

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# THE ORANGE LILY.

VOL. VI.

BYTOWN, SEPTEMBER 4, 1854.

NO. 31.

## Poetry.

### 'Tis Fair beyond the Clouds.

INSCRIBED TO G. W.  
BY  
FREDERICK WRIGHT.

When the fierce tempest, bath her darkness  
spread,  
O'er smiling earth—and gleaming skies o'erhead;  
When all scented gloom and dreary to the sight,  
Fast thou not marked with rapture and delight,  
By art unseen—That rended veil—disclose.  
Blue depths beyond—' Fair Heaven in calm re-  
pose!

So have I thought when Grief, the canker worm,  
Died in the bud—and spent the present storm,  
Like yon blue Isle—amid that cloudy Sea—  
There yet remain'd a land of Rest for me.  
When rent the veil that now my path enshrouds,  
I too might prove 'twas Fair beyond the Clouds!  
May not the soul by care and sorrow worn,  
Enwrap in gloom thro' Disappointments borne,  
Swept by the tempests of an adverse fate,  
The gales of Passion or of Jealous hate—  
Find when the surges of that storm is past,  
Beyond their rage a tranquil home at last!  
Or pilgrim He! perhaps of fourscore years  
Who walks resigned amid this vale of tears!  
With bended Form! but Faith erect—he sees  
The gathering clouds of trial on the breeze!  
But fears them not—nor heeds the spreading  
shrouds!  
Soon he shall prove. 'Tis Fair beyond the  
Clouds!

### THE PAST.

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

Joy's—of the Past—Where are ye now?  
Like visions of the night,  
Aro ye departed, and your g'  
Like rays of summer light—  
Life's wintry gales hath shrouded all  
In darkness and in gloom,  
The Present—hangs a sable pall  
Like garlands on a tomb!

Time was—when like a prancing steed  
With housings firm and gay,  
Life was no laggard, in its speed—  
So blithe it passed away—  
But Grief will chill the warmest blood,  
Care—cankers many a heart—  
And Joy—like Summer's ripen'd bud—  
With Summer must depart!

Dreams of the Past! ye too are gone—  
Gone—like the sun-set gleam,  
Of Autumn's bright unclouded sun—  
On mountain lake or stream—  
Bright glanced the waters as they lay  
In tranquil beauty there,  
Each smiling wavelet seem'd to say  
What fear of danger here?—

But night approach'd and with it came  
The storm cloud's brooding wing,  
The lightning shot its ambient flame,

While winds were gathering:  
Their viewless forces for the strife,  
(Fierce combatants are they)  
When Morning broke—the scene was rife  
With terror and dismay!

Thus earthly Joy—a phantom flies,  
A transient flow'r and rare!  
And hope—with time's fruition dies,  
There's nothing certain here!  
I seek a joy that cannot fade—  
God's Love alone bestows—  
The Hope—in Gospel Truth display'd  
That no deception knows!  
Beverly, County of Leeds, C. W.

### THE MYSTERIOUS CORPORAL.

I once had a comrade, and he was the  
rurriest character you ever saw; a right  
queer customer he was, and I'd defy ever a  
white man to fathom a ho he was, or what  
he could be at. He was continually laugh-  
ing or sneering at somebody or something,  
often having a hit at myself I believe, when  
I was not by. For all that we were prime  
chums, and the reason heackled to me was  
that we two were the only men that could  
read and write in the company. A first-  
class scholar he was, let me tell you, and  
could jabber foreign languages like winkin'  
—nay, one night over a can of rack-punch  
he swore to me he had once been a profes-  
sor of something or other at the college of  
Goitagain, in Jarmany, but had to cut his  
stick for running down religion, and being  
a Carabineero as he called it. He had been  
a sergeant I knew, in our own corps, but  
was broke for laughing at Ensign Spoon,  
and giving 'check' when he was brought  
up.

He had the oddest name—what do you  
think it was?—Oh, you'd never guess it—  
it was Nicholas Flannel—though whether  
that was the name he was christened by, or  
whether he was ever christened at all, who  
ever knows, I don't.

He was about my height, but thin as a  
lath, and as agile as a rock-lizard, dark  
complexioned, small faced, and black eyed,  
with a towering brow and head, that used  
to run up into his shako; as a bag'net would  
into a scabbard, and though he was a man  
of forty, I'm blessed if you would not take  
him for a lad of twenty.

Well, we used to have the queerest con-  
versations—he used to talk like a rum 'un  
about all sorts of things—such as sodgerical  
signs—which mayhap you knows of—af-  
f'ring there was a quarrier in the sky, and  
a vargin, and a library, and fishes, and  
scales, and all manner of diseases, such as  
cancers, which he said were the same as  
crabs, and all sorts of medicines too, such  
as mercury, castor, and what not.

You may think from this that he believed  
heaven to be an hospital, but in half a shake  
he would prove it to be a regular wild beast  
show, and point you out lions, scorpions,  
bears, dragons, and all sorts of unconscion-  
able varmin.

Then how he used to jaw about religion!  
It seems quite awful to me now, though I  
did not care so much about it then as a  
man does when he comes to an age of dis-  
cretion and is the father of a family.

He would talk to me too by the hour  
about old heathen gods, Mars and Venus  
and Neptune, whom he said the sailors used  
to retain ceremonies about to this day; and  
about Stonehedge, over there on Salisbury  
plain, and about the Druids, or some such  
name, and about some wooden god that he  
said our Wednesday took its name from.—  
He would lecture too about Noah's ark, and  
the flood, which he said was a corruption of  
the Muddy-terrain sea.

Oh my eyes what a head his was for all  
manner of larnin', and how I used to be  
carried away with his discourse. I declare  
to you I would rather listen to him than see  
a play any day of the week, and I think it  
was this that made him so much my crony  
—the listening to him that is—for never a  
soul but myself in the regiment did he care  
to say a word to, barrin' in way of fun or  
jeering like. He was always a running  
down the officers, and poking his fun at  
them for ignorance, that is, when they were  
not looking at him—'ad except the doctor—  
he had some respect for him, because he  
used to go about taking off on paper all the  
pagodas and caves and old ruined figures of  
stone, but even that was not to speak of.

He was a great freemason too, and was  
deeper in that craft than any man ever I  
know'd of.—but you are not a freemason—  
(How the Jewee has he found that out?)  
thought I). And in course I cannot say  
much about it—but he used to talk concern-  
in' that order in a way the like I never  
heard, and would tell me about the times  
when the art of building and working in  
stone was in its best days, when all these  
caves were dug, and temples built, every-  
thing else was so far behind that the very  
people that could build pyramids like  
mountains, could not go to sea in a boat, or  
make a firelock, hardly even could weave  
a decent rag of broadcloth to cover their  
—hillo, Nan! where are you running to? that  
rig will be over you gut—don't you see the  
lights coming up?

He could tell long stories about the kings  
that lived in those old times, and their wars  
and deadfall battles, to which Waterloo was  
no more than a skirmmage; and how they  
were made gods when they died, such as  
Bacchus, who was another Boney, and not a  
drunken old sot, as some people think; and  
Vulcan, the god of the smiths, who was  
the same as the Tubal Cain that you read  
of in the Bible, and Nimrod and the other  
king that built Babylon, and Aking of Per-  
sia that invented magic and prophesying by  
the stars, and playin' to the sun just the  
same as the Parsees do at Bombay, and  
whose name was 'Sorrow-a-star,' if I'm  
not wrong. Oh, there was no end to the  
stories, and so darra'm they were that they  
would nail you to the spot hearkenin' to  
him for hours.

He affirmed he could read all the marks  
and signs on the old pagodas and temples,  
the hieroglyphs you know, and said they  
were all about mathematics and the moon  
and stars and eclipses, and measuring, and  
laws, and he assured me that the laws  
made in those old times were much better  
than those now, for that there was no such  
thing as getting your job in chancery for  
all your lifetime, but that laws were made  
for giving justice, not a d'cent, to maintain  
thirty thousand men, who, he said,

made their bread out of what is called the glorious certainty.

There never was an hour that we had in ourselves, but in place of drinking and smoking away the time, he would go wandering by day or night among the ruins, poking about among the long-eared stone gods, and shoving his fingers into the scratches and lines on the blocks to clear out moss, and sometimes he would get quite nervous and shaky, like a man in a passion,—quite elevated,—as he went about among the secret inscriptions. Nay, when I sometimes would for banter's sake say I did not believe a word of all his yarns about the old gods, he would come out with a word or sentence in some strange gibberish to one of the Gentoo priests as they passed, that would make him start and stare as if he saw a ghost; while Flannel would go jeering and scoffing, swearing he had pronounced words which were only known to Brahmms of the highest order, and had been kept secret by the dreadfulest penalties for thousands of years.

Well,—once when we were lying at Benares, a place as full of old monuments as any churchyard, three or four companies of us were marched to a village about fifteen miles distant, where the ryots,—that's the small farmers like, though why they called them by that name I could never think for a more peaceable set of folks an' nowhere—well, these ryots were grumbling at a tax-gatherer that had been put over them, and it was thought that a sight of our red-coats would make them come down with their sicca rupees a little quicker.

