rome.—This Bishop has the power of the spiritual keys, the power to bind and to loose, to bless and to ban,—and derives it (for aught we know) from a divine commission. The Prince has the keys of the castle of St. Angelo, and has power to lock up men's bodies there, power to tax and to fine, power to hang and to shoot, and derives these latter powers from the bloody bayonets of Austria, and, we are ashamed to say, France.—But there is no occasion why the Bishop of Rome should also be Prince of Rome. And perhaps

he would be more a Bishop if he were less a Prince. While the Pope was in exile at Avignon, while he was a prisoner to Charles V., he was not the less Head of the Church, and had not the less power to bind and to loose. Moreover the temporal power is one which may at any time, and even soon, be taken away from him—because as Prince he is merely one of the small fry of kinglets and Serene Highnesses, waiters upon Providence and the "Great Powers;" but as Bishop, his see is founded upon a rock, and neither Red Republicanism nor the very Gates of Hell can prevail against it."

Here are two Popes—one a Prince, the other a Bishop; and yet, strange to say, both are united in one person. The Prince-Pope is the creature of Austria—the Bishop-Pope is God's vice-gerent upon earth. What a queer creature he is! To be both despotic Austria's creature, and, at the same time, God's vice-gerent upon earth!!! To draw the line of demarcation between the "creature of Austria and the vice-gerent of God" is about as difficult as it was to draw the difference between a certain Roman Bishop in his ecclesiastical character as distinguished from his political.

Using too profane language one day for his clerical dignity, he was thus accosted by one of his compeers:

"My lord, why do you swear?"

"Oh, I do not swear as a bishop, but as a lord," was the sage reply.

"But, my lord," said his compeer, "when the devil gets the lord where will be the bishop?"

We grant that the Pope is the very slave of Austria, but Austria never gave one inch of the States of the Church to the Pope. Ravenna, Lombardy and the State of Rome were deprived of their liberty by Pepin, Charlemagne and Lewis—kings of France—and bestowed upon St. Peter, all before the year 817.

But who made the Pope Head of the Church? Was it Christ? No. Was it Peter? No. Just hear what Gregory, the great Bishop of Rome, in 598, says:

"I proclaim it boldly, that whosoever calleth himself Universal Bishop is the Forerunner of Anti-Christ."

Yet in the year 606 who proclaimed Boniface III. Universal Bishop? Was it not the bloody emperor Phocas? Tell us no more that palpalable falsehood—that as "Bishop, his see is founded upon a rock, and neither Red Republicanism nor the very Gates of Hell can prevail against it." Tell us no more that you are a Protestant. Could such language proceed from a Christian's lips, or be written by a Christian's pen? Again Mr. Mitchell says:

"But we say it is not true that the Church, or the Pope as the Head of the Church, is at all concerned in the cause of despotism, or at all averse from universal Republicanism. On the contrary, Republicanism claims the Church for a potent ally; and one at least of the greatest Catholic divines has long since given his voice for accepting that alliance, and guiding the inevitable movement to good and salutary ends.

"We will not believe that the Catholic clergy are hostile to the British power merely because it is a Protestant power, and stand by the Emperor of Austria because he is a Catholic tyrant."

How can any man in his sense; upon the above when the universal testimony of history makes the Pope always arrayed on the side of despotism. Where is the Republican government under the control of the Pope? You may say San Marino is, but it is wholly ruled by Priests, and its people are ignorant and degraded. Look at Rome, at the States of the Church, at Sardinia, at Naples, at all the other Italian States, at Portugal, Spain, France South America, Mexico, and Lower Canada. What has made these countries so degraded, so ignorant, so superstitious? Has it not been Popery? Not the system of the Prince-Pope, but of the Bishop-Pope. Can they compare with Protestant Germany, Holland, England, Scotland, and these United States? Can the West and South of Ireland compare with the North of Ireland? Can Tipperary compare with your own County Down? Now we ask, was it as Prince or as Bishop that the Pope excommunicated John of England and Philip Augustus of France, the

Emperor of Germany and Queen Elizabeth? Ah, you know it was as Bishop of Rome he did all these abominable actions. As Bishop of Rome the Pope gave Ireland to England, gave America to the Spaniards, and took away the civil freedom of the Negro and made him a slave in America. And had he the same spell upon the minds of mankind, the Constitution of these United States would be scattered to the wanton winds. We need intelligence on the past to enable us to brave the future. We need no sophistry about two Popes—for it is as Bishop of Rome that we in America have to do with him. Away, then, with such contemptible sophistry. Whoever is led to believe Mr. Mitchell's theory of his two Popes in one person—the one a Prince and a tyrant, the other a Bishop and God's vicegerent—should ask, how can any man serve two masters—God and Mammon? What communion has light with darkness? What fellowship has Christ with Belial? And yet His Infallible Holiness of Rome can be a "tyrant" and "Austria's creature," and at the same time "God's vicegerent upon earth!" Whoever believes such may also add to his creed what the French priests daily read, out of their Breviary, about their patron saint:

St. Denis had his head cut off,
He did not care for that,
He in his teeth did carry it,
Six miles without his hat!

Give it to 'em!

Our talented and witty friend (Picton) pours whole columns of red hot shot into the Popish camp, at every issue of his *True American*. His scathing editorials and palpable hits upon the follies of the "Mother Church" are as plenty as ever, and his fearless spirit does not pass by any of John's tricks without giving them such an exposition as will render their atrociousness disgustingly evident. Tom Picton knows something of the movements of the Devil's church.

Orangeism in Dorchester.

On Monday evening, the 16th inst., the Brethren of L. O. L. 152, met in their splendid new Hall, and after the general business had been gone through, it was resolved—that the Lodge should be called Harrietsville Lodge in honor of the lady of the R. Worshipful Knight companion in command of the Royal Scarlet Chapter for the County of Middlesex, and Worshipful Master of 152; in whose house the Lodge meetings were held for upwards of five years; and who had given a free deed of the land on which the Hall now stands.

The Lodge being duly closed, Mrs. McMillen and several other ladies were then introduced, bearing a magnificent Bible—when Mrs. McMillen came forward, and in a very feeling and Christian manner stated: that believing our Institution to be founded on truth, herself and other ladies favourable to our noble cause, presented what they considered, though not the most costly, yet, in their opinion the best and most suitable gift they could possibly present us with, namely: the Bible which she now had the honor to present in the name of the Ladies of Dorchester.

The R. W. R. Companion, John McMillen, then came forward and fully explained the nature of our Association, and clearly proved that the noble donors of the Bible were correct in believing that our Institution was founded on truth; that we took that precious volume, and it only, for our rule of faith, our motto and our guide; and concluded a very eloquent address, by referring to show how our ancestors in 1688 and 1690, fought and bled at Derry, Aughrim, and the Boyne, to establish our freedom, and leave to us those British Protestant privileges which we now enjoy, and which, under the blessing of Providence, we expect to hand down unimpaired to our posterity; and that if occasion required, we were willing to come forward as one man, and shed the last drop of our blood in defence of the truth; he further stated that even in Dorchester where the name of an Orangeman was not known about six years ago; he felt proud to say could now boast of having a splendid Hall, and a noble set

of fellows to meet in it, and a large number of whom belonged to the Royal Scarlet, the highest degree in the Society, and in the name of the Lodge, returned his sincere thanks to the truly Protestant Ladies for their highly valued and religious gift.—*Communicated.*

Miscellaneous.

EXTRAORDINARY FORTITUDE.—A curious instance of the command which a person can have over his own feelings, has lately been exhibited in the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. On Tuesday week, the curate of the parish officiated in the morning, it being the festival of St. Luke; whilst engaged in the service his wife was seized with cholera, and died in the short space of thirty hours. On the following Sunday the same gentleman preached a funeral sermon over the remains of his wife, and took for his text the following remarkable portion of Scripture:—Ezekiel, chap. xxiv., 15th to 19th verse—"Also the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, 'son of man, behold I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke, yet neither shalt thou mourn or weep, neither shall thy tears run. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men.' So I spake unto the people in the morning, and in the evening my wife died, and I did in the morning as I was commanded, and the people said unto me, 'Wilt thou not tell us what these things are to us that thou does so?' From this text he preached a most impressive sermon—there was scarcely a dry eye in the church, and the only one who seemed perfectly unmoved was the preacher himself, such was the complete command which he possessed over the expression of his own feelings, necessarily acute."

WHITE BEARS.—We may live and learn. Experience is never exhausted. We never knew until last week, what were *white bears*. We do not speak of the white bears of the Polar Regions, nor of the specimens occasionally exhibited in our Zoological gardens, but of another species altogether distinct and separate from them. A young curate was lately inquiring from a veteran clerical how often the churn might be inverted and the same sermon be ventured upon before the same congregation. "That," replied the spiritual Nestor, "depends upon circumstances, and different men have different notions on the subject. Some lazy fellows in the country have only a three months' stock, some six months, some twelve. But my own opinion is that a sermon is reproducible in three years, unless there are *white bears* in it." "Unless what? *White bears!* What, in the name of goodness, are *white bears?*" By *white bears*, rejoined the man of wisdom and experience, "I mean flourishing, and striking, and eloquent passages or illustrations, which are likely to survive somewhat longer than mere commonplaces in the memory of the hearers. In that case I was going to say that a sermon with *white bears* in it cannot safely be brought out again under six years at least." This new chapter of natural history may, perhaps, amuse some of our general and clerical readers as much as it did us when first we heard it. We are sorry to have to add that *White Bears* are not very common in our pulpits.

CHARACTERISTICS OF AN AMERICAN.—It is utterly impossible to mistake an American for any one else, *en route*; he has either his feet upon the seat of the car next to him, which he turns over for the purpose; or if it be occupied, he sits with his knees "let in" to the back of it; he either sucks a piece of sweetmeat, bites a piece of wood, or chews a bit of tobacco, keeps on continually spitting, and invariably reads a newspaper.—*Alfred Bunn's Old England and New England.*

In an interview with Mr. Hallam the latter tells Haydon a capital anecdote of Lord Melbourne. Haydon asks whether there are to be no naked subjects in the decoration of the houses (of Parliament?). "No," said Mr. Hallam, "Lord Melbourne thinks the only naked historical subject he knows is Peeping Tom."—*Haydon's Autobiography.*

In the United States Senate, on Thursday, Mr. Cass, of Michigan, offered a resolution which was agreed to, directing enquiry as to the expediency of making an appropriation for a survey of all the United States Harbours on Lake Superior.

In the U. S. Senate, on Thursday, Mr. Foot, of Vermont gave notice of a Bill providing for the construction of a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast. His measure he said was a practical one, and different from the other projects heretofore submitted to Congress.

There is a man living in the backwoods, who being invited to a New Year's dinner, ate so much bear's meat that he went home and hugged his wife—a thing he had never been guilty of before.

