

The Church.

"The Foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, there is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Vol. XIX.

HAMILTON, N. Y., NOVEMBER 2, 1855.

No. 14.

POETRY.

TO T. L. R.

To thee the far removed I fondly cling,
And thou art cherished in this exiled heart
More dear than if it never beat apart
From thine, or mine, or for whence could
I ever stray.

For all the pangs we suffer, when denied
The pleasure of commencing side by side,
If promptings spiritual, did not reveal
That ours are one which fate cannot divide.
And yet, the joys that each may others feel,
In sympathy, at least, we may them share,
And each warm throbs from that true heart of
thine.

May it not thus be telegraphed to mine,
And with it breathe a still and fervent prayer,
That all its best hopes be transmitted to
thee.

G. R.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Hark! to the shrill trumpet calling,
It pierces the soft summer air,
Tears from each cheek are falling,
For the widows and orphans are there.
The bayonet earthward are turning,
And the drum's muffled breath rolls
around;

But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor wakes to the bugle's sound.

Sleep, soldier! though many regret thee,
Who stand by the cold bed to-day;
Soon, soon, shall the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away.
The man thou didst love as a brother,
A friend in thy place will have grieved
The dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy grave by a stranger be veiled.

But though beats that now mourn for thee
sadly,
Soon, soon, you as ever shall be;
Though the bright Orion may laugh
gladly,
As he sits on some kind comrade's knee—
There is one who still will pity thy duty
Of years for the true and the brave,
As he first in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept o'er her soldier's grave.

A STORY OF PIONEER LIFE IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

The little story I am going to tell is a true story of life in America. It is known to many descendants of the early settlers among whom it happened, and I write it in that country.

One of the darkest pages in American history is that relating to the sufferings of the inhabitants of Tryon county. New York, during the war of the revolution, from the attacks of the Indians and Royalists under the Mohawk chief, Brant, and the more savage Captain Walter Butler. Early in the war, Cherry Valley was selected as a place of refuge and defense for the inhabitants of the smaller and more exposed settlements. Blockhouses were built, fortifications were thrown up, and finally a fort was erected upon the site of General La Fayette. The inhabitants of the surrounding settlements came in and lived for several months in garrison, submitting to strict military regulations.

Among the families which took temporary refuge in this fort, was that of Captain Robert Lindsay, formerly a British officer, brave and adventurous, who, only at the entreaty of his wife, had left his farm which stood in a lonely, unprotected situation, several miles from any settlement. This Captain Lindsay was a reserved melancholy man, about whom the simple and honest pioneers wondered and speculated not a little. His language and manner bespoke at once the man of education and breeding. His wife, though a quiet, heroic woman, was evidently a lady by nature and association.

Capt. Lindsay had a native love of solitude and adventure—the first requisites for a pioneer; and for several years no other reason was known for his seeking the wilds and exposing his tender family to all the perils and privations of a frontier life. But at length an emigrant coming from his native place, in the Highlands of Scotland, brought the story of his exile, which was briefly this: Capt. Lindsay, when a somewhat dissipated young man, proud and passionate, had quarreled with a brother officer, an old friend, at a mess dinner. Both officers had drunk freely, and their difference was aggravated by hot-brained half-drunk partisans. Insulting words were exchanged, and a duel on the spot was the consequence, Lindsay escaped with a slight wound, but his sword pierced the heart of his friend. He was hurried away to a secure hiding place, but before he had learned that in the first matter of the dispute he had been in the wrong.

Lindsay made all the reparation in his power by transferring his paternal estate, for the term of his own lifetime, to the homeless widow and young daughter of his friend. Then, with his wife's small property, and the price of his commission, he secretly emigrated to America. He left his family in New York, while he went up the Hudson, purchased a small farm, and built a house for their reception. He was accompanied in this expedition by an old family servant, who with true Highland fidelity, clung to his unfortunate master with exemplary devotion.

Mrs. Lindsay's heart sunk within her when she found that her new home was so far from any settlement—literally in the wilderness; but she understood her husband's misanthropic gloom, almost amounting to melancholy madness, and did not murmur. Yet her forest home was very beautiful; a small valley farm, surrounded by densely wooded hills, dark gorges and mossy dells. The house was a rough, primitive looking structure, containing but three small apartments and a low chamber or rather loft. But it was comfortably and securely built, and, overhung by noble trees, and overrun by wild vines, was not unpicturesque. Under the garden care of Mrs. Lindsay, a little taster soon sprung up around it, where among many strange plants, bloomed a few familiar flowers, whose favor seemed to breathe of home like the sighs of an exile's heart.

The family, at the period of their taking refuge in the fort at Cherry Valley, consisted of three sons and an infant daughter (the last born in America), the man David, and a maid servant. Douglas, the elder son, a lad of twelve or thirteen, was a brave, high spirited, somewhat self-willed boy, tall and handsome, and the especial pride of his mother—not alone because he was her first-born, but because he most vividly recalled to her heart her husband in his happy days. Angus, the second son, was a slight, delicate, fair haired boy, possessing a highly sensitive and poetic nature. Unconsciously displaying at times singular and startling intuitions—dreaming uncomprehended dreams, which were sometimes strangely verified, and uttering involuntary prophecies, which time often fulfilled—he was always spoken of as "a strange child," and for all his tender years and sweet, pensive face, was regarded with a secret, shrinking awe, even by those to him. In truth, the child seemed to be gifted with that wondrous, mysterious faculty known as second sight.

Archie, the youngest son, his father's own darling, was a sturdy, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed boy, of five, Effie was at her mother's breast, a little rosy bud of beauty—a fair promise of infinite joy and comfort to her mother's saddened heart.

As I have stated, this family took refuge in the fort, in the spring of seventeen hundred and seventy-eight, somewhat against the will of Captain Lindsay—who, as he remained neutral, had little fear of the Indians—and also of his oldest son, who fancied there was something cowardly in flying from their forest home before it had been attacked. The latter, however, was soon reconciled by the opportunity afforded him, for the first time for several years, of associating with lads of his own age of whom there were a goodly number at the fort and settlement. The sports and exercises of the men and youth were entirely of a military character; and Douglas, who had inherited martial taste from a long line of warlike ancestors, and who had been instructed by his father in military rules and evolutions soon became the captain of a company of boys, armed with formidable wooden guns, and fully equipped as mimic soldiers. Angus was made his lieutenant; but this was a piece of favoritism, the child having little taste or talent for the profession of arms.

