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THE ORANGE LILY.

VOL. VI.

BYTOWN, FEBRUARY 25, 1854.

NO. 7.

Poetry:

(FOR THE "ORANGE LILY.") SUPERSTITION.

Behold you foul and cowering form,
That sits before our optics now,
In robe as dark as midnight storm,
A sable cowl drawn o'er her brow!
Her bony fingers fondly fold,
The mystic meaning quiescent,
More dear to her than God, or gold;
Than kingly crown, or coronet!

The angry clouds may o'er her roll,
Red flashes point the starless sky,
God's voice resound from pole to pole,
While echo meekly makes reply!
But she in sable garment thinks,
Foul demons rend the midnight air,
And inly trembling, lowly shrinks,
The pitious picture of despair.

Before her idol relic bent
She craves;—implores protective power,
Until the shrieking storm is spent,
And silence shrouds again the hour!
Fought in that elemental strife,
Is seen or heard to make her raise,
One whisper to the God of life,
Who thus his matchless might displays!

The tenant of the thoughtless tomb,
Waylays her on her lonely path,
To issue some edict of doom,
Or tell a tale of bloody wrath!
Bares to her dreamy eyes, a breast
Bedotted with the gory stain,
And hissing whispers, "I'll not rest,
Till blood for blood is shed again!"

Next bending in the gorgeous Fan,
That's deck'd in half barbaric style,
Behold her writhing rack'd with pain
Moaning for a lifetime vile!
Crouch'd fore some saint or sacred dame,
With outstretched hands and anxious eyes,
She calls upon the holy name,
To smile upon her sacrifice!

She fears the night;—but hates the light
That hath from Revelation shone;
And if she but possess'd the might,
Would quickly mount the Broom TROON!
Would ring her Edicts through our land;
The gory goal again pursue;
And arm once more her favorite band
With Fire and Eggot, Rack and Screw

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Bytown Feb'y 1854.

My Cousin Caroline's Wedding.

I HAD but recently arrived in Glasgow, and entered myself at the Medical University, determined to make the best of a position which I had the will but not the power to evade, when one afternoon I was indulging in a half dreamy vision of the future, I was aroused by a loud knock, which I well knew was the postman's, and

my air-built castles of future eminence and aristocratic patients and all that sort of thing were suddenly prostrated by the reception of a pressing invitation to set off immediately to pay a visit to my aunt, then residing in Inverness. Hastily cramming a few indispensable into my carpet-bag, I booked myself for an outside passage in the night coach and started off in a state of much wonderment as to what this invitation could mean.

The last visit I had made in the same quarter was volunteered on my part, and I had been driven back by my aunt to study Lemmer and Harvey, quicker than I came, because I had fallen over head and ears in love with Caroline. Caroline, in her own family, was a goddess—a seraph—an angel upon earth, fit to be a queen, and sure to be a countess. Many other people's opinion of her was not quite so exalted, but opinions, like noses, will differ. Mine united itself cordially to that of the family; now that I can think and judge dispassionately, which I could not have done then, it was, in spite of me, gone over to the other side. The fact is, like many another beautiful girl—and Caroline Dashingly was beautiful—she held such a preposterous notion of the infallibility of her own charms, that she had a little overplayed her cards. From the age of eighteen to that of thirty, Caroline's whole life and energies had been devoted to the trials of conquest making. Fifty times, at the very least, might she have married, and been well settled, but that unfortunate lightness and propensity for flirtation, had invariably damped the swain's ardor before the time came for popping the question. Everybody at first sight was in love with Caroline. I, a young fellow not yet possessing my diploma, and unused to women's society, was nearly mad after her, and would gladly have asked her to share my fortune—which was nothing a year, and find my self, like many an embryo M. D.—only aunt got an inkling of the matter, and sent me and my portmanteau off together. As to Carry, I believe she cared about as much for my own sweet self, as she did for the stately old butler who was propped up against the sideboard every day. But I thought differently then; I did not know her; and her flirtation with me was carried on pretty strongly. She must have seen how earnest I was, and that was the recollection. She indelible impression of the heartlessness of woman; and Caroline, for her pains, was now one-and-thirty, and ready to catch at straws.

The mail-coach conveyed me to within six miles of Dashingly House, and by way of doing the thing in style, that aunt Carry might experience a quantum of regret for having rejected me, I bargained for a return chaise and four, which had just conveyed an old gentleman a two-mile stage, and jumping into it, was whirled away towards Dashingly.

Who should be standing at the lodge gates, talking to the gardener's wife, but the cherry-checked housemaid, my especial favorite of all the family, Caroline excepted. So I checked the postillions, and leaped from the wind-w.

"I say Nancy, what's up? Why am I sent for?"

"Miss Caroline's wedding, sir."

"Miss Caroline's wedding! Why—how long has that been about?"

"Two or three months, sir. Quite a first-rate match, and such a handsome man! It is to be on Tuesday."

"What's his name?"

"Captain Fitz——" The rest was a lost in the roll of the chaise, the impatient post-boys, or perhaps the horses declining to wait longer.

They were dressed for dinner, and came crowding round the drawing-room windows to have a stare at the chaise-and-four, Aunt Dashingly in her great crimson turban and upright feathers, which, if they had been black, might have served for a hearse, and that stretched out old amber-satin gown. It had seen ten summers if it had seen one, and still looked as bright as ever; it must have been an everlasting color, like the flowers, or else periodically washed out in amber. Caroline was in pink, with a few brown ribbons bobbed oddly about her hair, to hide, I expect, the faded partings, whilst my sweet sister Lina wore white muslin.

Lina (her name of Carolina assimilated so closely with that of her cousin's, that she was universally called Lina) was an heiress. Greatly to the indignation of us six portionless chaps, her brothers, to whom it would have been of use, our Indian uncle-in-law, Nabob Cayenne, had left her a'1 his fortune—thirty thousand pounds. What a wasteful thing to leave a portion like that to a girl! Since my mother's death, Lina had been, under Aunt Dashingly's especial protection, and a very tight protection it was; nobody dared look at her within a mile, or touch her with a long pole.

An immense sensation had been created in Inverness, some years previously, by Dashingly House and all its inmates "going over to Rome;" less figuratively speaking, turning themselves from luke warm Protestants into red-hot Catholics. Mr. and Mrs. Dashingly (he was alive then) had, imperceptibly to themselves, glided into close intimacy with some good, zealous, Romish priests, who, under a quiet, sleepy, exterior, had the reputation of being inwardly very wide awake; and the upshot of the friendship was, that the lady and gentleman became converts, or perverts, or whatever the approved term may be—I don't pretend to say what—to the Catholic faith. Caroline and her brothers of course "went over" too, and as many of the servants as had no mind to leave their easy places at Dashingly House. Not that Caroline cared very much what faith she professed, provided it did not interfere with her ball-room flirtations, and the wide-awake priests condescendingly shut their eyes to all that. Exceedingly ardent in their new cause were Mr. and Mrs. Dashingly, at first freshly-converted zealots to that faith, generally are. Mr. Dashingly had begun by erecting a Catholic chapel near to his residence; and the building of it, and the endowing of it, and the fitting it up, and the pictures, and the saints, and the robes, and the silver crucifixes, and the candlesticks, and the priest's vestments, and all the rest of the tinsel and glitter, had dipped pretty considerably into the fortune which had

been laid aside for his two younger children, Caroline and Alfred. Some meddlers insinuated that it had taken it all, but Mr. and Mrs. Dashingly maintained a freezing silence upon the point, so nobody knew for certain. What further glorious works in the architectural line Mr. Dashingly would have accomplished, never was ascertained, since the envious destroyer, Death, stepped in, and put an end to him and his good deeds, without warning. Not much change had since gone over Dashingly House, which would still be enjoyed by Mrs. Dashingly, as a residence, until her demise. Tryo Dashingly, Esquire, the eldest son, had espoused a rich widow, and had, literally, gone to Rome, where he was still sojourning. Alfred was away playing the rake, as usual, and Caroline pursued her conquests and her flirtations. It was quite an event when Lina came. Mrs. Dashingly's first solicitude about her was to make her and her thirty thousand pounds the property of Alfred, with a little delay as convenient; her second was to worry, lecture, and persuade Lina to abjure her heretical training, and embrace the true faith, as they had done. Against both of which propositions, Lina, undutiful girl that she was, rebelled. Two or three suitors had sought her hand, but the moment their wishes became known, aunt had sent them off flying the way she did me, when I presumed to fall in love with Caroline. It was an understood thing now, all over the county, that any boy else, except Alfred, daring to aspire to her, would be warned away in like manner. Aunt had it all her own way, unfortunately, until Lina should be of age, and as yet she was only nineteen.

Lina came running down the steps when I leaped out of the chair. They had tried hard to prop her up with a little of their own form and stateliness, but it would not do. The tears stood in her large blue eyes as I kissed her cheek, hair and pine as ever. Aunt and Caroline had remained in the drawing-room; the former could not, and the latter would not, have leaped down the steps for the world. Mrs. Dashingly was very cordial; to make amends, probably, for former grievances; she actually gave me what she called a kiss—a slight cheek of the lips about a foot off my face. Caroline was exceedingly gracious and dignified in right of her exalted position as bride-elect.

"Were you surprised at my summons?" demanded Mrs. Dashingly, when I returned to the drawing room, after taking off my boots and some of the travelling dust.

"A little, aunt. I am not yet acquainted with the cause of it, you know. May I inquire?"

"Ahem!" cried aunt, her tuban standing on an end with the dignity of the announcement she had in store for me, whilst Caroline's pink train rustled out like a vain peacock's. "The event of a marriage in the family does not occur every day. I am about to part with my only daughter, and I thought that the pleasure of being at the ceremony, with a week's holiday from your dreary college, would be gratifying to you."

Very gratifying, indeed.—When, some months ago, I had been dying for her myself, and was still, for all aunt knew.

"And so I am to congratulate Caroline upon becoming Mrs.—what is the bride-groom's name?"

"Captain Fitzhenry, of the Forty-seventh," bridled aunt; "of good family and immense fortune. He is passionately fond of Caroline."

"And when are they to be tied up?"

"For shame! don't use such expressions."

rebuked Mrs. Dashingly; "just as if you were speaking of hanging. The marriage is fixed for Tuesday next. Lina is to be bridesmaid."

"And when will it be your turn, Lina, darling?" I said, bending over her; at which she blushed so very deeply, that, egad! I thought it could not be far off.

"There's no hurry about Lina," interrupted the old lady, shortly. "Let us get Caroline's wedding over first, and then it will be time to think of her."

"Now Lina, how does it all go with you?" I inquired, drawing her into my room for an instant, upon an excuse to aunt that I had some letters to show her. "And what mean those tears?" I exclaimed, as she sat herself down on the bed, and fairly broke out into impassioned sobs. "Lina, Lina, my sister," I indignantly uttered, "I can see they have been making you wretched?"

"Yes," she said, scarcely able to speak, "ever since I came; now twelve months ago. I have been fearful—I declare to you, brother, I have been actually fearful that my aunt would marry me to Alfred by main force; and I am sure, if we lived in less enlightened times, when such things were not unheard of, it would have been done."

"Where's Alfred now?"

"Oh, he has been away some months. He got angry and cross with me, for I held out against their plans—I would and I did, though my courage was near failing me. Not that the scheme is abandoned—he and my aunt both say that they never will give it up. And the worst of it is," she indignantly continued, "that he a good as told me one day, when he was in one of his passions, that he did not care for me, only my fortune was necessary to repair his extravagance. I wish, brother, the money had never been left to me! I wish I had it in my power to make it over to you! I should at least have escaped persecution, not only from that quarter, but from another."

"Any one else been persecuting?" I asked, as I kissed her tearful cheek.

"They persecute me about becoming a Catholic, persecute me always—my aunt and Father Ignatius—the father more especially. If I were but poor! He would leave me alone fast enough. My benighted soul, that he is everlastingly deceiving upon, might get to Heaven in its own way."

"He may have your good at heart," said I, trying to soothe her.

"And his own interest. Any way, he gains. If I had married Alfred, two thousand pounds would have gone to his church on the wedding-day."

"Two thousand pounds! what for?"

"I don't know. A sop in the pan for them, I suppose, because I am a Roman Catholic. Before they were aware I should decline to marry Alfred, he never ceased talking to me about their tolerance in suffering him to wed a Protestant. That the arrangement was made by my aunt and the priest, I can assure you, though it came to my knowledge by accident."

"Very generous of them to give away your money!"

"My aunt, as you may believe, is terribly angry with me for my obstinacy, and it has been arranged," she whispered, clasping my arm with her trembling hands, "that I am to have one more chance given me. Alfred comes home on Monday, and my consent is to be again formally demanded. If I still decline, they have agreed to shut me up in the Convent of Mercy—you know it—some ten miles from here."

"Stuff and nonsense, Lina!" I cried, bursting out into a laugh when the full meaning of the words came upon me; "such things are not heard of now-a-days. They have no more power to shut you up in a convent than they have me."

"Brother, reflect," she said gravely. "My aunt has the power of appointing my residence until I am of age; if she chooses to place me in a religious house, who is to interfere with her? I don't mean, recollect, that I am to be placed in one of its dungeons or cells, but to go as a boarder. Father Ignatius is in ecstasies, calls me his lamb and his dove, and all sorts of saintly names. But he knows that those convents are much easier to get in at, than to get out of; and again, I ask you, who has the power to interfere with Mrs. Dashingly? I am not a ward in Chancery, remember," she continued smiling.

"Lina, come hither," cried my aunt, putting in her head; "I want you. And nephew, it is upon the stroke of the dinner hour."

"So, Carry," I whispered, leaning over her chair when I got back to the drawing-room, where she sat alone, "I thought you were to remain true to me for ever and a day."

Caroline tried to get up a blush. She had promised the like to a few score of admirers.

"Ah! you took yourself off so suddenly. Who was going to remain faithful to a run-away lover?"

"Took myself off! I think the loot was on the other leg."

"And you never wrote, or anything," pointed Carry, willing to attempt an excuse.

"It would have been all the same if I had, when the gallant captain m. de his appearance—eh, Carry?"

"Get away, sir?"

"He is very handsome, I suppose?"

"Mamma and I ain't his, so."

"In the Mars style or the Adonis?"

"You can decide that point for yourself when you see him."

"A large fortune, now, I understood, and a barony in prospect?"

"Just so."

"Well, cousin mine, you are a happy woman. Am I to give you away?"

"You, indeed! Alfred's coming home, partly for that, partly to make love to Lina."