"Mr. Smith, don't you think Mr. Sheesicks is a man of parts?" "Decidedly so, Miss Brown; he is part num skull, and part knave, and part fool."

MUNIFICENT OF LIBERALITY OF MR. PETO, M. P.—An English paper says Mr. Peto has placed £2000 annually at the disposal of the Baptist Missionary Society for the next seven years. Mr. Peto, as most of our readers are aware, is one of the contractors of the Canada Grand Trunk Railroad.

DEATH OF CAPT. PATTERSON.—We regret to learn of the death of Capt. Andrew Patterson, formerly of the steamer *Phoenix*, of the Ottawa, and latterly of the *Mayflower*, which event took place on the 1st instant, at his father's residence in the township of Kingston.

OUR LITERARY MEN.—Mr. Hallam is silent, Mr. Landor has gathered in his last fruit,—Mr. Ruskin has begun to utter his eloquence in the lecture room,—Mr. Charles Dickens is in Italy, —and Mr. Douglas Jerrold has turned his hand to politics.—*Athenaeum.*

COMPLIMENTARY.—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton in one of the early chapters of "My Novel" writes—"the stage coach stopped at the inn, as was its wont, for a good hour, and its passengers might dine like Christian Englishmen—not gulp down a basin of scalding soup, like everlasting heathen Yankees, with that cursed railway whistle shrieking like a fiend in their ears."

TO THE PRESS GENERALLY.—The Emperor Nicholas wishes an *erratum* corrected in the next edition of our dictionaries. He begs to say that he has discovered that an ottoman is not a thing upon which you easily and comfortably place your foot.—*Punch.*

A SAD JOKE.—A publisher of a newspaper out west, in the first issue of his journal, returns thanks to those who have loaned him pecuniary means, and gratitude to Heaven that there is no law in that State enforcing imprisonment for debt.

A CALICO CALEMBOUR.—*Mr. Cobden!* Why are the selfish agitators among the operatives like the works of a clock out of order? *Mr. Bright!* Because they insist upon striking, without regard to the position of the hands. *Mr. Cobden!* You are quite right, my dear Bright.—*Punch.*

The *Boston Post*, speaking of the proposed ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water will be fresh.

Love can get along with very little language. Two squeezes and a hug will convey more meaning to an ardent temperament than the whole five books of Moses.

Two maidens of all work, meeting in the street the other morning, had the following brief but pointed colloquy:—*Sally*—"Well, bet, how are you?" *Bet*—"O, capital, my master has got the gout and cannot wear his boots, so I haven't got to clean them of a morning." *Sally*—"Oh! what luck!"

At a negro ball given at Cincinnati, the following note was posted on the door-post:—"Tickets, fifty-cents. No gentleman admitted, unless he cums himself!"

A wag recently appended to the list of market regulations of Cincinnati, "No whistling near the sausage stalls."

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

Poetry.

OLD MEMORIES.

"The memory of former days comes like the evening sun on my soul; pleasant yet mournful."
Ostian.

"Every gray cloud has a silver lining."

Old memories!—old memories; they cling around the heart;
Sweet as a cherished melody, they never can depart:

They come in the night watches, and lonely vigils keep;

Like angel-visits o'er us, when thought has banish'd sleep.

Old memories!—old memories; the relics of the past;

In the heart's treasury enshrined, the earliest and the last:

The care-worn spirit may forget events of yesterday;

The hoarded memories of the past can never die away.

Old memories!—old memories; so rich in childish dreams;

That in the fullness of the heart, the past the present seems:

We see in all their vividness the days of "auld lang syne;"

We feel that in our happiest hours God's watch-word is "resign!"

Old memories!—old memories; with lov'd and lost ones rife;

The "gray cloud" softly shadowing the brightest scenes of life;

Yet if in chastening mercy the "cloud" to earth is given,

We know the "silver lining" is ever turn'd to heaven.

Little Things.

The little things that make the sum,
Of the hopes and fears of men;
The little moments speeding on,
Make three score years and ten.
In a little lump of sugar
How much of sweetness lies;
And most of mischief oft lurks hid
Within the smallest eyes.

An acorn cup is very small,
Yet from it springs the oak:
The wind-harp breathes the sweetest tones
That ever zephyr woke.
And most of moaning oft is found
In little words, you know;
How happy "Yes" will make some folks,
How miserable "No."

A single thought will sometimes turn
The current of our lives,
For thoughts the springs of actions are;
Who thinketh right, is wise,
A glad smile is a little thing,
Yet how it cheers the heart;
A tear-drop's small, yet speaketh much
When friends and loved ones part.

The mook-bird and the nightingale
Are small with thy wing,
Yet sweeter, clearer music make
Than all the birds that sing.
The smallest flower has brightest lines
And most of fragrance brings;
Our earth is made of particles,
And oceans come from springs.

Affairs of the Horse Guards.

The circumstances under which Sir George Brown resigned the Adjutant-Generalship, and those under which General Catchart has been appointed to succeed him, are still, to a great extent, enshrouded in mystery. Soon after the death of the Duke of Wellington, and before his remains were consigned to the tomb, the process of undue influence commenced at the Horse Guards. Lord Hardinge, according to the prevailing belief in military circles, was discovered to be a very convenient instrument for promoting the views entertained in other quarters. General Brown was Adjutant-General, and General Wetherall Deputy Adjutant-General, when Lord Hardinge was appointed Commander-in-Chief. Lord Hardinge and General Brown did not, from the first, get on well together; but of late their differences had become both serious and frequent. Right or wrong, it was General Brown's belief that he was subjected to a series of annoyances, if not insults, with the view of inducing him to resign. At length, circumstances occurred with which, in his view, rendered the step imperative, unless he could make up his mind, not only to lose all self-respect, but of others. As we are informed, Lord Hardinge gave leave of absence to several officers who had asked that leave from General Brown, and been refused it. This unusual interference, was, of course, tantamount to a vote of censure on the part of the Commander-in-Chief, and General Brown, consequently, felt that there was no alternative for him, as a man of honour, but to resign. His resignation was accordingly sent in, and accepted. But what, it will be asked, could be the motive of Lord Hardinge for adopting a course towards General Brown which would necessitate his resignation? It is not for us to allege, or judge of motives; but we may be allowed to state that the belief at the Horse Guards is, that it was wished to make way for particular favourites, who otherwise might have remained there for an indefinite period. It is on this assumption, alone, that the fact is to be accounted for, that General Catchart was appointed to the vacant Adjutant-Generalship, instead of General Wetherall, who, on every ground, had a right to expect the appointment. He stood so high in the estimation of the Duke of Wellington, that his Grace, a few years since, sent for him from Canada, where he was serving on full pay, to give him the office of Deputy Adjutant-General. We accordingly were prepared to hear of General Wetherall's resignation. We alluded the other day to a rumor which prevailed, that he had resigned. But this we have reason to believe is not correct. Had the gallant officer resigned, the place would have been filled by the appointment of Colonel Grey, Prince Albert's Secretary,—a man who has no claim whatever to it. But it is right we should add, that seeing the indignation with which the recent proceeding at the Horse Guards have been regarded, not in the army only, but by the public, no small uneasiness has been created in quarters which shall be nameless, and, therefore, things which were resolved on have been given up. We can farther state, that in order to soothe the troubled feelings of General Wetherall, a special intimation has been made to him from high quarters, that his interests will not be lost sight of. It is in contemplation to give him a Staff appointment in Canada. In the meantime the genius of discord and confusion reigns at the Horse Guards. Matters we are assured have, come to a dead lock.—*Derby Paper.*

Attempted Murder in the Military Prison at Devonport.

Benjamin McDonnell, of the 50th Regiment, who has made a confession that he murdered Theresa Roadie at Roborough Down, was confined in the military prison at Devonport, awaiting a court martial, for deserting his regiment at Plymouth. In the course of the ordinary discipline enforced in the prison, the soldiers are drilled and exercised as usual. The prisoners were thus engaged, and it appears that either before or after the drill McDonnell secured a large knife, and secreted it in his clothes. At seven

o'clock he rang his bell, and one of the warders, named Sparrow, entered the cell, upon which McDonnell fiercely sprang on him, and, felling him to the floor, drew the knife, with which he inflicted several severe and deep wounds in various parts of the body, and otherwise injured the unfortunate man. Writing in agony, he implored for mercy and begged for life, but the wretched maniac for a time continued to persecute his murderous intentions, until overcome by the cries of the warder, when he desisted, but only on the ground that he would state it was his (McDonnell's) intention to murder him. Sparrow said he would say so, he would do anything for the safety of his life, and accordingly he was allowed to escape. A court of inquiry was held, and with the laudable desire to drive out his reported madness, or with the other desire, to fasten it on him, the culprit was sentenced to receive fifty lashes on his bare back, and to undergo six months' imprisonment. The corporal punishment was inflicted by the drummers of the 50th. The fellow, however, hardened as he appears to be in crime, did not possess a very hardened skin, for as lash after lash fell on his back, his shrieks and cries led the soldiers who looked on to designate him as a "coward." McDonnell is now in hospital, and when he is sufficiently recovered, an escort will proceed to Roborough Down to make the search now so much desired to set the mystery at rest. After he had been flogged, Mr. Gifford, the superintendent of the Devonport police, again proceeded to the prison, and stated to McDonnell the various circumstances attending his case. The prisoner again repeated his former assertions, and stated that at a small place near Bolton, in Lancashire, he made his escape, when three others, not soldiers—for he was not then enlisted—were transported for twenty-one years each, for a desperate robbery committed by them. While he was at Preston, and in hospital, he conducted himself in a singular manner, by jumping out of bed, and placing utensils on his head, with which he walked about the rooms, and on one occasion he threw one of them at the surgeon's head.

THE ASSYRIAN EMPIRE.—A letter was read from Colonel Rawlinson, at a late meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, detailing his progress in the work of collecting and interpreting the Assyrian inscriptions. He considers it now to be pretty well established that the Assyrian empire was founded about 1250 B. C. The Assyrian empire must now be considered comparatively modern, and any real antiquity must be sought for in the ante-Assyrian period. The names of three more Assyrian kings have been discovered, which must be interposed between Tiglath Pileser and the original founder of Calah, but the list cannot yet be regarded as complete, and he fears the obscurity in which the genealogy is involved cannot be cleared up until a complete tablet of dynasties or more bricks are discovered. From the tablets and syllabaria he has made out a list of some 300 or 400 monograms, with their explanations; but he feels quite bewildered at the immensity of the work, as the number of ideographs and compound signs passed all belief. In one tablet he has found a regular catalogue of all the gods of Assyria and Babylonia, and of the temples and cities in which they were worshipped. This list, although only a fragment contains nearly 500 names. Mr. Hornum Rassam was to work with 100 men at Kileh Shargat during the whole of November. Colonel Rawlinson mentions the discovery of a third obelisk at Nineveh. The historical part of this obelisk is very interesting, as it commemorates the exploits of a naval expedition in the Mediterranean, which set out from Adradus in thirty-four Phoenician vessels, and advanced as far as the Grecian Archipelago.