We began our march on the morning early, and halted to pass the noon at a small collection of bamboo houses, about half-way. There was a little creek of a river ran thro' this place finding its way to the Ganges; not a muddy sort of thing, but quite clear, and fordable any where, though it was crossed by a wooden bridge built by the Company. Well, as soon as we had piled arms and dismissed for a time, this same corporal and I lighted our 'baccies,' and away we rambled up the banks of the creek.

When we had gone about a quarter of a mile from the road, we came to a low place, where there was a little hollow 'airy' by the stream, covered with long grass, and backed by a high precipice. Here we found a number of old stones lying about, some of them damming up the water, so as to produce a beautiful clear little basin to bathe in. They were very ancient, sunk into the ground, and overgrown with moss and brushwood.

The water, I have said, was very clear, and there was no mud or weeds about the banks, nothing but white sand and pebbles, nor was there any fear of water snakes, or anything of that sort, for we could see the bottom all about. The day was broiling hot, and the water looked so fresh and cold, and so rapid in its flow, besides the shadow of the trees was so cool, and the grass so long, damp and green, that we both resolved upon a bath. Off went our regimentals, and into the stream we plunged: and I'll declare to you that the whole skin of this same Nick Flannel was covered with the strangest figures and letters and pictures of creatures done in tattooing—there were squares and rings and triangles, and figures like the broad arrow, and pictures of all sorts of animals, dragons and flying serpents, and sphinxes and Hindoo gods, the same as were figured on old monuments, and suns, moons, and stars, and globes, covered with lines like, and snakes with their tails in their mouths, and birds, and oh, every kind of odd object. I'll be sworn he had not a

square inch of skin that was not stamed in this way.

Well—out we came shortly, for it an't good to stay long in the water in those parts, and just as we were shoving on our clothes I noticed this fellow struck all of a heap, like a man that comes suddenly on a venomous serpent. There he was quite yellow in the face, for these dark people don't become pale, like a Christian, but quite yellow and tawny—a sort of canary colour—there he was trembling, and his sharp black eyes glancing like the red end of a sheroot in a dark night; and he looked here and there among the blocks of stone, and pulled away the grass from about them, and then looked at the bare face of the rock behind, and then at the blocks in the stream, and then again at these among the grass. I was wondering what was in the wind, when he jumps away, and looks up the water, and down past the rock, and then mounts on the top and looks about, but there wasn't a soul to be seen. Presently down he comes to me, all in a hixeric way, and he says,

'Jim,' says he, 'did you ever hear of the Pitt diamond?'

'Why,' says I, 'I believe diamonds are all dug out of pits.'

'Pshaw,' says he, 'it was a stone that was sold by one Pitt to the Empress of Russia for half a million of money, and is worth double that any day. It was found, no one can tell how—but I can—in these parts by a common soldier—one like you and I. Now hearken to me;—there is within this little hollow what would make both of us richer than e'er a king in christendom, if we could manage to clapperclaw it without it's being known we did it.'

'Lord help me, Nick, you don't mean that?'

'Yes, but I do, though—it would take us both to come at it—one could not do it, for the difficulty is too much for the strength of one; besides, the danger is dreadful—you can't form no notion. If it were found out I did it, I would not be safe from death, and that a most horrible one, though I hid myself among the ice at the North Pole.'

'Bless my heart!' said I, and I began to get excited myself; 'what is it—how much—is it all fair and above board—I mean, is it all honest plunder?'

'I can't tell you; let us begone from this place for the present, for every moment increases the difficulty and danger.'

And away we paddled down the bank to the bridge, and to the little village where our comrades were lying in the shade, smoking and sleeping.

Well, till we got the word to fall in and march, he never ceased talking, telling me of the mighty treasure that was to be had where we had been, and of the secret marks on the rock and stones, and of the mortal danger that hung over those that even thought of making away with such things, and about secret societies, and Brahmms and gypsies, and masonry and carbonism, and devil know's what, till at last I got fairly tunked, and made a resolution to have nothing to do with it.

What was the use of riches to me, if I could not use it without the danger of waking with a knife between my ribs, or finding poison slipping down my gizzard. Besides, it might be all very fine for a fellow that knew everything, and something more, like Nick Flannel, but for a plain man like me, contented with my station, and comfortable, why the advantage to be gained was not equal to the risk; besides, was it not all very likely to be nothing but bosh.

So when, shortly after nightfall, Flannel comes to me and asks me if I'm ready to

go, I simply and plainly said, 'I won't go, nor have anything to do with the job at all.'

Then he begged and prayed, and implored me to go with him, and promised me immense riches; but still I would not agree, and time, which he said was of the greatest value, was running past. At last he began to call me coward and fool, so up I got and pitched into him, when he soon cried for quarter; and then shaking me by the hand, he bade me farewell.

'I'm going to make the attempt myself,' said he, 'and if I'm not back before daylight, you may report me to the sergeant; it's just possible it may do me some good in case I should be nailed.'

So off he set out into the darkness, and I never saw him in life again.

Well, next day when there was no signs of him returning, I went and made my report, and you could not imagine the surprise of the officers when I told the story. Some would not believe it, others thought it a scheme to desert; but the major ordered me to take a corporal and his guard with me, and go look for him about the bamboo houses and thereabout.

No sooner said than done. Away we marched in search of him; and I can assure you I felt very queer; for poor Nick, with all his ways of jeering and poking fun at a body, was a tiptop good fellow, and I had a very strong friendship for him; besides he was a step above me, and above most folks I have ever seen, in the way of brains and learning, so that I was a little proud I had been so much in his confidence.

We searched all over the bamboo houses and over the fields, but without success; we asked the people about if they had seen him, but not one of them had. At last I led the way, urged by a strange curiosity, and a kind of hope, that was not hope either, up the banks of the small stream, to the little mysterious hollow. As we rounded the end of the rock that shut it in, my eyes lighted upon a heap of clothes in one part of the place, among which his red jacket was plain, and over it his belt and bayonet, laid along with his cap and watch.

'I'm blessed if he has not gone in to bathe and been drowned,' cried one of us, by name Joe Morgan, a Welshman.

I thought so myself for a moment or two, and was going up to the clothes, when I observed, about a couple of yards distant from them, a heap of bones, quite fresh-looking, white and red, like bones laid aside in a butcher's stall—and Lord be with us! right in the midst of them was a human skull, with the eyes and all the flesh pared clean away.

I could now well conceive it was all up with poor Nick—but what next? About two yards from the bones was a third heap of bits of flesh, chopped neatly as small as minced-meat. Two eyes and ears were laid on top of the heap, and on the pieces of skin I could see the tattoos triangles and serpents, and suns and moons, and other figures which I had remarked when my poor comrade and I bathed the day before. Oh, it was dreadful! Upon my oath I felt in a mortal funk as I looked upon the remains of the poor fellow, and so did we all, though it was broad day-light and we had our arms.

There was an unhallowed neatness about the whole arrangement, that showed a strange coolness and deliberation in the perpetration of the deed; nothing was scattered about, but all the remains were packed carefully in one or other of the three heaps. The grass was not trodden down more than we had done with our own feet, or he and I on the day before when bathing. There

was no blood to be seen about among the grass, on the stones, or on the face of the rock; in short I could see no difference in the place from what it was when I had seen it before, except the presence of the three ghastly heaps.

I took up his bayonet and drew it. It was quite clear and bright, and had plainly not been used by him in defence, or if it had, it had been cleaned and polished since. The clothes were carefully folded, but we remarked they were not folded the right way—that is, with the sleeves of the jacket, for instance, done first, and then the body over them; but sleeves, body and back were folded at once in squares, as one would do who had not been in the habit of using such clothing.

You may guess we were all pretty much struck. I could not imagine what to do for some time, I was so overcome; and I fervently thanked providence in my own mind that I had not been allowed to go with him that evening in search of his devil guarded treasure.

At length, leaving two on guard over the remains, we went down to the little hamlet near the bridge, where we had a rude coffin constructed in a few hours by Hindoo workmen. Into this we put them, and carried them to quarters. Next morning he received a soldier's funeral.

Now you would expect that there would be a precious row kicked up about such an affair as this—and so there was, but nothing came of it, only it was easy to see that the people in the neighborhood, who were all poor ignorant country-folks, knew nothing about it. It was never explained, and after a time it ceased to be talked about in the regiment, for poor Nick was too clever to be liked by more than one or two, and few subsequently missed him.

### Justice of Sultan Abdul Medjid.

(From Christmas's Sultan of Turkey.)

"Not far from Bebek, a pretty village on the Bosphorus, there lived, no longer ago than the spring of 1850, an Armenian merchant, a man of wealth, and of considerable influence in his community. The articles in which he dealt were principally such as can be deposited in a small space—jewellery, otto of roses, perfumes, costly drugs, embroidery, Cashmere shawls, and the like. Of these he had his house full at the period I speak of. He had been induced to hear the preaching by the American missionaries at Bebek, and the result had been that he left the communion of the Armenian Church, and declared himself a Protestant! The priests of his former persuasion did all they could in the way of argument; they stormed, they threatened, they cajoled, they entreated, but all in vain. The merchant had bought the truth, and was resolved "to sell it not." The patriarch was applied to. It must be remembered, that there is an Armenian as well as a Greek patriarch; and his holiness tried all the same means over again, and with no better result; till, worn out with his fruitless labours, he gave commission to excommunicate the unfortunate merchant, and to denounce him as an excommunicated person from the altar. A few days after this, an unruly mob of Greeks and Armenians, but principally the latter, assembled in front of the culprit's house, armed with every species of destructive instruments, dispersed the family, who for the most ran away in terror before the crowd had reached the building, and then deliberately pulled down the house, and made a bonfire of the goods."