"But Lina does not like him," I answered, anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know. Those quiet, savoury girls, such as Lina, seldom know what they do like. Alfred will make her as good a husband as anybody else. He has been extravagant lately, but he is looking for a place under government. I suppose he will get straight after a bit, and your sister has plenty."

"What is this whisper that I hear, of a convent being Lina's alternative if she rejects him?"

"Who told you that?—Lina,?"

"What if she did?"

"She need not have brought up the subject now, when the house is occupied with more agreeable matters."

"Selfish as ever, Carry!" I muttered.

"But how comes it that a Roman Catholic convent will admit her, a member of the Established Church, within its walls, or that its governing priests will sanction her entrance?"

"They graciously waive the objection in Lina's case, in consideration of her near relationship to mamma. And from her residence in our family, and constant intercourse with Father Ignatius, I dare say

they look upon her as a half Catholic."

"Now, Caroline, you cannot suppose that in this enlightened year of our Lord, 1851, a young lady is going to be immured in a convent against her consent, and she a Protestant! The very land would cry shame upon it—queen, nobles, and people."

"Well, if you have anything to say about it, for or against, just say it to mamma, without teasing me," was Carry's answer. "I believe the affair is decided on, and for my own part I don't see any objection to it; but I have never interfered in the matter, even by a single word—I have had other things to think of. Nor if a word would place Lina in the convent, would I utter it, so indifferent is the whole business to me."

"Nor yet speak the word that would keep her out, Carry?"

"She can keep herself out, by marrying Alfred."

"What end do they propose by her residence there?"

"Her ultimate conversion, I believe, Father Ignatius dwells on most."

"Conversion of herself, or her money—or both?"

"Don't be absurd. I am very sure of one thing, that if she knew half the comfort of the Roman Catholic religion, she would turn to it of her own accord. I am surprised anybody can remain of a different persuasion."

"Comforting, is it?"

"Very," repeated Caroline. "You may lapse into no end of little sins, that in your religion would be called crimes, and might lie heavily on the conscience; but in ours we get absolution for them all, as often as we like to go to confession."

"What a consoling faith that would be to some of us blades of the town! We have perpetually, or deserve to have, some peccadillo weighing down our conscience."

"Then why in the world don't you all become Roman Catholics?" rejoined Caroline, earnestly. "You might do anything you liked then."

"And so clear the arrears of sin periodically, as with a feather. I will think of it, Caroline."

"Here they come, mamma and Lina. Don't get bothering now, cousin, about the convent; keep peace until the wedding is over."

"And you gone, Caroline? Perhaps I may."

"Dinner, ma'am," cried the stiff old butler, appearing at the drawing-room door.

Aunt's face and her turban glowed together at these words. I knew the signs well enough—a storm was brewing.

"Who told them to serve dinner? How could you think of such a thing? Captain Fitzhenry is not come in."

"The Captain does not dine here, ma'am. He said he had business at the railway-stations, and should not be back."

Aunt flounced to the dining-room and down we sat—at least, we should have sat down, but aunt remained standing, with her eyes fixed to an opposite door; so of course we did the same.

"Can she be waiting for Fitzhenry?" I mentally exclaimed; when the entrance of father Ignatius solved my query. I was beginning to forget the routine of Dashingly House, or I might have remembered that the holy father dined there, on an average, five days out of the seven. I knew father Ignatius of old; and a perfect model of a father he was towards Mrs. Dashingly and all her household. He chanted an elaborate grace—all Latin—the footman removed the covers, and down we sat.

Sixteen courses of fish; five of eggs, omelets, and the like; a few of butter; seven of sweets and pastry; the richest of wines; coffee and liquors. The repast brought to my notice that it was Friday.

"Nephew," said my aunt, "I never permit a stufal dish of flesh to appear at my table on these days of abstinence, whoever may be seated at it. Captain Fitzhenry has good-humoredly accommodated himself to my customs; need I request you to do the same to-day, and hold it as a fast?"

Certainly she needed not, and when I thought of my usual dinner, a solitary chop and a pint of porter, and compared it with the rich board before me I wondered whether it did not, of the two, better deserve the name of fast.

"These periodical fast-days, my son," cried the priest to me, "are wholesome for the soul."

"Perhaps more so than would be for the body, holy father, if it attacked but half of the fast before us."

"Highly good," repeated the priest, these days of mortification."

"Is Fitzhenry not a Catholic, Carry?" I whispered, in reference to Mrs. Dashingly's late remark.

There were never such quick ears as that priest's, I do believe! Caroline sat beside me, and my question was a whispered one; but he had caught it, and was answering before Carry could speak.

"A docile young man!—a worthy gentleman, is he of whom you speak, my son. I have sought and held frequent converse with him, and his deference to my opinions is remarkable. Reared though he has been in the tenets of an opposite creed, he is perfectly willing to listen to reason; and I think I have succeeded in confuting, to his own satisfaction, some of the more heretical of his doctrines. Had we found him otherwise, I might have held it my duty to warn my good daughter here against entrusting the welfare of that lamb in his keeping."

The priest bowed to Mrs. Dashingly, and waved his finger at Caroline, lest the company present should not understand that they were the daughter and the lamb spoken of.

"I should have stopped his pretensions in the bud, and refused him altogether," cried aunt, who in the present advanced stage of the affair could afford to talk largely. "And, indeed, I do not know that I should not deem it right to do so, even now, were it not for the promise he has made."

"A tractable young man—a teachable spirit!" apostrophised the priest *par parenthese*, burying his face in a whole boatful of rich melted butter.

"What promise?" I asked looking at aunt.

"A promise honourably undertaken, on his part, that six months after Caroline shall have become his wife, he will, if she should still wish it, embrace the Roman Catholic faith."

"If all those who have been trained to walk astray would but take pattern by his example, what a blessed world it would be!" ejaculated the priest, with a sidogroan towards Lina.

"He has done all he could to convert her," chimed in Mrs. Dashingly, alluding to the captain, and looking daggers at Lina, who, what with the priest's groans and aunt's words, was turning crimson. "He has assured me so himself twenty times, and feelingly bewailed her state of spiritual darkness to me."

"Ah!" sighed the priest, as he hesitated between potted lampreys and roast salmon, casting an eye alternately upon the tempting aspect of each, "that estimable young heretic is three parts of a saint already. He has promised his sweet lamb that when she is his wife, if she likes to endow a chapel, she shall."

"A generous fellow, this bridegroom elect of yours, Carry," I whispered.

A flashing, beaming, triumphant glance shot from her eyes towards me, as she looked up for a moment from her plate. It told that she was quite as sensible of the advantages to be derived from a rich and submissive husband, as they were.

For myself, I was anything but anxious to see him. He was already sketched, drawn, colored and hung up in my mind's eye—a harmless milksop of a baby, about twenty, who dared not say his soul was his own, and whose head had been constructed to carry as few brains as possible. Who else would be taken (in) by a young flirt like Caroline? Somehow, since aunt had so kindly helped to cure my own infatuation, I had grown wonderfully alive to the real worth and attractions of my fair cousin.

I rose after dinner when the ladies did, fearing Father Ignatius, if we were left alone together, might carry my faith by storm, as it appeared he had almost done the captain's, and send me back to Glasgow a conscientious Papist; but the priest had risen also, and was leaving us to go his own way. However, I did not care to drink wine by myself, so I followed them, and leaning over the back of Carry's chair, made violent love to her, by way of passing away the time. She was relapsing into her old coquettish ways ere I had been there ten minutes—on my honor she was—and we were on the point of as hot a flirtation as ever, when the room door suddenly opened, and the butler popped in his head:

"Captain Fitzhenry."

(To be Continued.)

"NOT BAD."—A crusty old bachelor from the country came into town a few days ago for the purpose of paying his addresses to the idol of his heart, and fearing that a few grey hairs showed the footprints of old Father Time rather deeply, he stepped into a barber's shop in the neighborhood of the Police Office and politely requested the hair to be dyed a "perfect black." The usual chemicals were applied and temporarily produced the desired effect. He started for the abode of his 'lady love,' but he had scarcely crossed the threshold when a laugh from his intended father-in-law plainly told him that all was not right. A mirror was placed in his hand and to his utter astonishment the exposure to the atmosphere, before the liquor had time to evaporate, had failed in its effect and turned his hair a "perfect crimson." He left!

EUROPEAN NEWS.

THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY.—RUMORED DEPARTURE.—On Wednesday His Excellency the Russian Ambassador, Baron Brunnow, gave notice to the servants not immediately waiting on his Excellency, that their services were no longer required, as the Baron was about to leave the country. Every preparation had been made to enable his Excellency to leave at once. Diplomatic relations between Great Britain are broken off. It is reported that his Excellency Baron Brunnow, Ambassador of the Czar at the Court of St. James's, left London at an early hour on Friday morning.

The Russian Attack on Kalafat.

TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT.—FIERCE ENCOUNTER IN THE VILLAGE.—HEROISM OF THE TURKS.

Intelligence reached Kalafat on the 11th inst., that another of the Turkish outposts was about to be attacked by a large force, composed of the troops quartered in the neighbourhood. This, coupled with the fact that the Russians had been entrenching themselves in their various positions, determined Achmet Pasha to assume the offensive, and assail the enemy on his own ground, and, first of all, at Csitate, which is close upon the Turkish lines. As the Russians are cantoned in considerable numbers, in all the surrounding villages, it was evident that the utmost secrecy was absolutely necessary to ensure the success of the enterprise, and every possible precaution was taken to secure it. The troops were kept in ignorance of their destination until they were actually under arms, and from the morning of the 5th a chain of sentinels was placed all round the entrenchment, to prevent any one going out who was not officially authorised. Neither at Widdin nor anywhere else in the vicinity was there the slightest whisper of what could indicate the approach of any unusual occurrence, much less of anything so terribly exciting as a battle. The force selected for the expedition, consisting of thirteen battalions of infantry, three regiments of cavalry, besides 200 bashi buzuks, or irregulars, and twenty pieces of artillery, including twelve field pieces, four pieces of position, and four howitzers, making a total of about 11,000 men of all arms, left Kalafat soon after sunset on the evening of the 5th inst., and reached the village of Naglovit about 8 o'clock, where some of them found quarters, but the great mass bivouached in the open air, without even lighting fires. A thaw had set in a day or two previously, which, fortunately, greatly diminished the severity of cold; but the melting of the snow had converted the ground into a complete swamp and of course rendered any position but a standing one all but impossible. The march was resumed before sunrise, and shortly after daybreak they arrived on the scene of action. Csitate stands on the brow of a hill, which overlooks the surrounding plain for many miles, and is flanked on two sides by ravines. That towards the east is of considerable depth, broken and *escarpé*, and shelving at the bottom into a lake, beyond which a plain extends to the Danube, at a little distance; the other is less formidable, and winds towards the top of the hill in the rear of the village, forming a sort of hollow, or covered way, which can be traversed from one end to the other without difficulty. The village, like all those of Wallachia and Bulgaria, is composed of scattered houses. All around unprotected except by light fences, designed to secure the corn and hay. The road from Kalafat passes through the centre, in a north-westerly direction, after having ascended between the ravines. On the height above the village but to the left of the road, the Russians had thrown up an entrenchment, or redoubt, to serve as a retreat if driven back. The latter was occupied on the morning of the 6th inst., by four or five battalions of infantry, with six pieces of artillery, a squadron of hussars, and two squadrons of Cossacks, the whole under the command of a colonel, whose name has not transpired. Two of the Turkish battalions were left on the road with two guns—one in the village of Naglovit, and the other in that of Ounjah, for the purpose of maintaining the communication with Kalafat. Seven battalions were placed at the foot of the hill as a reserve, and the remaining four, with six pieces of artillery, were placed under the command of Ismail Pasha for the attack on the village. The morning was clear, the sky cloudless, and not a breath of wind was stirring, and as the sun rose, the peaceful valley of the Danube, still streaked with the remnant of the snow, with the great river calmly coursing along it, formed a strange contrast to the scene around Csitate. As yet no sign had been seen of the Russians. Not a sound was to be heard in the village, not a sentinel even was visible, and it was beginning to be conjectured that it had been evacuated. Six companies of chassours, under the command of Fetek Bey, Omar Pasha's nephew, were sent up the hill to com-

mence the attack, and advanced, firing *en tirailleurs*, but without eliciting any response. They were on the point of entering, when a single cannon shot, followed closely by a whole broadside, revealed the presence of the enemy, who now made their appearance, and seemed disposed to contest the ground on the outside. Some sharp firing followed, but the chassours were pushed on, and close behind came the four battalions of infantry under Ismail Pasha, with a battery of field artillery, which opened up a heavy fire, and with great effect. The Russian gunnery was execrable, few of the balls hit, and the shells nearly all burst in the air and fell harmless. Before the Turks had fired a dozen shots the enemy retired into the village, sheltered themselves in and around the houses, and opened up a deadly fire of musketry upon the advancing column. Ismail Pasha's appearance at this moment struck all who saw him with admiration, as it spoke volumes for his daring hardihood as a soldier, though it said but little for his prudence as a general. He rode into the village at the head of the troops, sword in hand, mounted on a white horse, his orders glittering on his breast, and wearing a white pelisse, the mark for a thousand bullets at every step. But he seemed to bear a charmed life, for, though two horses were killed under him, it was long before he was wounded, and then only slightly in the arm. As the troops came on the loss began to get heavy. Men were falling on every side, and a rush was made on the houses with fixed bayonets. The conflict which followed was terrific. The Russians contested every wall and room with desperate courage, and were literally massacred *en masse*. No quarter was asked or given, the Turks, enraged by the resistance, slaughtered all who came in their way, and, to do the Russians justice, they sought no mercy at their hands. The officers were seen, in some instances, pulling down their caps tightly on their foreheads, and rushing madly on their death, scorning to yield. In little more than an hour the high road, and the space round the houses, were covered with dead, heaped and piled, and the blood ran down the hill, literally in rivulets. The conflict raged in this way for nearly four hours, and the loss on both sides was heavy, particularly on that of the Russians who had about 1,000 dead. Of the five companies of Turkish chassours, one was annihilated, numbering one hundred men, while of the remainder of the force, upwards of one hundred and fifty were killed. Towards twelve o'clock, every house was carried at the point of the bayonet, and the enemy fell back along the road, but found themselves intercepted by the Turkish cavalry, two regiments of which had advanced along the ravine on the right, and stationed themselves in the rear of the village. Being thus cut off, the Russians had no resource but to fling themselves into the redoubt, carrying their artillery with them. This they were enabled to accomplish in safety, owing to the unpardonable remissness and stupidity of the Turkish officer commanding the cavalry, who had occupied the entrenchment with a portion of his men early in the day, but failed to report the circumstance to Ismail Pasha, and was accordingly driven out of it by a party of Russian infantry soon afterwards. Ismail Pasha had now been twice wounded, and being unable any longer to keep the field, the command was given to Mustapha Pasha, and a reinforcement of two battalions and four guns was sent up from the reserve, and preparations were made to attack the redoubt. But in the interval between the retreat of the Russians and the second advance, the troops had fallen into disorder in the village and were pillaging the houses, and much time was lost in collecting and marshalling them for the final blow. Four battalions in line, and two in column as a reserve, and ten pieces of artillery, five on each flank, formed the force which was led against the entrenchment. The Russians suffered them to advance within forty yards, and then poured in a heavy discharge of grape. The men rushed forward to the very edge of the fosse, but were unable to bear up under the fire, and fell back under cover, which the nature of the ground enabled them to do without difficulty and without danger, as the enemy's cavalry had taken to flight early in the action. It was now about twelve o'clock, and

