

THE ORANGE LILY.

VOL. VI.

RYTOWN, NOVEMBER 16, 1854.

NO. 41.

Poetry.

On the Crystal Palace, 1851.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

Has' you burst of crystal splendour,
Sunlight, starlight, blent in one,
Starlight set in hectic azure,
Sunlight from the burning zone!
Gold and silver, gems and marble,
All Creation's jewelry,
Earth's uncovered waste of riches,
Treasures of the ancient sea,—
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Iris and Aurora braided,
How! the woven colours shiue!
Snow gleams from an Alpine summit,
Torchlight from a speck-coofed maze;
Like Arabia's matchless palace,
Child of Magic's strong decree,
One vast globe of living sapphires,
Floor, roof, columns, canopy,—
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Forms of beauty, shapes of wonder,
Trophies of triumphant toil;
Never Athens, Rome, Palmyra,
Gazed on such a costly spoil,
Dazzling the bewildered vision;
More than regal pomp we see;
What the blaze of the Alhambra,
Dome of Emerald to thee?
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Farthest cities from their riches,
Farthest empires muster here;
Art her jubiles proclaiming
To the nations far and near.
From the crowd in wonder gazing
Science chains the bearded knee;
This her temple, diamond blazing,
Shrine of her idolatry.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Listen to her tale of wonder,
Of her plastic potent spell,
'Tis a big and braggart story,
Yet she tells it fair and well.
She, the gifted gay magician,
Mistress of earth, air and sea,
This majestic apparition
Offspring of her sorcery.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

What is that for which we're waiting
Is this glittering earthly toy?
Heavenly glory, heavenly splendour,
Sun of grandeur, sun of joy,
Not the gems that time can tarnish,
Not the hues that dim and die,
Not the glow that cheats the lover,
Shaded with mortality.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me.

Not the light that leaves us darker,
Not the gleams that come and go,
Not the mirth whose end is madness,
Not the joy whose feat is woe,
Not the notes that die at sunset,
Not the fashion of a day,
But the everlasting beauty,
And the endless melody.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me.

City of the pearl bright portals,
City of the Jasper wall,

City of the golden pavement,
Seat of endless festival,
City of Jehovah, Salem,
City of Eternity,
To thy bridal hall of gladness
From this prison would I flee.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me.

Al! with such strange spells around me,
Fairest of what earth calls fair,
How I need thy fairer image
To undo the siren snare!
Lest the subtle serpent tempter
Lure me with his radiant lie,
As if sin were sin no longer,
Life were no more vanity.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need the Heavenly City,
By low spirit to appear—
Yes, I need thee—earth's enchantments
So beguile me with their glare.
Let me see thee—then these fetters
Burst asunder—I am free;
Then this pomp no longer chains me,
Faith has won the victory.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me.

Soon when earthly radiance blinds not,
No excess of brilliance pall,
Salem, city of the holy,
We shall be within thy walls!
There beside yon crystal river,
There beneath life's wondrous tree,
There with nought to cloud or sever,
Ever with the Lamb to be.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me.

HORATIO BORAN.

A BREACH OF PROMISE.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.—BY A BARRISTER.

I had just laid down a lengthy abstract, which had occupied my attention for some hours, and, weary and yawning, I had seized the poker, for the purpose of putting out the fire, that I might retire to my pillow. It was nearly twelve o'clock. The night was bright and frosty, when, preparing to enter my room, a knock at the door disturbed me. My servant was already abed. I shuffled on my slippers, and hastened to answer the summons. A respectable looking man said he wished to consult me, and apologized for disturbing me at so unreasonable an hour. Clients never come to me at unreasonable hours, so I invited him to take a seat in my office, and state the object of his coming. There was no delay in obtaining it; but I must relate the previous circumstances, as I learned them afterwards more at length from the lips of the other parties concerned. Time, diligence, and honesty, had exalted the man who called upon me to the station of head clerk in a public office, at a salary of £80 per annum. He was a widower, his helpmate having died in giving birth to a daughter, on every day that announced to him his increased dignity and income. Thenceforth all his thoughts and cares, that were not claimed by his situation, were given to his child. At home she was seldom out of his sight. An hour after the office had closed, he was to be seen strolling

with his infant charge in the neighborin-fields, a beautiful black water-spaniel bounding before them, in pursuit of whom the little Mary ran with a shriek of delight, the glad father following, to break the fall which her fearlessness threatened, and sometimes brought about. In the early morning, too in the summer time, he visited with her the hay-fields, and sported with her, like a child among the fragrant hillocks. The girl was everything to him. He seemed to live but for her; he drooped when she was ill, and in his own seasons of sickness, his cheek would flush, and his eyes kindle, when he heard her laugh, and saw her healthy face, as if there was a strange sympathy between them, and he caught from her the mood of the moment. He had been all his life a steady, industrious man. He had never been known to take more than one day in the year for a holiday. It chanced, however, that on one occasion he was absent from his duties for a week. It was concluded that nothing but severe sickness would detain him from his task. A junior clerk was despatched to inquire kindly after his health. He found him sitting by the bedside of his daughter, pale and disordered; he had not slept for four nights—scarcely had he stirred from the spot, except for medicine and food. The child was passing through the terrible ordeal of the measles. He watched the progress of the disease with a fearful anxiety. The favourable crisis came, and he returned to his usual task. But this was a solitary instance. Mary was blessed with robust health, and in a few years she was able to repay by her assistance the devotion of her widowed parents. He loved his home more than ever; for her inexhaustible spirits put to flight all gloomy thoughts. Her smiles, her song welcomed him, as he crossed his own threshold; and he departed with perfect confidence that in his absence she would discharge the domestic duties of the house as zealously and as ably as many of maturer years, who have been compelled by necessity to call forth their mental energies. And the happy father numbered sixteen of her birth-days, celebrated by a plum-pudding and a bottle of wine, at an evening party of friends. In truth, Mary well deserved the love that her father lavished upon her. She was a sweet girl.—Some called her pretty, though that was a contested point. For my own part, I thought her beautiful; but then my taste is somewhat peculiar. Her features were not modelled according to the sculptor's beau idéal—they were not regular, and cold. Nay, examine each feature apart, and no one was faultless. But then they were full of life and mind. All smiles and sunshine, good temper was in every glance, feeling in every accent that breathed from her lips. She had few companions in her childhood. The hours that were not devoted to her domestic duties and to her father, were employed in the attainment of useful learning. She was passionately fond of reading, and the little book-shelf in the parlour supplied her with the elegant essays of Addison, the poetry of Thomson and Cowper, and, more recently, the libraries of useful and entertaining knowledge. Thus she entered upon that delightful but dangerous era of human life, when a thousand feelings and passions, as pleasing as how, fill the ardent mind with a

thousand strings emotions, before reason has taught us to guide, or the cold precepts of experience to subdueth em.

Hitherto her existence had been all serenity. The fondness for nature, and the fields and flowers, first infused by her father in their morning and evening walks, and formed by the volumes which he had judiciously placed before her, as food for a youthful mind, had led her to the study of botany, and she knew every one of the many flowers which adorn our luxuriant hedges. In her rambles in search of these, she was usually accompanied by her father; but sometimes she went alone into the fields, that immediately surrounded the town, dreading nothing and regarding nothing but her favorite pursuit. Her plain and simple nature, her features, rather homely than otherwise, attracted not the notice of the passer-by, and she continued her study without molestation.

Some few months before the time which made me acquainted with her history, she was gathering cowslips in a field near the town, and dreaming not of danger, she was alarmed by the menaces of a very ferocious cow.