HOW WITCHES WERE HUNG.—They were rather hard on the Salem Witches. Among the court records in that ancient town there is preserved an order from the sheriff to his deputy, in which the latter is commanded to take one of the poor witches and hang her by the neck "till she be dead and buried." And the deputy subjoins his testimony that he has executed the order.

TESTIMONIAL TO REV. MR. ROGERS.—We have great pleasure in giving place to the following address and reply:—

To the Rev. R. V. Rogers, Minister of St. James, Kingston.

Loyal Orange Association,
Kingston, 31st Dec., 1853.

Rev. Sir,—We appear before you as the Committee deputed by the Members of Loyal Orange Lodges, numbers 6, 291 and 352. Orangemen are ever thankful for friendship shown to them specially by Ministers of God's Word; and to such they will ever cleave with open hearts.

As they have now chosen you as their particular friend, they wish us to present you, on this last day of 1853 and the eve of a new year, with a testimonial of the esteem in which they hold you as a true advocate of the Protestant faith. We have therefore, great pleasure in presenting you with this GOLD WATCH in the name of our Brother Orangemen—hoping that you will accept the same as a mark of their esteem for you as a Christian Minister.

It has been the desire of the Brethren to have the following words engraven on the inside of the case.

Presented to the Rev. R. V. Rogers, by the members of Loyal Orange Lodges Number 6, 291, and 352, as a mark of their esteem, &c.

As one of us now puts around your neck this guard with a gold watch attached to it, we would express for ourselves and the members of the above association, the hope and prayer that God may favor you and your family with a long and happy life.

In conclusion, we hope that our farther ministrations among your people will at last be crowned with glory, and everlasting peace in Jesus, our Redeemer and true Messiah.

Signed in behalf of the Brethren,

JOHN MAVEETY, Master L. O. L. 352.

SAMUEL WILSON, Master L. O. L. 291.

JOHN MORRISON, R. W. M., L. O. L. 6.

To Messrs. Maveety, Wilson and Morrison, a Committee, &c.

St. James' Parsonage, Dec. 31, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—I accept, with much pleasure, your handsome present and kind address.

For whatever measure of value my services may have been to the cause of Protestantism, I dare take no farther credit than an instrument in God's hands. I have only done what every Christian Minister would have done in like circumstances. Let us strive to keep God's glory in view as the one object, and our success is certain.

We live in no common times. They are full of danger to that pure Gospel and those untold blessings which flow from it, for which our forefathers, lived and labored, and died. In the hands of this generation these treasures are. On our faithfulness to this trust depends, under God, whether Great Britain and her many dependencies shall continue to be (Ireland taking her proper station by her side) the home of whatever is lovely, the strong-hold of truth, moral and religious, the refuge of the oppressed of all nations, creeds, and colors; or whether, robbed of her strength by treachery within and hostility from without, she become the sport of Popery and Infidelity—the by-word of the jealous of all nations—a sad illustration of the effects of division and strife—the consequences of forgetting God.

I beg to assure you that my services, such as they are, will ever be at the disposal of the friends of truth. Let us be united—forgetting the minor question, on which freedom of thought will ever produce a difference. We have a foe, cunning and crafty, and cruel as she is both cunning and crafty. Then, clothed in Gospel armour, standing side by side, as brethren, in the corning contest, fighting manfully under Christ's banner, as good soldiers, and with the Christian's weapons—"praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit"—we shall, finally, "come off more than conquerors through Him that loved us and gave himself for us"—Him who loves us, and lives to intercede for us.

Commending you, and the cause which you represent, to the God of all grace,

Believe me, your friend and servant,

R. V. ROGERS.

PRINCE ALBERT.

EXTRAORDINARY STATEMENTS RESPECTING HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

The following letter, which appears in the *Morning Herald*, is stated by our contemporary to have been sent by a correspondent, upon whose accuracy he places implicit reliance:—

Sir,—The conduct of the press is very praiseworthy in exposing those undue influences by which our foreign and domestic policy is controlled. Facts, however, have not been adduced to an amount or with a precision sufficient to justify the prevalent opinion. Let me do a little to supply this deficiency.—1: The statement that his Royal Highness Prince Albert is invariably and on all occasions present when the Queen receives her Ministers, is literally true.—His Royal Highness is not at such times a silent listener, but takes an active, often a leading, part in the deliberations. This practice is not of recent origin, but was first permitted and encouraged by Sir Robert Peel. Lord Melbourne never suffered it, and by his prohibition incurred the lasting, though ineffectual displeasure of the Prince.—2: The same illustrious personage corresponds largely with British Ministers employed at foreign courts—his letters being, of course, private, and their contents unknown to the Foreign Secretary for the time being. Several diplomatists have received such letters, being, in fact, private instructions not conveyed through the Foreign Office. Where the Court and the Minister notoriously differ in opinion, as in the case of Lord Palmerston, it is not difficult to see what must be the result of this unconstitutional practice. One diplomatist who was commanded to enter into a correspondence of this kind, declined—or, rather, silently forbore to obey the order, on the express ground of its unconstitutionality.—3: I believe (but it is only belief) that besides the correspondence here alluded to, there exists a good deal of direct, and, necessarily, secret communication between the English and certain Continental Courts. It is matter of notoriety that Louis Napoleon entered the presidential office a warm friend to England, and resolved, at all costs, to stand well with us; that his friendship was at one period without visible external cause changed into suspicion and menace of hostility; and that the reason ascribed for this change among well-informed persons was the accident of certain important missives not reaching the hands for which they were destined. Here, however, I only repeat the popular rumour, corroborated by some indirect proofs, but for which I do not absolutely vouch.—4: The degrading restriction imposed upon Lord Palmerston during his tenure of the Foreign Office is well known. He was not permitted to send off a single despatch of any moment which had not previously received the sanction of the Court—that is the Prince Consort. True, this sanction could not be withheld where the Minister was firm in his decision and backed by public opinion; but the delay thus caused operated injuriously to the success of negotiations in more than one instance, and Lord Palmerston, unable to explain to Parliament the reason of this delay, endured the blame for which others were in reality responsible. I and little disposed to join in a popular out-cry against regal or quasi regal authority. But no man, be his political opinions what they may, can desire to see that power which the constitution has vested in Ministers, answerable to the people for their actions, exercised by a secret, an irresponsible, and an inexorable influence. The interests of the Crown must be defended, even, if need be, against those who stand nearest to it. Let Prince Albert have full credit for the Exhibition—for his services to art—and for his exertions to benefit the working classes; but it is too much that one man, and he not an Englishman by birth, should be at once Foreign Secretary, Commander-in-Chief, and Prime Minister, under all administrations.

Our contemporary appends to this the following remarks:—"For his Royal Highness we entertain a sincere respect in his private and domestic character; but even if his Royal Highness understood our institutions as they are understood by the people of this country, if he employed the influence which he must unavoid-

ably possess in fostering, improving, and strengthening those institutions, we should not the less deplore that departure from the spirit of the British constitution which the above letter disclose. We assure his Royal Highness, with sincere attachment to his person as the Consort of our Queen, that the main foundation of the popularity which he has hitherto enjoyed has not so much arisen from his zeal for art, his valuable labours in creating the Great Exhibition, from his anxiety for the improvement of the condition of the labouring classes, but from the general, although mistaken, belief entertained by the public, that he carefully abstained from all meddling in political matters. We implore his Royal Highness to ponder well on the disastrous consequences which must result to himself from the prevalence of contrary belief. The people of this country are disgusted with the way in which our policy in Eastern matters has been conducted. All earnest Protestants are in dismay at the undue encouragement of Popery which is given in all quarters by those in office, and the disfavour shown to Protestant interests. Discontent prevails as to internal management of the army. Alarm is felt that designs are abroad, not to improve the Universities, but to change their whole system so as to bring it nearer to a German model. Alarm is felt that the French alliance is destined to be broken up, and that those in office lean to the old absolute Monarchies on the continent with Russia at their head. All these are matters which weigh heavily on the minds of Englishmen, in this dark hour of their national progress, and all these things are beginning to be traced, whether rightly or wrongly, to the hand of him who is now suddenly supposed to be an active and constant interferer in all our political affairs. We most respectfully implore his Royal Highness to reflect on these matters, to consider the position in which he is placing those nearest and dearest to him by the course which it is feared that he is pursuing. He must well know whether the above letter contains the truth or not. If he does we implore him to dismiss such men as Chevalier Bunsen and Baron Stockmar from his counsels, and to call to his aid honest Englishmen, who understand the fair workings of the British constitution. He will then learn, that however the influence may be used, influence obtained in the manner pointed out in that letter is in itself at variance with the spirit of that constitution."

IRISH HANGING.—Two Irishmen about to be hanged during the rebellion of 1798; the gallows was erected over the margin of a river. When the first man was drawn up the rope gave way; he fell into the stream, and escaped by swimming. The remaining culprit looked up to the executioner, and said with genuine native simplicity, and an earnestness that evinced his sincerity. Do, good Mr. Ketch, if you please, tie me up tight, for if the rope breaks I'm sure to be drowned, for I can't swim a stroke.

The Erie business still continues to excite great attention in the States. The people of the refractory town are firm, in spite of all that is said against them, and notwithstanding the rapid decline in the amount of business transacted, and in the price of property, which is going on. The stoppage will bring an immense amount of business to the Great Western line, the track which is interrupted, being part of the South shore connection between Buffalo and Detroit, while our Canadian Railway forms the north track between the two cities.

It has now been fully determined to reduce the levithan standing army at present held in Ireland, and the infantry regiments now under orders for foreign service will only be relieved in most instances by depots, or at most a troop of cavalry. The cavalry will, however, be kept up to its present strength, although of consequence they will be more dispersed.

We regret to learn that a private of the Royal Canadian Rifles, named Owens, while lying in a state of intoxication, on the Northern Railroad track, near the Garrison, was run over by the cars. Both legs were cut asunder, and he has since died.—*Toronto Globe*.



The Orange Lily.

BYTOWN, FEBRUARY 4, 1851.

The Quebec Riots.

We learn from the Quebec papers, that the trials of the rioters engaged in the attack on the congregation at Gavazzi's Lecture, last June, are, at present going on in that city. A great many witnesses have been examined; but from what we can gather from the affair, thus far, there is little hope that any of the guilty parties will be brought to punishment.

When the atrocities which occurred in Montreal, passed off as if nothing had happened, and the lives of innocent men were taken according to the law of Montreal, without any one being held guilty for the crime, we had little hope that any justice would be done in Quebec, where the case was comparatively less atrocious. In this particular, we are not disappointed.—Papal power is too strong in Quebec to allow Protestants any chance of justice, in a contest in which the character of Romanism is involved in the issue.