another half hour would in all probability have seen the destruction of the remaining Russians, if the attention of the combatants had not been distracted by events of weightier importance in another part of the field. Intelligence of the attack reached the Russian forces at Musist and Bayleli, and other villages, and towards noon they were descried advancing towards the scene of action in large black masses along the plain fully six miles distant. They approached rapidly, and by half-past twelve they had arrived within a couple of thousand yards of the Turkish reserve, which was quite prepared for them. It was now easy to estimate their force, consisting of nine battalions of Bulans, and a regiment of the Paskievitz Hussars, with 16 guns, in all about 10,000 men. Four battalions advanced in line, three in column, as a second line, and two as a reserve. The cavalry and artillery were placed on the flanks, and their march was directed towards the Kalafat road, so as to cut off the retreat of the Turkish troops completely, and, in fact, to place them between two fires. Five Turkish battalions of reserve were all that remained at the foot of the hill, and with these Achmet Pasha resolved to repulse this new attack, by making front in his rear, a movement of great danger, which few troops in the world have the steadiness to perform. The report of an enemy in the rear is generally sufficient to spread a panic through the bravest and best disciplined army. In this case there was no other resource as the position was one of desperation. On the side of the hill below the ravine on the right was a sort of old fence, enclosing a square space of ground, probably used by the villagers as a sheep-fold, but a long while ago, as the ditch is half filled up, but enough still remains to make it a position easy to defend. The Turkish troops were deployed to the right, above this enclosure, three battalions in line and two in reserve, the right wing behind it, and the left extending into the plain, on the right flank was placed a battery of four twelve-pounders, and on the left one of six field pieces. The cavalry at the village was recalled, and in conjunction with those of the reserve, was stationed on the left, one regiment a little in advance of the rest. The time occupied in making these arrangements was one of painful suspense; and even when all was completed, the smallness of the force, as compared with that which was advancing with ponderous steadiness to attack it, was enough to make the stoutest heart quail. There was no retreat; defeat was death. Nothing remained for the Turkish troops, in case of a reverse, but to retreat on the village, and then sell their lives as dearly as they could, and this was the resolution formed by every man on the ground. The advance of the Russians was an imposing sight. Nothing could exceed the steadiness of their march, every line and column stepped in time as one man, and all the distances were as accurately observed as if they were parading at St. Petersburg. As they began to get nearer, three or four officers rode out in front to reconnoitre the ground, and then hastily retired. Immediately afterward the two battalions of reserve changed their course, and advanced with two pieces of artillery towards the ravine on the right of the Turks, but as soon as they became aware that it was impassable they halted. The artillery on the right now commenced its fire, and the manner in which the guns were served would have been laughable, if anything could have been laughable in a scene so awful. The balls flew over the heads of the Turkish troops without ever striking them, sometimes at such a ridiculous distance as to make one fancy they were fired at random. They did no damage whatever, except killing two troopers who were passing from one part of the field to the other, in a place where no one would have expected a shot at all. The Russian artillery appears to be about the worst in the world. That of the Turks now opened its fire, and the first shot showed to what perfection they have brought this arm of the service. One could watch each ball in its course from the moment it left the gun till it plunged into the Russian column, opening a lane through the living mass. Then came the confusion amongst the men, and the gradual dressing up of the line, till other balls played the same havoc. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on Hady Mustapha, the officer

commanding the Turkish artillery, for the admirable manner in which he worked it. All was not sufficient, however, to check the advance of the enemy, who moved on with the same stolid audacity. At last one of their bullets struck one of the Turkish field-pieces, and dismounted it; the fire slackened momentarily, while it was being set to rights. The Russians taking this as but the prelude to a total cessation, suddenly closed up into a serried column, and prepared to make their final advance with the bayonet upon the Turkish line. The Turkish batteries now opened up a tremendous fire of grape, every shot telling with fearful effect upon the close ranks of the column, sweeping them away one after the other as fast as they were filled up. The infantry at the same time becoming impatient, the order was given to advance, and the whole line came forward, the right wing cutting the enclosure, and fired and loaded as they marched, and shouting out their national war-cry. The Russians for some minutes bore up bravely, but at last the head of the column began to waver. In vain the officers urged the men to move onward. Human nature was gaining the ascendancy, and at last, broken by the iron shower from the batteries, and the close and raking fire of the musketry, they fell into disorder and turned and fled pell-mell across the plain, casting aside everything—muskets, and even musical instruments. The order was instantly sent to the cavalry to pursue, but the mid-day camp was unable to find the commanding officer in time for the charge to be made with effect, and unfortunately the Russians were allowed to return and carry away their artillery, which they had at first abandoned. It was now about half-past two or three o'clock, the ammunition was running short, and the troops were exhausted by eight hours of combat, standing up to their knees in mud. Two attacks had been made upon the redoubt, but had been repulsed, and Achmet Pasha deemed it prudent, on the whole, to retire. The march was accordingly begun shortly after three o'clock, and early on the following morning the last battalion had reached its quarters. The loss of the Turkish officers, from Achmet Pasha down, displayed the greatest skill and courage. I have already spoken of Ismail Pasha's dashing, Murat-like bravery. Equally great, though less showy courage, was displayed by Tetwik Bey, Omar Pasha's nephew, who first led the Chassours into the village.

DEFENCE OF THE EAST COAST OF SCOTLAND.—Government having resolved to put the east coast of Scotland and England in a state of defence, Capt. Craigie was appointed to the command of the Royal Naval Volunteers, thus to be raised. He has visited the people in the fishing villages on the Firth of Forth, and enrolled upwards of 200 men. He held a meeting with the fishermen in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, and was accompanied by the Lord Provost, the shoremaster, the town-clerk, Major Christie, and other public officials. The captain assembled the men in the open square of their village of Foot-Dee, and in a blunt, sailorlike speech told them that he wanted them as volunteers. They would be enrolled for a period of five years and while enrolled would be exempt from impressment. Their training and exercise would be on shore or on shipboard, at such periods as would least interfere with their ordinary avocations, and would not exceed 28 days in the year. They would not be taken beyond 150 miles from the United Kingdom under any circumstances, but it did not follow by their enrolment that they would be taken even that distance, while by act of Parliament provision was made for their special protection. The force thus proposed to be raised would be identical with the Sea Fencibles during the last war, or with the land militia. They all knew that Europe at present was in a very critical state, the Government wished to be prepared for the worst. Should any outbreak really occur which would endanger our liberties, impressment or the ballot must be resorted to if the present proposal were not successful, for the

country must be defended. To poor men the ballot was virtually the same as impressment, as they could not pay for substitutes, but the fishermen on the east coast, he felt assured, would readily come forward, and, in the noble spirit of their forefathers, enrol themselves for the defence of their country (cheers). To be of good service, however, it was necessary that they should be disciplined, for all the hardy fellows before him would have little chance with even a dozen of men well trained. Had the Government resorted to the population generally, to raise the number of men required (1,500), would, no doubt, have succeeded, but as the fishermen resided on the coast it was felt that they were most in need of protection, and it was therefore decided to give them the first offer to enrol themselves in the service: and he was glad to say that, so far as he had yet proceeded, they had responded nobly to his appeal. Though he had only begun last week, he had already enrolled 250 men—the fishermen, wherever he went, being enthusiastic in the cause (cheers).—George Brend, a steamer, then stood forward, and in a very enthusiastic address backed Capt. Craigie's appeal. He had "been out" in 1798, and he could assure the young men around him that their forefathers had acted nobly, and the "folk of Fife" (fishermen of Port Dee) would prove themselves worthy of being called their sons (cheers).—Three cheers were then given for Capt. Craigie and three for Provost Mackie, after which the meeting adjourned.

THE ROYAL STEAM FLEET OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The progress of our Royal steam navy is wonderful. England possesses more marine steam power in her Royal navy than all the Imperial steam fleets of the world combined could furnish. A few years since we possessed only some 14,000-horse power, but on the 1st of January, 1854, the British navy included no less than 202 steam-vessels of all classes, a fifth of the nominal steam power of machinery in those ships represented more than that of 55,000 horses, with a reserve of 2,800-horse power available for other Royal ships. This information we have from undoubted authority.

ENLISTMENT FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY.—A great many young men, varying in age from 18 to 30 years, have arrived in London from various parts of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, for the purpose of enlisting in her Majesty's service, and from the description given by them it would appear that many others will follow them in the course of the week. The re-appearance of the recruiting departments in the country had caused great surprise, such not having been witnessed before for the last forty years. It is expected that a strong levy will be made in the provinces, as there seems more reason now-a-days to believe that the promises held out to the men of bettering their condition will be fully carried out.

New York, 14th.

It is reported that the steamer building at Williamsburg on the plan of William Morris of Philadelphia, and intended to run to Europe in 6 days, has been sold to the Sultan of Turkey for \$23,000.

The Pope in America.

Murder will out—the cloven foot will show itself, hide away your dead poisonous where you please, the world will still "nose him in the lobby." In America, the pope is a very quiet old gentleman, fond of a little picturesque ceremonial, but harmless and urbane, somewhat showy in his costume, and lackadaisical in speech and manners perhaps—altogether a mild-spoken, ostentatious and faded personage, as much out of his proper place in the go-ahead city of New York as was Chateaubriand among the Choctaws or Joanna Southcott in Regent-street. Still, he is there. Not that he finds much comfort on the other shores of the Atlantic, under the shade of "the stars and stripes," for the native American laughs good-humouredly (he can afford it so easily) at the ancient gentleman's grand air and dusty ermine, and he can only keep up a scanty following out of the swarms of Irish who perpetually arrive at the Castle-garden. Nevertheless, the old gentleman has teeth; and though he carefully preserves

them from the public sight, showing only a rowy lip (stained with blood it may be) from which the honey-drop comes, and the odour of spring, still the ugly lang—the pouter's mace—may sometimes be by accident or mistake. It was so a few days ago. Some new bishop had been taking the oath of obedience to the old gentleman, it was said that these oaths contained nothing contrary to American law,—and the copies of them sent to the journals bore out this remark. People who were sending telegraphs to Canada, or New Orleans, or stating for the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico or San Francisco—the oath—winked at the folly—and launched the lightning or pursued their journey in the hery car, as the case might be, as profoundly indolent and contemptuous of the old gentleman and his mimicry as they would have been at the tricks of Mumbo Jumbo in the middle of Broadway. And so the mimicry went on, until a long-eyed Argus of the press found out that the printed oath was not the oath sworn, but a false version of it. Oh! Ben reminds of the old truth, "that the devil can equivocate as well as a shopkeeper!" so, it would appear, can popes and popes a nuncio, Archbishop Hughes, and the mob of minor dignitaries. One of the clove passages sworn, but not printed, ran thus—"I swear to persecute and make war upon, with all my might, heretics, schismatics, and rebels against my said master or his successors." The American law says, there shall be no "persecution" for religion's sake in that country: the bishops swear then that they will break the law. And what say the Americans to this? Many hugh again louder and deeper, and send out ships to open Japan and find new ocean routes, or launch the electric currents, or ride on the wings of the air from shore to shore, giving the subject not another thought. Others make grave faces, knit the brows and clutch their hair, and talk of rolling back the tide of Italian gale on Europe. Fears there are—reasonable fears—that goaded by the mist and wrong so often done across the Atlantic by the Irish priests, America will lay her hand on the Irish emigrant and refuse him those political rights and franchises which she now confers. If she did so, who could blame her?

Miscellaneous.

The annual meeting of the Bytown Branch Bible Society took place on Monday Evening last in the fine new Church of the Methodist body in this Town. Although the weather was somewhat disagreeable, the attendance was large. The Chair was ably filled by James Cox, Esq., and the Rev'd Messrs. Hurlbut, Hewitt, Manson, Edwards, Wardrop, and Crighton occupied the platform, and addressed the meeting. Wm. Clegg, Esq., Secretary, read the report of proceedings for the past year, shewing the affairs of the Society to be in a flourishing condition. A large collection was taken up at the conclusion of the proceedings.—*Cluzen.*

NOTICE TO FIREMEN.—Mr E. Meriam says, that the difficulty in using leather hose for extinguishing fires during severely cold weather, "may be remedied if the fire department will provide barrels of brine. The water must be fully saturated with common salt; fill the hose with this brine, and they can be handled in the severest cold. Pumps when frozen up may be thawed out by the use of strong, cold brine. Sidewalks and doorsteps may be kept free from ice by the same means."

The ferry master at Detroit says that at least nine hundred fugitive slaves had crossed at that point into Canada during the past year. It is also estimated that some two hundred and fifty had crossed over at Cleveland. If these statements are correct, not less than two thousand slaves, of a market value of two millions of dollars, have passed into Canada within the past year—the first of the fugitive slave law.

The Angelica U. S. *Adelstein*, boasts of a compositor who, although he has but one hand, can readily set 5000 ems of Bourgeois a day. He justifies his lines, empties his stick and corrects and distributes his matter with faci-

Poetry.

(FOR THE "ORANGE LILY.")

GENIUS.

What art thou with the eagle eye,
Whose glances scan the mountain top,
Or skimming o'er the star arch'd sky,
Descending upon the dewy drop?
Thence hurrying from the home of light,
Through caves, and caverns clear thy
way:—

Who tracks the kingly eagle's flight,
And dashing back the stormy spray;
Dives safely down the deep dark sea,
With dauntless intrepidity!

We watch thee as thy careless hand,
Reposes on the thunder cloud,
Directing round the fiery brand,
Whose echoes pealed forth long and loud;
We trace thee as from clime to clime,
Thou speedest boldly and alone,
Enraptured by the sights sublime,
That crown the Equatorial Zone;
Or disenthombing cities antique,
That slumbered long in giant state!