One bright May morning, as these young amateur fighters were parading on the green before the fort, they had spectators whom they little suspected. Upon a hill, about a mile away, Joseph Brant had posted a large party of his braves, where, concealed by the thick wood, they were looking down on the settlement. It had been his intention to attack the fort that night; but this grand parade of light infantry, decorated, buff, and decided to defer the attack till they could ascertain by their scouts, the exact strength of the place. In the meantime, he moved his party northward a few miles, to a point on the road leading from Cherry Valley to the Mohawk river, where he concealed them behind rocks and trees. At this spot the road passed through a thick growth of evergreens, forming a perpetual twilight, and wound along a precipice hundred and fifty feet high, over which plunged a small stream in a cascade, called by the Indians 'Tekaharawa.'

Brant had doubtless received information that an American officer had ridden down from Fort Plain, on the Mohawk river, in the morning to visit the fort, and might be expected to return before night. This officer had come to inform the garrison that a regiment of militia would arrive the next day, and take up their quarters at Cherry Valley. His name was Lieutenant Woodville; he was a young man of fortune—gay, gallant, handsome and daring. He was dressed in rich suit of velvet, wore a plumed hat and a jewel laced sword, and let his dark waving hair grow to cavalierish length. He rode a full-blooded English horse, which he managed with ease. This Lieutenant Woodville lingered so long at the settlement that his friends tried to persuade him to remain all night; but he laughed, and, as he mounted, flung down his portmanteau to one of them, saying, 'I will call for that to-morrow.' When it was nearly sunset the little garrison came into court-yard to watch his departure. Among the spectators were the boy-soldiers, whose parade of the morning had daunted even the terror-stricken Foremost stood the doughty Douglas, and by his side the timid Angus, gazing with childish curiosity on the dashing young officer, and marking with wondering delight his smiling mastery over his steed.

Suddenly the body passed his hand over his eyes, grew marble white and rigid for an instant, then shuddered, and burst into tears. Before he could be questioned, he had quitted his brother, rushed forward, and was clinging to the lieutenant's knee, crying in a tone of the most passionate entreaty.

"Oh, sir, ye manst stay here to-night—here where a' is safe! Dinna gang; they'll kill ye! Oh dinna gang!"

"Who, my little lad, who'll kill me?" gently asked the officer, looking down into the delicate face of the boy, struck by his agonized expression.

"The Indians; they're waitin' for ye in yeon dark, awfu' place by the falls," replied Angus in a tone of solemnity.

"And how do you know all this, my little man?" asked the officer, smiling.

"I have seen them," said Angus, in a low, hoarse tone, casting down his eyes and trembling visibly.

"See them! when?"

"Just noot! I saw them a' as weel as I see yeon and the fort. It's the guid God, that's that, sends ye the vision to see yeon free death. So, ye manst heed the warning, and not put yeon life in peril by riding up there, where they're waitin' for ye in the gleaming."

"What's the matter with this child?" asked Lieutenant Woodville, turning to a friend in the little crowd. The man for answer merely put his finger on his forehead significantly. "Indeed! so young!" remarked the officer. Then laying his hand gently on the head of the boy, and smiling pityingly into his will, beseeching eyes, he said:

"But indeed, I must go, prophet of evil Indians or no Indians, a soldier must obey orders, ye know, come, dry your tears, Angus, I will bring ye a pretty plume for yeon soldier cap when I return. Adieu, dear friends, until to-morrow."

Saying this, he bent to loosen Angus's hands from the stirrup; but the child clung convulsively, shrieking out his warnings and entreaties, until his father broke through the crowd, and bore him forcibly away.

Lieutenant Woodville galloped off, with gay words of farewell, but, as some noticed, with an unusual shadow on his handsome face.

Mrs. Lindsay took Angus in her arms, and strove to soothe him in her quiet, loving way. Yet the child would not be comforted. He hid his face in her bosom, sobbing and shuddering, but saying nothing for several minutes. Then he shrieked out, "There! There! Oh, mither, they he killed him! I have seen him frae his horse. I see him noot, lying among the briars, wi' the red blood running frae his head, down on his brave soldier coat. Oh, mither, I could na help it; he would na believe the vision!"

After this, the repose of a sad certainty seemed to come upon the child, and sobbing more and more softly, he fell asleep; but not until the return of Lieutenant Woodville's horse, with an empty saddle stained with blood, had brought terrible confirmation of the vision. Next morning, the body of the unfortunate young officer was found in the dark pass, near the falls of Tekaharawa. He had been shot and scalped by Brant himself.

As may be supposed, this tragic verification of Angus Lindsay's prophecy excited surprise and speculation, and caused the child to be regarded with a strange interest, which, though not unfriendly, had in it too much of superstitious dread to be altogether kindly.

The boy instinctively shrank from it, and grew more and more reserved day by day. Some regarded the prediction as naturally resulting from the omnipresent fear of savages—common to settlers' children—taking more vivid form in the imagination of a nervous and sickly boy, and the fate of Lieutenant Woodville as merely a remarkable coincidence. But more shook their heads with solemn meaning, declaring the lad a young wizard; and went so far as to intimate that the real wizard was the lad's father, who, having been a witch doctor, had been bewitched by the Indian settlers, and that poor little Angus was his victim, the one possessed.

The expression of this feeling—not in words, but in a sort of distrustful avoidance, made Mrs. Lindsay consent to the proposition of her husband to return to their home for the harvest. Several families were venturing on this hazardous step, encouraged by the temporary tranquility of the country, and thinking that their savage enemies had quenched their bloodthirst at Wyoming—thus rather taking courage than warning by that fearful massacre.

The Lindsays found their home as they had left it three months before; nothing had been molested; they all speedily fell into their old-in-door and out-door amusements. And so passed a few weeks of quiet idleness. Capt. Lindsay and his man always took their arms with them to the harvest fields, which were in sight of the house—and the two elder sons usually worked with their father. On the last day of their harvest when little remained to be done, the boys asked permission to go to a stream, about two miles away to angle for trout.