The animal pursued her while she was yet far from the gate. Mary fled precipitately; but the self-possession and intrepidity of a gentleman, who was accidentally strolling in the same field, saved her from his fury. He rushed forward and with his stick met the enraged beast, and turned it from its pursuit. Gratitude for aid so timely, lighting up a cheek flushed with the returning blood, made her for the moment really beautiful. The stranger was evidently pleased, and behaved to her with a respect and gentlemanly bearing to which she had been little accustomed. She was soon composed enough to tell him the object of her research; and after a conversation of some length, in which he discovered that the being he had saved possessed no common mind, he bade her adieu, breathing a wish that they might become better acquainted. Her heart intuitively echoed that wish. When she returned home, Mary related the occurrence to her father, who, with tears in his eyes, thanked God for her deliverance. She did not know the name of her preserver; and he could not, as he desired, hasten at once to express to him a parent's gratitude. But her thoughts dwelt continually on the stranger, and his image was in her dreams that night. Her father had warned her to avoid for the future walks so dangerous; but for the first time in her life she culpably neglected his advice. The very next day she proceeded, with a fluttering pulse, to the same meadow, to see, as she said, how the accident had happened. The first object that she there beheld was the gentleman who had saved her. He hastened to assist her. She thanked him again. He turned the conversation to her favorite study; it was one which he had not neglected, and she gathered from him much useful information. She ventured to ask his name, saying that her father was desirous of personally expressing his thanks for the favour he had conferred upon him. The gentleman instantly presented his card—Mr. Henry Hartrow. The conversation became so interesting, that neither seemed inclined to part, until the approach of the dinner hour compelled Mary to tear herself from society that was but too fascinating. She did not know that there was anything wrong in this. He had saved her life, and therefore was entitled to her warmest gratitude. She did not know that any other feelings mingled with her thoughts.

The next day her father called on Mr.

Hartrow. The tears were in his eyes as he poured forth all the eloquence of gratitude. He was received with a respect and kindness unusual between persons holding such different stations in society, for Mr. Hartrow was a gentleman of family and fortune. An only child, the early death of his father had put him in possession of a considerable property. He expressed great interest for her welfare, and promised with her father's permission, to inquire after Mary's health at her own home. Our head clerk was flattered by the condescension of so wealthy a gentleman as Mr. Hartrow, and basily accepted his self-invitation. On his return he told Mary of this, and praised her preserver to the skies. He did not notice the blush that bloomed upon her face as she spoke. The very same evening the bright metal tea-pot and neat china tea-cups were on the table, and Mary and her father were seated before the cheerful board.

She was pouring out the tea, when, thro' the window, she saw Mr. Hartrow approaching the house. The tea-pot almost fell from her hand. She turned pale. Her father had not time to ask the cause of her emotion, when a gentle tap at the door announced a stranger. He entered, shook hands cordially with both, and, invited by the eye as well as by the words of the delighted and admiring Mary, he took a seat by her side, and shared their homely meal. His kind and friendly manner made them soon forget the difference of rank. His demeanour towards Mary was so respectful, that the father was flattered by it, and she herself entranced. He sat with them till the moon was up. When he arose to depart, Mary could not speak. When he was really gone, her heart sunk within her. It would be tedious, and it is not necessary, to detail the history of the affection that grew up between them. They met, as they at first would fain believe, casually: then by appointment. He was almost constantly at the tea table, and lingered later every evening. Her eye continually watched his coming, and looked brighter when he came. He was daily more fond of reading aloud to her the choicer works of Lord Byron. He wrote a note on some trifling subject, requesting an answer. She, of course, replied. Discussion once awakened, we all know is endless. Others followed in quick succession. It was strange that they should exactly agree in all their tastes and likings and dislikings. They at length became engaged. He obtained from her a promise that her father should not be informed of their engagement, and so for four months they contrived to keep their faith a secret from him. An officious friend, who had met them in one of their morning walks, first opened his eyes to the real object of Mr. Hartrow's constant visits. He resolved to employ at once a parental authority, and for that purpose accompanied Hartrow on his return home one evening. Having heard the remonstrances, and bold demand to know what were his own intentions, Hartrow replied satisfactorily, but suggested the necessity of caution, lest his friends should thwart his purpose.

From this time forth Henry and Mary regarded each other in a new light. No longer reserve pained one or the other. This intended union had a father's permission and a father's blessing. When Hartrow became of age, Mary from the hill-side beheld, with proud and palpitating heart, the manifestations of joy which spread far and near over his vast estates, and secretly longed for the day when a mistress of that nutcrack multitude, she would dispense

kindness, smiles, and comfort, over all her husband held dear.

But all these pritty hopes, all these dear dreams, wore on the eve of a sad disappointment. No sooner did Hartrow's intended union get noised abroad—it was impossible to guard the secret inviolable—than his friends upbraided him, called him degenerate, and at last avoided intercourse with so incorrigible an invader of aristocratic purity. Although none of the weakest of men, Henry Hartrow could not stand long against the continual force of derision which from all sides poured upon him. Even his very serfs spoke of it as a thing demeaning. Finding the rancour of envy so stern amongst his menials, and the horror of 'contamination' so rife amongst his friends, he at length resolved—not without calculating the difficulty—to relinquish his object.

He prepared not to see her again. He snatched a pen, and after flinging a half dozen half-written epistles into the fire, at length completed one, in which he candidly explained the delicate situation in which he was placed; that his intended connexion with her was so decidedly opposed by his friends, that they threatened to abandon him; and that a union under such circumstances could only be a source of misery to both. He professed unalterable attachment but he appealed to prudence and good sense, whether the matter ought not to rest as it was. This letter he despatched by his servant. It was like a thunder stroke to the unsuspecting Mary. She had never suffered a doubt of his truth to cloud her affection; and now, when she expected to become his wife, to find him faithless! She did not weep—the fountain was dried up—she was stunned. Her father found her with her eyes glazed and starting from their sockets, her cheek white as marble, and the fatal letter fallen from her stiff hand. He glanced his eyes over it. The truth was evident. After vainly endeavoring to recall her to sense and feeling, he took from her a letter of Henry Hartrow, and with them hurried to my office, to seek, without any delay, the avenging aid of the law.

As he finished his story, he flung upon my table the letters alluded to. They were carefully-packed in a lugo burdio. It was no he my task to peruse them, and glean sufficient evidence for an action for breach of promise of marriage. Having endeavored in vain to soothe the irritated and disappointed parent, I advised him to seek repose, promising to look into his case without delay. I rose early the following morning, and commenced my task. There was ample proof of promise, and I did not feel myself justified in indulging any curiosity by a survey of all these singular documents. I wrote to Mr. Hartrow, politely informing him that I had been instructed to commence an action against him, and trusting that he would yet spare my client the painful task of pushing so wanton a breach of faith. I received an immediate reply, repeating the objections urged in his letter to Mary, and adding, that he must abide the consequences, however painful; for his sense of duty to his relations and friends dictated the conduct which he admitted was, in the first place, deserving blame. No alternative now remained. I issued a writ. About a fortnight before the Assizes, I received a note, requesting an interview with myself and client at my office, to endeavor to compromise the difference. I seized the opportunity, fixed the following day, and prevailed on the father to bring Mary with him. I arranged that she should remain in another room until a fit moment should oc-

our for introducing her. The several parties arrived accordingly. Mr. Hartrow loved to the father, who did not return the recognition; and I could see his lipstrembling with ill-suppressed rage. I opened the conversation by asking the object of the meeting. He wished to offer terms; he cared not at what cost, so that the case was not dragged before the public. He concluded by asking what compensation we demanded.