The convert goes to the Grand Vizier.

"I do not see," said the vizier, "what I can do. If I interfere, it will be an extrajudicial proceeding, and will not fail to be made a handle of by those who dislike what they call innovations. The old Turks call me Disoul Pasha, as it is; what will they say if I set up to be a judge among Christians?" Meantime, it seemed as though the proceeding of the Armenian had opened a channel of thought in the mind of the vizier. "Come to me again to-morrow; and though I cannot help you, I will bring you one that can."

A caïque was ready, and, to the merchant's awe, he soon found that he was to be introduced into the "Sublime Presence." The after part of the preceding day had been spent in careful investigation, and the minister had laid a statement of the case before the Sultan, who, with a true Haroun-al-Raschid feeling, had determined on taking the matter into his own hands. As soon as the Armenian had paid the customary respects, expressed his delight at beholding the proprietor of the sun and moon, and stated that henceforth his face, and the faces of all his descendants would be whitened, the Sultan plunged at once in medias res.

"I am told," said his highness, "that the Armenians at Bebek and its neighbourhood have pulled down your house and burned your goods; this is wrong; but now tell me, what have you done? for no man pulls down another's house for nothing. What crime had you committed?"

"May it please your Highness, I committed no crime at all. I forsook what they call the faith."

"It is a bad thing," said the Sultan, "to forsake the faith; but what faith did you forsake?"

"I forsook the faith which commanded me to bow down and worship the Panagia (the Virgin Mary) and the saints."

"What! those yellow-painted things that I have been told Christians worship?"

"Yes, your Highness; but Christians do not worship them. Since I have been a Christian, I have not bowed down to the Panagia."

"Well, you are very much in the right; you have no right to worship their nasty piece of painted wood; there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

The merchant bowed down reverently as the Sultan spoke, but doubtless made a little mental reserve, as no one ventures to contradict the Commander of the Faithful. Abdul Medjid now began to inquire into the particulars of the transaction, and finding that the account given by the Armenian tallied exactly with that which he had received from the vizier, who, it will be remembered, had made special inquiries into the truth of the matter, the merchant was dismissed, and an order sent to the patriarch of the Armenian Church to be at Beshektasche the next day about the same hour. In fear and trembling the primate made his appearance. The Sultan was evidently out of temper; scarcely could he wait till the ceremonial prostrations were over, when he began—

"How is it that your people burn the goods and pull down the houses of my subjects? Am not I Sultan addeen? Am I to eat dirt?"

The patriarch was greatly alarmed. He attempted to explain.

"No!" said the Sultan, "I know all about it, and have made up my mind."

"May it please your Highness—"

"It does not please me, and that is why I have sent for you. Now hear what I have to say. I persecute no one for his religion,

and I will not allow you to do it. God is great; what pigs you are to do such a thing! This man puts his trust in God, and, sits down under our shadow; he shall not be robbed. Now listen, continued Abdul Medjid, from whose countenance all traces of anger had passed away; this merchant must be reimbursed for his losses. (The patriarch began to look pale.) As he has been injured by my subjects, my treasury must make good the damage. No man may pray for vengeance against us for oppression."

His Holiness began to breathe again.

"Your Highness is the source of comfort and the rose of justice."

"Yes, doubtless I am. This being the case, I must see to the redress of all mischief committed against those who look to the green banner for protection. Now, if I do no more than this, all true believers will have a right to complain, for will it not be taxing them to make up for the crimes of dogs and infidels? therefore as I pay the merchant, you must pay me!"

All trace of colour had departed from the patriarchal countenance. He opened his mouth but the words would not come. It was not necessary; the Sultan made him a sign that for the present he might be silent.

"By this time next week the Armenian will have his wrongs redressed; on the corresponding day in the week following, you will restore the amount to our treasury; and then, as soon as you like, you will have our imperial license and permission to make the evil doers, set on, O father of bad advice! by your persuasions, indemnify you in your turn. Now I have to state the amount necessary: the merchant says he has lost eight hundred thousand piastres" (about £8,000); "but as he is in the hurry and confusion of such an event, he has doubtless lost the recollection of many valuable things which he possessed, we will add one-half more, and we will say twelve hundred thousand piastres; and this will repay him in some way for the sufferings he has gone through. Our treasurer will pay him these 1,200,000 piastres next week, and you will repay it to us the week after." Once more his Holiness attempted to speak, but the Sultan clapped his hands. "It is spoken!"

### The Abduction Trial.

Mr. Carden has been acquitted of the abduction of Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot, and convicted of the attempt. Had he been found guilty of the completion of the offence, the penalties would have been those of felony. The heaviest sentence that can be passed for the attempt is imprisonment for two years, and a fine. The distinction between the attempt and perpetration of a crime is wise, because—not to mention other good reasons—there are cases (Mr. Carden's is clearly not of the class), in which compunction at the last moment may have turned the purpose of the offender, and it is politic enough to keep open this *locus penitentia*; but the distinction is not always observed. Mr. Carden has, of course, the full benefit of the distinction. Yet his counsel complains of the vindictive spirit of the prosecution for felony, and while he does so, has the inconsistency to point out the different course of proceedings which might have been taken under the 10th George IV. for a transportable misdemeanour, or under a recent statute which awards four years' penal servitude for the offence. But the Attorney General must have known full well, when he preferred the prosecution for the felony, that a conviction could not be had; and that the result would be a verdict for the minor offence, with the inadequate punishment

mentioned. It was doubtless no thought desirable to subject an Irish gentleman and magistrate 'a man of good friends,' to transportation or penal servitude. It was thought better to charge him with more than he was guilty of, and so to punish him short of his true deserts. And let our readers mark our words when we assure them, that this man will never undergo the awarded punishment, inadequate as it is to his offence. It will soon be found, that confinement does not agree with his health, his life will be said to be in danger, and he will be liberated like the Mayor of Kye. All that we are witnessing is merely to save appearances. The time will come, when the public has ceased to concern itself about the matter, when all will be set aside. Yet, short of actual murder, and crime next to it in atrocity, was there ever a worse case? The man and his gang were armed with deadly weapons, so that he clearly contemplated the extremity of murder for the execution of his plot; and, indeed, he had given the word to fire, which, fortunately, was not obeyed by his less unscrupulous followers; but the very worst preparation in this wicked affair was the provision of drugs to procure insensibility, the purpose of which cannot be mistaken. From a certain Dr. Forsyth, who, it appears, does not pry into the intentions with which gentlemen in Mr. Carden's station in life procure drugs for ladies, or who, like the fellows who conduct a trade under the sign of the black doll, do not trouble their customers with questions, Mr. Carden obtained two bottles of chloroform, containing several large doses sufficient to effect insensibility. The avowed purpose of the chloroform was to cure a lady of hysterics; but it is quite certain that Miss Arbuthnot is not a hysterical subject, but one of those women who command all their powers and resources for an occasion demanding them. Indeed, it was a party of heroines, commencing with Miss Lyndon, who met Mr. Carden's first advances with a lusty thump on the nose which set him bleeding. Miss Louisa Arbuthnot came next. She struck Carden on the head when he seized her sister. She then had a struggle with him, was torn out of the car, and fell with Carden. He got up and returned to the attack of Miss Eleanor. Miss Louisa, nothing daunted, pursued and fastened on him to pull him back, improving the occasion by striking him a blow on the back of the head. In proof of Miss Louisa's prowess, Smithwick pithily states, 'Miss Arbuthnot faced Carden again. Carden got in dread of her.' But Miss Eleanor also performed her part bravely. At one time the ruffian had nearly overpowered her, and was all but dragged from the car, but by a vigorous effort she recovered her balance, and got one of her feet against the side of the car. But she had happily more than one foot, and knew how to make it useful and auxiliary to the other, so she employed it in bestowing an energetic kick on the breast of her would-be ravisher—a kick which must surely have made the flame in that breast flicker with a most unlover-like agitation. All manhood seems to have been beaten-out of Carden by the womanhood he encountered, for when Smithwick came against him he bellowed murder, and fairly took to his heels. 'On m'assassine!' cried the French thief under the whip. Nothing indeed has so much resembled Mr. Smith O'Brien crouching amongst the widow Cormack's cabbages in the memorable rebellion of Rathcormack, as this Tipperary Lovelace's behaviour, roaring murder and living from the first man who faced him, after having been defeated by the women.

The favors he had at that time received at the fair hands of shy ladies were a bloody nose from Miss Lyndon, a blow on the head from Miss Louisa Arbuthnot and another on the back, a vigorous kick on the chest from Miss Eleanor; added to these handsome contributions, he had a whipping administered with his own whip by Smithwick, and also a thump on the head with a stone. So ignominiously mauled was this Tipperary hero of romance. It was Lovelace burlesqued egregiously; but the public of that enlightened and civilized part of the kingdom have no perception of the character of the performance, and recognize neither the villainy of the design nor the absurdity of the execution. A correspondent of the *Cork Examiner* states;—

"I have myself heard several gentlemen, many of whose names were on the county panel, palliating the crime of Mr. Carden, and speaking in strong terms of indignation of what they call 'the persecution' on the part of the Government. A general expression, too, in use among this class of persons, is 'that he was too good for her,'—that is to say, that the personal advantages, high birth, and good fortune of Mr. Carden made it rather a condescension on the part of that gentleman to run away with a lady possessed of thirty thousand pounds' fortune, but who was only the daughter of an army clothier; and they appear to be rather indignant at her presumption in having an opinion of her own upon the subject. Among the humbler classes, more particularly the female portion, this feeling exists to a far greater extent even."