In his moody abstraction or fearfulness, Captain Lindsay consented, and the boys set out in high glee. Little Archie, who was also with his father for that day, begged to be taken with them, but the lads did not wish to be encumbered, and buried away. Just as they were passing from the clearing into the little cow-path leading through the woods to the creek, Angus looked back and saw the child standing by his father, in tear-gazing wistfully after his elder brother.

"Ah, Douglas," exclaimed he, "let us take Archie with us. See how the pair bairn is freet'g."

"No, no; he'll only fright the trout, and we canna wae. Come awa'."

The lads reached the creek in safety, crept stealthily along its shaded bank, selected their places in silence, and flung their bait upon the water. Douglas seemed to enjoy the sport keenly, but Angus was unsuccessful for having said nay to his little brother's entreaty.

"Oh, Douglas!" he exclaimed, at last, "I canna forget Archie's tearfu' wistfu' face. I'm sae sorry we left him!"

"Dinna fish!" replied Douglas impatiently.

Angus was silent for another half-hour. Then he suddenly gave a short quick cry, made a start forward, and peered anxiously down into the water.

"What no?" said Douglas, petulantly, for the cry of a movement had scared a fine trout that seemed just about to take his hook.

"Oh, brother," answered Angus, trembling while it and prayed. Sure y' the God of the fish, e'en as yeon mither in the night, their pious ears of the dead, than the most pompous funeral obsequies; sweeter to him the simple prayer they uttered into his ear, than the grandest requiem."

"I was nearly noon when the boys left the little valley, and took their way toward the fort. They had first visited the ruins of their house, and searched around them and the garden diligently, but vainly, for any

trace of their mother, and I nurse, and sister. From a tree in the little orchard they filled their basket with apples, and set forth.

They had advanced but a mile or two in the dark, winding forest path, when they heard before them the sound of footsteps and voices. In their sudden terror, thinking only of escape, they fled to the thicket recesses of the wood. When their alarm had passed, and they sought to regain their path, they found to their grief and dismay, that they had lost it. Still they kept on, apparently at random, but unconsciously, in the direction of the fort. Yet light came upon them in the dense gloomy wood, and at last very weary and sorrowful they sank down, unmurmured their broken prayers, and clasped in each other's arms, fell into a fitful and troubled sleep.

Douglas was awakened in the early morning by a touch on the shoulder. He sprang to his feet, and confronted—Brent! Behind the child stood a small band of savage attendants, eagerly eyeing the young pale face, and their fingers itched to be among their arms.

"Who are ye?" asked the warrior sternly.

"I am Douglas Lindsay, and this is my brother, Angus Lindsay."

"He was our father," replied Douglas with a passionate burst of tears, "but ye ken weel enough we nae our father noot, sin ye murdered him. Ay, and our mither, and our sister, and our brother Archie, ye did it!"

"No, no," replied Angus, mournfully, "I canna see their any mair. They maun be a' dead, Douglas."

"I'll no believe that," said the elder brother, proudly; "father and Davy hath had their arms wae them. Davy is no' a bad fighter, and ye ken a braver soldier could na be found in a' the world than father."

They lay thus talking in fearful whispers, and weeping silently, until the shouts of the savages died away, and silence fell with the twilight over the little valley. Then slowly and cautiously they crept from their hiding place, and stole through the harvest fields to the spot where they had left their father and little brother, and Archie.

And they were all there dead! They appeared to have fallen together—faithful old Davy lay across his master's knees, which he seemed embracing in death. Little Archie had evidently lingered longest alive; his flesh was yet soft and warm, and he had crept to his father's arms, and lay partially across his breast.

All even to the senseless baby, had been tomahawked. Yet, bathed in blood as they were, the poor boys could not believe their dead, but kissed their lips, felt for their heart-beats, and called them by their names in every accent of love and sorrow. At last, finding all their frantic efforts vain, they abandoned themselves utterly to grief.

The mither upon them that weeping silently over the mangled murther and horror, and their death chill. Never did the moon look on a more desolate group. Capt. Lindsay's brow seemed more awfully stern in his light, and his melancholy eyes shone with an icy gleam. Archie's still tearful face showed most pitifully; and while the agonized faces of the two young mourners, now bent over their dead, now lifted despairing toward heaven, seemed to hover ghastrly about in that time of terror and horror and bitter grief. Thus the hours wore on; and, as at last from utter exhaustion, they slept in the living and the dead.

They were awakened by the warm sunlight and the birds' song—how strange it seemed!—as gently as ever, in the neighborhood of wood. The boys raised their hands and looked, each into the other's face, and then on the dead, in the blank speechless anguish of renewed grief. Douglas was the first to speak. "Come brother," he said in a hoarse tone, "we maun be mair; let us gang to the fort; may be we'll a' find mither there, wae, and the bairn, and our sister, ye see them a' in your vision."

"But we canna be ye there, here to their home," said Angus.

"We maun be there; we are no' big enough to bury them; but we'll cover them over wi' leaves and the branches of their trees, and who we get to the fort we'll ask the soldiers to come and make graves for them. Come ye mair, Angus, dear."

Angus took Douglas's hand, and rose; but Angus staggered and fell murmuring, "Oh, brother, ye see yeon mither, ye see yeon mither, and their mair cover us a' together, and gang awa'."

"Dinna say sic sorrowfu' things, Angus; ye're no' living, our mither, ye're but fainting wae hunger, and I'm sae," said Douglas, in hopeless dependency. Just at that moment, his eyes fell on a small hand basket, in which the lads were accustomed to take their bread on the harvest field. It was now lying where the dead had left it, a faint gleam of light shone from it, and was found to contain some fragments of bread and meat, of which they partook.

Somewhat refreshed, the boys set out their melancholy duty. They did not attempt to move the bodies from the positions in which they found them; they left little Archie in his father's breast, and faithful old Davy with his face against his master's knees.

Douglas took out his pocket knife to sever a lock of hair from his father's and his little brother's heads for mementoes.

"Oh, dinna tak' that lock, Douglas, and Angus with a shudder, "did ye na see the little man?"

"Alas! it was difficult to find a lock on the head of either father or child not darkened and stiffened with gore."