'Compensation, sir?' said the father no longer able to control his feelings; 'what can compensate my child for the loss of health and happiness? What gold will buy the peace of mind you have destroyed for ever? Before she knew you, she was the gayest creature under the sun. You saved her life, and we were grateful; but you took advantage of our gratitude: to rob us of our domestic quiet. You, rich, presumed that our poverty marked us as fit and passive objects for your sport. Thank you, sir, I deem any paltry excuse or bribe a compensation for my daughter's peace?'

'My good sir, believe me, I always intended to act honourably; for my regard for Mary was not an unworthy one.'

'Then prove it, by acting like a man whose conscience is not blunted.'

'I would not have thought to wrong you, but circumstances have placed me in this unenviable position. Now I will settle on your daughter a fortune—anything at all, say—'

'Tush, young man! exclaimed the father wildly. 'Do you also insult me thus? Think you a woman's heart is saleable?—think you a true maiden is thus purchasable? Away! you are worse than evil!'

Seeing my client so greatly exasperated, I interposed. 'Am I, then, to understand you decline giving the only just compensation?'

Hartrow paused for a moment in evident agitation. 'I would, I would,' he muttered; 'but my friends—my family—how can I become reconciled with them?'

'Are these narrow prejudices, this pride at home better than honour and justice?—Having put this question, I gave a sign to my client, who left the room, while I continued:—'Mr. Hartrow, I fear a worse crime still is in store for you, and that is, if this young lady—as I foresee, in case you persevere—pine away, you will be a murderer!'

'What mean you?' he exclaimed in terror.

'The best explanation I can give is here!' I continued, pointing to Mary, who at that moment entered the room, almost carried by her father. Hartrow started from his seat, and ran to grasp her hand with his usual warmth. She gently repelled him with a sigh, and leant upon her father's breast piteously sobbing. He was alarmed at the terrific change which she so soon presented, the havoc of his neglect. The lively and beautiful Mary was now before him, a drooping, sad, and wasted form. The blue veins visibly coursed along her thin hands, and a feverish glow, which was painfully perceptible, thrilled through the man's heart and affected him deeply. With agonizing attention he heard the injured parent exclaim—

'Look here, sir; see the wreck your conduct has made! None less than a villain would have thus wronged those whose hospitality he craved! Look at her, sir,—that tender burl,—and blush it you can! May the Lord forgive you, but I'm a man, a fiend man—I cannot—no, never!'

I regarded the speaker with peculiar sur-

prise, for he was not an educated man.—However, there is an eloquence inseparably connected with passion. He had it. It was now my time to speak.

'I must request a definite answer from you sir.'

'What must it be?' he asked thoughtfully; 'what sum will satisfy you?'

'Simply we ask you to redeem your solemn pledge; I heard you were a gentleman,' I said.

'And who dares deny it?' he demanded.

'I do,' I replied coolly; 'while your conduct proves the reverse.'

'That's enough,' cried the indignant father; the law had better take its course.—Shame will bend his spirit, and the good will shun him. Come away, Mary, my love; you had, after all, a happy deliverance from so wretched a monster—come!'

But Mary, instead of moving as directed, cast herself upon her knees, and clasping her father's hands, pleaded mercy. 'Hear me, father,' she continued; 'I have but a short time to live. Grant me only one request.'

'Speak, my love; I promise you anything.'

'Then abandon this law-suit. It may do me harm, and for the world I would not see him harmed. Though he has wronged me, I forgive him. I have never reproached and mean never to reproach him; why then will you? I am persuaded his motives are not discreditable.'

'Discreditable!' ejaculated the father; a villain's motives!'

'Pray do not, dear father, revile him. I can't bear it!'

'But my duty—'

'Forgiveness is our first duty, father; never shall you hear me breathe a word against him; forgive him as I do.'

'Gracious girl!' interrupted Hartrow, starting from his seat, and embracing her; 'no longer plead thus—I must fall down to you both, and seek forgiveness. I have been exceedingly wrong. But neither false pride, nor the sneers of friends, will now daunt a purpose which is right, if you will even yet deign to accept my hand.'

'What!' exclaimed Mary, staring in utter doubt; 'what! do I hear aright? It is—but no, it cannot be true!'

'I do not deceive you, Mary—I would not.'

'No!' she continued eagerly; 'you could not—your heart is not so—oh thank, thank'—and she swooned in Hartrow's arms. My poor client bent over them in joyous wonder, while I looked on, gratified at the successful issue of my simple device.

The suit, in which the most eminent counsel had been retained, was abandoned, and before another month had elapsed, Mary was Hartrow's wife. Of course I was a welcome guest at the wedding, and ever since have been welcome to Hartrow's mansion. Nor have I reason to regret in the least resorting to such a contrivance in order to settle a breach of promise. Though perhaps unprofessional, it is the opposite to ignoble.

Forgiveness is never without its reward—and you may be a timely friend, as well as a professional adviser. Such are the palpable suggestions of this sketch from real life.

MADAME ST. ARNAUD, who accompanies her husband, the Marshal, through the campaign in the East, is said to have not less than 1,500 (fifteen hundred) handboxes.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF COAL IN CANADA.—We have important news to communicate—important, considering the present and prospective price of fuel, and important to this province generally. Coal has at length been discovered in Canada. The important discovery was made a few days ago on the farm of Mr. Campbell, at the village of Middleton, in the township of West Gwillimbury, about two miles West of Bradford, and yet far from the line of the Northern Railroad.

The discovery was made by Mr. Campbell as he was in the act of sinking a well. When down about 16 feet, he struck on a rich bed of coal, which is pronounced to be a very superior quality. An old country blacksmith in the neighbourhood, who examined it, affirms that it is as good, and as rich as any specimen of coal he has ever seen. On being placed in a blaze it immediately ignites and burns brilliantly.—We have no precise information of the extent of the bed. The above statement is made on the authority of a highly respectable and well informed gentleman, and sincerely do we hope it may prove in all respects correct, as we have little doubt it will. Such a discovery must be regarded as an important blessing to Canada.—*Toronto Colonist.*

Letters have been received at Woolwich from several officers, non-commissioned officers, and men engaged in the battle of Alma. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm and courage of the officers and men of the Royal Artillery under the most trying circumstances, owing to the nature of the approaches to the strongly fortified position of the Russians on the Alma. As an instance, it may be mentioned that one of the first of the artillery guns that attempted to cross the river Alma had one of the wheels of the gun-carriage completely destroyed by the shot from the Russian guns while the officers and men were in the water. Nothing daunted by their position, and the heavy fire kept up upon them, they promptly set to work, and in a short space of time attached another wheel to the gun carriage, and marched forward to the scene of action almost as soon as the others, and as if nothing had occurred to interrupt their progress. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men knew no distinction on the occasion, every one lending a helping hand, and it is stated that one of the officers of the Royal Artillery, killed in action, was serving the gun as No. 3 gunner at the time he was killed.