The Irish Romanists of Montreal, as well as those of Quebec, imagine that the acquittal of their ruffian instruments—in courts where justice has little to do with decisions—will acquit them in the eyes of the public of the crimes chargeable to them. In this, however, they are mistaken. Notwithstanding the refusal of Romish juries to convict their guilty friends, the riot at Quebec, and the massacre at Montreal, are down in black and damning characters in the book of public account against Romish intolerance, and sacerdotal bigotry.

The Irish Papists of Quebec need not imagine that they can escape from the dilemma, by attempting to saddle their evil deeds entirely on the lower and unthinking portion of their adhe-

rents. This subterfuge will never do. Any one acquainted with the ignorant class of Irish Roman Catholics, must know they do not venture into such affairs as those to which we have alluded, without the consent, advice, or cognizance of their superiors, and seldom without the concurrence of their Clergy. It is perfectly futile therefore, and too transparently jesuitical for the leading Romanists of those cities to shift the responsibility of the June tragedies from themselves, by disowning as those of Montreal did, at a public meeting, the miscreants who attacked the hearers of Gavazzi.

An impartial public knows where the guilt lies, and all the jesuit trick, and priestly cunning in the world cannot remove the stain. The trail of the serpent is too dark and well defined, to be obliterated by the lawless farces perpetrated in Courts in the abused name of justice.

New Commission of the Peace

We publish to-day a list of new appointments to the Magistracy in the County of Carleton. The reader will perceive that the names of some of the old Magistrates have been omitted, and also that nearly all the recommendations of the the County Council have been neglected. This way of doing business, on the part of the Government, we consider both insulting and tyrannical. The County Council should be attended to as the legitimate voice of the majority; which majority, according to the political doctrines of the men now in power, should rule.

If the nominees of the County Council were unworthy men, or persons unqualified to act as Justices of the Peace, the Administration would not be so much to blame for neglecting their claims, and treating so carelessly the voice of that body. To test the merits of the question we are willing that the men recommended by the Council should be compared with those appointed in an underhand manner by the Government, and if the balance with respect to standing, respectability and intelligence is not on the side of the former, we know nothing of the people of this county.

The new list of Magistrates are chiefly belonging to the reform or radical party. We shall say nothing about their qualifications, but if some of them are capable of writing their own names in any kind of a hand we are much mistaken.

This species of political proscription is unworthy of any Government composed of honest men; and we are much mistaken in the character of the men Carleton, if they tamely submit to such unjust treatment.

A report was in circulation some days since that the Hon. Charles Wilson was a candidate for the Mayoralty of Montreal; and that he was supported by some of the Orangemen attached to the party of Mr. Gowan. We understand, however, that Mr. Wilson was not a candidate for the office; and we do not believe that any orangeman could be so lost to a proper sense of his duty, as to lend his aid or influence to an individual so entirely unworthy of the countenance or support of Protestants. The man, who, notwithstanding the questionable Jesuitical whitewashing of a Montreal Jury, is still stained deeply with innocent Protestant blood, is not the man who should receive the support of Orangemen. We are not so bigoted or exclusive in principle as to say that Orangemen should not vote for Roman Catholics, when found worthy; but we do say that no Orangeman without compromising himself could vote for such a man as Mayor Wilson. He may be innocent of course in the eyes of Romanists; because in his guilt or innocence of the murders of the 9th of June is involved the guilt or innocence, of the Irish Roman Catholics of Montreal. He may be innocent according to the doctrines of philosophical necessity inculcated by the Jesuits; but by the Protestants of Canada his hands are held to be yet red with the blood of their brethren.

Mr. Wilson, we are happy to say, for the credit of Montreal, is satisfied with the gory laurels he has gained during the past year; and is contented to retire from public life, a persecuted martyr to his zeal for Popish ascendancy. His conduct has been applauded by his co-religionists—he has been congratulated as a worthy son of the Church which extirpates—and condoled with as a persecuted man by the "meek and lowly," Bedini. We can fancy the fraternal degree of fellow feeling existing between the Ex-Mayor of Montreal and the sanguinary executioner of Ugo Bassi and his Italian compatriots.

We envy not Mr. Ex-Mayor Wilson the reflections which must crowd upon him in contemplating the occurrences of the past year. Whether morally guilty or not, directly or indirectly, he was the cause of the slaughter at Zion Church; and his conscience must be hardened indeed if it does not feel sorely oppressed with the weight of blood which rests upon it.

A Civic Valedictory.

Romans, Countrymen and Greeks, hear me for my cause, and be deaf to the voice of mine accusers—believe me for mine honour and forget not your own honour, that you may believe. Censure me, in your wisdom, and consult your Clergy that you may the better judge.

If there is any here—any dear friend of those who fell in honour of our Holy Father Pius the Ninth, upon the 9th of

June, to him I say that the love of Carolus for the slain was not less than his. If then that friend demand why Carolus rose against the slaughtered ones? this is my answer. Not that I loved the heretics less, but that I loved ROME more, as they respected my office I weep for them (crocodile tears)—as they were innocent I regret them; as they were listeners to Gavazzi I hated them—but as they were Protestants I slew them!

There are tears for their love, regret for their innocence, hate for their heresy and death for their religion! Here come their bodies, mourned by widows and orphans, who, though ruined by their death, yet shall receive no benefit or compensation for their dying. With this I depart—that as I slew Rome's enemies for the good of Rome, I leave to my successor the same Lictors to do his behests when it shall please him to imitate the worthy example set by me.

Accident.

Mr. James Fraser, Teacher, of this town, narrowly escaped being shot by the accidental discharge of a revolving pistol on Tuesday evening last. It appears that he was about purchasing some percussion caps in a store in town, and had brought the pistol with him in order to obtain the proper sized caps. Unknown to him five barrels of the pistol were loaded; and one of the clerks incautiously placed a cap on one of the nipples and drew the trigger. The charge immediately went off and drove the bullet close past Mr. Fraser's side, fortunately without touching him.

People should be very cautious in handling fire-arms of every description. In the case above stated, both parties evinced a due want of caution, and were equally blameable. The one should not have carried a pistol without learning whether it was loaded or not; and the other should under the circumstances, by no means have exploded a cap on it without being certain that the barrels were empty.

We acknowledge the receipt from Mr. James Fraser, Teacher, of this town—of the *Philological Journal*, and the *Water Cure Journal*, printed by Messrs. Fowlers & Wells of New York. Mr. Fraser is Agent for both journals; they are well printed, and contain much useful and instructive matter.

Notice.—Money letters received from David Sloan, Esq.; Melbourne, and others, with thanks. Ditto from Mr. George Robbs—the order shall be attended to. Ditto from Mr. McNab—with thanks.

We trust the Orangemen of Carleton will not forget that the County meeting will be held at Bell's Corner's on Monday next.

We must apologize to our readers for an occurrence, as annoying to us as disappointing to them, that is, the non-publication of our journal last week. The fact is that with very little warning the whole upper floor of our office was on the point of descending to the lower one, with the whole weight of our new type, stock of paper, &c., which compelled us, for the nonce, to substitute carpenters for compositors, in order to prevent a catastrophe, which would have insured our non-appearance for the next three months. There is also a great difficulty just now in obtaining compositors, this, however, we have taken steps to remedy, and trust that in future we shall be enabled to appear regularly on the Saturday evening of each week.

We rejoice to learn that George Benjamin, Esq., has been triumphantly re-elected Warden for the County of Hastings. This is a pretty strong proof of the popularity of Mr. Benjamin. In his own County, where he is best known, he has been elected to the highest office in the gift of the people, notwithstanding the slanders of his enemies, and the unwarrantable persecution to which he has been subjected.

The Corporation Elections of Toronto have resulted, as we stated in our last, in the complete defeat of the Bowes and Gowans party. The "want of candor" principle so innocent in the eyes of these worthies, could no longer be tolerated by the honest electors of Toronto; and the originators of the profound philosophical doctrines have been sent unceremoniously to the right about, a direction in which they have ever manifested a determined unwillingness to travel. Toronto has thus got rid of its unworthy Mayor, and his friend Alderman Gowan is very likely to be sent adrift also. His Election has been protested against on the ground of want of qualification.

We have had, since our last, a number of the coldest days ever endured in Canada, the thermometer sometimes ranging as low as 32 below zero. We have also had two or three light falls of snow which will materially assist our lumberers in the getting out of their timber. The snow is not too deep in the woods for convenience; but from what we can learn there is now a sufficient quantity to give the desired facility for lumbering operations.

We recommend those who wish to obtain a good view of the Arctic Sea, off Spitzbergen, and the process of Whale Fishing in its various exciting stages, to pay a visit to the studio of Captain Hunter, who has recently executed a large and splendid picture of these scenes.

To the Editor of the Orange Lily

MISTAKE EDITOR.—Not to compare small things would great, is my present intention to ascend from the concerns of the Bytown Town Council to have a word or two with the Execu-

tive Council. I suppose the members of that venerable corpse is a kind of hangman, saving yet honorable favor for making mention of such disagreeable gintry, no doubt they're mighty useful in their way, though not in any way willing to swallow their system of bestowal immortality. Perhaps I'm astray as to their personal identity. If so, I ask their pardon; but Brno Cadigan, the School Teacher, told me that the members of the Executive Council is all Executioners; and what in the name of Saint Patrick is an Executioner but a hangman? This is a great moral question, and we haven't time to discuss it now, as Tim Raygen said when Father Mathew asked him to join the Temperance medal.

I see, by the papers, that these same chaps has been taken a lot of new magistrates for the County of Carleton; and a party set of J. P. manufacturers they are! May be its their intention to have law an' justice completely suspended! Perhaps that's the reason that so many gallows-lookin' lads has been elected to the Bench. Throth! they'd better drop sich tantrums. Bad luck to them! Faith some of the new jaysuses wud be mortally puzzled to write their own name; and how the devil wud a crass do for J. P.?

By me sowl! Sum o' them puts me in mind of an omadhaun out in the country that was med a sergent of milishey, that, on a threinen day, whin he had the min formol in line, drew an ould scythe he had for a soord, an' gev the word o' command, "Remember," sed he, "that yer sojers," stand at aise, and advance three paces backwards, thin charge baynets and face yer offsher." Wasnt that a touch of military tactics for you? Bedad! Omar Pacha has sumthin to larn yit; an' be the same toker, that very idintical sergent is one o' the new Commission. Pon me conscience, I wouln't wonder if he puts the Township undther marshall law, an' makes conscriptioners or ivry man jack in it.