When they had taken the last look, the last kiss, and had completed their mound of boughs and leaves, the two children knelt beside it and prayed. Sure y' the God of the fish, e'en as yeon mither in the night, their pious ears of the dead, than the most pompous funeral obsequies; sweeter to him the simple prayer they uttered into his ear, than the grandest requiem."

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EUROPEAN NEWS.

FROM THE CRIMEA.

THE ALLIES IN SEBASTOPOL.

FOURTH DIVISION CAMP, SEPT. 18.

Since last Saturday very little has occurred to merit the eye, and the news may be briefly stated. The Russians continue to strengthen their position on the north side, and to hang on their old points of occupation from thence to the ridge over Altir. The main brigade has been broken up and sent on board ship. The French have moved large masses of the corps of the left army to the rear between Balak and Tchergou. Our batteries are going round, and the army works corps, consisting of three, is engaged in the formation of a new road from Balaklava, which will run parallel with the line of railway. Everything around us indicates the intention of putting the army into winter quarters on the site of their present encampment; but there are signs equally unequivocal that a blow is to be struck at the enemy ere the troops set themselves passively down to encounter the rigors of the winter. These signs, insignificant if taken separately, are in the aggregate unmistakable, and our generals are doubly desirous to while away the time in a amusing, and in frightening the enemy with huge bomb exhibitions, just as they are endeavouring to alarm us by their extensive fortifications on the north side, and as they sought to intimidate us in days past by erecting street batteries, batteries, and in various lines of defence. In the first place, great activity prevails throughout the land transport corps, several divisions of which have received orders to hold themselves in readiness for immediate service. Colonel Marmier has been engaged in assembling the actual supplies of his corps, and has been required to furnish bomb quarters with an accurate estimate of the amount of supplies of a certain character which he could convey, and of the number of mules and horses fit for duty. In one division the captain has been ordered to procure mules to carry 250,000 rounds of ball cartridge—about 60 rounds per man for a force of 5000 men. The officer in charge of the small-arm reserve ammunition has been warned to prepare for taking it into the field. The troops of royal horse artillery and field artillery have been ordered to assemble at the moment of going to start on one. Of the movements of the French, Sardines, and Turks you will hear from another quarter. Those of the English have not actually begun, and so have no definite sign except the removal of a heavy field battery to strengthen our position, in case the troops should be weakened by any considerable number being detached to the rear or flanks. The mules and elaps were distributed early this morning to the men of the division, and it is understood that the French are to be sent to the inspection of the day's work to-morrow, or on Thursday. Our sappers and miners are at work sinking great mines to blow up and destroy the unutilized docks, which have cost Russia much anxiety, money, and bloodshed, and if it were not that they were intended to be, and have been, necessary to violence and slaughter, one would regret that such splendid memorials of human skill should be shattered to atoms; but the fleet of Sebastopol is there, and was repaired there on its return, and they are built on a solid base of granite, and are so constructed as to be impregnable. During these preparations no attempt to disturb the working parties firing from the north side, although their guns have the range of the place at tolerable elevations. Nearer to them still, on the open quay, parties of our men are constantly engaged in burning old stores, clothing, boots, balls, slinks, bags, and such articles, which the enemy left behind them; but the Russians are veritable Gallios, and appear not to care for these things. They are not to be always trusted, however, for if a knot of officers or sappers collected a shell or shot among them, and now and then do a little mischief to the remains of the town, they could sweep some of the chosen look-out posts with grape, but it is believed they are waiting for a grand collection of general, staff officers, and officers, to astonish us all with a broadside some fine day. Mr. Large, paymaster, 25th brigade, was slightly wounded by a shell from the north side, and his horse was killed at the same time. The French have a mortar battery behind Fort Nicholas, with which they shelled the Russian working parties. The latter do not afford a column cover though it is rather avoided, in consequence of a popular belief that it is extensively mined and will go up some fine day with a crowd of distinguished visitors. In spite of the flames it is intact, and does not in any way justify the assertions of those travellers who maintained that the Russian cannonaded fort would crumble to pieces, or would smother the guns with smoke. The cannon holes are open, with the air gates behind, and the whole building is completely and compactly built. In the same way Fort Alexander is comparatively but little injured, although the mines underneath exploded with a tremendous crash. The walls of the fort are still erect. Fort Paul alone is in perfect ruins. There was an armistice for a few minutes on Tuesday to effect an interchange of letters for prisoners. The Russian officer who conducted it, and who is supposed to have been the messenger of the Vladimir, is said to have expressed the same opinion as the Russian admiral did on Monday, the 10th instant—"With this before us, pointing to the ruins of Sebastopol, peace is further off than ever." The Russians have very large parks of artillery on the shore of the harbour. Many of them of the guns found were cast at Carro, as it is evident by the words on their transfused heads cast beneath. The

pilots of shot and the number of guns in the arsenal at the head of Docks Creek are wonderfully large, considering the immense amount of both expended in the siege. It is suspected the shells were all disarmed lately. The 34th Buffs garrison our part of the town. Captain Rowlands, 41st regiment, has been appointed town-major to Colonel Windham, O. B. who is English governor of Sebastopol. The French cavalry are going to Eupatoria.

DEFENCES OF ODESSA.

As regards Odesa, there can be no doubt that the utmost pains have been taken to strengthen the fortifications, and defensive works, upon the system adopted at Sebastopol, and that the seaside batteries have been armed with ship guns, and mortars of the heaviest calibre, and protected as far as possible with blinds and traverses. Mortars not easily exploded on the score of powder and foresight at least stayed the hands of the allies during the attack made by the fleet last year. If this attack should be repeated, as it is not improbable, we shall pay the penalty in this manner. The court-martial of the French army of occupation at Rome has just condemned four individuals named Antonelli, Castellani, Brial, and Lemella, to various periods of hard labour or imprisonment, under the following circumstances:—On the 3rd August last, Castellani and Antonelli, of the apartment of the colonel of the 25th Regiment of the Line by the aid of a false key made by Lemella, a locksmith by trade, had the key had prepared after an impression on wax taken by Brial, an assassin, the son of a lieutenant of the political guard-marshal. The colonel being ex officio president of the council of administration of the regiment, had the military chest in his room, containing about 19,000*l.* at the time. It was locked with three keys, one of which was in the colonel's hands, another in those of the major, and the third lay with the paymaster. The thieves found the colonel's key in a drawer, and opened the first lock with it; as for the two others, having ineffectually attempted to pick them, they tried at last, but in vain, to break them open with a hammer and a chisel. While this engaged the colonel's attention, he happened to pass through the adjoining corridor and seeing the door of his master's room ajar, peeped in and saw the two strangers. He asked them what they were about? To which one of them answered they had come to get the colonel's signature to a bill, and walked with coolness to the stairs. The orderly was about a minute making up his mind as to what he should do; but at last, reflecting himself, he ran after them, crying, "Stop thief!" and succeeded in securing Antonelli. The others were subsequently arrested on the strength of his deposition. The sentence of the court-martial has been confirmed by the council of revision.—*Galliers's Messenger.*