We find thee roaming deserts drear,
Mid scorching sands and savage men,
Whose features fill our frames with fear:—
Yet thou art hailed the denizen!
Next clambering o'er icy hills,
To frown upon the frozen pole,
Or tracing bright and rippling rills,
To where, in mighty floods they roll
Their billows broad, that foam like yeast,
Upon the Ocean's ample breast:

We see Thee in the Senate hall,
With stately form and glancing eye,
The listening multitude enthral,
Who dare not breathe except to sigh!
While from Thee flows the flood of words,
Which scathe the wiser than mortal fire,
Or vibrate o'er the bosom cords,
With sweeter tones than Orphean lyre,
Awakening many a holy thought,
Which else perhaps had slept unsought!

Say seion of the eagle eye?
Where is thy home and whence thy birth,
Since thou: alike can skin the sky,
As proudly tread the mother earth!
What is thy heritage and name?
Thou fitful thing that each admires,
And whence proceeds that brilliant flame,
Which burns so bright—so soon expires?
Is it some meteor lit by chance—
And lent, to light lives listless dance?

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Bytown, 1854.

Doings at an Arkansas Court House.

We clip the following from the "Forest and Land," an Arkansas paper, as illustrative of the doings on "Uncle Sam's" extensive farm:

The State of Arkansas is not exactly what it used to be; civilization, school-masters, exporters, and common sense, have quite changed the general aspect of affairs, political, legal, agricultural and domestic; and hence, the never-ending Arkansas stories, of the "ancient regime," become the more vivid, thrilling or ludicrous, contrasted with

the present order of things in that part of Uncle Sam's farm.

Some years ago, in one of the newly laid out counties of Arkansas, quite an intestinal war broke out among the people, relative to a court-house. One party would have the county seat here, and another party there. The one side insisted the court-house should be located here and built so; "the other side" persisted in building a court house thus and there, and no way nor no how else. The democratic or dominant party, went to work, made a clearing, and up went a spacious log edifice, in which justice should hold her court, and legal affairs of the new and not overly populous county, be dispensed according to the statutes, Blackstone, Coke and Littleton, &c. The court, being ready to begin business, the judge proceeded to organize juries, grand juries, and swear them and the officers of the court. Upon reaching the court house, the judge found a very considerable gathering of the people; he felt proud to have such a grand opening, and feeling his oats and knowing that all Wild Cat county had their eyes stretched to that auspicious epoch, with the weight of his official robes, and the dignity of the State of Arkansas, resting upon his broad shoulders, he determined that the glory of the one should not be tarnished, nor the ponderosity of the other shrank from. Hitching his horse to the rack, in rear of the court house, the judge took off his mittens and saluted the crowd that began to assemble around him.

"Well, gentlemen,"—he began when a coarse voice interrupted the judge with—
"Look here, old hoss, none o' your palaver now."

"Sir!" the judge responds in some amazement.

"Yes, sir-ee, old hoss fly, you ain't comin' none o' your big looks over this crowd no-how," says another.

"Why, gentlemen," stammers the judge, "what's all this mean?"

"Mean? Why it means, judge, you can't come no sich a load o' poles over us, well you can't."

"But, I, a gentlemen—"

"Gentlemen be—, you'll find us men 'round yer," bawls one of the crowd, now hemming in the bewildered lawyer.

"Well," continues the judge, "really this is without precedent. I am astonished—"

"And ye'll be more 'stomished yet judge, if you open a court in these diggins!"

"It can't be did, old hoss!" cries a taller—

Now the judge was a whole team himself, when aroused; he had lived too long in the woods to be frightened. At ground hogs or garter snakes; his courtesy and good humor was threadbare, he was growling red about the gills, his hair bristled upon his capacious head, and it was very evident an explosion was on hand.

"Look here," says the judge, "I've come here to open court; if there's any nigger-stealers, horse thieves, counterfeiters, or rascals of any description, I'll put them through a course of sprouts, or my name's not Judge Buzzard, of Wild Cat County, State of Arkansas!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" bawls the crowd.

"Three cheers for the old hoss, he's raising steam!"

"And," continues the Judge, "I will further state, for your general and several good and respective information—"

"Go it bob-tail!" echoes another.

"Silence, darn ye ye!" echoes another.

"If any man attempts to show any contempt for my court, I'll clap the screws on him quicker than lightning; if any man,

with malice aforethought, dares to molest me, I'll throw down the dignity of my official station, and wattle the skunk with his onry hide won't hold corn shucks.

"Put 'em through, Judge!"

"Go in! Give 'em goss!"

"Three cheers for the Judge, hurrah! whoo-o-oo!"

"And the Judge started for the court-house door, his saddle-bags on his arm, the air resounding with a full yell and chorus of the crowd. There were the jurors, the lawyers, the cases, the plaintiffs, defendants, witness, sheriff and officials and persons necessarily connected with a temple of justice. It was very evident, however, that a row was brewing; it was in vain that the chief cried order, or that the Judge ordered the disorderly out. His eloquence, his dignity, his common sense, all failed to restore 'order,' or organize the court.

"I would like to know," said he, "as soon as partial quiet was restored, 'what this cabal means, who are the disorderly, and what they are all for?"

"Well, Judge," says a tall, gaunt, wolfish fellow, rising above the crowd, "you see we folks up above Rattle-snake Fork, of Possum Creek, and the jinn's neighborhood are agin this yere court."

"You are?" exclaims the Judge, "who are you, sir?"

"That'll 'pear Judge, when I get through my argin' continued the Demosthenes of Rattle-snake Fork, of Possum Creek. "We 'posed the idee since the county lines were drawn, we 'posed this yer location for general court; we 'posed it then, we 'pose it now, and I stand yer, Bill McCracken, of Rattlesnake Fork, of Possum Creek, I stand yer to defend our 'pinion, defend the universal rights and sacred liberties, and the justice of the country! That's who I am; yes sir-ee!"

One grand and indiscriminate yell of approbation followed Bill McCracken's sublime peroration.

Now the Judge rose, he twitched down his sheep-skin vest, he fumbled nervously about his wristbands, he looked warm and wolfish all over.

"I perceive," said the Judge, with the strongest possible effort to keep cool, "that there is a determination on the part of sundry evil disposed individuals to interfere with and obstruct the duties, dignity and responsibilities of this court. And, (waxing warmer!) I should hold myself recreant, (raising his voice!) cowardly and contemptible, (steam up!) to a degree utterly and continually beneath the character of a sheep-stealing boy, if I did not put it down!"

"Give it to 'em Judge! Go in ole fire-fly!" is the chorus.

"And," continued the Judge, wiping the perspiration, now freely percolating through the cuticle of his massive and fury-stamped brow, "I'll put it down, and the friends of order now in court, will lend a hand to the sheriff and officers of the court, to clear these rascalious and peace-brakers—clean out of these precincts. Sheriff, clear the court; men lend a hand, and we'll show the Bill McCrackens that we are not to be impeded, insulted or mobbed in no such way. Sheriff, do your duty, friends of law and order assist!"

"Then P'm in!" cries Bill McCracken, rushing forward. "Judge, you and I've got to lock horns, whoo-o-oo!"

With yells! hurrahs! and all sorts of cross butting, pitching and tearing, gonging biting, rough and tumble, they went at it—The war raged inside and out. Sometimes the Judge and his followers drove out the McCrackens, sometimes the McCracken-

it drove out the Judge and court. The fight not only spread all over the neighborhood, but lasted with unabated fury for two entire days and nights. They fought and *fit*, and *fought*, up trees, on top the court house, inside and outside, and all around the settlement. On the morning of the third day, the golden sun arose as round as a shield, and bright as the winsome eye of happy maidenhood; the war was ended, the victors were there, weary and worn, and the Judge and his attaches held the court in triumph! Where was the M^cCrackenites? Echo answered—*no whar!*

A horseman is seen, a lonely, solitary horseman, his steed is covered with foam, the rider with a blue blanket and dust! He has ridden far and fast; he dashed up to the court-house; he squats down upon his saddle to get a full view of the court through the low window; he looks astonished, mortified; he speaks:

‘Eternal aithquakes and pizened bald face! Rid thirty miles last night, all the way from Rattle-snake Fork, of Possum Creek, to have a hand in this yer fight, and it’s all over afore I get a sight on’t! Wall here goes to have a crack at you, ole ballet-head, anyhow!’

The solitary horseman having thus discharged his duties and a murderous rifle, at the Judge, wheeled and fled as sudden and rapid as he came.

The Judge fell, they raised him up, he was but slightly killed, and a good deal scared, an ounce ball having perforated the collar of his coat.

MR. CULLEN NO “DOCTOR OF DIVINITY” — IS HE A CATHOLIC IN THE RIGHT SENSE?—WHY DO NOT THE “DOCTORS” TEACH THE BIBLE?

TO PAUL CULLEN, THE POPE’S DELEGATE IN DUBLIN

Sir:—When you are addressed as “doctor,” it is a great stretch of civility on the part of those who believe your doctrine to be a delusion and destruction to the soul. To be led to suppose you a “doctor of divinity” is a most grievous error, if “divinity” is to be judged of by what is written in the holy Word of God. No man who ever carefully read his Bible could be so silly as to believe Romanism to be divinity or theology—unless, indeed, he were content to give so high a title to the farrago of paganism, Judaism, Ebalism, and traditions of men. Of divinity is the creed of Pius IV. “divinity?” Are the canons and decrees of Trent “divinity?” Can that be divinity which is not Christianity? Is Romanism the truth taught by the Lord Jesus Christ and his holy apostles? Is Romanism written in the Bible? If it is, why are the priests of Rome afraid of the Bible? Are you a “doctor” of the truth taught in Scripture? If so, why do you not command your priests to open Bible classes, and teach the Bible in Sunday Schools? If you fear that the people will take a wrong “divinity” from the Book of God, why do you not take measures to teach them the right “divinity” contained therein?

Does “doctor” Mevlar know the Scriptures? Is he a “doctor” of divinity? or “doctor” Gaffney, or “doctor” Spratt, or “doctor” Cahill, or “doctor” O’Connell? Where are they all? Why are they not teaching the people some of the Romanism which is said to be found in the Bible, instead of allowing the proselytisers to have the Bible all to themselves? What a pitiful plight the priests must be in, when they get “doctor” Cahill to appeal to Prince Albert, to devise some “scheme to silence *Biblicism!*” This learned “doctor of divinity” is then afraid of the Bible and “Biblicals!” Why does he not refute them all from the Roman Catholic Bible? Are the priests of Rome really conscious that the religion they teach is not to be found even in their own Bible? Can there be any other valid reason why they do not take their stand upon the Bible? They admit that what is in the Bible is true; why, then, do they not teach to truth that is in the Bible? The best plan is

to beat a man on his own ground, if you can. Why do you not direct your priests to beat the Bible-readers in the Bible? Are you really of opinion that Romanism cannot be proved or defended with the Bible? Can Romanism, then, be the Christianity that is taught in the Bible? If it is not, can it be anything else but an apostasy from the faith taught in the Bible? If your doctrines cannot be proved from the Bible, how can they be considered scriptural? If not scriptural, can they be true? If not true, can they be safe? If not safe, should they not be renounced? Can you or your priests prove every one of your peculiar doctrines true, according to the written Word of God? *My God give you repentance to know the truth.* (2 Tim. ii. 25.)

You say likewise, Mr. Cullen, that you are a “Catholic,” as well as a “doctor of divinity.” This is a mistake too. You are not a catholic, in the right sense. You are quite a Catholic or un-Catholic. At first, catholic meant universal, in every nation, to every creature, as opposed to the nation and people of the Jews. Then it came to be applied to the truth, or true faith, as taught by the apostles wherever they went; and thus it was equivalent to “orthodox.” When some heretics took the title “Catholic,” the orthodox added, “apostolic,” to imply that they held the truth everywhere taught by the apostles, and derived from them, and proved from their writings. So that, to be a proper Catholic, you must hold and teach the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, as taught by the Lord Jesus Christ and his inspired apostles. This you can never show that you do until you will be able to prove the twelve novel articles of Pius IV’s creed to be true according to the teaching of the New Testament. And this you can never do, were you to live to dooms-day.

If you are neither a “doctor of divinity” nor a “Catholic,” what are you? We hope to see, another time.

I am, etc.,
A TRUE CATHOLIC.

Foas Et Origo Malorum.

The government have taken steps to put down the organized riots at Graigue. The *Kilkeany Moderator* informs us that “Mr. Cooke, R. M., has been directed to remain there for the present, and Mr. Wise, S. I., with the thirty police drawn from the *Gowran, Thomastown,* and Rosbercon districts are also to be located in Graigue, until replaced by the sub-inspector and a similar number of police, who are to be stationed there by order of the government, the expense of which is to be borne by the townland of Graigue.” And we are glad to learn, from the same authority, that a renewed attack upon the Scripture-readers was promptly routed by the constabulary, who made three prisoners, one of whom is chaunting his “*Ave Maria*” at present in Kilkeany goal. The resident magistrate, too, has posted an offer of £20 reward for the apprehension of Thomas Teague, the priest’s servant, who, having borne a brilliant part in the row, modestly absconded at its close. Two other crusaders have been held to bail, and bound over to keep the peace.

All this is very well in its way, but it is not going to the root of the matter. It is undoubtedly meet and right to punish our juvenile delinquents. But are we to indulge the “old Fogels,” who drill them for the galloys, and reap, in solitary selfishness, the fruits of their crimes and ruin, with a monstrous impunity? The priest, who incites his young flock to crime is this patriarchal destroyer of childhood—the subverter of guilt—the pander to the hangman. Away with the execrable cowardice which, while it punishes his miserable dupes, would spare the heavy malefactor, and connive at his villainous trade.

If Priest Doyle has spoken from his “altar” those infernal incantations which are attributed to him, and if there be legal evidence at the command of the crown to prove it, why are no proceedings instituted to punish them.

We cannot, indeed, liberate the intellects any more than the consciences of Roman Catholics through the one, the priest controls the other, and by the subjugation of both, enslaves the human during every hour of his existence. The

power may indeed be broken, but only by the desperation or the energy of its victims.

“Hereditary bondmen, know ye not, [blow?] Who would be free, their lives must strike the But while he contains a number of that faith, he is either chained by his own superstition, or cowed by the fanaticism of others and dares not in either case, disobey the behests of his priest.