Another of these new Workshops brings to my remembrance a story about Pat Powers that I lately seen in the papers. Some rascalion, ye see, med free wud Pat's Coat; an' Pat av coorse, brought him up before a magistrate, I mane a Justice o' the Paice. When axed for his evidence, to prove that the coat was his, Pat ups an' sed that he had the coat marked wud two litters. "I thought you sed you couldn't write," sed His Worship, that was; "an' neither I can," sed Pat, "but if yer honor plazes, I'll show you the mark." Wud that Pat outs wud his knife, an' rips the linen o' the collar, an' pullen out two marrowfat pays, he held thin up before the Court. "Now thin," sed he, "isnt there one pay for Patrick, and another pay for Powers. Shure its as plain as a smoothened." Pat, to be sure, got the coat; but the moral o' the tale is, that there's more than one Pat Powers among the new Justices o' the Paice. Blur-as-ages! but this Canady is a divil or a place for makin' Gentleman. Many a man is sittin on the Bench wud a J. P. stuck to his name, an' a pin behind his ear (ow wov l) whose ancestors, sence the flood, honest min, always med their names wud the sign o' the cross, zero next time, on sum subject or other.

Yours be the mortal!

SWEENEY RYAN.

P. S.—Wouln't it be a complete misfortune if the Parliament House in Toronto was to evaporate by spontaneous combustion, an' thin may be we'd get the New Parliament House in Bytown. Mither Sparks 'ud give them a decent location no doubt.

Foreign News.

From the Ottawa Railway & Commercial Times.

The latest intelligence from England is that brought us by the *Atlantic*, which arrived at New York on the 27th at 11 A. M. The *Atlantic* brought little or no news of importance, more than that which we heard by the *Niagara*.

The Parliament of England was to meet for dispatch of business on the 31st of this month. The published quarterly return of

the Avenue is highly satisfactory, showing a large increase.

Breadstuffs are in great demand; the market has not been so excited since the Irish famine; Canadian flour is quoted at forty-five shillings.

There has been much fluctuation in the money markets, the price of stocks rising and falling in accordance with the arrival of satisfactory or unsatisfactory intelligence; the last quotation of Consols was 92½ (on the 10th).

We understand that flour is now held in New York at \$9 per barrel; there are from 70, to 500 barrels of flour in Montreal.

With the exception of the heavy snow storms and intense cold prevailing in England, as well as over the whole continent, the only domestic news of interest is the charge advanced against Prince Albert by the London papers, of having betrayed the secrets of the Cabinet of England to the Ministers of Foreign powers. He is said to be nothing more nor less than the tool of Russia, and completely to control the action of Lord Aberdeen. The public indignation is excited beyond measure, both Tory and Radical journals agreeing in denouncing his conduct as unconstitutional and perilous in the extreme. The Prince has been hooted several times by the people in the streets.

Something has been going wrong in the army ever since the Duke of Wellington's death, though no one seems to know precisely what the matter is; it is now reported that Lord Hardinge resigns the command in Chief, and will be succeeded by Lord Raglan, and that General Brown will continue to be Adjutant General.

There had been some bread riots at Topham and Crediton, two small towns in Devonshire, in consequence of the Bakers having raised their prices.

THE TURKISH WAR.—We have nothing either new or certain from the seat of war; the weather has been perfectly frightful in the North of Turkey, which has prevented any thing more than a few trifling affairs of outposts; from the Asiatic armies there is no further news. The allied fleets entered the Black Sea on the 30th; they were prevented from doing so before by the tempestuous weather; nothing definite is known as to the instructions given to the Admirals.—The Pasha of Egypt has ordered a number of vessels, six frigates, two corvettes and three brigs, to the Black Sea, to replace those destroyed at Sinope.

The Wallachian peasantry are in insurrection against Russia.

The British *Chargé d' Affaires* at Teheran, is said to have re-opened negotiations with the Persian Court; tumults had taken place in Teheran, the Russian policy of the Shah being very unpopular. Denmark, Sweden and Norway have issued a manifesto declaring their intention to remain neutral in the approaching war.

The Emperor of the French has a corps d'armée of 70,000 men ready to go to Tur-

key; agents are in the British ports to engage transports, and a levy of 80,000 conscripts is ordered to replace the army sent to Turkey.

There was a report of more fighting in Barmah, and it was said that the Burmese had re-taken Pegu.

We gather from the general tone of the English and French papers that every hope of an amicable settlement of the Eastern question is at an end. Great preparations are making in the Royal dock yards, and several huge three and two-decked steam line of battle ships are being got ready for sea. In all probability the next mail will bring some most important intelligence.

Just as we were going to press, we received the news of the *Asia* on the 21st at New York.

On the 6th of January, the Turks stormed the Russian entrenchments at Cistilia, killing 2,500 of the enemy. They afterwards attacked a corps of 18,000 men sent to relieve Cistilia and compelled them to retreat. The Russians have thus lost the position at which they intended to cross the Danube.

The allied fleet did not enter the Black Sea till the 3rd on account of weather. Some vessels, and half the Turkish fleet, being left to guard the Bosphorus.

The Emperor of Russia views the entry of the fleet as a declaration of war.

Breadstuffs continued to advance till the 10th, when there was a slight fall. The total advance in flour for the week was from 1s 5d to 1s 6d.

Consols advanced one per cent.

We are indebted for this news to an extra of the *Citizen and Gazette*.

Second Report.

In Asia the defeat of the Turks, under the weak Generalship of Abul Pasha, is confirmed, but General Guvcon has gone to the army with full power, and the spirit of the Turks is revived, now that the allied fleets are in the Black Sea, and all reinforcements can now besent in safety to Asia.

Schamyl, the Circassian chief, had sent a messenger to the Porte, announcing that he is prepared to act energetically against the Russians.

It is confirmed that Persia has resumed negotiations with Great Britain, and will not at present attack Turkey.

The American ships *Edward Mirer* and *Carvon* had fallen in with a sea wreck. The crews and passengers were saved and landed in Holland.

The Infanta Princess in Spain had died suddenly.

The Reverend J. C. Richards complains that he is detained a prisoner by the Austrian Police in Hungary, and calls on the United States for redress.

Cuba.—Amoy was re-captured by the hape-rials. They massacred one thousand of the inhabitants.

VIENNA, TUESDAY.—It is rumoured that the Emperor of Austria will leave on Thursday to have a conference with the Emperor of Russia.

From Persia all we learn is, that the African army had left Teheran before the arrival of the Russian minister, with a threat that if Persia formed an alliance with Russia all the Africans would invade Persia.

Minnie Rifle.

From the *Ottawa Railway & Commercial Times*. Our contemporary the *Citizen* gives an interesting account of some extraordinary shooting performed at Vincennes, near Paris,

with what is designated the "Minnie Rifle;" the inventor, Major Minnie, actually fired three shots from a distance of 1,214 yards, and lodged the three balls in a black spot, in the centre of the target, only one foot in diameter. In order that our readers may understand how this extraordinary result is brought about we will explain in what consists the difference between this and the ordinary rifle.

In the common rifle used for sporting or military purposes, in England and the United States, the bullet is driven into the muzzle of the piece, having been previously enclosed in a piece of greased linen rag, with a small mallet, the ball being somewhat larger than the bore, the stroke of the mallet indents the soft lead into the grooves of the barrel, and it is then easily pushed down to the powder by a strong rammer.

In the English military service, of late years, a rifle has been introduced with two grooves only, much wider and deeper than those in the ordinary rifle, which usually has some eight or ten grooves; the bullet for this rifle is cast with a belt on it and as this belt fits the grooves, the ball is pushed down with the rammer at once, the blow of the mallet being unnecessary; the ball is a very heavy one, and we have seen some admirable shooting done with rifles of this description. Its range is at least a mile.

The English and most continental nations prefer the short, heavy rifle, of larger bore; the Americans, for sporting purposes, and, we believe, their frontier rangers, used to Indian warfare, prefer a longer and heavier weapon, but of much smaller bore; we have always fancied that originally the small ball must have been preferred from the fact that more of them could be carried on long marches through the woods, and as the powers of vision are limited in a dense forest, accuracy of aim was of more consequence than long range; the small ball is of course more adapted to the work of hunters, as the animals producing the most valuable furs are of small size, and it was an object to break the skin as little as possible.

The American military rifle, the last one at least that we saw, is not longer than the English, but of rather smaller bore and loads at the breech. We also saw lately a very superior rifle carbine of American workmanship, loading at the breech, with a conical ball of an ounce weight, requiring only one drachm of powder, with a range of 500 yards, and weighing only 7 pounds. It had a priming magazine attached, and was, we understood, constructed for dragoon service, but found not to answer the joint at the breech, where the cartridge is introduced, becoming clogged after 5 or 6 shots.

Various improvements have been suggested in the common rifle from time to time, in England, France, the United States, and Germany, in the loading, sighting and so on, but we apprehend that none of them have been found to answer practi-

cally for military purposes, for which the utmost simplicity is demanded compatible with strength and efficiency; we fancy we are right in saying that even the celebrated "Needle-musket" of the Prussians from which so much was expected, is to be abandoned.

So much for the common rifle, which has at length been superseded by the invention to which the *Citizen* has alluded. The Minie rifle is, in the form used in England, precisely the same with any other in the construction of the barrel, being grooved in the same way, the bore a little smaller, and barrel a little longer and lighter; the difference is in the bullet alone; this projectile is as nearly in the form of a sugar loaf as possible, having a hollow in the larger, or flat end, into which a small iron plug is partially introduced; the ball rams down easily, but on the explosion, its force drives the plug up into the bullet, thereby so perfectly and violently expanding it, that the lead is forced into the grooves so completely as to destroy all windage, thereby ensuring the proper "spin" or rotation to the ball, and from its tightness of fit, delaying it sufficiently long in the barrel to have the whole force of the elastic fluid, generated by the combustion of the powder, exerted upon it. A rifle of this kind we have seen and examined.

The expansion of the ball in the rifle used by the Chasseurs de Vincennes, in the French service, is produced somewhat differently; the weapon is called the "*carabine a tige*," the *tige* being a sharp pointed steel pin screwed into the centre of the breech plug, around which the powder lies; the ball is the same shape, that is, the sugar loaf, but without the hollow or iron plug; the ramrod is very heavy, and on the ball being driven down, several powerful blows are given to it, which force the lead upon the *tige*, and in this way it is expanded to fit the bore. We believe that there is very little difference in the result obtained by the two modes.

The Minie rifle is also provided with a new and peculiar sight; how this acts, we could with difficulty explain without a diagram; it is sufficient to say that each soldier is provided with a small brass instrument, with which he can ascertain the distance of his antagonist to a yard or two, and that the sight on the barrel is graduated to answer to the figures on the instrument; all that he has to do in order to ensure the most correct accuracy of aim, is to adjust one by the other; it is almost impossible to miss.

We subjoin the exact account of the performance at Vincennes.