How profoundly debased must these people be, and here we find the gentry on the level with the very lowest in point of sentiment. Who can henceforth wonder at the crime of that part of Ireland when such is the state of opinion from high to low, if we can make that distinction where all seem to be equally low, vicious sympathy on the one hand, grovelling severity on the other, coming to conclusions in common? To the pervading perversion of sentiment the acquittal of Carden on the second indictment is referable. The judge did his duty, and no particle of blame rests with him. His sentence, too, is a grand example, for he does not spare the gentleman magistrate the addition of hard labour to his sentence of imprisonment. But we have our fears that what has been done so uprightly and justly by Judge Ball will be undone on convenient opportunity by another authority. Carden has been very anxious to deny the intention of using the chloroform for the purpose suspected, and has, strangely enough, talked of his humanity, as disproving the imputation. His humanity may be fairly estimated from his preparations for the worst and last extremes of violence.—The skull-crackers illustrate the tender humanity of this gentleman, as they were intended and employed to break the heads of any persons who should interfere to protect the objects of his attack. His humanity too, did not shrink from contemplating the use of deadly weapons for the same bad purpose.

**A BATTLE BETWEEN CROWS AND RABBITS.**—On Tuesday last, on the estate of D. A. DAVIES, Esq. M. P., a battle took place between an old and young rabbit on one side, and eight or nine young crows on the other,—the rabbits defending themselves gallantly for nearly two hours and a half, and not attempting to burrow. At length the crows succeeded in killing the young rabbit, and then took flight, leaving it dead on the ground, while the old rabbit returned to its hole, evidently in a very weak and exhausted condition.—*Carmarthen Journal*.

## The Black Sea Fleet.

Her Majesty's steamer—, Baltichik, July 18.

We returned from Varna on Sunday morning, and are once more anchored with the fleets, and are to remain here until the return of one of the ships from Redout Kaleh, when we again cross the Black Sea. Varna presents a most curious appearance at present; quite startled from the usual propriety of itself and its brother towns and cities of Sultan Abdul Medjid; indeed, its narrow streets and lanes are European as far as it is possible so to render a dusty and straggling collection of Eastern streets and bazars. But few Turks have remained in the place since the influx of English and French, and Maltese, Ionians, and natives of Gibraltar appear to occupy the trade of Varna, particularly in the articles of towels, eggs, milk, and ice. There are cafes and club-houses established, alike for English and French. The streets present a bustling mixture of uniforms—Chasseurs d'Afrique in their handsome light blue coats and scarlet trousers, Zouaves, and indigenes in their Eastern costume, and Cossacks, mixed with the less varying costumes of our own soldiers, and the white head dresses and red cloaks of the Kurds. English officers are seen wandering about with haversacks over their shoulders, evidently bent on foraging expeditions for their ruses, and, through the whole picturesque confusion, dashes a pretty little spirited vivandiere, her scarlet trousers astride her horse, and her epaulettes and spilt keg flashing in the sun. Such a metamorphosis from a quiet, old, sober, dirty, chibouque-smoking, yashmak and papoosehd, waddling population, beats Ovid hollow. The Royals, 38th, and 44th are encamped three miles from the town, near the Cossacks, Chasseurs d'Afrique, and a French cavalry regiment. English and French officers and men pull heartily together. The whole is a scene to be remembered.

We left the Circassian coast about ten days ago. Selim Pasha came on board, and we gave him a salute of 17 guns and a guard of honour. He is a very fine-looking, portly old fellow, as brave as a lion, but it is said that he sometimes forgets that he is the General of his army. He was the last man to leave Usurghet the other day. The Russian force on that occasion was overwhelming; they had also a great number of cavalry, an arm of which Selim Pasha is destitute. Selim says he "sold his guns well," as for every gun he received good payment in the shape of dead Russians. It is very difficult in this part of the world to obtain an accurate knowledge of numbers. The Turks always speak in thousands, and they are frequently multiplied. The adjutant of Selim Pasha is a Hungarian, and he told me that the Turkish loss was 454 men killed, and more wounded, who are at present lying in hospital at Chou-ruks; he imagined the Russian loss was four or five times that amount. I paid my respects to Selim Pasha in the evening, and he welcomed me in the following manner.—Selim (to the interpreter).—"Tell this Topeyco Bashm that I have been sick, very sick, almost sick unto death." Myself.—"Tell him I am exceedingly sorry to hear it." Selim, continuing.—"Yes, most sick was I but an hour ago, but now, God be praised, owing to the reviving presence of the Topeyco Bashm, I am cured, his visit has acted like a charm." He asked me to sketch for him a favourite Bashm-Bazouk. My sister was a fine-looking fellow, with an enormous black mustache extending seven or eight inches on either side of his face, and armed after the fashion of his brethren. I managed to hit him off much to the satisfaction of the General. On our return to Redout-Kaleh we found the Sampson had arrived during our absence, and had brought down Captain Staunton from Bardana, from which place not one of the expedition had moved, owing to the strolled state of the rivers. He is now about to join the army of Roumelia. Soon after we arrived Selim Pasha, accompanied by our captains, &c., went on shore to inspect the fortifications, and all approved highly of the work. On the departure of Selim Pasha we gave him a guard of honour, composed of marine artillery and matines. He looked closely at the men, and, then said to the interpreter,

"If I had 20,000 soldiers such as those, I would not care for 80,000 Russians. On his landing at Chouruksu he was received by an eccentric salute of I don't know how many guns and a guard of honour. Three or four hundred Bashkizouks also received him with a present upon the beach; these, the Pasha explained, were gallant fellows, who had fought well: as for the other Bashkizouks, he said, he should like to burn them all. One of his bands welcomed him with an air, called 'Shefkattil'; it was composed on the occasion of their Generals taking Shefkattil (Nicola) last November, and is something in the 'Battle of Prigno' style. First, the Russians just to be allowed to 'wait a little longer—'just a week;' then their denials: 'dwindle into—'

"Shefkattil prag let us stay,  
"If 'tis but for one little day."

Then an hour is besought, and, finally, Shefkattil falls in a great crash of brass instruments and kettledrums.

In steaming to Baltschik we approached Sebastopol in beautiful weather, the hills and rocks of the southern coast of the Crimea being finally defined through the clear air. Talita was distinctly saw, and also the beautiful mansion of Worouzoff there. Balaklava (signifying plenty of fish) with its towers was also in the view; and soon came a new addition to the scene, in a volume of smoke puffing from the other side of the Cape, and "three steamers" were reported from the masthead. We instantly cleared for action and loaded our guns, but the smoke gradually began to disappear, as the vessels were entering Sebastopol, and nothing more was seen of the steamers. We were seen clearly in the moonlight from the lighthouse, and could ourselves distinguish through the opposing darkness a steamer near that place. Lighthouse and steamers fired bluelights and no end of signals half the night on our account. At sunrise we approached the place so near as to perceive what was doing in the harbour; two steamers had their steam up, and line-of-battle ships were near the entrance.

Captain Parker's death was a sad affair. He, with some other officers of the *Fiebrand*, had been in the fort but the day before; on going on shore he and his boat's crew were surprised by a volley; they returned the fire, however, Captain Parker making use of his rifle, he fired with effect, and exclaimed, "There goes one of them," as a Cossack fell, and was reloading his rifle, when a ball struck him on the left side, passing right through him. Jull landed as soon as possible with his men, and went at the fort at "the double" but on entering it not a man was to be seen; they had all galloped off, bearing with them (as they always do) their killed and wounded.

The *Furious* and *Terrible* returned from their cruise on Sunday morning, each with four prizes in its rear, and flying Dutch, Sardinian, and Wallachian colours—vessels breaking the blockade of the Danube. The *Furious* had paid a visit to the remains of the *Tiger*, and fired several broadsides to destroy the remaining cylinder, the Russians having secured the other; a field-battery opened fire upon the *Furious*, which she answered right well, and dropt the guns back with her shot and shell, the effects of which were plainly visible. The *Furious* at present displays a shot-hole through both her funnels, a shot also entered one of her port-holes, knocking off the disjoint of the gun, and deeply indenting the deck above, and a quailing one man. She has gone to Constantinople. I believe stirring news from this part of the world may be looked for ere long: the capabilities of our ships for troop carrying have been ascertained; and all eyes are upon the Crimea. *Kassa* will most likely fall first, and be garrisoned; then *Kertch* and *Yenikale*, finally, the whole vast peninsula, but no ought to have steamers of light draught, (like the Russian steamer *Pruth*) to hold the Sea of Azof.

Yesterday there was a conference at Varna between the Admirals and Generals, the latter returning in the evening. It is somewhat difficult to get hold of the proper names on the Georgian coast, the whole of the places rejoicing in two—Russian and Turkish. The *Belleophon* has just hoisted blue pater and fired a gun; off to Varna.