Under the baleful shadow of Romanism, it is in vain to hope for public opinion. Perfect mental freedom and the bold exercise of discussion are essential to its existence. We have a thousand times deplored the delusion which transferred to the delirium of Irish agitation that sacred name. Here we all know what it means—a scoundrel in every village calling himself the people, and a priest at every altar with these scoundrels in his hand. In the last issue of “Moore’s Journal,” edited by Lord John Russell, we find a passage which we trust lighted his lordship to some practical provisions in that part of his new Reform Bill which applies to Ireland. “Shell said (2nd January, 1826) there was but little public spirit in Ireland; they wanted continual lashing up; the priests were the only lever by which they could raise the people, and they had now brought them fully into play.” This was nearly four years before the “Relief Act” came into operation; and “in play” the priests have continued ever since. Naturally the Celtic Irish are a docile and good-natured people. To push them into scenes like those of the Cork election or the Graigue riots, they still require “continual lashing up,” and the priests are still, “the only lever” by which they can be worked.

We have been warned, indeed, by some persons who mistake relaxation for liberality, against the injustice of imputing to the Roman Church in Ireland the excesses of individual priests; and we have been told that it was only necessary to submit a complaint to the proper ecclesiastical authorities, in order to procure redress in every case of abused sacerdotal influence. Now, we beg leave to refer all such good-natured and shallow remonstrances to the following letter:

“ALTAR DENUNCIATIONS.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *MAYO CONSTITUTION.*

“Sir—I pray your indulgence for the insertion of a few brief lines on the above important subject. After three separate appeals to his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, for redress for grievous wrong and injury, I have at length had a reply through the Rev. John MacEvilly, President of St. John’s College, Tuam, refusing on the part of his grace to give any satisfaction or redress. This decision might perhaps have been anticipated.

“The correspondence on this subject is too important to be hastily despatched, not because of the individuals concerned in the late lamentable exhibition of overbearing clerical imprudence, but because the public at large, and the Roman Catholic portion of it in particular, are deeply interested in the issue.

“I need hardly say, that, having left nothing undone to procure an amicable adjustment, there is now left me no other alternative than recourse to the ordinary tribunals of the country. I will trouble you with copies of the correspondence for insertion in your next. Again, thanking you for your kindness, I remain your obliged servant,

JAMES CONRY.

“CASTLEBAR, December 23rd, 1853.”

The complaint of this gentleman was, that assuming a gross falsehood for his text, his parish priest has directed a series of “sermons” from “the altar,” delivered against him by name, in such language, and with such an animus, as to fill him with reasonable alarm for his personal safety!

The Army.

ROYAL ARTILLERY.—It is currently reported that two additional battalions will be added to the distinguished corps at the commencement of the financial year (the 1st of April), and that an increase of three or four companies will shortly reinforce our establishment in the Mediterranean.



The Orange Lily.

BYTOWN, FEBRUARY 25, 1854.

Orange Soiree.

We learn from the Toronto *British Canadian* that a most interesting Soiree was given in St. Lawrence Hall, in that city, by Lodge No 136, on Thursday evening the 14th of February. There were about eight hundred Ladies and Gentlemen present; tea and coffee were served in the ante-room, and a band of Music was in attendance.

Upon the platform were John Arnold, Esq., Rev. Dr. Lett, Rev. J. G. Armstrong, John H. Cameron, Rev. J. Johnston, Ogle R. Gowan, P. M. Van-koughnet, J. Wilson, F. Metcalfe, and Edward T. Dartnell, and others.

John Arnold, Esq., was called to the Chair, and the proceedings were commenced by the Rev. Dr. Lett, by the usual prayer used at the opening of a Lodge. The meeting was then addressed at length, and with much effect by Dr. Lett, the Rev. J. G. Armstrong, Ogle R. Gowan, Esq., P. Van-coughnet, Esq., the Hon. John Hilliard Cameron, and the Rev. J. Johnston.

We regret that we have not space for the stirring and excellent speeches delivered. It is not too much to say that each speech of the evening was eloquent with the spirit of Protestant union and loyalty.

The proceeds of the Soiree were devoted to the charitable fund of Lodge 136.

The manner in which this Orange festival was attended, speaks well for the Protestant spirit of Toronto. We hope to hear of many others of a similar nature being held throughout the Province. Why should not some of the Lodges in Bytown take example by their Toronto brethren? Nothing can have a happier effect upon the minds of those not belonging to the

Association than such public opportunities of learning what Orangeism really is.

At a time like the present when Popery and Jesuitism are making such rapid advances in our country, every possible means should be used to enlighten the public mind and disseminate among the people the true principles of loyalty and religion upon which the Orange Association is founded.

County Meetings.

We publish below reports of a number of County Meetings, and shall be happy to give publicity to all reports of a like nature which the Brethren may feel inclined to send us.

So far as reports have yet reached us, we are glad to observe that the County Meetings have been carried on with much good feeling and unity of purpose by the Orangemen of Canada. From this we augur that every success may be expected from the exertions of the County Masters elected, in bringing to an end the divisions which have unhappily existed amongst us during the past year.

We trust that the brethren in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island will not forget that their voice and influence will also be required and expected in the great work of promoting complete union among the Orangemen of British North America. We are all bound by one tie of fraternity. We are one in principle. Let us be one in action, and symbolical of our union, we must have but one head.

LOYAL ORANGE ASSOCIATION.

At the Annual Meeting of the Loyal Orange Association, of the United Counties of Peterborough and Victoria, held in their Lodge Room, in the Town of Peterborough, February 7th, 1854, for the Election of Officers and other business connected with the Institution.

The Worshipful County Master, Br. Daniel Hopkins, in the Chair, and thirty members being present, the Lodge was opened in due form, in the Royal Arch Purple Degree.

Minutes of last Annual—Semi-Annual—and Special County Meetings read and approved.

After the reading of the County Treasurer's report, and other financial affairs of the County Lodge being arranged, the Election of Officers was proceeded with.

Br. Daniel Hopkins having vacated the Chair, and the same being taken by Br. George Johnston, *County Proxy*. It was moved by Br. John Graham, *County Chaplain*, seconded by Br. William Johnston, *County Secretary*.—That Br. Daniel Hopkins be re-elected *County Master* for the ensuing year.—*Carried unanimously.*

Br. Hopkins being conducted to the Chair, the following Officers were unanimously elected, viz:

- Br. Wm. Eastland, *Dy. County Master.*
- “ Wm. Johnston, *County Secretary.*
- “ Wm. Lannin, *Treasurer.*
- “ John Graham, *Chaplain.*
- “ George Johnston, *Proxy.*

The following resolutions were then passed by the unanimous vote of the Lodge:

1. That all the Grand Lodge dues paid in to this County Lodge, be retained in the hands of the County Treasurer, until the difference now existing in our Institution be amicably settled.

2. That the County Secretary, Br. Wm. Johnston, be instructed to communicate with Mr. Thomas Armstrong, of Toronto, and demand from him the sum of nine pounds, ten shillings, currency, being the Grand Lodge dues paid him, (as per his receipt) by the Worshipful County Master, Br. Daniel Hopkins, at Kingston, on the 21st day of June last; and this County Lodge recommends all County and Private Lodges in Canada, (who are not favourable to Ogle R. Gowan,) to also call upon Mr. Armstrong for any monies paid to him as Grand Lodge dues for last year.

3. That in the event of a meeting of County Masters to settle the difference now existing in our Institution, the Worshipful County Master, Br. D. Hopkins be requested to act and vote untrammelled, as we have every confidence in his desire to promote the best interests of our Institution.

4. That the proceedings of this County Meeting be printed in Circular form, and a copy sent to each Lodge in the County, and that it be published in the Peterborough *Dispatch* and *Orange Lily*.

After some other regular business of the Society being transacted, the Lodge was closed in due form.

DANIEL HOPKINS,
County Master,
WM. JOHNSTON,
County Secretary

County Lodges—Annual Meetings.

TORONTO.

ORANGE ASSOCIATION.—At the Annual Meeting of the County Lodge of York, held at the McKinlay Hall, Church street, on Monday, the 6th instant, the following Brethren were elected officers for the ensuing year, viz:

- Brother John Wilson *County Master.*
- “ A. B. Townley *Deputy Master.*
- “ William M. Mitchell *Secretary.*
- “ William Strachan *Treasurer.*
- “ William Webster *Chaplain.*

NORFOLK.

The Annual Meeting of the County Lodge of Norfolk, took place at the Orange Hall, Charlotteville Centre, on Monday, the 6th instant. There was a good attendance, and after the routine of opening, &c., the following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing year:

- Brother John B. Allcott *County Master.*
- “ Richard Taylor *Deputy Master.*
- “ Fred'k Thorold *Secretary.*
- “ Daniel McCall *Treasurer.*
- Rev. G. Bell *Chaplain.*
- “ G. Teeple *Proxy.*

The question of the recent division, and the proposition of the Grand Lodge at Montreal, for a re-union, was ably discussed by B'nos. McKay, McCall, Snider, Shannon and Abbott, good feeling prevailing the whole. The proposition was agreed to—that is, a meeting of all Co. Masters elect, for 1854, to take place at such time and place as the Committee appointed for that purpose may see fit to decide the question. The Brethren dined together in the evening, and at the close of the day, separated for their respective homes, gratified with the proceedings and prosperity of the Institution.—*Simcoe Standard.*

FINCOF.

COUNTY MEETING.—The Annual County Meeting of the Loyal Orange Association took place at Cookstown, on Monday, 6th February, when, after the transaction of other business connected with the Society, the following Brethren were elected County Grand Officers for the current year:—

Robert Cross ... *C. Gr. Master*.. Bond Head.
Hugh Dinwoody *Depl. Co. G. Mast.*.....Easn.
Falkner C. Stewart... *C. G. Sec'y*, Cookstown.
Thomas Duff... *Co. G. Treasurer*Easn.
John Proctor.... *Co. G. Chaplain*.....King.

BRANTFORD.

On Monday, the 6th inst., the Annual Meeting of Loyal Orangemen of that County, was held at the new Lodge Room of No. 360, when the following Brethren were duly elected office bearers for the County Grand Lodge for the ensuing year.—

Brother G. Balfour *County Master*.
" James Blackwell..... *Deputy Master*.
" Sutherland Griffin.... *Secretary*.
" Henry Pentman *Treasurer*.
" Dr Skinner *Chaplain*.
" Robert Monteith *Provy*.

A new Lodge is to be opened in Burford, in a few days, by the worthy District Master, D. M. Gilkison, Esq., assisted by several brethren from Brantford.

The proceedings at the County of Durham will appear in our next.

County Meeting.

The annual Meeting of the Loyal Orangemen of the County of Dundas, took place at Baldwin's Hall, Township of Mountain, at 12 o'clock noon, on Monday the 6th Feb'y. inst.

The Meeting was by far the largest ever known here, from the circumstance, that two new Lodges have lately been established, now numbering five within this County.

The Chair was taken by the Worshipful County Grand Master, George W. Brouse, Esq. After a brief and most satisfactory explanation from the Chairman, of the prosperous state and increase of the Society within this County; the meeting proceeded to the election of its County Officers for the present year.

They are as follows:—

County Master, Br. George W. Brouse, of I. O.	139
Do. No.	232
Dep'y. do. Br. John Fannes, do.	131
Gy. Sec'y, Br. E. Brouse, do.	421
Do. Treasurer, Br. H. Weegar, do.	333
Do. Proxy, Br. James Henry, do.	
Do. Chaplain, Rev. James Harris.	

A resolution was passed, that the next Annual County Meeting be held at the same place.

That the proceedings of this Meeting be published in that loyal and consistent Protestant paper the Cornwall Constitution.

The People vs. the Corporation.

The liege subjects of our Lady the Queen, the citizens of Bytown, to the Court of public condemnation, present as delinquents, the Mayor and Corporation of the City of Ottawa, formerly the town of Bytown:—

Forasmuch as they, the said delinquents did imprudently and with malice aforethought, conspire against the health and comfort of the citizens of the said Municipality, by unwisely, foolishly and wickedly, resorting to the use of certain disreputable machines to deprive the aforesaid citizens of that aqueous fluid which political economists, and thirsty men in gene-

ral, believe to be the chief among the necessaries of life—thereby entailing upon the people a vast amount of anxiety and inconvenience; and unnecessarily impeding the necessary progress of culinary operations.

That the said delinquents have either maliciously or unwittingly closed up all the wells—in spite of the sage admonition contained in the popular axiom "let well alone"—and placed the water in many of the said wells out of the reach, or beyond the *prail* of civilized efforts to obtain it—that they have placed in the said wells certain foreign whirligigs, designated "Endless Chain Pumps," which pestiferous inventions, in many cases, have been found to create "endless" inconvenience and frequent scarcity of the liquid element, to the great scandal of the said City Fathers, and serious detriment to the principles of those worthy moral reformers, the Sons of Temperance.

The citizens aforesaid further present that the aforesaid delinquents have put this Municipality to much unnecessary expense by the erection of the aforesaid obnoxious whirligigs, which, notwithstanding the strenuous and indefatigable hebdomadal exertions of the respected Pump Inspector of the City Council, are continually out of order: the axe of improvement, and the eye of science being totally inadequate to the task of isolating from disorder and surrounding ice, the ice bound machines.

The citizens of Bytown testly present the said whirligigs as a public nuisance, and trust that full and efficient measures will immediately be taken to assuage the repeated thirst of the populace, and also to remove from all public places, all such obstructions which experience has proved not to be improvements—which common sense tells the people are nothing in advance of what Dame Nature had done for them.

To be more serious; the chain pumps are not well calculated for public use. On Farms, or for single families, with careful and proper usage they would no doubt answer every purpose required; but they are not sufficiently strong to endure the wear and tear given them by people in a town.

Some wise-acre, according to the last *Gazette*, has been mistaking a stuffed red Fox, in the reading-room, for a Mermaid!

Puseyism.

We notice in a late number of our excellent Protestant contemporary, the *Port Hope Echo*, an account of the doings of a Church Minister in England, who, in accordance with his Puseyite relish for external attractions, has recently erected a large cross on the Altar of the Church which he dishonors by his Popish ministrations.

The infidel maniacs of the French Revolution, in the Reign of Terror, made the Guillotine an object of worship: their adoration of the bloody Engine was as rational as that paid to the cross by Papists and Puseyites.

If there are any true Protestants belonging to the congregation of the Reverend apostate above alluded to, we are much surprised that they tolerate for a single day this mingling of Popish mummary with the worship of God!

A congregation of Orangemen would not put up very long with a thing of the kind. They would cross his path for him; and if he refused to listen to reason and truth, they would soon oblige him to bear his cross to its proper destination—the gow-gaw bedizened altar of some Romish Chapel.

The true Sons of the Church of England should hunt out all such incorrigible Romanizing apostates from their midst.

Smashing Accident.