- 1.—432 yards, or 78 rods,—5 shots—2 in the spot.
- 2.—540 yards, or 98 rods,—5 shots—1 " "
- 3.—650 yards, or 117 rods,—10 shots—2 " "
- 4.—850 yards,—within 10 yards of half a mile,—25 shots,—1 inside the spot, 2 touching it, and 4 a little below.
- 5.—970 yards, over half a mile,—10 shots,—2 in the spot.
- 6.—1120 yards,—three shots fired, which struck about 4 feet over the centre. The sight gauges were found to be too much elevated for this range, and the party retired to 1244 yards,—almost three quarters of a mile,—and at this distance Major Minie fired 3 shots, which he planted in the black spot, and 9 others were fired by other persons, all of which came very near it.

New Commission of the Peace.

The following is a list of the New Commission of the Peace just issued for the County of Carleton:—

Daniel McLachlin, Robert Farley, Alex. Workman, Alex. Scott, C. Beaubier, Donald Kennedy, Henry J. Friel, Leonard Wood, Thomas Bearman, George Lang, Arthur Allen, Thomas Kangley, Adam Baker, John Dow, William McLellan, Geo. Arnold, William Byers, Geo. Baine, Samuel Davison, James Fogerty, William R. R. Lyon, Thomas Lewis, John Torney, James Henderson, James Steen, Robert Carss, Thomas Wiggins, John Smith, Michael Skeffington, John O'Meara, Archibald Douglass, Charles Sparrow, and Alex. J. Russell.

OLD COMMISSION.

The old ones which are first on the List:—Christopher Armstrong, John Eastman, Archibald McDonell, Robert Shirreff, John Richey, Geo. W. Baker, Daniel O'Conner, John McNaughton, James Stevenson, Wm. Stewart, John Chitty, David McLaren, Wm. Campbell, Wm. B. Bradley, Donald McArthur, Wm. H. Thompson, John Buckham, Wm. Thomson, John McNab, Henry Hanna, John Robertson, Nelson G. Robinson, John G. Goodman, Joseph Hinton, John Sumner, Robert Grant, Henry McBridge, John Manyon, Hamilton Lowrie, Wm. P. Taylor, Angus R. McDonell, George King, Wm. Smyth, Clements Bradley, Patrick Nelligan, Peter McNab, Daniel Cameron, Robert Grant, Richard Hepinestall, Geo. L. Burritt, Wm. McKie, Elijah Bottom, John Craig, Louis T. Besserer, John Barreill, Geo. Patterson, John Porter, James Lindsay, John Thompson, Dennis Collins, Harnett Hill, Edward Malloch, and Thomas Shellington.

Burning of the Parliament Buildings.

QUEBEC, February 1, 2 p. m.

The Parliament Buildings were entirely destroyed by Fire about 2 o'clock this morning. A sentinel was placed there, and the fire was not noticed till that time, and was too far gone to be got under. The fire originated in the South-wing, from the furnace, it is believed.

Part of the valuable Library was saved, but the Literary and Historical Society Library and Apparatus were almost entirely destroyed. Insured on building £30,000. On Provincial Library \$6000. It is not known what Insurance Offices are heaviest losers.—*Citizen*.

St. James, Kingston, Jan. 23, 1854.

REV. R. SPARKLEN, Oakville, C. W.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—Would you present to the Loyal Orangemen of Halton my grateful acknowledgement of £4 10s. towards the Irish Church Missions.

It is very encouraging to see that such an Institution as Orangeism is discovering wherein its strength lies—the free circulation of God's Word and Ordinances.

Believe me, truly yours,

R. V. ROGERS.

Obituary Notice.

(From the Ottawa Citizen.)

At the residence of his Son-in-law, Colin McDonell, Esqr., in this Town, on Thursday last, the 2nd instant, COLONEL GEORGE THEW BURKE, aged 78 years, a native of Ballyartel, County Tipperary, Ireland. Colonel Burke entered the Army in 1798, in the ancient Irish Fencibles, and

served under Abercrombie in Egypt. On the return of the Army to Ireland he was employed on the Recruiting Service, and was mainly instrumental in raising the 99th (old 100th) Regiment, and for which he obtained his Company in that distinguished corps, and in which, or on the Staff, Colonel Burke served throughout the whole American War of 1812, and was present at the hard-fought battles of Sackett's Harbor and Chateaugay,—for which, and for his services in Egypt, he obtained two medals: He was then appointed, for his distinguished services, to the posts of Deputy-Assistant Quarter Master General and Brigade Major at Quebec. On his retiring on half-pay shortly afterwards he was nominated by Sir John Sherbrooke (Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Canada) as Superintendent of the Rideau Military Settlement; and stationed at Richmond, where his appointment was subsequently confirmed by His Grace the Duke of Richmond, from whose side during his Grace's short and melancholy illness Colonel Burke (and in taking wine with whom at the house of Colonel Powell at Perth the first symptoms of his Grace's frightful malady were noticed) was never absent, and called forth expressions of the deepest gratitude for his kindness and attention from his illustrious friend. Colonel Burke was elected to represent the (then first formed) County of Carleton in the Provincial Legislature, and was appointed Registrar for the County of Lanark, which post was subsequently exchanged for that of the County of Carleton, the duties of which he always performed with credit to himself and satisfaction to the public: until within a short period of his death, and during which his son, Mr. James Burke, has officiated.

Although brought up in such stirring times, Colonel Burke was always characterized by his mild and unassuming manners, and during his military career was beloved by his brother Officers for his distinguished bravery and coolness on the field of battle.

In him his family have lost a kind Father, the Public a faithful servant, and the writer of this imperfect and humble tribute to the memory of a brave and good man, an old, staunch and unflinching friend.

E. V. C.

BIRTH.

In this town, on Wednesday, the 1st instant, Mrs. Abraham Astleford of a son.

At Clarence on the 2nd instant, Mrs. Peter McLarin of a Son.

MARRIED.

On Friday, 27th instant, at Elm Hill, Gloucester, by the Rev. Mr. Wardrope, Mr. William Graham, to Miss Mary Lile, only daughter of the late Mr. John Lile, of Bytown.

DIED.

At Pembroke, on the morning of 23rd January, Esther Agnes, youngest daughter of John Supple, Esq., aged two years and 22 days.

At St. Angelle de la Petite Nation, on the 20th ultimo, the Hon. Dennis Benjamin Papineau, formerly Commissioner of Crown Lands, aged 64.

At New Edinburgh, on the 2nd instant, ROXANNA FLORA DEMPSTER, aged nine months; daughter of James Dempster of the same place.

Roast beef, serenity of mind, a pretty wife, and cold water baths, will make almost any man "healthy, wealthy, and wise."

MOCK TURTLE.—Calling a husband "my dear," in public, and "you brute" in private.

We may suppose that Robinson Crusoe was an Episcopalian? Because he kept good Friday.

A female writer says, "nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings. Allow us to observe that stockings which need darning look much worse than darned ones. Darned if they don't."

THE ERB RIOTS.—The Supreme Court of the United States, in Pennsylvania, has granted an injunction, on the application of the Franklin Canal Company, to restrain the people of Erie from tearing up the rails of the said Company. The Court will now hear the city of Erie on motion to dissolve the injunction.

COMMERCIALS.

Bytown Market Prices, February 4.
(Revised and Corrected Regularly.)

Flour—Millers' Superfine, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl	37	3	@	40	0
Farmers', $\frac{1}{2}$ 196 lbs.	52	6	@	37	6
Wheat—Fall $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel, 60 lbs.	6	3	@	7	6
Spring, do.	6	6	@	6	9
Oatmeal, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl, 196 lbs.	35	0	@	0	0
Rye, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel, 56 lbs.	3	0	@	3	6
Barley, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel, 48 lbs.	3	0	@	3	3
Oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel, 34 lbs.	2	6	@	2	8
Peas, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel, 60 lbs.	4	0	@	4	3
Beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel	6	0	@	0	0
Corn, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel	4	0	@	4	3
Potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel	1	9	@	2	0
Hay, $\frac{1}{2}$ ton	65	0	@	85	0
Straw, $\frac{1}{2}$ ton	25	0	@	30	0
Onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel	4	0	@	5	0
Apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel	3	0	@	3	6
Butter—Fresh, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	0	74	@	0	8
" " do.	0	7	@	0	74
Eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen	6	8	@	0	9
Pork, $\frac{1}{2}$ 100 lbs.	27	6	@	35	7
Beef, $\frac{1}{2}$ 100 lbs.	22	6	@	25	0
" " do.	0	4	@	0	0
Mutton, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. by the quarter	0	24	@	0	3
Hams, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.	0	0	@	0	0
Tallow, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	0	0	@	0	7
Lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	0	0	@	0	5
Hides, slaughtered, $\frac{1}{2}$ 100 lbs.	20	0	@	22	6
Fowls, do. $\frac{1}{2}$ pair	2	0	@	2	3
Chickens, each	1	3	@	1	8
Turkeys, each	2	0	@	4	0
Geese, each	1	6	@	1	8
Ducks, $\frac{1}{2}$ pair	2	0	@	0	0
Wood—Hemlock, $\frac{1}{2}$ cord	6	3	@	7	6
Hardwood, " "	10	0	@	12	6

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

THE Anniversary Services of the Bytown Branch Missionary Society will be held in the WESLEYAN CHURCH, in this Town, as follows, viz:

SERMONS

Will be preached on Sunday, February 5th, at half-past 10, A. M., by the Rev. T. Bevitt, Chairman of the Brockville District, and at half-past 6, P. M. by the Rev. A. Hurlburt, Chairman of the Bytown District.

The Missionary Meeting,

Will be held on Monday, February 6th. Choir to be taken at half-past 6, P. M.
Addresses by the Revs. A. Hurlburt, T. Bevitt, J. Greener, T. Wardrop, S. Huntingdon, B. Hammond, and others.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

TEA MEETING,

Will be held on Tuesday, February 7th, commencing at half-past 6, P. M. Proceeds to be applied in aid of the Trust Fund.
The Missionary Deputation and others will address the Meeting, and every exertion will be made to render it pleasant and profitable.
Tickets of admission 1s. 10d. each, may be obtained at the Stores of Messrs. Hunton, Howell and Hewitt in Lower Town; Graham and Burrows Upper Town, and at the Door.
Bytown, January 30th, 1854.

THE BRITISH HOTEL, RE-OPENED.

In returning thanks to the public for the liberal support hitherto extended to his Establishment—a continuation of which is solicited—the Subscriber would respectfully announce to his OLD FRIENDS throughout the country, and the travelling community generally, that he has Re-opened the BRITISH HOTEL, and is now prepared to receive and entertain all those who may favor him with their patronage.
The British Hotel has recently been much enlarged and improved, and thoroughly repaired throughout; so that, in extent of accommodation, and convenience and comfort it is now equal to any other establishment in the Province.
D. MPARTHUR.
Bytown, Jan'y. 10th 1853.