There is cholera on board some of the French ships, though not, I believe, to a great extent; a temporary encampment has been formed for them on the beach.

### The Baltic Fleet.

An officer on board the *Blenheim* writes as follows:—

Bomarsund, Alund Islands, July 23.

On the 18th the screw squadron under Sir Charles and the French and English sailing line-of-battle ships left Buro Sound. On Thursday night, the 20th, we anchored, owing to thick foggy weather, and on Friday, about 12 a. m., the French and English admirals proceeded, leaving Admiral Gorry's division behind, to look out at sea. We reached Led Sound, 20 miles hence, that evening. Yesterday (Saturday) signal was made at 5 50 a. m., to weigh.

We proceeded through the most lovely and romantic scenery you can possibly imagine, through islands studded with huts, pine trees coming down to and growing luxuriantly by the water's edge, and wild flowers in abundance; here, there, and everywhere huge masses of pink and gray granite rock. In a most intricate and narrow passage the *Ajax* got ashore, and the *Magicienne* also. Both came off without injury. You might have pitched a biscuit on shore.

We were told that the big woods were lined with riflemen, and therefore fully expected a volley. By way of precaution, shot and shell were ready on deck, men all at their guns, our 10-inch guns loaded with canister to rake the woods, in case we were fired upon, hammocks in the tops and round the wheel, to prevent our men from being hit. It was most exciting. At 4 p. m., the *Edinburgh*, *Blenheim*, *Hogue*, *Ajax*, *Amphion*, and *Alban* arrived off the forts of Bomarsund, and took up our position just within range of the batteries. We had only just let go our anchor when a puff of white smoke and the sound of shot screaming and rending the air ploughed up the water close to the *Edinburgh*, and another from the long fort and one of the martello towers—bang, bang—ricochetting with beautiful direction at the *Edinburgh* and *Amphion*, but all fell short. Another shot from masked battery fell just short of the *Blenheim*, another came ricocheting and ploughed up the water close by our stern and just ahead of the *Hogue*. Presently, whizz—bang, and a shell from a mortar fell short and burst in the air (The Russians evidently do not understand the cutting of fuses.) The Admiral made signal 'weigh,' and we shifted our berths and got out of range of the shot, as he has express orders to do nothing—not fire a shot, if he can avoid it—but wait for the troops.

Bomarsund has one long large casemated battery and three martello towers in commanding positions, of great strength, it is said. The scenery is lovely, and we are only about a cable's length from granite rocks on each side of us, clothed with pine. We can see through our glasses the Russian officers riding about, soldiers wheeling about, artillery in their long grey coats, women walking, and soldiers lazily lounging in the sun (West India heat here,) and looking at us. They will catch it, but we shall not get off scot free. This morning the French liner *Duperre*, two French steamers, and the *Hecla* steam-sloop joined us. The latter bombarded the place for some time about a fortnight since, and I can, through my glass, see the shot holes she made quite plainly. The squadron under Sir Charles and the French fleet are now in Led Sound; Admiral Gorry is gone home invalided per *Dauntless*. Plumridge has hoisted his flag in the *Neptune*, 120, and Commodore Martin, late of the *Nile*, has taken command of the flying squadron, and hoisted his pennant on board the *Leopard*, 16. I am glad to say the cholera has abated.

CHOLERA IN THE CAMP AT VARNA.—VARNA, JULY 26.—The cholera on Monday broke out in the camp of the Light Division. Upwards of 20 men died in 24 hours. A sergeant of the 88th was taken ill at 7 o'clock, and was dead at 12 o'clock. The 23d Regiment, suffered espe-

cially. On Monday evening Brigadier Airey gave orders that the division should parade the following morning with baggage packed, &c. Several fresh cases of cholera occurred during the night, and on Tuesday the division to our great joy struck tents and marched off from Ievno to Iounstir, a village about eight miles further on, where they pitched their camp on a fine piece of land, amid scrub and brushwood. The first division has suffered from both cholera and typhus. The third division, which lies a couple of miles outside Varna, has been attacked with severity. The 14th Regiment, which is encamped on a high ground at the other side of the bay, opposite Varna, has escaped, but fatigue parties belonging to it, at work near the town, have afforded several cases. The Dragoons (1st and 6th,) encamped near the beach below, have also lost men from this disease. Fatigue parties are busily engaged in the melancholy duties of burying the dead. There were nine funerals from the general hospital at Varna last night, in addition to several in the morning. Among the victims of this fatal pest is Mr. Warren, storekeeper at Varna. The French are losing many men by the disease, but not in proportion to their numbers. However, their officers have taken perhaps the best plan of checking the progress of the pestilence. They have given the men *something to do*. They have embarked the greater portion of the Zouaves, and sent them to sea.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE ARCHDUKE CONSTANTINE.—CONSTANTINOPLE, AUG. 2.—The Archduke Constantine has had a hair-breadth escape of his life. The boat in which he was embarked was upset. Admiral Galitzin and four seamen were drowned.

Letters from Jassy state that several Russian regiments have just entered Moldavia from Bessarabia, to reinforce the line of the Sereth. On the other hand, several Russian regiments which have been demoralized and rendered useless in Wallachia, are crossing the Pruth for Lessarabia and the province of Kherson.

A band of Montenegrins have been arrested at Constantinople for killing some English soldiers.

Letters from St. Petersburg report a complete suspension of business in the market for produce.

Several officers are invalided at Varna, and will be sent home by the first opportunity—among them, Messrs. Balfour and Alexander, of the Rifle Brigade. Lord Dupplin, who has been seriously ill, is now much better, but it is said that he also will be obliged to come to England.

The weight of the ration to soldiers in the East has been increased from the home allowance of 1lb to 1lb per man per diem.

110,000 pounds weight of corn, chopped straw, &c., are consumed by our soldiers' horses in the East, and this quantity will be increased day after day as the horses come in from the country. The men consume about 27,000 rations of bread, the same quantity of rice, tea, coffee, sugar, &c.

Complaints are still rife of the remissness of the British commissariat, and of its inefficiency as compared with that of the French Army.

Cases of Consumption and affections of the lungs have caused invaliding to some extent in the Baltic fleet.

The Duke of Cambridge has been suffering from diarrhoea.

Cholera continues to spread among the French troops at Gallipoli, and a few cases have occurred in the military hospital at Varna.

TRUMPHANT ENTRY OF THE TURKS INTO BUCHAREST.—BUCHAREST, AUG. 6.—The Turkish vanguard, under Skender Bey, is just entering the town amidst the rejoicings of the inhabitants. Omar Pasha remains temporarily at Rutschuk.

Ismael Pasha is at Kalogareni. The Russian head-quarters are removed to Busco.

Four Russian regiments are crossing the Pruth.

Prince Gortschakoff has officially announced to Austria the retreat of the Russian army of occupation beyond the Pruth, but declines to say from what motives.

**RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS.—**HERMANSSTOT, Aug. 6.—The retreat of the Russians from Wallachia continues. The rear is marching to Basco. General Luders' corps is retiring to Ibraila. General Lipnudi is retiring from Plojeschii to Basco. The retreat of the Russians from Moldavia, beyond the Pruth, is reported. This requires confirmation.

**REPORTED EVACUATION OF MOLDAVIA.**—It is announced on the authority of Vienna papers, of the 8th, that the Russians will evacuate Moldavia as well as Wallachia. This may be true, but in that case it will be found to rest upon some better foundation than the march of particular Russian regiments across the Pruth from Moldavia, which is otherwise sufficiently explained. The resolution of the Russian authorities must have been taken very suddenly, if at all, since as late as the 2nd inst., the Russians were making important and costly preparations for passing the winter on the Sereth.

**THE CZAR ORDERING THE RETREAT.**—A correspondent of the *Wanderer*, writing from Luchareat, the 27th July, says:—"On the 24th General Adlerberg brought the order 'to evacuate Wallachia by the 6th of August,' nothing, however, was said of Moldavia." The order to retreat the correspondent attributes to the report of Prince Gortschakoff to the Czar. "This mighty monarch," he says, "was so disheartened by the intelligence from the prince that he left St. Petersburg, it is said, for three days, and admitted no one to his presence. It is reported that on receiving the intelligence, he sorrowfully exclaimed:—'I can understand the defeat at Silistria, but to be forced, with so great a loss, by a horde of wild, half-naked Turks, from positions which have been occupied and fortified for a year—that these Turks should first sustain an engagement, then storm an island fortified by us, and lastly, have paid in blood for every inch of ground gained on the left bank of the Danube—all this I cannot understand.' Four or five days later, the Emperor sent by General Adlerberg the order for the evacuation of Wallachia."