ROBBING A FRENCH MILITARY CHEST AT ROME.

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The following gentlemen were then matriculated:

McNeely, Divinity Scholar, 1st Class.
D. MacLeod " " 2d Class.
Middleton, Divinity Scholar, 3d Class.
Fleming, " " 3d Class.
Cooper, Cameron Scholar,
Badgley,
Butterfield,
Carriff,
Carter,
Case,
Cayley,
Denison,
Groat,
Henderson,
Jones,
N. McLeod,
M. O'Reilly,
A. Ardagh,
Lambert,

At the close of the Convocation, the Benediction was pronounced by the Bishop.

COLLEGIUM S. S. TRINITATIS.

NOMINA CANDIDATORUM TERMINI MICHAELIS A. D. 1855, QUI HONORE DIGNI HABITI SUNT. IN LITERIS HUMANITARIIS.

- CLASSIS I.
Broughall, Abraham Jacobus.
- CLASSIS II.
Davies, Henricus Gulielmus.
- CLASSIS III.
Weld Octavius.

IN DISCIPLINIS MATHEMATICIS ET PHYSICIS.

- CLASSIS I.
CLASSIS II.
CLASSIS III.
CLASSIS IV.

DEORUM QUI EXAMINATIONE PRO GRADU A. B. EGREGIE MERITI SUNT.

Broughall, Abraham Jacobus.

CATERORUM QUI EXAMINATIONIBUS SATISFECERUNT.

- Bogert, Jacobus Johannes
Cruden, Gulielmus
Higginson, Georgus Noel
Jones, Herbert Chilion
Murray, Huson Gulielmus Munro
O'Reilly, Jacobus Edwin
Robinson, Carolus Walker
Schofield, Fredericus
- GEORGIUS WHITAKER,
GEORGIUS CLERK IRVING,
Examinatores.
- GEORGIUS WHITAKER,
Pro. Chancellarius.

TEXTS AND THOUGHTS FOR EVERY DAY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

NOVEMBER 4.—TWENTY SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

1. If thou seekest her (wisdom) as silver and searchest for her as for hid treasure, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord.—Prov. ii, 4, 5.

True wisdom teaches us how to live so as to secure a happy eternity. The first step in this is the fear of the Lord; and this fear, well understood and applied, will lead to all the rest. But true wisdom, and therefore God's fear, comes from him; and it is his appointment that it should be given to those who show that they value it and earnestly desire it. If then we thus exert ourselves to be wise unto salvation, God will give us to understand his fear, which will lead to it. Lord, give me to value wisdom above all earthly treasure, and to seek it accordingly.

2. In what hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. I Phil. i, 6.

This is true in all its fullness of God's churches, as bodies. But his will is the restoration of every child of man; therefore every one may be sure that God will his salvation. Yet his work begun in any of us is a special pledge of our salvation, unless we ourselves reject it: for it shows that his will has been in part accomplished, and therefore is an earnest of its completion. Glory to thee, O Lord, for thy work in my heart for the hope of complete salvation. May nothing tempt me to draw back.

NOVEMBER 5.

1. When wisdom stretch into thine heart and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee.—Prov. ii, 10, 11.

It is by our own understanding of our real good, and our consequent discretion, that God will keep us from sin and preserve us in his ways. And it equally depends on ourselves to obtain this understanding: for it comes when we open our hearts to true wisdom, so that it may freely enter; and when we cherish knowledge and so enjoy its effects upon our hearts that it is pleasant to us in itself. O Lord, grant me more to open my heart to instruction, especially to thy holy spirit. Grant me so to profit by it that it may form my chief pleasure.

2. It is meet for me to think this of you all, because I have you in my heart.—I Phil. i, 7.

God has so bound us up, in each other, that each may help another's salvation. If we have any in our hearts, we labour as we can for their welfare, and we pray continually to God for them; and thus engage the Lord more in their special salvation. If then our affection for them is so fixed in our hearts, that we trust it cannot wax cold, we may trust in our perseverance for them and consequently in their full salvation. Let me

cherish this goodly love for some, that I may ensure their salvation.

NOVEMBER 6.

1. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: with them upon the table of thine heart.—Prov. iii, 3.

Mercy prompts us to kindness, forbearance and forgetfulness towards others; truth makes us just in our estimation of them, upright in our dealings, faithful to the trusts reposed in us, equitable in our distribution of that which God enables us to do for them. But intercourse with the world tends to rob us of mercy and truth: therefore it requires an effort on our part that they may not forsake us. For this reason we strive to remember their claims and to cherish them in our affection. O Lord, enable me to write both mercy and truth on the tables of my heart.

2. That you may approve things that are excellent.—Phil. i, 10.

God has so made man, that his conscience, when left to speak without bias naturally approves the things which are excellent. But our conscience is misled by the example and conversation of others, and still more when we fall into evil habits and choose them for ourselves. Then the conscience itself is defiled, and requires to be restored, before it can be relied on to approve the excellent things. And this is done by means of singleness of desire to do God's will and the enlightening of the Holy Spirit, especially through the Scriptures. May my mind thus increase in a divine knowledge and judgment, that I may always approve only what is truly excellent.

NOVEMBER 7.

1. Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.—Prov. iii, 9.