A NEW MODE OF COOKING OLD POTATOES.—After the 1st of April potatoes ought to be peeled at night for the one or two o'clock dinner, and for late dinners at any time before nine o'clock the same day. I have repeated this experiment many times, and the improvement in the quality of the potato is very great. It is well known that, owing to the inherent quality of the potato, it will grow in spite of every precaution to stop its growth, leaving the tuber very spongy, and with much of the water extracted out of it. By peeling and steeping them in cold water for ten or twelve hours, the pores and cells become filled, however limp the tuber may be, and in the process of boiling, this fresh water is again discharged, taking with it all bad flavour, as well as partly removing the dark spots which all potatoes at this time of the year have.—*Usterman.*

COMPPELLING THEM TO COME IN.—The Rev. W. Vance, incumbent of Cosely, has for the last three weeks decended the coal pits of Lord Ward, H. B. Whitehouse, Esq., and the Messrs. Bagnall, at the dinner hour of the men, and preached to them. The rev. gentleman informed them that as they neglected to come to church to hear the gospel messages he would bring the church to them. The number generally present, it is said, is about 60 men. It is gratifying to add that, so pleased were the men with this attention, that they invited the reverend gentleman again to visit them, which he promised to do in succession, as he means to descend all the pits in his district. The rev. gentleman, being remonstrated with on the danger of such an undertaking, replied that his life was of no more importance than a poor man's life.—*Wolverhampton Chronicle.*



The Orange Lily.

BYTOWN, NOV. 16, 1854.

The Popish Plot.

In a late number we gave an account of the villainous attempt made in Ireland to destroy the lives of a large number of Protestants by placing obstructions on the railroad track between Enniskillen and Derry. Since our last notice of this diabolical affair six men have been arrested, and, on a thorough investigation taking place, a verdict of wilful murder was returned against them. Their names are to be found below. They are, without doubt, zealous papists and exemplary Ribbonmen.

Through the malicious conduct of these men one man has lost his life, and hundreds of others narrowly escaped the death intended for them. Notwithstanding the damning villainy of these desperate scoundrels, we would not be surprised to hear some of the bastard philanthropists of the day saying that they do not deserve to be hanged. It is to be hoped, however, that the just sentence of the law will place it beyond their power ever again to make such another attempt to destroy life.

"The investigation into the circumstances connected with the Trillick tragedy was resumed on Wednesday last in Lisnabanna school house, near the scene of the outrage, about one o'clock, before W. O. Orr, coroner."

The day was mostly occupied in receiving the testimony of Lord Enniskillen and that of the engineers and Locomotive manager of the railway. It is sufficient to state that the evidence tendered by the witnesses is of such a nature as to establish the first impression—and which will be found, if the true one—that the late attempted wholesale destruction of the Enniskillen Protestants was the result of a fitful conspiracy, as foul as any which has ever disgraced the annals of our country. I have been informed that on Monday last, six or seven natives absconded from this locality, while several country people have also emigrated from this district mysteriously and very speedily—indeed too much so for the ends of justice, it is feared, only one of the party having the usual inducements to leave—viz. some money and an American letter. The Roman Catholic peasantry about the Trillick station, it is generally believed, were all cognizant

of the intended massacre of tourists, and not so innocent of the plot as was at first supposed. It is quite true, as was stated some time since in the *Sentinel*, that Roman Catholics were about to be ejected from the Archdial property. I have been informed that the occupants of an entire townland here are under notice to leave."

THE TRILICK OUTRAGE.—THE VERDICT

Friday, 11 o'clock A. M.

"The jury, in this case, agreed to their verdict, at 8 o'clock yesterday evening they found—

"That the deceased John Mitchell, came to his death about 8 o'clock on the night of the 15th of September, 1854, in the townland of Gargalis, in the parish of Kilsberry, in the county of Tyrone, in consequence of having been crushed between two engines which were drawing an excursion train proceeding from Londonderry to Enniskillen, and which engines were thrown off the line at Gargalis aforesaid, by coming in contact with several large stones, maliciously placed upon the line for that purpose, and by which the said John Mitchell was thereby instantaneously killed and murdered.

"And the jurors aforesaid do further say, that Hugh Harkin, John Moran, William Fluagan, Robt. Murphy, William Harkin, and Francis McMahon, did feloniously, wilfully, and maliciously conspire together to place said stones on the line, with the intent to upset the said engines and carriages and thereby to kill and murder those proceeding by said train, and the jurors aforesaid do further say that, from certain expressions which were made use of by Patrick Lynch, both before and after the overturning of said engines, they are of opinion that said Patrick Lynch had previous knowledge of the intention to overturn said carriages."

"The jury before separating, passed a vote of thanks to Mr. W. O. Orr, the coroner. They also expressed their approval of the manner in which Mr. McKenna had watched the proceedings on part of the Crown."

One of the Causes of American Hostility to Popery stated.

The *True American* of New York, the organ of the "Know-Nothings," thus writes (September 9) on the subject of the morality of the Romish priesthood:—

"The Popish clergy in this country are fast assimilating to those of the olden European states, where grossness, obscenity, and intemperance form the leading characteristics of those leaders of virtue.

"Mexico, on this continent, is the last refuge of these forlorn debauchees, and eventually will they be forced to meander in that direction to seek a home of quietude undisturbed in their pastimes by fears of policemen and justices. The return of the American army from that paradise of the priesthood, where the ignorance, idleness, and criminal propensities of the Romish Church were openly exhibited to the most casual observer, contributed strongly to develop the anti-Romish feeling of our community. The commonest soldier of the line was too strongly impressed with a sense of disgust at the licentiousness and depravity of the Mexican ecclesiastics not to attempt to ward off as fatal an infliction upon our own native land. For the first time in their existence they witnessed the practical workings of Romanism, and from that moment they despised and denounced the ministers of a religion which countenanced crime, vice, and immorality. This historical fact seems to have escaped the keen observation of our Romish journals, who rarely allude to the brilliant example of [Roman] Catholicity on our borders, where the practical observance of their dogmas and doctrines has vitiated an unoffending nation."

John Mitchel and Archbishop Hughes had united in the declaration that America owed much of its freedom to Irish Romanists. The *True American* (September 9) thus meets the allegation:—

"So much Irish blood to cement American liberties? American liberties were cemented by Americans—first by the Pilgrims, and then by their descendants, during the Revolution, and scarcely a handful of Irish were then on the American continent. There was not an Irish Roman Catholic Church in all New England; not more than two, of two, in the city of New York, not more than one or two in Philadelphia; six or seven in Maryland, and not one in all the other States. So much for the empty assertion of Mr. Mitchel. Is it not amusing to hear Mr. Mitchel and Archbishop Hughes talk of the 'good swords of the [Roman] Catholics,' in achieving the liberties of this country? Had our fathers in the Revolution been Roman Catholics, we should this moment have all been slaves, pinning our consciences to the sleep of the priest, mumbling over beads and prayers, crouching at the confessional, dirty, ignorant, besotted, bigotted instruments to lordly and tyrant priests, just as they are in Mexico, just as they are in South America, and just as they are in every country where Jesuits rule."

This spirited disclaimer will do good—Our American contemporary is quite right. If the States of North America had been peopled by Papists, as the States of South America were, then, in that case, the North would now be as degraded and as miserable as the South is. The soul makes the man, and religion forms the soul, and the soul that the Popish religion forms is degraded and undone.

Australia.

We received, a few days ago, a letter from a young friend of ours in Australia.—He gives rather a discouraging account of the state of affairs in that colony, and says that he will leave it as soon as possible. He remarks also that, although large quantities of gold are still brought by escort from the diggings, unless some new and productive gold fields are discovered the price of labour must soon diminish considerably. Business in Melbourne, he states, is dull, on account of being overdone, and the demand at the mines for merchandize of various kinds being more limited than formerly. Our correspondent also remarks that horses are pretty high in the market, there being, however, a marked difference between the prices of saddle and draught horses. The former can be bought for about £40, while the latter, of good quality, are as high as £140.

THE POPE has addressed a letter to Dr. Brownson, expressive of his satisfaction and happiness at the sentiments of "truly filial devotion, obedience and piety," entertained by Dr. Brownson towards him, as expressed in several of his works. The letter concludes with an apostolic benediction.