Rumor (which so often lies under a mistake), asserts that the Grand Frunk Telegraph Line, between Prescott and Bytown, was run down and completely overturned by the Bytown and Prescott Railroad. Notwithstanding all theories to the contrary, the results of this reported collision confirm us in the opinion that electricity is no match for steam.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged witness of the Telegraph Line, it was compelled to ground arms before the impetuous rush of its opponent.

We are informed on undoubted authority, that the Montreal and Bytown Telegraph Line stood quietly alongside and witnessed the demolition of its kindred without manifesting the slightest regret.

LATEST.

Tin kettles down 1d., and wire one farthing in the pound. A great rush of scientific characters along the demolished line, in search of specimens.

Mechanics' Institute.

Mr. Lockwood, Daguerreotypist of this town, delivered, in the West Ward Market Hall, on the evening of last Tuesday, a very interesting lecture, on the art of Photography. His delineations, comprehensively given, and evincing much knowledge and research, put quite an intelligible face upon the mysteries of the art; and satisfied his audience that he was capable of giving a correct picture of the science.

J. B. TURNER, Esq., will lecture on "the Horse," on Tuesday evening the 28th of Feb'y. The subject is an interesting one; and from what we have heard of the lecturer, we have no doubt that it will be ably handled.

The lecture of Mr. TURNER will, we understand, be addressed to Gentlemen, or rather to men only; the Ladies, or vulgarly speaking, the women, will on some, or many future occasions, be expected to honor the Halls of the Athenaeum with their presence.

Among the various localities which the wise men of the Times present to public attention, as possessing pre-eminent claims to Metropolitan honors, the name of BYTOWN may be distinctly heard.

And well worthy, gentle reader—whether you are a member of Parliament or a simple honored constituent—BYTOWN, the gem of the Ottawa, of the attention of all.

In another column its claims are advertised. In this column we sound them again. It is a centre of attraction, which ere long, will be the nave of a mighty wheel, mechanically speaking, from which will branch out a set of enduring spokes that will make fellows wonder, who now affect to laugh at our aspiring notions, as the Kingston or Toronto "folkses" would say.

This big wheel is fast moving now, and there are a thousand others rapidly revolving within its periphery which will make any one who comes to visit us stare in a few years.

Music.

We direct the attention of the lovers of Music and the Fine Arts, to the advertisement of the Concert and Exhibition, to be given on Thursday and Friday evenings by CAPTAIN HUNTER. A rich treat may be expected.

We have received a communication from Jeremiah O'Casey, which will appear in our next.

THE following paragraph is taken from the *Montreal Gazette*. We do not claim for BYTOWN the right to be the Seat of Government; we are not aware of any reasons existing in favor of any one of our large cities, that can be construed into a rightful claim to that honor; but we do honestly believe that many reasons can be given why BYTOWN is the best place. We will shortly enumerate them. BYTOWN is the most central place in Canada—it is easily accessible at all seasons of the year—it is perfectly inaccessible to any foreign invasion—it is the head-quarters of the most important export trade of Canada—land for building purposes, within the city limits, is plenty and cheap—provisions and fuel are cheap—building material is cheap and good—the population is not large, and one of the most orderly, now, in CANADA; there is never any such thing, now, as a row in BYTOWN. It is one of the most beautiful localities in the world, the scenery being unsurpassed in its romantic grandeur. A legislature meeting here would be less likely to be influenced by any outward pressure, than in any other city in the country; the mischiefs resulting from this pressure have been seriously felt in MONTREAL, QUEBEC and TORONTO—lastly, BYTOWN might, as far as regards the two Provinces, almost be considered a neutral city, the population being pretty equally divided between French and English.

We notice that the *Montreal Witness* also speaks of this city as an eligible place, but adds that *Shinerism* is rife here; we beg to tell our contemporary that the word *Shiner* is almost forgotten on the OTTAWA, and that a quieter place than BYTOWN now is, cannot be imagined.

Now for BYTOWN. That city is more nearly a geographical centre than Montreal. The railways in process of construction will make BYTOWN very easy of access to both Upper and Lower Canada; and it is, certainly, not too much to predict, that in a few years hence, it will have direct railway communication with the Georgian Bay. No reasonable doubt can exist that it must ere long become the centre of an immense population. We believe that the magnificent, and indeed, incalculable resources of the Ottawa have hardly begun to be appreciated; and that, when they are known, population and wealth must follow. The advantages of BYTOWN, must therefore, be considered as much with reference to the future as the present; and it is not the duty of the statesman to count only for the passing hour. The scenery of the Ottawa is, besides, magnificent; all its associations are national and romantic; and it would make the seat of government essentially Canadian, which is an object much to be desired. For security, the claims of BYTOWN are pre-eminent. Far removed from the frontier, and built upon a site that might easily be made impregnable, its advantages in this respect could not easily be over-estimated. We therefore think that the claims of BYTOWN are worthy of grave consideration.

A FRENCH ARMY FOR CONSTANTINOPLE.—It is said that there is to be another levy of troops in a few days, which with the two which have been already made within the last week, will make a total addition to the French army of 150,000 men. This is considered a sufficient reinforcement for the present. One of the first measures will be the sending of 40,000 men to Constantinople.

We present our readers with the annexed eloquent speech delivered at the late Orange Festival held in Toronto. Our readers (particularly Irish Orangemen) will find it peculiarly interesting.

The Rev. J. G. ARMSTRONG, member of 387 said, it afforded him gratification indeed to have the privilege of addressing so large, loyal and influential a meeting. He had the proud honor of being an Orangeman (cheers.) He became one, not in this country but in the land where Orangeism had its birth—Ireland. (Applause) The last time he addressed an assembly of the kind was on the 12th July last, when he preached to over two thousand persons. His church would not hold two hundred so they assembled in the open air, men and women came to worship and also to celebrate the day. It was a mighty assembly. In the year 1848, he was also engaged in addressing such an assembly. It was on the 12th July also (cheers) in the large round room of the Rotunda in Dublin, where he had the honor of addressing over four thousand persons. He had the honour of being entrusted with an address from that meeting and forming a deputation from it to the Orangemen of Montreal, and there too he was received with that fraternal feeling and cordiality which ever characterises the true Orangeman. (Cheers.) Wherever Orange principles are set up the same good spirit will prevail. He mentioned these facts to remind them how much they owe to the Brethren at home, and that although the ocean separate them, although they could not grasp the hand of their distant brethren, although they could not behold their kindling eye speaking with devotion to the cause of Protestantism, their characters were the same, the same principles bound them, the Government which ruled over them was one and the same—though absent yet were they present, and if such feelings exist between Orangemen at home and in Canada, why should not there be the strongest feeling among them, that of Unity. (loud Cheers.) He trusted this was the beginning of unity. (renewed cheers.) That their past dissensions would be as nothing, and that from this day forward they would, united, be a terror to evil doers.—(Hear, hear and cheers.) He would perhaps, speak more boldly than he would do on another occasion were he then to see as he did now standing on that platform so much of the talent, the wealth, the loyalty, the intelligence and respectability of their friends, on any other subject too than that which brought them together, he would feel diffident, but when he looked and saw before him his Orange Brethren he hesitated not to throw himself on their indulgence, (cheers) he felt confidence, not diffidence.—What did he see around him? Banners. What did he see on that which hung over their chairman's head? William Prince of Orange. (loud cheers) when we look at that image, we look and gaze at it with delight; when Romanists look at it they tremble. (cheers.) From the day that William crossed the Boyne and fought at Aughrim; from that day we date the Era of our present independence, but for him we should not be assembled here this night; our ancestors would have been tied down to the stake by Popery, or thrown into the lion's den and destroyed by the great Babylon, (loud cheers.) We cherish though we mourn William. Do we not also mourn the brave Schomberg? Methinks I see him now leading on the gallant band, and the ill-fated ball strike him low to the dust.—He falls, he bleeds, he dies—no, he lives, his fame, his character, his reputation, his glory live forever. (hear, hear, and cheers.) He breathes still in us, we revere his memory, and whilst the Orange Institution exists it will live there enshrined. Cheers, and great applause.) That Institution sprung into existence at a period of danger to Great Britain: rebellion was spreading over the land, and when England could not meet the danger as she wished, the Orange Institution was organized to protect our civil and religious liberties from those whose aim was, through their destruction, the annihilation of Protestantism. From thence to the present moment we never forsook the banner round which we rallied. Let us look to the history of our coun-

try since then and we shall find it has been in vain to attempt to crush us; when our Irish Charch was assailed, when our church was looked upon with a jealous eye, when our churches were coveted for mass-houses, when rebellion threatened the throne, were Orange-men found wanting? No, not they, but with intemperately peculiarly their own, they came forward to prove their principles, their honor, their allegiance, (cheers,) their love of the brotherhood, their fealty of God, their honor for the King—By their efforts, the Altar and the Throne were saved and then we heard no more of them from those in power. How were they treated? They were overlooked, their services were forgotten and the Government preferred to the greatest demagogue that ever lived. There was no reward for the veterans; their ears were deaf to the widow's wail and the orphan's cry—they were unheard—unheeded, yet even this did not strike them down, no, not even this, and the Orange Institution is only as glorious as ever, an ornament to the country in which it exists. (cheers) such will it ever be if we bebut united. Unity is strength. It is needed here as in the old country. (Hear, hear.) We have now a mighty interest in the land of our adoption, we have here too proved its value. How was it in 1833, when rebellion dared to raise her head? The British troops were not needed here. (cheers) They might stand at ease—there were Orange-men at hand, (cheers) they were foremost in their duty, they fought like men, and single-handed were more than a match for the traitor. (loud cheers.) We have now too a duty to perform. Let us resist the encroachments of Romanism, she is awake, she is in the field. Look around! Do you not see the Jesuits walk our streets in broad day light with darkness in their looks and thoughts? Can we then be indifferent to their progress? No, let us therefore go on with our efforts, we have truth on our side, our Institution is based on the Bible. (cheers) and thus armed, we shall recall our influence to strengthen our Cause, we shall have in our legislature, and in office, men of honor and integrity, not as now. (Hear, hear.) Let then the fire of true loyalty burn clearly and brilliantly on our altars, where it never shall be extinguished, and let us as members of the Christian Church never rest till as foretold in the Apocalypse "Babylon the great, the mighty is fallen"—fallen never to rise again. (loud and long continued cheers.)

To the Editor of the Orange Lily.

Dear Sir.—The city of Montreal, so celebrated among the cities of Canada for its commerce and industry, has received a shock. The respectability of the city has been not a little injured by the riots; and it now holds a character quite different from that which it held a year ago, and this, I speak conscientiously, may be attributed to the Irish Roman Catholic portion of the population, that is, the ignorant portion of them and those under the influence of the Jesuitic Priesthood. This portion of the Papal army having just begun to establish permanently in this city, and in every part of the Province, and have dealt largely in lands here; for already they have one of the largest colleges in the city as their college, besides many buildings of a minor description for schools. The ruffianism of the one party, however, which composes the population of Montreal, do not altogether invalidate the respectability of the other which still shines out as the only light of the city. The Jesuits, those insidious, cunning hypocrites—those reptiles and serpents of darkness, who taint the very atmosphere which we breathe with their poison, and who infuse into the naturally simple and humane character of the Canadian a spirit of hatred to their fellow-men, and disturbing those well disposed people who are anxious to procure for the city a good name, and endeavoring to countermand all their efforts. The Protestant party, and all well-disposed people, however, are endeavoring to make a determined stand against them, and are already on the alert. The late Anniversary Meetings gave ample proof of this, and the friends of peace, "good will towards men," and industry, are rallying around the standard of Truth, worthy of their cause, and worthy of the cause of our forefathers.—Already the word has gone forth against them; and it has been resolved by every sect, and

branch of the great Protestant body; and we are fully persuaded and convinced that it will be no bubble to vanish as soon as blown; but it will be a decided and laudable determination to resist the encroachments of these workers of darkness to the last; and we are confident of the success of those who have God for their right.

I see in a Kingston paper of late date, the *Reactionist*, the most bitter invectives against these Jesuits; but the writer does not say whether the people of Kingston are preparing to arm themselves for the encounter with the people of Montreal are now doing; and Gavazzi gave a new impulse to this determination by his presence in this city some months ago. The Jesuits have already been banished from France five times, and have been banished one or more times from nearly every nation under the sun, not excepting Italy, the seat of the Romish Pontiff and Papal court; and it appears from the following that their accomplished followers of Loyola are not in great favour with the present reigning Emperor of the French:—"Louis Napoleon has ordered the college of St. Michael, at St. Etienne, near Lyons, to be shut." That college is an institution of the Jesuits. The reason the Emperor gives, is, that the teachers were inculcating in their pupils evil disposition towards the Government. Whatever the pretence may be, the fact is important, for it is the first act of Louis Napoleon against Ultra-Montanism, and it shows in him a desire to watch over the interests of his subjects, and prevent them from being further injured by the teachings of bad men.

That most accomplished minister of the Methodist Church, the Rev. John Jenkens, has left us. He was the incumbent of the Great St. James' Street Church, one of the largest church edifices in the city. He preached an eloquent farewell sermon on Sunday evening last to one of the largest audiences that I have ever seen in Montreal. The sermon was truly beautiful, and the audience was deeply affected. He is the author of an elaborate and religious controversy on Romanism, which will long remain as a permanent memorial of his labors in this department. His departure from the city is deeply regretted, and will be a loss to this community which will not be easily filled up. The scene of his present labours is the Calvary and Presbyterian church, Philadelphia. Before he left the city he was presented with an Address, numerously signed by the most respectable clergymen of the city.

The trial of the Gavazzi 'Chalmers' Church rioters in Quebec has been concluded in that city, and has resulted in an acquittal. The general opinion here is very unfavorable to the Crown officers who drew out the indictment. There is no doubt that the rioters made an assault on Gavazzi and his secretary Paoli, and that the latter was grievously wounded. There was no doubt that the accused, or most of them, were ringleaders of the assault; but because it was not proved that they had conspired to denigrate the Church, they were acquitted of the murderous assault on Gavazzi. In a word they had committed one terrible crime against society which was susceptible of proof, but they were indicted through the ingenuity of the Crown prosecutors, for one which could not be proved, and, therefore, as must have been foreseen and intended, they were fully and triumphantly acquitted. To prevent, however, a shadow of danger of conviction, the Jury was composed of six Roman Catholic Irishmen and six Roman Catholic French Canadians. After their acquittal they had a famous nocturnal procession through the city, to celebrate their triumph over Justice, which ended by burning Gavazzi in effigy.