**THE EXPEDITION TO SEBASTOPOL.**—The occurrences of the last few days in July in various parts of the seat of war in the East all indicate the near approach of an important operation, and of a decisive change in the state of affairs. In the camps at Varna and Derno the secret of the expedition to the Crimea appears to have been so well kept, that a march upon the Danube was regarded as the probable and immediate destination of the army until the moment when the regiments were ordered down to the coast to embark on board the transports. The expedition of General Brown on board the *Agamemnon*, and of General Canrobert on board the *Napoleon*, which left Varna on the 21st of July, was not (as had been supposed) a movement of troops but merely an excursion to reconnoitre the coast of the Crimea; and, as it seems that the English commander of the Light Division even lay for some hours within range of the guns of Sebastopol, it may be inferred that he examined with equal care the neighbouring bays and shores of the peninsula. The excursion lasted six days, and on the 27th the squadron returned to Varna. It is reported that General Brown, on his return, strongly recommended immediate action, and accordingly some accounts have reached Vienna that the whole allied fleet, with an immense flotilla of transports, had weighed anchor from Varna on the 20th of July. If this fact were true, the expedition would have sailed on the very same day on which the allied squadrons in the North appeared before Bomarsund, and the two great operations of the campaign in the Baltic and the Black Sea might have commenced almost at the same moment. We know, however, from our own sources of information, that it was not till the 30th that the large fleet of transports lying in the Bosphorus received orders to proceed to Varna. The Turkish fleet was out the day before, and, after the arrival of all these vessels on the coast, some considerable time must be spent in embarking the troops and their stores, horses, and materiel of war, not

only for a campaign but for a siege. The siege-train which arrived at Scutari some time ago in the Star of the South has not been disembarked, but was kept aloft and in readiness for the further service on which it is to be employed. The distance from Varna to Cape Chersonese, the south-western extremity of the Crimea, is somewhat under 300 miles. Under tolerably favourable circumstances, we may suppose that the expedition would effect its passage in about 48 hours, and it may be presumed that, when a lodgment has been made on the enemy's shores by a force sufficiently powerful to hold its ground the transport will return for a second freight. The French expedition to Rome, which consisted of about 30,000 men, was conveyed in nine large steamers, which made four voyages each, or in all 36 voyages. The available strength of the Black Sea fleet in steam transports and steamers-of-war is far greater, and probably 30,000 men may be conveyed on the first voyage. The Himalaya alone can carry 2,000 men for so short a voyage. The line-of-battle ships, or a sufficient portion of them, must, however, be reserved to watch the Russian fleet, and to engage them if they should be tempted out of harbour by the hope of attacking our vessels while encumbered with troops.

While the 46th regiment were in rank in the barrack square at Windsor, prior to marching out for conveyance to Southampton, en route to Constantinople, a motherless child, six years old, clung to his father's legs. He was peremptorily ordered to send it away, but resolutely answered, "I will not." Lieutenant Hutton, touched with the scene, took the child and placed two ten pound notes in his hand, with the hope that some one would befriend it. This, however, proved unnecessary, for having afterwards made his own mother (who is staying at Windsor) acquainted with the circumstances, she adopted the little fellow, in time to give the father an assurance that the child should be well cared for.

### Military Uniform.

The uniforms of the *Cent Guardes*, a new corps d'elite recently organized for the special service of the French Emperor, has, after an age of solemn consideration, been decided as follows:—

Full dress for mounted service.—Casque of polished steel, with crest of gold, flowing horse hair and white plume. Tunic of sky blue cloth, facings and collar amaranth, on the collar a button hole of gold lace. Epaulettes and aiguillette of silk amaranth and gold. Cuissars of polished steel, ornamented with an escutcheon, on which are engraved the Emperor's coat of arms. Buff knee-breeches, boots. French saddle, with saddle-cloth amaranth, bordered with three rows of gold lace; the corners of the saddle-cloth ornamented with the letter N and the imperial crown embroidered in full relief.

Full dress for foot service.—Pantalons amaranth, with a double blue stripe. Tunic sky blue, breast piece of buff, with the imperial arms embroidered in gold. Cockeyed hat; sword au Ferrou (Verron?) with black belt.

The uniforms of the officers will be the same as that of the privates, except that its ornaments will be of gold. The epaulettes, the aiguillette and the sword knot will be of massive gold.—The cord of the cocked hat will be of twisted fringe (*en torsade*), and from each corner will corner will be suspended a gold tassel. The breast piece will be embroidered on cloth of gold."

### Railway Intelligence.

**RAILWAYS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.**—We learn from A. C. Morton Esq., Chief Engineer of the European & North American Railway in New Brunswick, who is now in this city, that the Contractors for building the E. & N. A. Railway in that Province Messrs. Jackson, Brassey, Peto & Betts, are pushing on with all practicable despatch the construction of the entire line from St. John to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and to the frontier of Nova Scotia. A large portion of the rails are already delivered, and iron bridges are either all received or shipped from England. All the principal bridges are of iron, similar to

these going up on the Quebec and Richmond Railway, and the road is to be of a superior character throughout.

Some difficulty exists, from the scarcity of laborers, but from the present posture of the work it is believed that during the coming year the line may be completed from St. John to the Nova Scotia line. The location surveys are finished, and work is subject to American contractors.—*State of Maine.*

**ONTARIO AND HURON DOUBLED IN ONE DAY BY WAY OF THE NORTHERN RAILWAY.**—Until yesterday, August 23th, the journey from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron and back, was never performed by any individual in one day—although in a few weeks, when the Railway will be completed, the feat may easily be accomplished by any one in about 6 or 7 hours. Mr. Fleming, Resident Engineer, started with the usual morning train at seven o'clock for Barrie, connected with the iron train running from thence as far as the rails are now laid, thence on horse back along the graded road, and on foot through swamps to Collingwood Harbor, and returned in a similar manner, after spending an hour on the water, examining the Harbour works, arriving in Toronto at half-past nine the same evening.

Distance travelled by Rail..... 170 miles.  
On horseback and foot..... 23 do.  
Total..... 193 miles.  
—*Globe.*

**SINGULAR RAILROAD ACCIDENT.**—On the Monday afternoon passenger train of the Western Railroad was in the vicinity of the State line, on its way from Albany to this city, the last car was caught by the end of a rail which started up after the forward cars had passed over it. In an instant the trucks, were completely stripped from beneath the car, which fell flat upon the track, and was thus dragged nearly a quarter of a mile before the train could be stopped. The floor of the car was much shattered, and one man whose name we have not learned, was drawn partly through, and had his limbs shockingly mangled against the sleepers and earth beneath. He was left at Pittsfield.

One person was instantly killed and two were mortally wounded by the late railway accident on the St. Remi and Caughnawaga line. Gideon Robert is the name of the man who was killed; J. B. Lecoye received two severe cuts off the brow, neck and temple; one German had his thigh broken; and a man named Dufort had his head cut open and veins injured. The two fatally hurt are Narcisse Raynaume and Julien Supeman.

The accident was probably caused by some fence rails left near the track becoming entangled with the wheels of the cars.—*Quebec Colonist.*

The *Flying Cloud* arrived at this port yesterday with 280 tons of railroad iron, for the Messrs. Gzowski. The *Emblem* also came in laden with 250 tons of coal, for the Toronto Coal Company; and the *Sarah* from Kingston, with iron and bricks.—*Globe.*

**RAILWAY ACCIDENT.**—Yesterday forenoon news reached us that a serious accident had occurred early in the day on the Montreal and New York Railway, while the train was approaching the Caughnawaga Station. We learn that three passenger cars, mostly filled by persons from the neighbourhood of Moer's Corners, were proceeding at a very moderate rate, when, by some reason (unexplained to us) the cars diverged from the track, the connection iron between the first and remaining broke, and two cars upset, and rolled down a bank upwards of fourteen feet high. The cars were smashed to pieces, three Canadian labourers, who were going to join some work on the Grand Trunk Railway, were killed, and about a dozen other passengers were more or less seriously injured, that a few are not expected to recover. We have not learned the names of the unfortunate men killed.

**EAST HONZE SOLD.**—George B. Clark of Buffalo, has sold the fast trotting mare "Belle of Saratoga," for \$5,000 to a gentleman of New York.

UNITED STATES.

**IRISH DISTURBANCE.**—*Boston*, Aug. 19.—It is reported that a serious riot occurred at White's Corners, in this State, twelve miles from this city, between some Irish Catholics and a party of Americans. The Irish raised a liberty pole with a cross upon the top of it. This led to a personal encounter between them and the Americans, and three men said to have been killed, but no reliable particulars have yet transpired.

Riots between the Irish and Americans are becoming alarmingly prevalent in many of the larger cities of the United States. The *Cincinnati Gazette* says that within a few days past, several serious breaches of the peace have occurred in that city, and it is yet impossible to say where the matter will end. On the 12th instant, a severe fight occurred between some "Filton boys" and a number of Irish labourers, which resulted in the defeat of the latter. On the same evening, several Americans were badly beaten by a party of Irishmen, and but for the promptness of the police, a fearful outbreak would have occurred. On Sunday, the 13th, several Irishmen were badly wounded, one of them fatally, and a number of Americans were arrested on a charge of having been concerned in the affair.

The *Cleveland Herald* is informed that within a month the locks of the canal at the Saulte St. Marie will be completed, and in that case, the canal can be opened for navigation on the 27th of May next, which is the time fixed in the contract, for its completion. This will be good news to those who have anticipated the consumption of the whole of next year in finishing the work. There are now sixteen hundred men employed upon the work.

Brawls and riots have become very frequent in Chicago. The *Chicago Journal* of the 14th inst., gives an account of five riots of greater or less magnitude, resulting in broken heads, mutilated faces, discoloured joints, darkened eyes, enlarged mouths, dimmed teeth, &c. In one of these riots a constable got his death by a blow on the head with a crow-bar.

CANADA.