Hanged at last!

THE Ministers have at last allowed the command of God, and the law of the land to be executed in Lower Canada, by hanging a murderer at Three Rivers; we have certainly been present at the trials of some half dozen murderers in that Province, who were just as guilty as this poor wretch; why their sentences were invariably commuted, and this executed in all its rigor, is a matter which we should like to hear explained. No man, till this, has been hanged in Lower Canada since the rebellion, although in every year, there appears in the public accounts a charge of £30 a year paid to the Sheriffs of Québec, Montreal and Three Rivers, respectively, as hangman's wages!

We have been favored, says the *Quebec Gazette*, with communication of a private letter, dated Fredericton, 1st inst., mentioning the names of the Executive members of the new Government of New Brunswick:—

Mr. Charles Fisher, Attorney General.

Mr. Johnston, Solicitor General.

Mr. Tilley, Secretary.

Hon. W. H. Stevens, Surveyor General.

Messrs. Ritchie, Smith and Brown fill the other situations.

WE are very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. R. R. Noxon, of Montreal, a young gentleman whom we knew well; his abilities were of a very promising character, as exemplified in many excellent articles written at various times for different Montreal papers. He was in private life a very amiable and exemplary young man, and we are sure will be deeply regretted by many sincere friends.

THE Engineer and Conductor of the Great train which dashed into the Passenger fer train on the Great Western Railroad a few days ago, causing such an awful loss of life, have had true Bills found against them for manslaughter by the Grand Jury, at the Chatham Assizes.

Two men have been sentenced to death at the Fall Assizes Toronto, one, John Breslau, for assault with intent to murder; the other, Martin Richard Kehoe for the actual murder of his wife. The sentence of the former culprit will in all probability be commuted to a term of imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

DIABOLUS taketh care of his own! Orestes Brownson, the Protestant apostate, and Meagher, the quondam rebel, both escaped with their lives in the recent railroad catastrophe. It is a good thing to have a friend on the right side of the Styx.

THE *Montreal Freeman*, Irish Roman Catholic organ, has come to a halt; Mr. Bristow, better known as "Billy Bothsides," has bought up the press and types, to start a grinder of his own, which is to be called "*The Argus*."

WE see that Brother WILKES of Zion Church, Montreal, has advertised a series of Lectures to young men—the first to be given next SUNDAY EVENING—subject—"Young men—their importance." We would suggest the subject of the next lecture being—"Young women—their importance to young men."

A Commission has been appointed by the Governor General to inquire into the recent terrible catastrophe on the Great Western Railroad.

SIR EDMUND HEAD had not arrived at Montreal yesterday, but was expected. Rooms have been taken for him at Donegana's Hotel.

The town of Lockport in the United States has been nearly destroyed by fire.

Notice to Subscribers.

WE delayed the present Number of the *Lily* in expectation of receiving a supply of Paper which should have been here some days ago. It has not arrived, and we are consequently obliged to issue a half sheet to day.

We have received the communication of "John Foster" from Pakenham. It came too late, for this issue, owing to the gentleman to whose care it was sent having been out of town. It will appear in our next.

NEW DENTIFRICE.—An excellent preparation for the cleansing and preservation of the teeth is Thacher's Chloroal and Orris Tooth Soap, specimens of which have been placed on our table.—For Sale at the Drug Stores of Messrs. John Roberts and R. A. Beal, Rideau Street.

To the Editor of the Orange Lily.

PEMBROKE, Nov. 8th, 1851.

MR. EDITOR,—As the *Orange Lily* is professedly the medium and organ of communication among the members of that large and rapidly increasing Association whose name it bears, I beg leave to exhibit through its columns how the Brethren of Pembroke commemorated the 5th (or, as it happened to be, on this occasion, the 6th) of November; and, in doing so, am proud to say that on that occasion their behaviour, as a public body, was not only unexceptionable but exemplary, showing a marked improvement in their morals, especially in the article of sobriety,—not a man, at the close of the day, was to be found against whom the charge of drunkenness could be sustained. No doubt this state was partially effected by a wise and salutary restriction imposed in the morning, viz,—a fine of five shillings on any member for offence against said restriction.

An excellent discourse on the prohibitions and requirements of the second Commandment was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Andrew Melville, Presbyterian minister of Pembroke, in which he loudly claimed against the palpable absurdity of

image worship as a direct violation of that Commandment, reminding them that the first were equally strong. He dealt plainly and forcibly, and "spared not, but cried aloud, lifting up his voice like a trumpet, showing the house of Jacob their sins and Israel their transgressions," finishing with as fine a turn of thought as can well be conceived. After adverting to the occasion of the 5th, and the glorious victory of the Boyne, he pointed them impressively to a far more glorious victory,—the victory achieved by the Son of God.

In the evening the Brethren sat down to an excellent dinner in Mrs. Little's Inn, and then separated after a number of toasts were given and responded to,—you may be sure Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, was not forgotten. So ended the day.

To the Editor of the Orange Lily.

SIR AND BROTHER,—I take the liberty of addressing you, hoping you will be so kind as to give the following publicity in the *Orange Lily*.

I am a member of L. O. L. No. 31, County of Ottawa; being absent from home, I had the pleasure of meeting with the Brethren of L. O. L. No. 131, Bell's Corners, on the 5th instant, with whom I proceeded—all being arrayed in appropriate regalia—to Church, where a very excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. Peter Lindsey, Presbyterian Minister of Richmond. His text was taken from the first verse of the 97th Psalm. He shewed in an eloquent manner the great things which the Lord has done for the Protestants of the Empire, and how Popery exhibited itself to the world in the dark ages; taking a comprehensive view of its wicked doings from the reign of King Henry the Eighth of Great Britain, to the riots at Quebec and the Popish massacre at Montreal, on the 9th of June, 1853; and bringing to memory what our forefathers suffered in defence of the Bible and the liberties of their country. The Church was crowded, and I am happy to be enabled to say that the conduct of the Brethren throughout the day was worthy of the highest praise.—The members of 131 deserve credit for the manner in which they celebrated the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. Such Protestant commemorations keep alive in the heart the memory, not only of the past iniquities of Popery, but the courageous exertions of our forefathers in defence of the Truth.

On the 7th instant the Brethren of No. 131 held a Procession with banners and music. In the evening Guy Fawkes was executed in effigy, by being blown to atoms with a good charge of Gunpowder, the band, while the operation was going on, played that loyal air entitled "Kick the Pope."

I remain,

Yours in the bonds, &c.,
J. S. THOMPSON,

Bell's Corners, }
Nov. 8th, 1851. }

Bible Burning.

Since the days of the famous Jesuit *Telmont*, who once resided in Bytown, we do not often hear of Bible burning among the faithful. A man has, however, recently been tried in Ireland, at the Londonderry Assizes, for this crime, and very justly punished.

It appears that a Scotch clergyman had given a Bible to a Roman Catholic named Dillon; on going into a tavern Dillon exhibited the book, and the prisoner, on examining it, pronounced it an adulterated version and threw it into the fire. The jury found him guilty of burning the authorized version, and very properly sentenced him to six months imprisonment.

The Cardinal Vicar of Rome has just published an edict in which, after attributing the cholera to the sins of the Romans, he directs that the finger of St. Peter, the arm of St. Roc, the heart of St. Charles, and other relics, shall be exposed to the adoration of the faithful, in order to avert the wrath of the Almighty.