The trial of Francois Xavier Julien, for murdering his father-in-law, in Quebec, has just terminated by a verdict of guilty, and this unfortunate man has been sentenced to be hung on the 17th of March.

I am, dear Sir,

With much respect, yours,

W. B.

Montreal, 9th Feb'y, 1854.

Letters from Galatz state that the greater part of the British fleet had returned to Constantinople, in order to convey troops and ammunition to Yara.

Arrival of the "Europa."

New York, Feb'y 25th, 1854.

The *Europa* arrived at 8 A. M., no decided change in the Eastern question.

Breadstuffs declined, Wheat 3d. Flour 1s. The Allied Fleets are immediately to re-enter the Black Sea. France and England continue their armament on a large scale.

Severe fighting continues on the Danube.

A large Russian force is preparing to attack Kalesia.

No reply yet from the Czar to the ultimatum. The Crimean Company deny the report that their steamers have been taken by Government to convey troops to Constantinople.

Further News by the "Europa."

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.

Exchange quiet; the dullness reported in London by the last steamer continues to prevail. Demand moderate, continued to immediate want.

Wheat most called 3d. per 70 lbs. on the week. Flour 1s. a 1s. 6d. per barrel lower.—In Bran Corn 2s. lower for the week.

Mr. Harrison and Brothers quote Wheat 12s. 8d. a 12s. 9d., and 12s. 6d. for secondary. Canadian 11s. a 11s. 10d. a 12s. a 12s. 5d.; Western No. 1 Flour 11s. a 11s. 6d., ex ship 6d. less; Ohio, Baltimore and Philadelphia 42s. a 42s. 6d. Indian Corn 4s. a 4s. 6d.; Yell w 43s. 6d. a 43s.

Provisions.—Beef steady and quiet at full prices. Pork generally firm. Bacon, 1s. a 2s. better.

Latest by Telegraph.

Liverpool, Feb. 11th.

Paris Bourse closed firm yesterday without business.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 2nd.

Some purchases of tallow indicate that there are some operators who debate the probability of a blockade. Exchange has a declining tendency.

In MANCHESTER, considerable decline in wheat, 30 or 60 loads about to be sent to England.

LONDON, Feb. 11th.

Consols closed steady at 91 a 91. Matters remain precisely as before.

Count Orloff had left Vienna direct for St. Peterburg, his mission having failed.

Rumors of a Greek conspiracy have been discovered, widely spread throughout Turkey, and crushed.

On the Danube there had been rather a severe encounter, at Gurgjevo without any result.—Another attack on Kalifat was daily looked for. Omar Pasha has recovered from his sickness. The army on the Danube is in good health and spirits.

Nothing new from A. A. Gen. Goyon was popular, and had re-organized the army.

The Ambassadors were much dissatisfied by the Fleet's return to the Bosphorus.

The Emperor of Russia was sick, and had not been seen for several days.

A change is reported in the Turkish Ministry Mahmud, the Sultan's brother-in-law, is reported succeeded by Kiza Pacha, and Achmet succeeds Riza as Captain Pasha.

Letania and France continue their armaments on a large scale. The ship Davis from Liverpool, for New Orleans, was lost January 27th on the Island of Barra, Scotland, all hands, except the Steward, lost.

France is making extensive arrangements with the *Banques Creite No. 11es* to meet the expenses of the coming war.

The overland India Mail is telegraphed.—Dates from China are to Dec. 27th.

Ningpo and Amoy are quiet. The insurgents had burned a large part of the Shanghai, and had also captured the city of Tien Sing.

The British Government advertizes for 7 or 8 coppered ships of 700 or 800 tons to be engaged for 4 months in the conveyance of cavalry.

Accounts from the Danube announce positively another Turkish success between Galatz and Abraj.

Klapka and others have embraced Islamism. Prince Stourza has been made Pacha.

Foreign News.

SINCE our last publication three of the Royal Mail Steamers, of the Cunard Line, have arrived at United States ports, the *Africa*, *America* and *Canada*. The mail, with the letters and papers by the *Africa*, reached Bytown on Sunday; and we have had telegraphic advices by the two latter Steamers. We have but little to add to the information which the telegraph gives. It may be taken as an accepted fact, that without formal declaration as yet, on either side, England and France are at war with Russia, and we may daily expect to hear of a sea fight between the Rival fleets in the Black Sea, if indeed that occurrence, as rumored, has not already taken place.

The chief preparations we hear of in England are the levy of 11,000 men in addition to the army, and 13,000 to the navy and it is very gratifying to find that the gallant blue-jackets are flocking in crowds to the sea-ports, at their country's call. Some battalions of the Guards, the 69th Rifles, the 79th and 93rd Highlanders are said to have received orders to prepare for field-service; 10,000 Sea-fencibles are being raised among the fishermen on the sea-coast, and it is understood that the Militia will soon be placed on duty in the various counties. Orders were sent to Woolwich a few days before the Steamer left, to prepare immediately the carriages for 1,100 guns of different callibres, and in every arsenal and dockyard in England the note of preparation is sounding. Except a faint Cobdenite howl from Manchester, the people of England are unanimous in the desire to give Russia a lesson that will last her for some time; it is felt that the hour has arrived in which the ambition of that power must be checked; the feeling in England is not to play at war, but to put forth at once all the energies and resources of the country, not only to make the war a short one, but to bring it to a victorious issue, in order that the peace of Europe may run no hazards again, or at least not in this generation.

The very best feeling prevails between England and France, and in the latter country the same energy in preparation is manifested.

There is no domestic intelligence of interest—everything seems to be postponed to the consideration of the Eastern question and its results.

We add some extracts from English papers which are highly interesting.

Since the above paragraphs were written the arrival of the *Baltic* (Collins Line) has been telegraphed; and the despatch will be found in another column, and a more momentous one, we will venture to say, never reached this country. We have no faith, whatever, in that part of the news which asserts the Emperor of Russia's readiness to yield at the eleventh hour; it is neither in accordance with his well known unyielding temper, the traditions of the Empire, and its long settled policy, dating from the time of PETER THE FIRST, or with the fact that he now give way, he does so with the

prestige of victory on the Tunkasi side, a blow to Russia's pride, which the people will never stand.

ARRIVAL OF THE "BAL TIC." DIPLOMACY AT AN END!! WAR CERTAIN!!! Russia to Fight single-handed. BREADSTUFFS DECLINED!!

New York, Feb. 20, 1854.

The steamer *Baltic* arrived at New York this morning, with dates to Feb'y 8th, bringing four days later news.

Breadstuffs have slightly declined. The Russian ministers have left London and Paris, and orders have been forwarded to St. Petersburg for English and French Ministers to leave. Both England and France were making preparations for war. Russia has been totally foiled in inducing a single nation to join her. A dispatch from St. Petersburg says, that at the last moment the Emperor showed some signs of giving way and thus preventing a conflagration.

SECOND REPORT.

New York, Feb'y 20—7 p. m.

Wheat declined 2½ to 3d. Flour 6d to 1s. Indian Corn dull, sales at a decline of 1s. per 80 lbs.

The improved feeling of last mail has not been sustained. Flour and Wheat have declined 3s per bbl, and 1s per 70 lbs., from the highest point. Indian Corn has receded 2s to 3s.

PARIS, Tuesday.—All rumours of the ill success of Orloff's mission are confirmed. It is not likely that he will prolong his stay, but will, it is said, leave directly for St. Petersburg; foreseeing the same rebuff, he will refrain from visiting Berlin.

It is said that the Servian Government is yielding to the suggestion of the Russian Consul at Belgrade, and will refuse to accept the two Finnans of the Sultan, unless Russia gives her consent.

PARIS BOURSE.—The fall in the English funds affected prices, which earlier in the day shewed a tendency to rise. Three closed 68.30; 4½ per cent. 97.50.

ST. PETERSBURGH, Jan'y 29.—It is said that the Emperor, who is fully aware of the position in which he is placed, will endeavour to avoid a general conflagration if he only can preserve his honor and rights.

The influence of Count Nesselrode is again in the ascendant. It is also said that the Czar is about to write an autograph letter to Queen Victoria, in which he will endeavour to prove that he has not been the aggressor.

An Imperial Ukase confirms the summoning to arms of all the reserves, as well as the soldiers on furlough.

Several of the Cunard steamers are taken up by the Government to take troops to Constantinople. 6,000 men go from England, —others will be taken up from the Mediterranean. About 10,000 will soon be collected to form part of the first expedition.—There is no doubt a brigade of the Guards will form a part of the expedition. The 46th Regiment, that was under orders for Australia, leaving all the old soldiers at home whose time would have been out, is now to hold itself in readiness for foreign service, taking all the best men, and leaving all the young soldiers and recruits at home.

A Vienna correspondent telegraphs that Orloff leaves for St. Petersburg, probably on Wednesday.

The combined fleets were at Beycos Bay on the 27th of January.

Six ships had convoyed the Turkish steamers, with troops, into the Black Sea.

Kisseleff, late Russian envoy at Paris, had arrived at Brussels on Thursday morning.

It is understood that four vessels originally taken up by the Government to convey troops from Ireland to Malta, and thence to the West Indies, have not been taken on monthly contracts, so that they may be able to proceed to any point on the shortest notice.

Orders have been given to the French Atlantic squadron to proceed to Toulon, supposed to take troops on board.

A Greek conspiracy has been discovered at Widdin. A priest was at the head of it.

Recent letters from Widdin say nothing of the illness of Omar Pacha.

The Russian Fleet is understood to be concentrated at Katia.

A private letter says that the return of the allied fleets was in consequence of the scarcity of provisions at Sinope.

Admiral Chads has been appointed to one division of the Baltic fleet. The command in-chief is not yet given, but the names of Sir George Seymour and Sir Chas. Napier, with Lord Dundonald under him, are mentioned.

Governmental officers have seized some artillery and machinery at Greenwich, under the supposition that it was intended for the service of Russia.

A fire which originated in the Cigar store in Leicester square in London destroyed considerable property on the 2nd inst., and seven lives were lost.

News from the Danube.

Omar Pacha has effected a most important movement, having crossed the Danube with 50,000 men, and divided the Russian army, the right wing of which is at Krajova, the left at Galitza, and the centre at Bucharest.

Omar crossed in person at Oltenitza, and at latest accounts was only two days distant from Bucharest, where the Russian force is weak. The supposed object of Omar's movement was to attack the rear of the Russian army on its march from Krajova on Kalifat.

A despatch received at the Turkish Embassy indicates preparations for an attack by the Turks at Bucharest. Russian accounts confirm the above, by expressing apprehensions of an attack from the Turks.

They, however, declare that the bad weather and roads and inundations of rivers render the passage of the Danube impossible to the Turks.

Orsova letters of the 26th ult., mention that the river was really flooded at that date, and that the low grounds were inundated around Kalifat and Radouvan.

On the 25th the Russian troops still occupied their old position at Radouvan. On the 21st three Russian regiments that had been ceaselessly in action from the 5th to the 15th were withdrawn to Krajova, having suffered heavy losses, and their place supplied by fresh troops.

On the 23rd the whole staff of the Commander-in-Chief arrived at Boleshtie, as a grand reconnaissance was to take place very shortly against Kalifat.

From Krajova Jany. 25th.—It is stated that General Dannenberg is ill. For several days the Turks had been harassing Russian outposts.

BUCHAREST, 29th.—Letters state that billeting was going on there for the immediate arrival of troops from Bessarabia.

PICTURES OF WAR.

The fleets of Great Britain and France having entered the Black Sea, and the war having now fairly commenced, we transcribe a description of the Battle of the Nile; the probability being, that ere long, we shall have to chronicle accounts of similar prowess and bravery, performed by the gallant Blue Jacketed Tars of Old England:—

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

'Tis an old story now that battle of the Nile; but, as the traveller paces by these silent and deserted shores, that have twice seen England's flag 'triumphant over waves and war' he lives again in the stirring days when the scenery before him was the arena where France and England contended for the Empire of the East. Let us rest from blazing sun and weary travel in the cool shadow of this palm tree. Our camels are kneeling around us, and our Arabs lit their fires in silence. They remember well the scenes we are recalling, though many a Briton has forgotten them, and the names of Nelson and of Abercrombie are already sounding faint through the long vista of departed times. We overlook the scene of both their battles, and envy not the Spartan his Thermopylae or the Athenian his Salamis. What Greece was to the Persian despot, England was to Napoleon: nation after nation shrank from staking its existence at issue for a mere principle, and England alone was at war with the congregated world in defence of that world's freedom. Yet not quite alone; she had one faithful ally in the cause of liberty and Christianity, and that ally—the Turk!

The bay is wide, but dangerous from shoals; the line of deep blue water and the old castle of Aboukir map out the position of the French fleet, on the 1st of August, 1798. Having landed Bonaparte and his army, Bruyes lay moored in the form of a crescent, along the shore.—He had thirteen sail of the line besides frigates and gun-boats carrying twelve hundred guns, and about eleven thousand men, and one thousand guns. The French were protected towards the northward by dangerous shoals and towards the west by the castle and batteries. Their position was considered impregnable by themselves; yet when Hood in the *Zealous*, made signal that the enemy was in sight, a cheer of anticipated triumph burst from every ship—that fleet which had swept the seas six long weeks in search of its formidable foe, and now pressed to the battle as eagerly as if nothing but a rich and easy prize awaited them. Nelson had long been sailing in battle-order and he now only lay too in the offing till the rearward ships should come up. The soundings of that dangerous bay were unknown to him, but he knew where there was room for a French-

man to lay at anchor there must be room for an English ship to lie along side of him, and the closer the better. As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood to ask his opinion as to whether he thought it would be advisable to commence the attack that night; and receiving the answer that he longed for it, the signal for "close battle" flew from his mast head. The delay thus caused to the *Zealous*, gave Foley the lead, who showed the example of leading inside the enemy's line, and anchored by the stern, alongside the second ship, thus leaving to Hood the first. The latter exclaimed to my informant—"Thank God, he has generously left his old friend, still to lead the van." Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on, beneath a cloud of sail, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars, and the boatswain's whistle, as each ship furled her sails calmly as a sea bird might fold its wings, and glided tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then her anchor dropped astern, and her fire opened with a vehemence that showed with what difficulty it had been repressed.