**THE HON. MATTHEW CAMERON**, Post Master General arrived in town on Saturday last. He has twice cast anchor. The steamer in which he came from Upper Canada to Montreal, struck in the Lachine Rapids, and he was on board the *John M'yan* when the accident occurred to her. —*Quebec Mercury*.

**FIRES IN THE TOWNSHIP.**—A very considerable destruction of property in the Eastern Townships has been occasioned by fire in the woods. In some localities hundreds of acres have been swept over, the fire destroying fields of grain, grass, fences and firewood; in fact, everything of a combustible nature, in its course.—16.

**DISASTERS BY LIGHTNING.**—The summer of 1854, says the *Three Rivers Inquirer*, will be long remembered in Canada, on account of the numerous accidents occasioned by lightning. For the last month almost every exchange contained some notice of death, or fire from lightning, and almost every day we receive accounts from the country of some fresh accident. Last week, a farmer at Point du Lac had two of his cattle killed, two days after Mr. Girard, of the Baieville, had four horses struck by lightning, three of them were killed on the spot, and one of them, a fine young mare, worth fifty pounds, has a large hole in her head and cannot recover; then last Sunday afternoon the house of Mr. Marchand, Black River, was struck, the husband, wife, and child, were thrown senseless on the floor, happily, they have been re-animated, but the child is badly lamed, and is considered in a critical condition. Part of the sidewalk of the house was torn down and the timbers charred, but fortunately, no damage has been done.

**ANOTHER ACCIDENT.**—We are sorry to learn that a melancholy casualty occurred near the Colars on the 21st instant. We are informed that about 4 P. M., a canoe was manned from the village of Cedars to convey Toussaint Las-

paule and Francois Deparros to their barge, then in the Beauharvo's Canal. A dense fog rendered the navigation towards the intricate channel very difficult at the time; the men, unfortunately, got astray, and the canoe was soon among the rapids and got upset. All immediately clung to the bottom of it, and in this way continued to float upwards of eight miles over all the Cedars, Splitrock, and Cascades Rapids, until they arrived among some little islands opposite the village of St. Clement. Here a boy named Pietro Paquette swam to one of the islands and saved himself. His uncle, Martin Sauve, Toussaint Laspaule, and Francois Deparros, above mentioned, were compelled, from sheer exhaustion, to let go their frail support, and were drowned, one after the other, but not until every effort was made by the boy Paquette to succour them in their dreadful situation.—They leave behind them families to mourn their loss; two of the unfortunate men being fathers of five young children, who, with their mothers, are thrown destitute on the world.

We learn that the sub-marine cable, forming part of the line of telegraph connecting Nova Scotia and New Brunswick with Prince Edward Island, has been parted about two miles from the Nova Scotia shore, and it is doubtful whether it can be repaired the present season. The idea of connecting Newfoundland with Prince Edward Island by a sub-marine cable has been abandoned, and the connection with this continent, if accomplished, will now be direct from Cape Race to Nova Scotia, at or near Cape North, to join the line of the Nova Scotia company.

**INTRIGUE.**—From a communication in the *Montreal Herald* we learn that an affair took place at Clarenceville, on the night of Saturday, the 5th inst., of a most shocking and disgraceful character, and which has outraged the feelings of the whole community. A poor inoffensive man by the name of Owens, having had occasion to go into the Village Tavern was allured into drinking by some graceless young men, who after succeeding in making him partially intoxicated, completely stunted his clothes with spirit of turpentine, and then applied a lighted candle to them. Before the flames could be extinguished, the man's body was literally roasted, and those who have seen him, state, that from his waist downward, is scarcely a particle of skin left, and his physician is of opinion that it is extremely doubtful whether he will survive his sufferings, which for the week have been of a most excruciating character. The principal perpetrators of this inhuman act, instead of being immediately arrested and committed to Prison to stand their trial, have been allowed full liberty of action.

**THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.**—We are happy to state that Mr. Chipman Brury, who has ably performed the duty of Private Secretary to the Lieut. Governor of this Province for the last three years, will proceed to Canada to act as Private Secretary to Sir Edmund Head, as Governor General of British North America, on His Excellency's departure from here. It will be a most gratifying to every New Brunswicker to learn that Mr. Brury is to receive this promotion, and we hope that it is only a beginning of the advancement of the talented young men of this Province to situations abroad which they are qualified to fill.—*New Brunswick*.

**THE CROPS.**—The long continued drought last month, has had an injurious effect. Hay, which at an early period of the month promised fairly, will, from all we can hear be under average—in the vicinity of Montreal, some crops of barley have got shrivelled up, and the yield will be next to nothing, while on the South shore of the River, we have heard of a good deal of injury being inflicted by the grasshopper. Near Montreal, potatoes generally look well—and peas and oats appear to be heavy crops.—[*The Farmer's Journal*, Montreal.]

**QUEBEC AND LAKE SUPERIOR MINING COMPANY.**—This Company have just received very satisfactory accounts of the progress made on their locations at the Island of Shepinton, by the party that proceeded to Lake Superior on the opening of the navigation this year.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,

Quebec, 26th August, 1854.

His Excellency the GOVERNOR GENERAL has been pleased to appoint ANSON GILBERT NORTHROP, of the Town of Belleville, Esquire, Clerk of the County Court for the County of Hastings, in the place of William H. Ponton, Esquire, resigned.

Return of the number of Passengers Arrived at this Port, from the opening of the Navigation to the present and corresponding date, in 1853.

From whence	1853	1854
England.....	6825	17828
Ireland.....	10928	11813
Scotland.....	3712	4171
Norway.....	4390	5387
Germany.....	2135	4193
Sweden.....		119
Lower Ports.....	752	550
	28151	40595

To same period in 1853..... 28152

Increase in 1854..... 12444  
 Note.—Of the Emigrants from England, 8918 came from the port of Liverpool, 1754 of whom were foreigners chiefly Germans, which will make total foreign Emigrants arrived this season equal to 5,000 souls.

Immigration Department,  
 Quebec, 19th Aug. 1854.

A. C. BUCHANAN,  
 Chief Agent

A Whale, forty-five feet long, and from which, it is thought, 90 or 100 barrels will be obtained, was lately taken near Green Island. It was killed by means of a small bomb shell that burst after entering its body. The bomb was discharged from a peculiar kind of musket which may be seen at Messrs. Chubb, Sturard & Methus's Lower Town.—*Quebec Mercury*.

The Portland "State of Maine" says.—A heavy item to bear down the price of flour, is the splendid wheat crop of Canada. It is calculated that the surplus, for export, will be twelve millions of bushels, five millions more than last year. The crop in the United States at the South and West promises well, and will be much larger than last year.

Captain Arnold.

The following extract regarding this unfortunate and lamented gentleman, we take from the correspondence of the *London Times*.—

Poor Captain Arnold was unfortunate from the very moment he left Austria for Turkey. Soon after he had gone on board the steamer which took him down the Danube, he lost a small travelling bag in which were papers of great importance to him. His next loss was his passport, but this was a matter of less consequence, as an Austrian officer who was on board with him gave him a certificate of identity. Before he reached Sastow this certificate was also missing. On entering the steamer at Turn-Severin our unlucky countryman received a sharp kick just below the eye from one of his horses, but the three Austrian officers who were on their way to Shumla and Varna treated him with great kindness, and poulticed him so effectually for 24 hours that he was able to continue his journey. On reaching Sumatza it was discovered that the Russians were still on the left bank of the Danube, and therefore the Austrians resolved to ride down from Sastow to Shumla. Captain Arnold was strongly advised to go on to the headquarters at Shumla with them, but he was resolved "to have a look at what was going on at Giurgevo," and went directly to Rutschuk. A letter of introduction which he had to one of Lord Raglan's aides-de-camp he sent on to Varna by one of his travelling companions. His other papers and above 1,000 ducats which he had about his person must have fallen into the hands of the Russians. The *Thames and Mersey* has a letter of the 25th ult. from Giurgevo, in which it is said that Captain Arnold must have been in the very thickest of the fight, as his body was so disfigured as to be hardly recognizable.





## The Orange Lily.

BYTOWN, SEP. 4, 1854.

### Popish Gratitude.

After all that that unfortunate mad enthusiast John Mitchell has done and suffered for Irish Popery and Irish Papists, hear what dagger John Hughes, of New York, says about him.

Mitchell agitated even to the verge of high treason itself: he brought his neck within reach of the halter for Irish Popery—to achieve an imaginary, theoretical, something for Irish Papists—and after all, one of the highest dignitaries of Popery in America treats him with scorn, and hesitates not to ridicule his really ridiculous rebellion. Poor John Mitchell! we imagined that he had enough to bear from the hands of the 'yal—from his enemies—but we find that from his friends—from those for whom he put his head into the Lions' mouth,—he has received the unkindest cut of all.

This should be a lesson to all renegade Protestants who falsely imagine that there is either honor or gratitude in Popery. It should teach them that liberty among Papists is considered freedom to oppress, persecute and destroy those who are opposed to them. It should teach them that Popery only makes use of Protestants when it can turn them into instruments to serve its own ends. So it has been with Mitchell.

PICTURE OF JOHN MITCHELL.—Archbishop Hughes, of New York, gives the following flattering account of who Mr. John Mitchell, of the Citizen, is:—

"Mr. Mitchell is by no means an obscure personage. He was one of those who collected tags, got to burn his country. But he was sent abroad before the moment when he might, like others, have seized from the pile the remaining end of a charred stick.