What a mess men make of it when they meddle with matters into which they have no business to intrude, and when, instead of accepting the religion which God has offered them, they set about making a religion for themselves!—How many "inventions" they resort to! In what a labyrinth they involve themselves! How they grope about in dreariness and darkness, and how grotesque is the issue of their labours! Certainly the dead finger of St. Peter, the dead arm of St. Roc, and the dead heart of St. Charles, are just as efficacious as any or all of the "other relics," however numerous they may be, that the "faithful" are exhorted to adore; but how melancholy that the Cardinal Vicar had not learned to lead them rather to Him, "who liveth to make intercession" for all who approach Him in simplicity and sincerity, and with a pure and purifying faith! Cardinals would save themselves a great deal of trouble and their disciples a great deal of disappointment if they would only take, and allow others to take, the ALMIGHTY at his word, and, instead of creating *creeds*, instruct all who hear them to embrace the Creed which the REDEEMER taught. This were a shorter and a plainer path to "unity" than all the fires through which Persecution has chased the Martyr to his home.

The Weather.

After some days of severe frost a change took place on Friday night last. The atmosphere then became mild and warm; and now (Saturday) it is raining copiously.

The navigation will, therefore, in all probability remain open for some time yet.

As yet we have had no real "Indian Summer" weather. In fact we have not had a fine Indian summer for eight or ten years past.

If we may judge from present appearances the ground will soon be rid of its hardness.

The War.

By the arrival of the Steamship *America* we learn that Sebastopol has not yet been taken. It was bombarded for two days without any serious damage being done to the fortifications. The Russians lost about 500 killed and wounded.

In another column may be found a telegraphic despatch giving the details of the state of affairs at the Seat of War.

Details of the Battle of Alma.

Our old friend Jeremiah O'Casey, from whom we have not heard for some time has turned up once more on the field of Alma. We regret to learn that he was wounded on that memorable day in an encounter with a mounted Cossack, whose horse and accoutrements, he, however, managed to bring into Camp when the battle was over. Here is the brief epistle of our Iibernian friend:—

To the Editor of the Orange Lily.

MISERABLE FORTUNE.—I'm alive yet, though rather wake from loss of blood, in consequence of a wound I got from a bloody Cossack at the Battle of the Alma.

Glory be to Goodness! it was a sight worth seeing, an' remembrance till ones dyin' day to see the British troops, as steady as if they were on parade, marchin' up the hill agin' a storm of Rifle balls, grape, canister, an' round shot, that was whizzin' round their ears like an artificial shower of paven stones among a throop of peckers. Above them stood the Rooshieners wud their black muzzles, pepperin' away like divils, an' knockin' over scores of the red-coats at every volley. But all was useless. The band of the 23rd struck up the "British Grenadiers, an' the Highland Pipes, leathered away wud heart an' soul, at "The CAPELLE'S are comin'; and thin, be the mortal mozes! you could hear the thrump of the mighty bayonons, as they walked up the bloody slope wud bayonets fixed, above the roar of the cannon. O! be me soul, it was glorious! Whin they got close to the Rooshien front, wud a cheer that sint terror into the hearts of the bloody barbarians, they bounced like lions upon the foe; an' the mortal scatheerin' they med is beyond the comprehension of any man that was n't there to see the nate an' beautiful work that can only be done wud the British bagnet!

The rout was thin complete, the ground was fairly covered wud dead an' wounded, an' knapsacks, muskets, swords an' bayonets was scathered round in grate abundance. In the pursuit after the many meself called on a mounted Cossack to surrindher. Faith! if the thruth must be told, I was tired, an' wanted a bit of a ride. What did the savage baythen do but wheel an' charge at me wud his lance, which he driv' clane through my shoullder. As the sweet past, I politely tipped him an' invitashun to wait a bit from a tin-inch Revolver I happened to pick up a minit before. Troth! he could not fail to hear it anyhow; for the ball went in at one ear and out at the other, an' down he kem like a well peppered woodcock. I quickly helped his foot out of the stirrup, and in self to the horse, an' sundhry other little cretheras, too numerous to minshun, as Murther McDonnell used to say in his Auction Bills.

Remember me to all our friends.

Yours to command,
JEREMIAH O'CASEY.

Camp at Alma, ?
Sep. 21st, 1854. }

A powerful reinforcement is on its way to the British Naval Squadron in the North American and West Indian waters.

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

On Tuesday morning the English letters and papers by the Royal Mail Steamer *Arabia*, were delivered at the Bytown Post Office.

There is nothing very particular in the English papers, if we except further and most interesting details of the great Battle on the ALMA, from which we give ample extracts in our columns to-day.

If our readers recollect, in our last summary of intelligence from the seat of war, we left the Allied armies in position on the heights to the Southward of Sevastopol, after their flank march by their own left; and in occupation of the Port of Balaclava, and in the act of landing their siege train and stores.

We now know that the Allies "broke ground" for the siege batteries on the night of the 3rd of October, within musket shot of the fortress, the first parallel having been opened, without any molestation on the part of the Russians. The French army conducts the attack on the left from the sea to the Southern fort, as far as the ruins of Inkerman, with one division, while another acts as a corps of observation in case the Russians should attempt to raise the siege; the English army forms the right wing extending from the slope of the hills near Balaclava to Alonsita. The Allied armies by the arrival of powerful reinforcements, far exceed the estimate made by us in the last number of our paper, amounting in all to 116,000 men, with 140 battering and 120 field guns. The garrison of Sevastopol is estimated at 34,000 men.

The first work to be silenced is a circular redoubt of recent construction, and it is reported that the fire was opened against this on the 7th. Two days will probably suffice to effect a practicable breach in this redoubt, and in all likelihood it was stormed on the 9th. A large number of seamen and marines from the fleet were landed to assist in the siege. The Allies have 600,000 projectiles of different kinds landed at Balaclava. The French fleet has nearly all returned from the Baltic, and many of the English ships.

It is pretty evident that a storm is brewing in Europe, of which many of this generation may not live to see the end. The perfidious conduct of the drunken king of Prussia has thoroughly incensed the Emperor of France, and it is by no means out of the category of probabilities that before many weeks have elapsed a French army, with 50,000 Belgians as its *avant garde*, will be in march for the Rhine. It is felt that neutrality on the part of such a power as Prussia is out of the question, and that she must declare herself on one side or the other. Several angry notes have passed between the powers, and it is evident that we may expect some decisive intelligence at no distant date. Austria is acting in a straight-forward manner, and whether with

hearty good will or because impelled by circumstances, is cordially in act with the Allies.

From England we have nothing of importance since the great fire at Newcastle.

In Ireland a coroner's jury has returned a verdict of willful murder against several parties for the attempt to overturn the passenger trains from Derry to Emskillen.

Immense subscriptions are being raised in England to provide for the widows and children of the slain soldiers; and to send out additional aid to the wounded troops in Hospital at Scutari.

The *Globe* and all that lot, including the quondam rebel, Mackenzie, are out against any attempt to organize Provincial corps for the defence of the Province. That the horrid little jackanapes, Mackenzie, should do this, we are not at all surprised, but we have always considered the proprietor of the *Globe*, George Brown, M. P. P. for Lambton, a loyal man; as such, he must surely see the necessity for the organization of the Militia on some more effective footing, than it is now on. We must confess that we feel somewhat of shame at the conduct of the Canadians, as compared with that of the noble conduct of the Australians, in this hour of trial in the land of our birth. The Australians have subscribed money, in abundance, not only in aid of their own defence, but for the relief of the widows and orphans at home, of the soldiers killed in action; they have raised Militia corps and armed vessels, for the defence of the Colony, and it is impossible to read the reports of the speeches made at their public meetings, without a feeling of pride, that we belong to the same noble and patriotic race. What has been done in Canada? With the exception of the donation of one high-bred French Canadian, Mr. De Boucherville, we know not of a single pound subscription, or even of any public expression of sympathy with those who are fighting the battle of liberty, and the rights of men, in the Crimea, against the great tyrant of the Age.