The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore; but when the admiral came up, he led along the leeward side—thus doubling on the Frenchman's line, and placing it in a defile of fire. The sun went down just as Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable bay, by the enemy's fire flashing fierce welcome as each arrived, and hovered along the line, coolly scrutinizing where he could draw most of that fire on himself. The *Bellerophon*, with gallant recklessness, fastened on the gigantic *Orient*, and was soon crushed and scorched into a wreck by the terrible artillery of batteries more than double the number of her own. But before she drifted helplessly to leeward, she had done her work—the French admiral's ship was on fire, and through the roar of battle, a whisper went that for a moment paralysed every eager heart and hand. During the dread pause that followed, the fight was suspended—the very wounded ceased to groan—yet the burning ship continued to throw broadsides from her flaming decks—her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching fate, and shouting their own brave requiem. At length, with the concentrated roar of a thousand battles, the explosion came; and the column of flame shot upward into the very sky, for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene, from the red flags aloft to the reddened decks below—the wide shore, with all its swarthy crowds and the far off glittering sea with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, only

broken by the shower of blazing fragments, in which that bravo ship fell to the waters.

Till that moment Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty; but he knew not how successfully;—he had been wounded in the forehead, and found his way unnoticed to the deck in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for eye like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating everywhere; at the same moment the crew recognized their wounded chief. The wild cheer with which they welcomed him was drowned in the renewed roar of artillery, and the fight continued until near the dawn.

Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France; torn and blackened hulls now only marked the position they had then occupied; and where the admiral's ship had been, the blank sea sparkled in the sunshine, and the nautilus spread his tiny sails as if in mockery.

Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped, to be captured soon afterwards, but within the bay the tri-color was flying on board the *Tonnant* alone. As the *Theseus* approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce, "your battle flag or none," was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded to, and the matches glimmered over her line of guns. Slowly and reluctantly, like an expiring hope, that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated there was the banner of old England. And now the battle was over—India was saved upon the shores of Egypt—the career of Bonaparte was checked, and the navy of France was annihilated, though destined seven years later, to perish utterly at Trafalgar,—a sitting hecatomb for obsequies like those of Nelson, whose life seemed to terminate as his mission was then and thus accomplished.

DRESS OF A JEWISH BRIDE.—She wore a gown of green cloth, the body of which was heavy with trimming of gold lace. The sleeves were white, braided in red, and so large that they were fastened together behind, and looked at first sight like a mantle thrown over the rest of the dress. On her forehead she had a broad band of precious stones; and the back of her head was enveloped in handkerchiefs of rich, bright-coloured silks; while on her neck and arms she wore chains and bracelets of emeralds and pearls; and two large circles of gold, set with gems, hung from her hair on either side, having the appearance of earrings. So great, indeed, was the display of jewellery that I thought it must be unseemly, till I was told by my companions that it was not only all real, but of great value, as the Jews generally invested their greater part of their riches in these magnificent ornaments.—Arthur Kenyon's *Letters from Spain*.

DIED,

At Newtown, Huntly, on Monday the 20th inst., William James Kidd, only son of Mr. Richard Kidd, merchant of that place, aged thirteen months and sixteen days.

COMMERCIAL.

Bytown Market Prices, February 25.

Table listing market prices for various goods such as Flour, Wheat, Oatmeal, Beans, Corn, Potatoes, Hay, Straw, Onions, Apples, Butter, Eggs, Pork, Beef, Mutton, Hams, Tallow, Lard, Hides, Fowls, Chickens, Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and Wood.

NOTICE.

CONCERT AND EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

Captain Hunter will shortly give a Concert and Exhibition of Paintings executed by himself;—among which will be exhibited, A Grand and Splendid Painting of the Arctic Sea, drawn from a knowledge acquired by five years' experience in the Whale Fishery.

The favorite song, "Kitty of the Clyde," and several other English, Scotch and Irish Songs, will form part of the entertainments of the evening, the whole to be under the patronage of the Orange Lodges of Bytown.

Bytown, February 17th, 1854.

N. B.—The above Concert and Exhibition will take place at the

ORANGE HALL.

on THURSDAY and FRIDAY Evenings next, the 2nd and 3rd of March.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert will commence at 8.

TICKETS, 1s 3d. Each: to be had at the Book-Store of Mr. Bryson, and at Mr. Scott's Confectionery.

Feb. 25th, 1854.

W. S. HUNTER.

CAUTION.

THE Subscribers forbid any person or persons from giving credit to any one on their account, without their written order, as they will not be answerable for any debts contracted in their name.

HUMPHRIES & McDOUGAL.

Bytown, Feb'y 18th 1854.

Gazette will please copy

TO PRINTERS.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY at this Office, a Press-man of steady habits, to whom constant employment will be given. Bytown, Feb'y. 18th 1854.

DENTISTRY.

T. W. SMYTHE, M. D. will visit Bytown on Thursday, the 23rd February. May be consulted at Mr. J. L. Campbell's for a short time. Brockville, Feb. 12th, 1854. (3m-6)

WANTED.

A N Apprentice to the CARPENTER and A JOINER Business, a lad of 15 or 16 years of age. Application to be made at this Office, or at the house of the Subscriber, near the West Wind Market.

WILLIAM PALEN.

Bytown, January 31st 1854. [11.]

Music! Music!!

M. R. JAMES TRAFER begs to inform the Inhabitants of Bytown and vicinity, that he is now prepared to furnish a

Band of Instrumental Music

for Concerts, Soirees, Picnics, or any Public Occasion, by application to him, Bessinger Street, Lower Bytown.—Mr. F. is agent for the sale of Music and Musical Instruments for houses in Montreal, New York, and Boston,—he has now for sale, a splendid rich toned new Bass Drum, beautifully painted, which he will dispose of below its original cost.

Bytown, February 6th, 1854. [5]

Paints & Painting.

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

JOHN & GEORGE LANG.

Daly Street, Lower Bytown.

JOHN LITTLE.

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

Steam Engines.

FOR SALE from three to twelve Horse Power, manufactured at Kingston, C. W. These Engines are made from the most improved patterns—satisfactory references will be given to parties who have some of the same kind in use. Also for sale one Eighteen Horse Power Engine with Saws and ad complete and ready for the Mill.

To be seen at Messrs. Workman & Griffin's Hardware Establishment in Bytown, Agents.

ALEXANDER MAIR,

[2-m.] Manufacturer.

High Wines! High Wines!

THE Subscribers have JUST RECEIVED per Teams from the "KINGSTON BREWERY and DISTILLERY," a Fresh Supply of MORTON'S 50 O. P., and are prepared to supply their Customers with any quantity.

ROBINSON & HEUBACH.

Agents for the Kingston Brewery & Distillery. Bytown, January 30th, 1854 [1-11]

Dissolution of Partnership.

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

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

Bytown, December 30th, 1853.

ORANGE CERTIFICATES FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Bytown, February 11th, 1854. [5]

Valuable Property for Sale.

The Subscriber offers for sale the South East half of Lots Nos. 26 and 27, in the 3d Concession of Nepean, Rideau front. There are 10 acres cleared on No. 27, with a good dwelling house erected thereon.

The above Property is within eight miles of Bytown, and will be sold cheap—one half of the purchase money will be required down, and a liberal time given for the remainder.

Apply to the Subscriber.

RICHARD TAYLOR.

Nepean, Jan'y 1854.

WATCH, CLOCK-MAKING AND BAGGRAVING,

WILLIAM TRACY

(Rideau Street, opposite Burpee's Hotel)

BEGS leave to acquaint his customers, and the public generally, that he has now on hand a large and varied assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELLERY consisting of Gold and Silver Watches, Guard Chains, Brooches, Rings, Plated Ware, &c. &c., which he is prepared to dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

Clocks, Watches and Jewellery repaired at the shortest notice, and all jobs warranted.

Engraving done on Brass, Copper, Silver, &c.

Lodge seals neatly engraved at the shortest notice.

Bytown, March, 8th, 1853.

WOOD'S EXCHANGE HOTEL.

UPPER BYTOWN

TO be let from the 1st May next, also the Stone FOUNDRY in Upper Town, lately occupied by H. Blasdell and E. Perkins.

Apply to

N. SPARKS.

Bytown, January 28th, 1854

RAIL ROAD HOUSE.

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

JOHN SAINSBURY Proprietor.

Cobourg, c. w., Sept., 27th 1853.

MR. GEORGE ROBBS,

(AGENT FOR THE "ORANGE LILY.")

ARMAG INN,

Corner of King & Queen Streets,

KINGSTON.



GEORGE LEATCH,

AGENT FOR THE ORANGE LILY,"

PRINCE OF WALES' HOTEL

MAIN STREET, PRESCOTT.

CORD-WOOD.

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

RODERICK ROSS,

Secretary.

Bytown, January 2nd, 1854.

Life Assurance

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Medical Referee, Dr. HILL.
Agents for Bytown,

G. P. BAKER.

Bytown, February 1st, 1852.

GREEN MOUNTAIN HEALTH ASSOCIATION

Office Bytown Canada West.

RATES OF YEARLY PAYMENTS.

First Year--Fractional; trials of a week excepted

BETWEEN 20 AND 50

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

BETWEEN 50 AND 65.

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

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

Officers.

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

DIRECTORS:—

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

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

REFERENCES:—

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

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

AMABLE BELONA.

PLASTER OF PARIS.

200 BARRELS Plaster of Paris, now on hand, and for sale by
JOHN ROBERTS,
Druggist.

Lower Bytown, 21st Dec. 1852.

Just Received.

25 Hhds Bright MUSCOVADO SUGAR.

15 Qr. Casks OLIVE OIL,

For sale by
INGLIS & YOUNG.

August 23rd, 1853.

CHEAP CASH STORE.

York Street, Lower Bytown.

The Subscriber begs leave to return his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public generally, for the very liberal support he has received since his commencing business near the Centre Ward Market, would respectfully inform them that he has just received from the Montreal and New York Markets, a large and varied assortment of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND

HARDWARE,

all of which he is prepared to dispose of on the most reasonable terms. His stock consists in part of

Twined Canadian and American Cloths, Cloaking, Molesters, Fustians, Twilled Serge, Woolen Socks, Mittens and Gloves, Tartan Camblet, Woolen Shawls, and a good assortment of Calicoes, Velvets, Colored Satins, Silks, Vestings, Coburgs, Figured and Plain Orleans, Cashmeres, Red and White Flannels, Grey and White Cotton, Fur Caps, &c. &c.

FRESH TEAS,

SUGAR, COFFEE, SPICES, SALT, PICKLED AND DRY CODFISH, HERRINGS, TOBACCO,

CORN BROOMS, &c., comprising altogether a good and cheap stock, to which he invites the attention of the Public.

GEORGE STORY.

Bytown, 10th Nov., 1852. 41-1

FOR SALE BY INGLIS & YOUNG:

300 lbs. Mess Pork
200 lbs. Prime Mess Pork
500 lbs. extra S. F. Flour
150 lbs. Biscuit.
50 lbs. Oatmeal.

510 Half boxes Tyankey Tea.

75 boxes Hyson Tea,
25 Cattles do. do.
15 boxes do. do.
25 do. Gunpowder do.
10 do. Souchong do.
30 do. Tobacco 16's 9's 5's 1lb. lumps.
20 Hhds Bright Muscovado Sugar.
25 brls. London Crushed Sugar.
2 Hhds. Loaf Sugar.
20 bgs Laguyra Coffee.
5 bgs fresh Canary Seeds.
5 Hhds. Jamaica Ginger.
5 bgs East India Rice.
5 do. Carolina Rice.
For sale by INGLIS & YOUNG.

15 brls. Machinery Oil.

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

50 brls. No. 1 split Herrings.

20 cwt. table Cod Fish.
50 Tins white Lead,
100 Boxes German Sheet Glass, various sizes, Salt, Currants, Raisins in boxes, half & qrt. boxes, Mustard in jars and bottles, Starch, Cloves, Cinnamon, Pimento, Pepper, Soap, Candles, Cigars, Paints, Oils, Balmbrick, Pickles Sauces, Anchovies, Snuff, Matches, Almonds, Wrapping Paper, Pipes, Paints, Brushes, Castor Oil, Epsom Salt, Lobsters, Patent Pails, Brooms, Nutmegs, Blacking, Powder Sago, Liquorices Vinegar, &c. &c. &c.
For sale by INGLIS & YOUNG.

REMOVAL.

ALEXANDER BRYSON,
STATIONER AND BOOK-BINDER.

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

INFORMATION WANTED,

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

If any of our exchange papers inserting the above gratis will do an act of charity,

TO BE LET.

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

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

ROBERT STANLEY.

Nepean, July 15th, 1852.

REMOVAL.

THE CORNER HARDWARE

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

LOOK FOR THE

BIG AUGER.

McARTHUR & McDOUGAL.

Bytown, Nov. 1852. 41-1

NEW STORE & NEW GOODS

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

Also, an excellent assortment of Ladies Gentlemen and childrens

Boots and Shoes

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

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

JOHN BAREILLE.

FOR SALE,

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

For particulars apply to the Subscriber on the premises.

GEORGE R. BURKE.

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

CARD.

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

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
Sixth Volume
OF
THE ORANGE LILY.

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

Ten Copies to one Address, £1 7 6, or 8s. 9d. each.
Twenty Copies do., 7 10 0, or 7s. 6d. each.
Thirty Copies do., 9 7 6, or 6s. 3d. each.
Forty Copies do., 10 0 0, or 5s. 0d. each.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

N. B.—Papers with whom we exchange are respectfully requested to copy the above—a similar favor will be complied with, by us, when asked.
ORANGE LILY OFFICE,
Bytown, C. W., Nov., 1853.



J. H. KAROLD
BOOT & SHOEMAKER,

Sign of the Mammoth Boot.
No. 1034 Notre Dame Street Montreal.
WOULD respectfully announce to the public that he keeps constantly on hand a large and varied stock of Ladies' Gentlemen's, and children's Boots and Shoes; and as they are made under his own inspection, expressly for the Canada trade, he can warrant them to give satisfaction.
Country Merchants, and others about purchasing at wholesale will find it to their advantage to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Montreal, May 7th 1853.

CITY HOTEL,

GARDEN STREET, UPPER TOWN,
QUEBEC.

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

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

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

PLACES OF INTEREST IN & ABOUT QUEBEC.

- FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.
- NATURAL STEPS.
- INDIAN VILLAGE AND LORETTE FALLS.
- PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, AND MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF GEN. WOLFE.
- CITADEL. (*)
- DURHAM TERRACE.
- GRAND BATTERY.
- FRENCH CATHEDRAL.
- SEMINARY.
- HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.
- LAKE ST. CHARLES.
- LAKE BEAUFORT.
- FALLS OF ST. ANNE.

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

THE BRITISH HOTEL, RE-OPENED.

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

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

D. SPARKHUR.

Bytown, Jan'y 16th 1853.

BLANK DEEDS
AND
MEMORIALS!
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THE ORANGE LILY,

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

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

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

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

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

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