We are apt to forget that whatever we have comes from God, and to use it as our own. But duty to God requires that we should acknowledge that we and all we have are his, and to be employed for his honor. Thence we must strive to use all our substance, that He may be honored by it. And when he increases it, we are bound to acknowledge that spiritual blessing, by offering to him first fruits of our increase. Thus he is honored in our use of it; we deepen on our own minds the sense of our dependence on him, and of his goodness; we bring his blessing on all that is left. Let me ever bear this duty in mind and perform it faithfully.

2. Until seventy times seven.—Matt. xxiii, 22.

Forgiveness is not natural, and therefore we are apt to weary of it. We think the injuries of others ought to be punished, and that when long repeated, we may at least shut our hearts against the offenders. But Jesus teaches otherwise. He would have us forgive without limit, when our brother's heart turns to us. And with reason: for to what end shall we be implacable? Which will more surely amend the offender, our displeasure or our love? His heart requires to be softened and humbled; and our wrath will sustain his pride. Let me bear this spirit of forgiveness.

NOVEMBER 8.

1. Dost thou not chastening of the Lord, neither weary of his correction.—Prov. iii, 11.

There are two errors we are apt to commit in regard to affliction; one that we do not see God's hand in it, but regard it only in its earthly causes, and so do not value it as we ought; the second, that we do not esteem God's end in it, even our purification, but weary of it, before it has accomplished in us all the amendment we need. Grant me, Lord, always in affliction to acknowledge thy hand, to look carefully to know thy will in it, and thankfully to accept all thy discipline, that thy will may be fully accomplished in me.

2. That your love may abound yet more and more, in knowledge and all judgment.—Phil. i, 9.

Love is the life of the renewed soul, and the source of the purest and holiest action, and that which makes us most like God. But love requires guidance. It impels us to do that which we know to be God's will, but we require first to know what is his will; and when conflicting duties come before us, and different loves appear to be at variance, or sin and error are presented to us under the guise of love, then we require judgment to teach us what course to take. Thence we should desire to abound in knowledge and judgment. Give me, Lord, thus to abound more and more.

NOVEMBER 9.

1. Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.—Prov. iii, 27.

There are various ways in which good is due to others; in justice, when God has imposed on us duties towards them, or when they have rendered us service on condition of recompense; in gratitude, when they have done us voluntary service; in charity when they need our assistance. The only limit to our rendering these dues should be our power; and when that is certain, we should not allow selfishness or distrust or fear to restrain us. May I thus be open-handed according to my power.

2. A certain King, who would take account of his servants.—Matt. xxiii, 23.

God is our King. He governs us and gives us laws; he protects and defends us from our enemies; he assigns to us our talents and means of support and service; and he requires that we should contribute of our time, our tastes and our means to support his kingdom; and he calls us to account from day to day by the voice of conscience for

the manner in which we have paid this tribute to him. Let me answer this call faithfully, that my accounts may be settled by mercy, before justice calls on me for my last account.

NOVEMBER 10.

1. Lay not the oppressor and clove none of his ways.—Prov. iii, 31.

When we see the success of the oppressor, and how proud and self-sustained he appears to be, and how he rules and is looked up to by others, we are apt to envy him his position, and to be ashamed of our own, who have not the same amount of self-satisfaction or of worldly good; and then by an easy step we learn to act to others as he acts towards us. But let us be on our guard against this snare; assured that if we choose his ways, we shall share his destruction.

2. Shouldst thou not have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee.—Matt. xxiii, 33.

Our offences against God are infinitely greater than any we can sustain from our fellow creatures; and he is our maker and Redeemer, and has a double right to all from us; whereas we have but a limited claim on them. And he has voluntarily forgiven us long before we had occasion to forgive others. How ought we then to be ashamed to exact our due from others, when we have so much to be forgiven from him! Help me, Lord, ever to remember this when tempted to severity.

DIocese OF QUEBEC.

Two new organs have been imported this year from England, for Chapels in Quebec. One for the Chapel of the Holy Trinity within the walls, served by the Rev. E. W. Sewell, the other for St. Mathew's Free Chapel in St. John's Suburbs, served by the Rev. H. Roe, one of the Curates of the Parish. The latter organ was first used on the 12th of August, and the Bishop preached upon the occasion, from Ps. lxxiii, 3, 4 the sermon being followed by a collection towards the expenses of putting the organ up. Both organs are of excellent tone and manufacture.

A beautiful stone Font from the hand of Rowe, at Exeter, England, has recently been presented by the Rev. Official Mackie, D. D., to the Chapel at Sillery in the Parish of Quebec. (This Chapel not being yet consecrated on account of some debt lying upon it, has not formally received any name. It is licensed for Divine Service.) The Chapel, in the first pointed style, stands at the head, in correctness and ecclesiastical effect, of the edifices of the Diocese, and the same place may be assigned among Fonts to the present of Dr. Mackie. It is designed as a memorial of the donor's brother, Major Mackie of the British Army, who died of Cholera at Varna, while serving with the arms in the East, and is encircled by an inscription in the old black letter character, carrying his initials and the date of his decease, together with the text, 1 Timothy, 6, 12.

A similar gift, sent out in the same vessel, has been made by the Rev. Principal Nicolls, to the Church at Waterville, and which was for a considerable time, served by that gentleman.

To the Editor of the Church.

DEAR SIR,—May I request the favor of a little space in your widely-read journal to correct an erroneous impression which I find has prevailed in this country, as to the reception which the learned Chief Justice of this Province met with on the occasion of his being admitted to the honorary degree of L.L.D. in the University of Oxford. The impression is that that reception was anything but flattering—that the candidate was disparagingly alluded to as unknown to fame, and therefore by consequence not meriting the high honor about to be conferred. This impression I am told was either created or strengthened by an article in the "Globe." Not having seen the article I cannot express an opinion about it, but having been an eye or ear witness of the proceedings alluded to, I cannot refrain in justice to the distinguished individual who has been the subject of ill-natured remark, to give a most unqualified contradiction to those disparaging statements. As a native of Canada I felt proud of the manner in which one of her most prominent sons was received, and I assert without fear of contradiction, that after the little feu d'espérance among the undergraduates—playing upon the name—a (liberty which they take with every one without respect of persons, and which is not regarded as anything more than a little juvenile sport) when the candidate was announced as the Chief Justice of Upper Canada and Chancellor of Trinity College, Toronto, he was greeted with a most enthusiastic burst of applause.