What would it be for Canada, with the large surplus revenue at her disposal, to vote £30,000 in aid of the "Patriotic fund"? Is there no member of the House of Assembly that will have pluck enough to stand up and move that such a grant be made? We do not think that the Honorable Member for Carleton would at all disappoint his constituents, were he to take the initiative in this matter; we say so because we have heard a pretty general expression of public opinion here, in favor of such a step, and if the gentleman to whom we have alluded will do this thing, we know that no one could do it better. —

Since this was written we see that the Hon. Mr. Hicks has moved that £20,000 be granted from the Consolidated Fund of Canada in aid of the Patriotic Fund at home.

The Great Raft.

As we are aware that a great many bets were made by various sporting friends of ours on the *average* of the timber taken out by Mr. James Skead on the Mississippi, we publish for their information the certificate of Mr. Matthew Harbeson, the Deputy Superintendent of Cutlers at Quebec. After giving the separate specification of each stick, the total is given at 600 pieces, containing 90,690 feet, 11 parts, which gives exactly 151 feet 1 inch and 9 parts as the average of the raft. We hope that this will satisfy all parties interested.

Three pieces in this raft measured between them —

75 by 27.	379,8,3
78 " 25.	338,6,6
75 " 25.	325,6,3

Foot 1043,6,0

We observe on looking over the proceedings in Parliament that Mr. Eggar has inquired of the Government whether they intend to grant without further delay the application of the various Banks for an increase of Capital. Mr. Cayley, the Inspector General, replied that the Government would not oppose the extension of the Charters applied for, on condition that the Banks would consent to a clause compelling them to invest not less than one-tenth of their capital in such Provincial or Municipal securities as now serve for the basis of Banking, with one or two other conditions that seem to us reasonable enough. It is pretty evident that the Banking operations of the country are very much restricted; even now report has it, that those Institutions have put the screw on, as it is technically called, and by all accounts have turned it up pretty tight. The extended railroad operations involving altogether an outlay of some £10,000,000, currency, and the rapidly increasing commercial transactions, demand that the utmost facilities be given in the monetary machinery of the country. We hope to hear that the Ministry will throw no unnecessary difficulties in the way.

We hear from above that as Mr. Edward Sherwood was proceeding on a shooting excursion up the Madawaska on Saturday last, he was stopped by a drunken man at Annaprior who pulled out a pistol and threatened to shoot one of Mr. S.'s hounds. The fellow fired but instead of shooting the dog, shot himself through the arm at the elbow; the ball glanced off the bone and passed between Mr. Sherwood and Mr. D. C. McNab; the latter applied a temporary tourniquet, an artery having been divided, until medical aid was obtained. This should act as a warning to drunken idiots, who meddle with fire-arms. We fear that the dangerous and disgraceful Yankee habit of carrying weapons on the person is getting common in Canada.

Provincial Parliament.

NOTHING done of any consequence since our last. There has been a good deal of wrangling about the Seigniorial Tenures Bill, and another disgraceful scene, in which Mr. George Brown and Mr. Chauveau were the principal actors, but as our paper does not probably go into the hands of a single soul who cares a dot about the Seigniorial Tenures, we shall say nothing further about it.

On Tuesday night the seat of Government question was to be discussed, but up to this time we are without advices as to the result. It is said that Sir Edmund Head, the new Governor General, who is by this time in Canada, is in favor of Montreal; how any one can know this is another matter, for we should hardly think that Sir Edmund, who is a very cautious and prudent man, would have expressed any opinion on our local affairs, prior to his actual assumption of the reins of Government.

We had the pleasure to see yesterday one of the views of Bytown, which Mr. Whitefield intends to publish; it was not quite sufficiently finished to put into the hands of the lithographer, but sufficiently so, to enable us to judge of its fidelity and artistic effect. This view is taken from the Government Hill, and embraces the horizon from the Bank of Upper Canada to the English Church at Hull. The drawing is on a large scale, three feet by two, consequently every house, church, mill &c. are distinctly visible and easily recognized. The publication of this and the other view, of the Lower Town, will be a public benefit to the Bytown people, as being circulated at a distance they will leave a favorable impression of the beauty of our scenery, the size of the town, indicating its importance in a business point of view, and thereby inducing tourists to visit us, and capitalists to settle.

THERE is a report that four Regiments, now stationed in the West India Islands, are under orders for Canada. It is also confidently reported that two officers of the Royal Engineers, with the necessary appliances have been sent up to Port Sarnia, in order to lay out the ground known as the Government Reserve, on which a Fort is immediately to be constructed. Sir Allan McNab, Major Campbell C. B., late of the 7th Hussars, Colonel Taché, and Baron De Rottenburgh, Assistant Quarter Master General to Her Majesty's Forces, have been appointed a Commission, by the Governor General, to consider and report on a plan for organizing a Militia force for the defence of the Province. What does it all mean? Is Brother Jonathan going, as he did before, to take advantage of the fact that England is at War elsewhere, to come filibustering into Canada? Well, we pretty much took care of ourselves once before and suppose we could do it again.

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BY TELEGRAPH!

By *Bytown and Montreal Telegraph Line.*
(Reported by Messrs. Dolge & Dickenson.)

ARRIVAL OF THE "AMERICA."

HALIFAX, Nov. 9th.

The steamer *America* which left Liverpool on the 28th ult., arrived here at 3 1/2 p. m. The *Atlantic* arrived off Holyhead at noon on Wednesday 25th. The *St. Louis* sailed for New York on the 25th ult. The screw steamer *Alps* arrived at Kingston, Ireland 23rd, with troops from Halifax.

The *London Times* says that Soule the American Minister, was on Tuesday, the 24th refused admittance to pass through France on his return from England to Spain.

The *Morning Post* in announcing semi-officially of Sanamaria, (?) says it amounts virtually to annexation of San Domingo.

On the 21st the operations of the besiegers of Sebastopol commenced. The fortifications were little damaged.

The Abasian chiefs have refused to receive Schamy's envoy. Haviz Pasha has consequently cut off all connection with Abasia.

PARIS, 9.—There is no confirmation of the entry of the Russians into Dobrukscha.

Sir John Burgoyne on the 16th forced the sites of the batteries which will destroy the Russian ships.

A Russian war steamer was captured by the fleet.

The *Moniteur* announces a victory over the Russians at Gurney (?). They lost their baggage and 30 guns. A general was killed.

THE WAR.

Sebastopol is not taken. Latest advices show that 20 days elapsed between the departure of the besieging armies from Bala Clava and their opening their fires on Sebastopol. Both French and English had their batteries ready on the 15th. On the 17th fire was opened from land and sea. The bombardment continued till night. The Russian loss 500 killed and wounded. Admiral Tunneloff was killed. The Russian fortifications suffered very little.

On the 18th the bombardment continued from the land batteries only.

On the 21st five steamers had arrived at Bala Clava with the wounded in repulsing the great sortie of 20,000 Russians.

Genls. Raglan and Canrobert had formally summoned the City to surrender, and had ordered the women and children to be sent away and flags to be hoisted on the hospitals.

The Russian army is concentrating on the Balbek, and already numbers 45,000.

The allied army is divided into a siege army and an army of observation.

On the 9th and 11th the garrison made sorties and destroyed some small works.

On the evening of the 5th a convoy of 4,000 Russians succeeded in entering the City.