WATCH, CLOCK-MAKING AND ENGRAVING,

WILLIAM TRAOT

(Rideau Street, opposite Burpee's Hotel)

BEGS leave to acquaint his customers, and the public generally, that he has now on hand a large and varied assortment of **WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELLERY** consisting of Gold and Silver Watches, Guard Chains, Brooches, Rings, Plated Wate, &c. &c., which he is prepared to dispose of on the most reasonable terms.
Clocks, Watches and Jewellery repaired at the shortest notice, and all jobs warranted.
Engraving done on Brass, Copper, Silver, &c.
Lodge seals neatly engraved at the shortest notice.
Bytown, March, 8th, 1853.

WOOD'S EXCHANGE HOTEL, UPPER BYTOWN

TO be let from the 1st May next, also the Stone **FOUNDRY** in Upper Town, lately occupied by H. Bissell and E. Perkins.
Apply to
N. SPARKS.
Bytown, January 25th, 1854

High Wines! High Wines!

THE Subscribers have JUST RECEIVED per Teams from the "Kingston Brewery and Distillery," a Fresh Supply of **MORTON'S 50 O. P.**, and are prepared to supply their Customers with any quantity.
ROBINSON & HEUBACH.
Agents for the Kingston Brewery & Distillery.
Bytown, January 30th, 1854. [4-11]

WANTED.

AN Apprentice to the **CARPENTER** and **JOINER** business, a lad of 15 or 16 years of age. Application to be made at this Office, or at the house of the Subscriber, near the West Ward Market.
WILLIAM PALEN.
Bytown, January 31st 1854. [11]

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE Partnership existing between the undersigned for the Summer of 1853, is this day Dissolved by mutual consent.
THOS. LANGRELL,
ROBT. GRAY,
THOS. WILSON.
Bytown, December 30th, 1853.



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

A Convocation of the Chapter will be held in Bytown on the 14th of next month, at 8 o'clock.
By order,
FRANCIS ABBOTT,
Companion Scribe.
January 24th, 1854.

LOYAL ORANGE COUNTY MEETING

COUNTY OF GRENVILLE.

THE Annual County meeting of the Loyal Orange Institution, for the County of Grenville, will be held at Kemplville, on the First Monday in February next, all officers of Lodges and others entitled to vote are particularly requested to attend by one of the clock. Pursuant to a vote taken at last County meeting it was ordered to be opened in the second degree.
WILLIAM C. READ,
County Secretary.
Merrickville, January 2nd, 1854.

ANNUAL MEETING, PROTESTANT HOSPITAL.

THE Annual Meeting of the subscribers to the County of Carleton General Protestant Hospital, will be held in the Directors Room, on Tuesday the seventh day of February next at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., to receive the Annual Report and to elect six Directors—Meeting open to the Public.
W. H. THOMPSON,
C. A. BURPEE,
DAWSON KENN,
JAMES PEACOCK,
J. MACKINSON,
RODLUCK ROSS,
Trustees.
Bytown, January 2nd, 1854.

Valuable Property for Sale.

The Subscriber offers for sale the South East half of Lots Nos. 26, and 27, in the 3d Concession of Nepean, Rideau front. There are 10 acres cleared on No. 27, with a good dwelling house erected thereon.
The above Property is within eight miles of Bytown, and will be sold cheap—one half of the purchase money will be required down, and a liberal time given for the remainder.
Apply to the Subscriber,
RICHARD TAYLOR.
Nepean, Jan'y 1854.

FOR SALE.

A Steam Engine (50 Horse power), Boilers &c.
THE Aylmer Mutual Steam Mill Company having determined to wind up their affairs will on **WEDNESDAY, the FIRST of FEBRUARY** next, sell by Public Auction in Aylmer, the following valuable property:—
1st.—The ground on which their Mill stood before the Fire, comprising upwards of an acre of land in the Village of Aylmer, on the shore of the Ottawa River, together with the ruins (still standing) of the Grist Mill.
2nd.—The Engine (50 Horse power) Boilers, and most of the machinery connected therewith, the whole in an excellent state of preservation.
3rd.—About 400 feet of substantial Booms, Chains, &c.
In the hands of an enterprising individual the above materials, with little additional expense, would be amply sufficient to construct a first rate establishment, on one of the most desirable points of the Ottawa River.
Terms.—Cash, on delivery.
The Secretary will show intending purchasers over the property on application at his Office.
(By order,) **R. A. YOUNG,**
Secretary & Treasurer
Aylmer, January 10th, 1854

The *Bytown Gazette and Ottawa Railway & Commercial Times*, to publish until 1st Feby, and send their accounts to the Sec'y and Treas'r

WANTED.

IMEDIATELY in school section No. 11, a First Class Teacher, Salary £60. Application to be made to the undersigned:
SAMUEL STRANSON,
Wm. LESLIE,
Wm. HOBBS,
Trustees.
January 7th, 1854

CAUTION.

WHEREAS the undermentioned persons have left my employment without just cause or provocation, I hereby Caution any person or persons against hiring any of them.

- Nobert Faubert,
- Baptiste Bayeou,
- Joseph Murel
- Joseph Ebert,
- Octave Ebert,
- Francois Lefevre,
- Karlton Peeche,
- Antoine Bla,
- Jeremiah St. Pierre,
- William Jandean,
- Pierre Dubanull,
- Leon Torangeant.

WILLIAM GIBSON.

Pembroke, January 14, 1854.

NOW'S THE TIME,

FOR CHEAP

GROCERIES, LIQUORS

AND

GROCERY &c

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

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

Henry Burrows,

WELLINGTON STREET,

UPPER BYTOWN.

Bytown, Dec., 13th, 1853.

MR. GEORGE ROBBS,

AGENT FOR THE "ORANGE LILY."

ARMAGH INN,

Corner of King & Queen Streets,

KINGSTON, C. W.

HURRAH

FOR THE GRAND TRUNK

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

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

WILLIAM LEVIS.

Prescott, Nov. 19, 1853.

CAPTAIN W. S. HUNTER.

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

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

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

Bytown, Feb. 15, 1853.

Loyal Orange Association.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual meeting of the County Lodge of the County of Ottawa, for the election of Officers, and for the transaction of business generally, will be held in Loyal Orange Lodge No. 33 Aylmer, on Monday evening the 6th February next at 8 o'clock P. M.

By order,

R. A. YOUNG
County Secretary.

Aylmer, January 20th, 1854.

Paints & Painting.

PAINTS, oils, varnishes, brushes, window-glass Putty &c., for sale also every description of plain or fancy Painting done with neatness and despatch, persons from the country furnished with Paints ready for use.

OHN & GEORGE LANG,
Daly Street, Lower Bytown.

CORD-WOOD.

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

RODERICK ROSS,
Secretary.

Bytown, January 2nd, 1854.

LOST.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, the 13th instant, between Bytown and Mr. Richard O Connor's an Orange handkerchief with black flower border, containing a Deed of the half of Lot No 5, in the 5th Concession of Gloucester, Rideau front, together with other papers that can be of no use to any one but the owner. Any person finding said handkerchief with contents, and leaving the same at the office of the Ottawa Railway & Commercial Times, will be suitably rewarded.

ELIZA CLIFFORD.

Bytown, 13th Jan'y 1854.

RESOLUTIONS.

Passed at the December Sessions, 1853, of the Municipal Council of the County of Carleton.

MOVED by Mr. Allen, seconded by Mr. Garland, and

Resolved,—That in the opinion of this Council the sect's annexed to the 4th, 33rd and 55th sections of the Act of last Session, to amend and consolidate the assessment laws of Upper Canada, is fraught with injustice, giving the rich and proprietors in Towns and Villages a decided preference, at the cost of the rest of the community. And although we believe it is the bounden duty of each County Council in Upper Canada to petition the Legislature to revise these sections, so as to do equal justice to all concerned, we have but little hope, so long as the House of Representatives is composed of the Gentlemen who studied and passed these sections; and who are themselves resident proprietors of Towns and Villages; as it clearly appears they were studied for their benefit and other large capitalists. Therefore, it is an imperative duty of each County Council to use all their influence to return a resident Farmer for their respective Counties at the next general Election, so that the agricultural interest may be fairly represented.

Resolved,—That the Ottawa Citizen, Nyltor, Gazette and Orange Lily be requested to insert the above; and that the County Warden transmit a copy of these Resolutions to each County Warden in this Province -- Carried unanimously.

**BLANK DEEDS
AND
MEMORIALS.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.**

REMOVAL.

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

**LOOK FOR THE
BIG AUGER.**

McARTHUR & McDOUGAL.
Bytown, Nov. 1852. 41-46,

HATS! HATS! HATS!

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

JAMES PEACOCK.

Bytown, March, 1853.

FOR SALE

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

For particulars apply to the Subscriber on the premises.

GEORGE R. BURKE.

Bytown, July 5th, 1853. (23.)

NEW STORE & NEW GOODS

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

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

Boots and Shoes

from New York.

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

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

PLASTER OF PARIS.

200 BARRELS Plaster of Paris, now on hand, and for sale by

JOHN ROBERTS,

Druggist.

Lower Bytown, 21st Dec. 1852.

Just Received.

25 Hhds Bright MUSCOVADO SUGAR

15 Qr. Casks OLIVE OIL,

For sale by

INGLIS & YOUNG.

August 23rd, 1853.

TO BE LET.

THE SUBSCRIBER will receive written applications until the 18th day of September next, for the leasing of his land and premises in the Township of Nepean, being Lot No. 28 in the second concession of said Township. The land is in a high state of cultivation, preparations are now making to sow 15 Acres of Fall Wheat, and if required, a long term of years will be given and the person renting the premises can possession on the first day of November next.

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

ROBERT STANLEY.

Nepean, July 15th, 1852.



CHERRY PECTORAL

For the Cure of
**COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS,
BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH,
CROUP, ASTHMA, AND
CONSUMPTION.**

"And by the river, upon the bank thereof shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade and the fruit thereof shall be for meat and the leaf thereof for medicine."

Here was hope for the sick recorded long ago, and every year adds new proof to the assurance that these promises shall not fail.

As medical Science discovers and designates the remedies nature control of art. Of all the maladies we suffer from, none has carried more victims to an untimely grave than Consumption of the Lungs. Subjoined we give some evidence that this too may be cured, and that Pulmonary Complaints, in all their forms, may be removed by CHERRY PECTORAL.

Science will not permit us to publish here any preparation of the cures it has effected, but the Agent below named, will furnish our Circular, free, wherein are full particulars and indisputable proof of these facts.

Sufferers: read and judge for yourselves.

FOR INFLUENZA AND WHOOPING COUGH.

NASHVILLE, TENN., June 26, 1851.

Sir: I have repeatedly used your CHERRY PECTORAL for Whooping Cough and Influenza and have no hesitation in pronouncing it a symptomatic remedy. Four of my children have been afflicted with these diseases, and the free use of the PECTORAL has always afforded almost instant relief.

JAMES GLOVER.

We attest the truth of the above statement.
M. MCGINTY, Ed. Nashville Whig.
J. M. ZIMMERMAN, Druggist.

FOR A CONSUMPTIVE COUGH.