The language in which the candidates were proposed varied according to their different characters and pursuits, and to none was the address more complimentary than to Sir John Beverley Robinson, who was spoken of by the reciter or orator not only as a recipient of honor, but as himself conferring honor on the University, by accepting the degree at their hands.

The Chief Justice's name stands too high, and his character, both public and private, are too generally respected in Canada to suffer from the breath of envy or misrepresentation, but that is no reason why any statement derogatory to him should be allowed to go abroad uncontradicted if not founded on fact.

I remain, yours, &c., VIATOR.

20th October, 1855.

ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday last a man named Dennis Fennell was unceremoniously caught at the Grimsby Station, he was caught between the buffers and received such injuries that he died the same evening in the hospital of this city. An inquest was held before H. B. Bull, Esq., Coroner, when after a careful investigation, a verdict was returned, that the deceased came to his death from his own carelessness.

TRAINS THAT NEVER DREAMT OF IN CANADA.—On Tuesday an enormous train of forty-four cars, and yesterday a larger one still, composed of fifty-five cars, passed over the entire length of the Great Western Railway.—They contained five coaches from the far West destined for the New York Markets.

The receipts last week were the largest since the opening of the line, and we shall hardly be surprised in some week before Christmas, to see them figure up £200,000.

BRANCH RAILWAY TO WELLINGTON SQUARE.—It appears to be very probable that a short line 1 1/2 miles will be made from the Hamilton and Toronto Railway, if combined with an extensive pier and warehouses, it will make Wellington Square a capital winter port for Hamilton.

The people of Wisconsin are now agitating for the re-enactment of the law establishing the punishment of death penalty for murder, as the only safety for life and property.

We learn that no more trains will be run on the Buffalo, Brantford and Goderich Railway until further notice. All the employes have been discharged, except those necessary to protect the Company's property. It is not known when the lines will be reopened.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. A Roman Catholic clergyman of the diocese of Cashel has received a letter from an Irish priest, the Rev. Thomas Reardon, pastor of Eastern Pennsylvania, in the course of which the writer imploringly entreats his correspondent to use all his influence to check what he designates the insane spirit of emigration to America which seems to possess the people of Ireland. "They are rushing," says the writer—

"On the almost certain ruin of their souls, while their temporal condition is at best but little improved. A full fifth of the number leaving Ireland are laid in strange graves within one short year from the day they quit their native shores, and the greater part of the others are soon broken down by the severe labor to which they must apply themselves and the awful climate, which rapidly brings on premature old age, and hurries the poor victim into an early grave. From the hour they land to the hour they die, they are despoiled and spit upon, and in thousands of cases they die without the last rites of the Church, or any of the consolations which at home would smooth their dying pillows, and prepare their souls for the solemn moment of departure. I have had much experience of the mode of life into which nearly all our people are drawn, and I solemnly believe that if the vessels which bring them over were suddenly to founder and carry every creature on board into the depths of the ocean, they would have a better chance of salvation than they have after they have lived for some of this country. So entirely convinced am I of the fearful havoc of souls which is the result of coming here, that were Almighty God to give me the power of building a wall of fire round Ireland to prevent its people from leaving it, it should be built before the ink with which I write this line would dry. For the love of Jesus try to keep your people at home, for every individual you keep you snatch a soul from hell."

The Rev. Ralph Old, rector of Semley, Dorset, who died a few days ago, at the age of eighty-five, has by his will made the following munificent bequests:—To the Incorporated Society for promoting Christian Knowledge at Home, £2,400; to the Incorporated Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge Abroad, £2,400; to the Society for Building and enlarging Churches and Chapels, £2,400; to the Salisbury Infirmary, £150; to the General Hospital at Bath, £450; to the choir of the parish of Semley, £150; to certain poor of the said parish, £50.

The Rev. Geo. Mansfield, of St. Peter's, Saffron-hill, having recently declined a living with but a small population, offered to him by the Lord Chancellor, his congregation have presented him with a handsome testimonial, to give a most unqualified contradiction to those disparaging statements. As a native of Canada I felt proud of the manner in which one of her most prominent sons was received, and I assert without fear of contradiction, that after the little feu d'espérance among the undergraduates—playing upon the name—a (liberty which they take with every one without respect of persons, and which is not regarded as anything more than a little juvenile sport) when the candidate was announced as the Chief Justice of Upper Canada and Chancellor of Trinity College, Toronto, he was greeted with a most enthusiastic burst of applause.

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LARGE SCHOOLS.—The magnificent new school at Dowling, which was commenced by the late Sir John Guest, and which have been finished by his widow, the Lady Charlotte Schreiber, were opened on Tuesday last in the presence of the Bishop of Llandaff and a brilliant assembly of the surrounding gentry. The building consists of seven schoolrooms—one for infants, and three each for boys and girls. The number of children for whom the means of education have been provided exceeds 1,300.

On the occasion of the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells consecrating Christ Church, situated on Montpelier, Weston-super-Mare, a procession of the principal tradesmen of the town, with about forty clergymen, walked to the spot, to meet the Bishop.

ENGLAND.—Ordinations have been held by the following bishops, with the results annexed:—The Archbishop of Canterbury, priests 14; the Bishop of Oxford, priests 10; the Bishop of Exeter, priests 10, deacons 5; the Bishop of London, priests 3, deacons 2; the Bishop of Llandaff, priests 3, deacons 2; the Bishop of St. David's, priests 3, deacons 4; the Bishop of Ripon, priests 6, deacons 5; the Bishop of Chester, priests 17, deacons 17; the Bishop of Worcester, priests 12, deacons 13; the Bishop of Lichfield, priests 7, deacons 8. Total, priests 57, deacons 71.

It is stated that in the diocese of Chester the population numbers over a million of souls; its area in acres is one and a half million, and its ecclesiastical benefices are 436. The diocese of Manchester has the largest population of any see save that of London, and the acreage of York is the most extensive with the same exception.