The Allies now number 110,000, and 8,000 French were ready to embark for Marseilles on the 5th, and 8,000 Turks from Varna.

Letters of the 12th say that the Allies have 300 guns in battery, and after a few days fire will attempt to storm the garrison, which is estimated at 40,000 men. Altogether, the speedy fall of the place is not probable.

Admiral Machinoff, who commanded at Sinope, is commander of Sebastopol. He has issued an Address, saying he would defend it to the last, and any one is welcome to shoot him if he does not.

Advices from Constantinople to the 13th say that the Russians have retaken Eupatoria, and that the English garrison of 500 men retired, with the loss of one gun. An Allied force is sent under General Bisbet and Achmet Pachia to prevent the advance of the Russians.

Affairs look black between Russia and Austria.

A great Council of War was held in Vienna. It is reported that Austria summoned Russia to withdraw from the frontier of Wallachia. The garrison of Vienna has orders to be ready to march at 48 hours notice. Russia, in the meantime, continues to menace Austria.

The Czar has gone to Warsaw.

The Baltic fleet is to leave the Baltic about the end of November. Five floating batteries and twenty gun-boats, drawing four feet of water each, are being built in England for Spring operations.

A Galvanic apparatus was being built at Newcastle-on-Tyne to blow up the ships at the entrance of Sebastopol.

The Emperor of France has conferred a pension of 20,000*fr.* on Madame St. Arnaud.

CHINA.—Canton was still besieged, and the distress of the besieged was great.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

Richardson reports Wheat and Flour in good request until the 27th, when the advanced rates hastily receded, and business limited.—There was, however an advance on the week of 2*s* on Flour, and 6*d* to 9*d* on Wheat. Indian Corn 8*s* advance.

Arrival of the Atlantic.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13th, 1854.

The *Atlantic* arrived yesterday P. M. She left Liverpool early Wednesday morning. The *Comoda* arrived out on 30th. The *Atlantic* brings nothing relative to the *Arctic's* passengers. The siege of Sebastopol is progressing favorably; two outer forts have been destroyed and a breach effected but not practicable to storm.

Prussia sent a note to the Czar, requesting his acceptance of the last proposition of the four Powers.

FURTHER BY THE ATLANTIC.

The latest telegraphic intelligence from the Crimea, dated October 20th says "Siege going on favorably,—bombardment from trenches resumed with effect on the 19th; but the enemy not reported to have sustained the loss of any essential part of the fortresses.

A letter from Varna, dated 31st October, states that the fire of the Allied land batteries began against Sebastopol at the same time the Allied Fleet attacked the forts at the entry of the port.

The English blew up fortifications on the left, and the French silenced the quarantine batteries on the right. The guns of the two forts were entirely dismantled. The Allies lost 105 wounded and 502 killed, including Admiral Croubelle. The latter states that the "Land batteries had made a breach"—the Allies are waiting the opening of a second breach to make assault.

The Russian official Despatch, Oct 15th, states that the Russians had made a successful sortie; spiked 16 French guns, and captured Lord Deankillen, son of Lord Clanricarde. Nicholas' two younger sons arrived at Odessa to enter active service under Gortchakoff.

Great preparations in England for the siege of Cronstadt in the spring.

The Russian defeat in Asia confirmed. Lost 30 guns, and all the tents, baggage and ammunition.

Another Russian corps advanced to raise the siege of Ocoevan, and were defeated with considerable loss.

Advices from Vienna are favorable. It is the general opinion that the German States will side with Austria.

It is stated from Berlin that on the 2nd the Prussian Government despatched a note to the Czar, strongly urging his acceptance to the 5 points.

Mr. Soule has been expelled from France.

MARKET.

Liverpool Corn Market—quiet at a reduction of 2*s*. on flour and 1*s*. @ 2*s*. on corn—nothing new in wheat—Philadelphia and Baltimore flour 41*s*. @ 42*s*. Wheat 12*s*. a 12*s*. 6*d*. Consols closed on the 31st 94 1/2 a 94 1/2.

Eight more deaths have occurred from the effects of the late Railroad accident, near Chicago, and twenty-five others still lie dangerously wounded.

STEAMER "QUEBEC."—On Monday evening last, while this steamer was lying at Sorel, undergoing repairs, a fire was discovered in the engine room, and before it could be subdued, considerable damage was done.

Miscellaneous.

The space allotted to England in the Paris Exhibition of 1855 will be 160,000 square feet, exceeding by 62,000 square feet the amount allotted to France in the English Exhibition of 1851. A marble statue of Marshal de St. Arnaud is to be placed in the gallery of the Palace of Versailles.

The 26th Cameronians embarked this afternoon in the *Resistance* after the brief stay of eighteen months in the province. The unfortunate, and to this day unavenged tragedy of the 9th June, 1853, will ever be associated in the minds of Canadians with the future annals of this corps.

FEMALE PEDESTRIANISM.—Mrs. Dunne, the Bloomer pedestrian, accomplished her task of walking 1,000 half-miles in 1,000 successive half-hours on Saturday morning, and so little distressed was she by the feat that she immediately commenced another task of walking 150 quarter-miles in 150 quarter-hours, which she completed in due time.—*Bristol Mirror*.

INDIA.—Intelligence has been received from Calcutta to the 6th ult., Bombay 11th, Singapore Aug. 29th, and China August 11.

No news has been received from Cabul or Central Asia. Letters from the Punjab mention the dangerous illness of our ally, Maharajah Gholah Singh. He is not expected to live.

The Indian papers continue to be filled with accounts of petty disturbances in Oude. The most flagrant crimes are committed with impunity in the immediate neighbourhood of the palace and residency, by the eunuchs and other favourites of the king.

THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS.—The Russian officers brought from Bomarsund are allowed to leave the *Devonshire* and live at large on parole, with a liberal allowance for their maintenance, each cadet receiving 7*s*. a day. Generosity towards enemies is a noble feeling; but it is a false virtue when indulged at the expense of justice to deserving friends. Why give 7*s*. a day to a Russian cadet, and only 5*s*. to an English lieutenant on half-pay? This is a simple question, which might be put in a much more astounding form.—*Observer*.

One of the finest howitzers ever cast, weighing 6 1/2 tons, is now in progress of being mounted at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, on a solid bed, for service on board a war steamer, where, from its appearance, it will be fitted in the same manner as bombs are. The howitzer has a bore of 10 inches, and an elevation which will give it a very long range. Howitzers of the above powerful nature, if stationed on floating batteries, with attendant steamers, or fitted with steam means of propulsion, would soon destroy the strongest fortifications they might be brought against, the spherical solid shot fired from that description of ordnance being upwards of 100*lb*. weight.

We understand that this clandestine entry was intended to prevent any enthusiastic display of a partisan nature, which was considered highly undesirable in consequence of the approaching departure of Lord Elgin. This, however, we simply utter as a mere *on dit*; we should suppose however that it is probable enough.—*Quebec Mercury*.

ORANGE SOIREE.

ORANGE LODGE No. 34, of AYLMER, begs to inform the Protestants of Hull, Eardley, and Chelsea, that they will give a

GRAND SOIREE!!

on TUESDAY, the 24th inst., at half past six o'clock, P. M., at the MARKET HALL, Aylmer, Ottawa.

Mr. FRASER & SONS having been engaged, will play appropriate Music.

Several eloquent speakers having kindly volunteered, will address the meeting.

TICKETS, 2*s*. 6*d*.

RICH'D CHAMBERLAIN,
MASTER.

Bytown, Nov. 15th, 1854.—(41)