PITTSBURG, PA., Feb. 25, 1851.

Dear Sir:—For three years I have been afflicted with a Cough, so distressing that I frequently despaired of recovery; much of the time I was obliged to sit up all night in my chair, as my cough would suffocate me when I laid down. Having used many remedies without much relief, I at last tried the CHERRY PECTORAL which under Providence has cured me altogether.

I am with gratitude yours,
JAMES McCANDLESS.

This is one of the numerous cures of
ASTHMA which have been ac-
credited to Cherry Pectoral.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 17, 1848.

Dr. AYER, Lowell. DEAR SIR: I have for years been afflicted with Asthma in the worse form, so that I have been obliged to sleep in my chair for a large part of the time, being unable to breathe on my bed. I had tried a great many medicines, to no purpose, until my physician prescribed, as an experiment, your CHERRY PECTORAL.

At first it seemed to make me worse; but in less than a week I began to experience the most gratifying relief from its use; and now, in four weeks, the disease is entirely removed. I can sleep on my bed with comfort, and enjoy a state of health which I had never expected to enjoy.

GEORGE S. FERANT,
Commission and Forwarding Merchant.

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

J. C. AYER. Sir: I have used your CHERRY PECTORAL in my own case of deep-seated bronchitis, and am satisfied, from its chemical constitution, that it is an admirable compound for the relief of laryngeal and bronchial difficulties. If my opinion as to its superior character, can be of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you think proper—
EDWARD HITCHCOCK.
Amherst, Sept. 12, 1849.

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

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

GEN. EMANUEL BULNES, President of Chili.
RT. REV. ED. POWER, Lord Bishop of Toronto.
REV. DOCT. LANSING, Brooklyn New York.
ARCHBISHOP PURCELL, of Cincinnati, Ohio.
Also, many eminent personages in foreign countries.

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

PREPARED BY

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

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

INFORMATION WANTED.

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

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

CARD.

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

T.

A SMALL Note drawn in favor of the undersigned for the sum of £5 7s. 6d., for balance of wages, signed Ruggles Wright of Hull, dated June 30th 1853. Any person leaving the same at the Office of this paper will be suitably rewarded.

THOMAS MARAH.

Hull, January 2nd, 1854.
N. B.—The above note is of no use to any one, as I have stopped the payment of it.

THOMAS MARAH.
(3in)

J. SMITH,

CLOCK & WATCH-MAKER,

Next Door to A. Foster, Esq., York Street.

DEGS leave to solicit a Share of the Patronage of the Inhabitants of Bytown and its Environs.

WATCHES of every description accurately repaired. A variety of Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, &c. &c. Jewellery neatly repaired. (7-15)

J. & A. PORTER, GENERAL IMPORTERS,

(Opposite the British Hotel.)

SUSSEX ST. LOWER BYTOWN.
HAVING completed their FALL and WINTER Purchases in the British and New York Markets, offer for sale an extensive and varied stock of

DRY GOODS

Which will be sold at very low Prices to meet the well understood wishes of the people in
GROCERIES,

360 Chests Hyson Twanly direct from China Shins.

350 do. Fine do. do.

50 do. Old Hyson.

100 Boxes Tobacco.

50 Hhds. Porto Rico Sugar.

50 do. & Tierces Molasses.

Coffee, Rice, Brooms, Pails,
&c., &c., &c.

LIQUORS:

Dark Brandy, Pale Brandy, Holland Gin, Jamaica Rum, Scotch Whisky, Port Wine, Sherry Wine, Champagne, Best Brands. East India Pale Ale, London Porter and Medria Wines. Our Liquors are well known to be genuine and all warranted.

IN PROVISIONS:

1600 Barrels Mess Pork.

3000 do. Prime Mess.

200 do. No 1 Herrings.

200 Quintals Dry Cod Fish.

100 Barrels green Cod Fish.

We would again tender our sincere thanks to our numerous friends in the town, and throughout the different part of the country, for their very liberal and constant support. Continued effort will be used in order to make our goods suitable in quality and prices to all purchasers and can without doubt offer a Stock of groceries for sale, more extensive, better quality, and lower prices than any other House in Bytown, all having been purchased in the Direct Markets for CASH only.

The Goods will bear inspection. We respectfully invite a call from a discerning public who will judge for themselves.

100 Buffalo Robes, cheapest in Town!

Bytown, December, 6th 1853

Take Notice.

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

ROBERT HARE.

Nepean, Nov. 28th, 1853.

Valuable Property for Sale.

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

For further particulars apply to Joux MacKINNON, Esq., of New Edinburgh, or to A. REEFER, Esq., Barrister, Prescott.
Bytown, Dec., 21st 1853.

GREEN MOUNTAIN HEALTH ASSOCIATION
Office Bytown Canada West.
RATES OF YEARLY PAYMENTS.

First Table—Fractional parts of a week excepted.

BETWEEN 15 AND 50		
Per Year.	draws	Per Week
\$2,00		\$2,00
3,00	"	3,00
4,00	"	4,00
5,00	"	5,00
6,00	"	6,00

BETWEEN 50 AND 65.		
Per Year.	draws	Per Week.
\$2,50		\$2,00
3,75	"	3,00
5,00	"	4,00
6,25	"	5,00
7,50	"	6,00

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

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

DIRECTORS:—

HORAC: MERRILL,	S. H. WAGGONER,
J. B. MANTON,	E. B. WORTHEN,
T. AL. BLASDELL,	JAMES INGLEE,
J. B. MONK,	G. CLARKE,
GARDINER CHURCH,	D. H. WILSON,
G. H. DOWE,	JAMES ROSAMOND.

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

REFERENCES:—

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

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

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

AMABLE BELONA.

RAIL ROAD HOUSE.

NEAR the STEAM BOAT Landing, and NEARLY STABLES Connected thereto, There will be found good horses, and fashionable Carriages.

JOHN SAINSBURY Proprietor.
Cobourg, c. w., Sept., 27th 1853.

FRANCIS SCOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

OFFICE, Over Mr. Bryson's Book Store.
Corner of Rideau and Sussex Street,

LOWER BYTOWN.
Bytown, 5th July 1853.

JOHN LITTLE,
GUNSMITH,

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

CASLEBAR HOUSE
KEMPTVILLE.

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

DONALD McDONALD DUNCAN.
Kemptville, March 5th, 1853. 7-11.

JOHN CAMPBELL.
MERCHANT TAILOR,
193, NOTRE DAME STREET,

MONTREAL,
(Opposite the Recollect Church),

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

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

Parties in want of good and Cheap Clothing will find it to their advantage to give a call as above.
May 3 d 1853.

New Grocery Establishment.

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

UPPER BYTOWN

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

R. HICK.

Bytown, December 8th 1853.

North Amer. Fire Insurance Co
BRANCH OFFICE PRESCOTT

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

DIRECTORS.

C. H. PECK,
B. WHITE, ESQUIRE, PRESCOTT.
JOHN FERGUSON,
JAMES ROSAMOND, CARLETON PLACE.
V. R. KNAPP, General Agent.

ORANGE ISM.

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

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

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

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

JOHN FLARY,
GENERAL BOOT & SHOE SHOP
123, NOTRE DAME STREET
MONTREAL.

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

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



J. MACAULAY,
BOOT & SHOEMAKER,
Sign of the Mammoth Foot.
No. 103 1/2 Notre Dame Street Montreal.

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

Country Merchants, and others about purchasing at wholesale will find it to their advantage to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Montreal, May 7th 1853.

FOR SALE BY INGLIS & YOUNG,
300 brls. Mess Pork.
200 brls. Prime Mess Pork.
500 brls. extra S. F. Flour.
150 brls. Biscuit.
50 brls. Oatmeal.

510 Half boxes Twankey Tea.
75 boxes Hyson Tea.

25 Cattles do. do.
15 boxes do. do.
25 do. Gunpowder do.
10 do. Souchong do.
30 do. Tobacco 16's S's 5's lb. lumps.
20 hhds Bright Muscovada Sugar.
25 brls. London Crushed Sugar.
2 hhds. Loaf Sugar.
20 bags Laguyra Coffee.
5 bags fresh Canary Seeds.
5 brls. Jamaica Ginger.
5 bags East India Rice.
5 Carolina Rice.

For sale by INGLIS & YOUNG.

15 brls. Machinery Oil.
10 brls. Pale Seal Oil.
25 baskets Olive Oil.
For sale by INGLIS & YOUNG.

50 brls. No. 1 split Herrings.
20 cwt. table Cod Fish.
30 Tins white Lead,

100 Boxes German Sheet Glass, various sizes, Salt, Currants, Raisins in boxes, half & qrt. boxes, Mustard in jars and bottles, Starch, Cloves, Cinnamon, Pimento, Pepper, Soap, Candles, Cigars, Paints, Oils Bathbrick, Pickles, Sauces, Anchovies, Snuff, Matches, Almonds, Wrapping Paper, Pipes, Paints, Brushes, Castor Oil, Epsom Salts, Lobsters, Patent Nails, Brims, Nutmegs, Blacking, Powder Sago, Liquorices Vinegar, &c. &c. &c.

For sale by INGLIS & YOUNG.
Bytown, June, 7th 1853. (sixth)

ORANGE SASH RIBBONS,
As Cheap as the Cheapest, and as Good as the Best, at the OLD STAND at the foot of the hill.
Rideau Street, Lower Bytown, Dec. 15, 1849.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
Sixth Volume
OF
THE ORANGE LILY.

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

Ten Copies to one Address, £4 7 6, or 8s. 9d. each.
Twenty Copies do., 7 10 0, or 7s. 6d. each.
Thirty Copies do., 9 7 6, or 6s. 3d. each.
Forty Copies do., 10 0 0, or 5s. 0d. each.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

ORANGE CERTIFICATES
To be had at this Office.

CITY HOTEL,
GARDEN STREET, UPPER TOWN,
QUEBEC.

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

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

HIS WINES & LIQUORS

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

PLACES OF INTEREST IN & ABOUT
QUEBEC.

FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

NATURAL STEPS.

INDIAN VILLAGE AND LORETTE
FALLS.

PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, AND MONU-
MENT TO THE MEMORY OF GEN.
WOLFE.

CITADEL (*)

GOVERNOR'S GARDEN.

DURHAM TERRACE.

GRAND BATTERY.

FRENCH CATHEDRAL.

SEMINARY.

HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

LAKE ST. CHARLES.

LAKE BEAUFORT.

FALLS OF ST. ANNE.

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

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

TURNPIKE HOTEL,
AYLMER.

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

WINES AND LIQUOR

of the choicest brands, also a variety of Temperature Drinks constantly on hand.

He has also erected commodious and warm stabling.

Private boarders can be accommodated.

WILLIAM PATTERSON.

Aylmer, Feb. 25 1852

THE ORANGE LILY,

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

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 discount of their papers, the Publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

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

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