Dr. Hall, in his medical journal, asserts that one great cause of dyspepsia in ministers is eating too soon after preaching. For two or three hours the tide of nervous energy has been setting in strongly towards the brain, and it cannot be suddenly turned towards the stomach; but the mental effort has occasioned a feeling of faintness or debility about the stomach, and a morbid acidity; and if food is taken at all largely, there is not the nervous energy there requisite to effect its digestion, for the brain will be running over the discourse.

UNITED STATES.

BOARD OF MISSIONS.—The annual meeting of this body commenced in St. Bartholomew's church, New York, on Wednesday morning, 17th inst.; the Bishop of Virginia presiding, and the Bishops of Ohio, New Jersey, Delaware, Massachusetts, Maine, Iowa, and Rhode Island, the Assistant of Virginia, and the Provisional of New York being also present, with a considerable number of clergy and laymen from various dioceses. The Rev. Prof. Van Dolt was unanimously re-elected Secretary. It appeared from the report of the Domestic Committee that there had now had on its list "four" missionary Bishops, and 104 Priests and Deacons; 22 stations were now vacant; 49 new appointments had been made during the year; and there had been 18 resignations. The general prospect of the Mission was every where cheering and encouraging; in the highest degree. The "Spirit of Missions" was increasing. The Secretary had spent 13 weeks in tours at the South and West in travelling 11,800 miles, and proscribing and delivering addresses every where, and had returned with an increased sense of the vastness of the field, the laboriousness of those now in it, and the crying and immediate necessity for more men and more liberal means.—The total receipts for the year, (including \$6000 from Legations, \$2627 from the Episcopal Missionary Association of the West, \$81730 also contributed for that Association, and \$60000 balance over from last year) were \$42,713.99, a larger sum than had ever before been raised by the Domestic Committee. Taking into account however, the many other channels through which the church contributes to the work of Domestic Missions, it is certain that more than \$100,000 a year are given to it in various ways.

The report of the Foreign Committee was less encouraging, and made severe complaints of the want of funds. The receipts of last year were about \$400,000. The operations of the Committee had been considerably enlarged, especially in Africa, and accounts from the various stations abroad represented them as highly prosperous. In the evening, at Trinity chapel, the annual sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, of Cincinnati. On Thursday morning, the Board of Agents met for business at St. Bartholomew's.

After reading of the minutes, some discussion arose as to the insertion of a clause in relation to no collection having been made the preceding evening in Trinity Chapel, and they were so amended as to read that the omission was in consequence of a misunderstanding. The committee to whom was referred the report of the committee on Foreign Missions, earnestly recommended the support of all the present stations, and the sending out of additional labourers without delay. They also recommended a special collection throughout the churches for the speedy extinguishing of the present debt. After some discussion, a subscription was made upon the spot, and \$1,600 were pledged between six Bishops, twenty presbyters, and one layman, being \$100 more than was required. The general collection was then determined to be dispensed with, as it necessarily had been precluded by the liberality of the members present. A committee of five was appointed to prepare and publish an address to the Church on supplying the necessary means for carrying on more vigorously than ever the great work of Missions.

In the evening, the closing services of the Board were held by a public meeting at the Church of the Ascension. After suitable collects by Bishop Doane, addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Comings, of Washington, Bishop Lee, of Iowa, and Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island. The latter prelate announced that the Foreign Committee, in consequence of the lack of funds in their treasury, had that morning assumed the payment of \$4,600 on their individual responsibility, to send out such additional foreign missionaries as had offered themselves. A collection was then made, and with prayers and benediction, the Board adjourned sine die.

NUMBER OF MISSIONARIES.—A writer in the Foreign Missionary, a Pro-byterian publication, has been examining the proportion of the members of all denominations to the population of the United States. He makes the present number of "Evangelical ministers" 28,241, and thinks this below the truth. This would give one minister of some sort, to every 988 souls. From 1832 to 1854, the population has increased 88 per cent; the ministers, 175 per cent.

DEATH OF LEGISLATIVE COUNCILLORS.—The Hon. Thomas McKay, residing on the Ottawa, and the Hon. John McGillivray, of Glenagarry, are both dead, leaving gaps in the Legislative Council. They were both well up in years.

BIRTH.

At the Rectory Richmond, on Sunday the 25th ult. the Lady of the Rev. C. B. Pettit, B. A. of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At Christ Church on the 30th ult. by the Rev. J. Hobden, Mr. Robinson Eames, of Melbourne township, to Miss Anne Maughan, late of Montreal.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York Oct. 30.
Flour.—Market in active demand, for filling contracts; State advanced 1/2; other kinds in only moderate request, and closed heavy, and in favor of purchasers; sales 6000 bbls at 9 1/2 to 9 3/4 for common to extra states 8 3/4 to 9 1/2 for common to good Michigan; 9 1/2 for mixed to fancy Western. Corn dull; prices unchanged; sales small.
GRAIN.—Wheat market unsettled. Sales 2000 bushels at \$1 1/2 a 3 1/2 for red Southern; \$1 25 for white do; \$2 05 for fair white Canadian.
Rye dull.
Sales 6000 bush at \$1 21 1/2 to 1 30.
Corn lower.
Sales 20,000 bush Western mixed at 94 1/2.
Oats bottom at a 48.
Provisions—Pork market hoary.

HAMILTON MARKETS.

Flour	3/4 bbl.	2 5 0	@	2 7 6
Wheat	3/4 bush.	0 9 0	@	0 0 0
Butter	3/4 lb.	0 1 3	@	0 1 6
Harley	3/4 lb.	0 6 8	@	0 0 0
Oats	3/4 bush.	0 2 6	@	0 2 8
Potatoes	do.	0 2 6	@	0 3 1 1/2
Beef	3/4 100 lbs.	1 5 0	@	1 10 0
Pork	do.	0 0 0	@	0 0 0
Mutton	3/4 lb.	0 0 3 1/2	@	0 0 4
Ham	3/4 lb.	0 0 6	@	0 0 7 1/2
Veal	3/4 lb.	0 0 5	@	0 0 6 1/2
Eggs	3/4 doz.	0 1 3	@	0 0 0
Hay	3/4 ton.	3 10 0	@	4 0 0

DR. ROSS.

GERMAN and Reformed Physician has removed practice. Office at the extreme West end of the City, North of King Street, near the Chequered Shed of the Hotel Tavern.

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