"Mr. Mitchell is the Irish patriot who made the magnificent discovery in military tactics, that a good plan would be to sling vitriol from the tops of all Dublin houses more than one story high, on the passers-by in the streets, without inquiring whether the fiery liquid should fall on the head of the friend or the enemy of his country.

"Mr. Mitchell is the patriot who proclaimed, in the days when the British Government laughed in its sleeve at the tom-fooleries of Young Irelandism, and allowed them rope to hang themselves, without incurring itself the responsibility of fixing the noose, that he would compel Lord Clarendon, or some Lord Lieutenant for the time being, to meet him in a court of justice.

"Mr. Mitchell is the same patriot who did not meet Lord Clarendon in a court of justice, but met lawyers and judges who, rightfully or wrongfully sent him forth on a staggering tour to Van Dieman's Land.

"Mr. Mitchell is the same Irish patriot who complains that he, among others, was convicted iniquitously by a jury of Castle Protestants of Ireland—and yet he, like others, contended for keeping the parole *l'honneur* with such "scoundrels" in Van Dieman's Land as those by whom he and they were convicted.

"Mr. Mitchell turns up as the apologist of the scurvy tricks which his associates played, whether in Conciliation Hall, or at Slieveganion, after his taking leave of the country. At a period when the Irish people were cut off by famine at the rate of a thousand a-day, and, tho' he would always regret war when it can be avoided, still the Archbishop could not imagine that, after so long an attuning of the windbags of Dublin, portending the approach of a revolutionary hurricane, the whole matter should end in a very innocent white squall at Slieveganion."

### Incendiarism.

The *Ottawa Tribune* of last week contains some allusions to the burning of the *Orange Hall* in the Township of Fitzroy, on the night of the 10th of July. Our contemporary publishes a letter signed "an Orangeman," purporting to have been written to a Priest in Huntly, calling upon him to pay in some subscription to the Priest of Fitzroy as compensation to the Orangemen for the loss of their Hall; and using at the same time threatening language unless the request was complied with.

Now, what we have to say about this business, is, that the individual who wrote the alleged threatening letter, was very little of an Orangeman in principle, no matter whether he has a right to the name or not. There was no proof, so far as we are aware of, that the Hall was burned by the Papists; and, even if there had been, writing threatening letters to obtain compensation in an illegal manner, was as improper as it was at variance with the principles of Orangeism.—Threatening notices and altar denunciations belong to the peculiar tactics of Popery; and we regret to see any man pretending to be an Orangeman, taking a lesson from the black book of Romanism.

Notwithstanding the assertion of the *Tribune* that the women who had been putting the Hall in order for the 12th of July, left some fire behind them, which finally consumed the building,

we believe it is pretty generally believed in the neighborhood that the destruction of the place was the work of an incendiary. If destroyed by the hand of an incendiary, we have no doubt that such incendiary was a Papist; but failing proof of this, whatever may be our suspicions, we have no right to say that the building was sacrificed to the bigotry of any man or set of men, much less attempt by anonymous *Papistical* letters to make any body of men pay for the loss sustained.

Orangemen, as well as every other class of her Britannic Majesty's subjects, have the laws of the land to protect their lives and property; and the man who resorts to any dark or underhand mode of intimidation to attain any end he may have in view, is very far from being an Orangeman at heart; whatever he may be by profession. If, by an Orangeman the threatening article printed in the *Tribune* was written, we can tell such a man that he has disgraced his colors by doing that which no true hearted Son of King William should ever descend to.

### JOHN S. ORR,

Who, blasphemously is styled the Angel Gabriel, is in Gaol in Boston, having been arrested for blowing his trumpet and preaching in the streets.

Whether his imprisonment is just or not, one thing we feel is certain, the cause of Truth will suffer very little by his absence from the field of missionary labor.

We have heard Mr. Orr delivering sundry addresses in the streets of Bytown; and apart from the merit of his being animated by uncompromising opposition to Popery, we do not believe his discourses were, in any more conducive to the spread of truth than were the ministrations of our old acquaintance, the Rev. Alexander Pollock, who figured here some years ago, as the itinerant expounder of a system of theology peculiarly his own.

To give the reader who has not the honor of being acquainted with the latter worthy, some idea of the man, we shall give a brief account of our first introduction to him.

An individual not possessed of a clerical appearance, presented himself to our notice, one morning, some years ago. He announced himself as the

Rev. Alex. Pollock, having a general or roving commission to preach the gospel on his own responsibility. After some general conversation, this apostolic character said. "I have been recently up the Gattineau River trying to awaken the sinners there to a sense of their situation; but it was all no use, do you know, Sir, that the people on the Gattineau are the damndest set of heathens I ever met with."

The reader may be certain that we opened our eyes in astonishment, and forthwith formed our opinion of the Rev. Alexander Pollock.

#### Malcolm Cameron.

It is pretty well known, we believe, that Malcolm will come forward for Oxford,—strongly recommended by Francis Hincks. By some of our western contemporaries we learn that he will be stiffly opposed by a leading radical in that County, against whom, it is said he will not have the shadow of a chance of being elected. The coon hunter of Wabash, after his next certain defeat should retire from public life in profound disgust with a position, in which, whatever else he has gained, he has neither won the confidence of the people nor earned an honest name as a man whom fortuitous circumstances has made a Post Master General and a politician. Notwithstanding Hincks being pledged to sit for Renfrew, we are firmly of the opinion that he would send Malcolm there if there was the slightest chance of success for either himself or his nominee again in that County. It is rather a melancholy picture of humanity to see one of the chief men of a strong Ministry battered about from one constituency to another like a repulsive canine cur, with a rusty old tin kettle affixed to his tail. The usual ministerial arguments, bribery and corruption, thus far, have failed to convince two constituencies that Malcolm is a patriot, although they have rendered efficient assistance in the election of many of his colleagues.

#### Bears.

We understand that Bears are very numerous this year in all parts of the country. It was only last week that a man was killed by a bear in Lower Canada. He had mortally wounded the animal, and following him up too closely in the darkness, the savage brute turned on his assailant and destroyed him.

#### Protestant Papers.

We are sorry to find that the *Know Nothing*, published at Boston, has made some unworthy and illiberal reflections upon the *Crusader*, published at New York. The former reflects upon the latter because it is published by a foreigner, and attempts to assume for the *Know Nothing* a superiority over the *Crusader*. We regret to see such differences arising between journals, both of which have a mission to perform, and a field of labor to work in. Let the *Know Nothing* do its duty to its country, and it will do well to take care that it is not outstripped by the *Crusader* in the battle for free institutions and American Protestantism. True Protestantism knows neither country nor race upon earth; and it comes with especial ill-grace for an American on American soil to taunt one of its advocates with being a foreigner. The Editor of the *Crusader* belongs to a country which has suffered more than any other from the ills of Popery, and is, in consequence, the better fitted to expose and oppose the monstrosities of that false system.

#### Who Knows?

Who knows where the "Know Nothing" revolution will end? Every paper from the States gives accounts of the spread of the principles of this new and mysterious Protestant brotherhood, which will, we are firmly convinced, at no distant day, wield the destinies of the American union. What with the countless "Know Nothings" of the States and the 100,000 Orangemen of British America, this continent can boast of a pretty strong and most formidable Protestant army.

#### Mysterious!

We are requested to state that the "Vigilance Committee of Public Safety" will meet at their Room on Wednesday evening next, at 8 o'clock. We know not who the gentlemen are, nor what are their objects, but from certain hints we have received, we are of opinion that they will yet make a noise in Bytown.

#### Renfrew.

We have received from the Secretary, a copy of the list of Promissors, of the County of Renfrew Agricultural Society.

The Annual County Exhibition will take place at the village of Renfrew on the 19th of September, instant.

#### High Prices.

We hear people asking every day what is the reason why the prices of Provisions keep so exceedingly high in our market. Really we do not know, except it is that the people are willing to pay any rate which may be asked. Leaving other articles out of the question the most exorbitant price is asked and given for potatoes. Why Potatoes should be five shillings a bushel at this season of the year, when the crop is an excellent one, is a mystery to us, perfectly insoluble.

#### The Weather.

For some weeks past the weather has been extremely dry and warm. The consequence is that extensive fires have been raging through the country in all directions.

We regret to learn that much property has been destroyed by the fire.

#### Bedini.

The last *New York Crusader* contains a cut of the famous skinner Bedini, of aspect most villainous, with a drawn dagger in his hand, represented in the act of stabbing American Liberty in the dark.

THE VICTORIA SLIDE.—We received information yesterday that the following amount of timber is now detained at the head of this Slide for want of water, and that unless the owners of the timber make temporary dams for themselves, it will not come down this season. Great complaints are made of the conduct of the Slide-master; it is not the first time that this person's conduct has come under our notice unfavorably; if he does not amend it, it will be necessary for the lumbermen to petition to his removal.

Mr. Wadsworth 70 cribs.  
Mr. Conroy... 80 "  
Gilmour & Co... 35 or 40 cribs.  
Mr. McCaul... 74 cribs.  
Mr. E. Moore... 80 "  
Mr. Skead... 80 "

This timber is about equally divided between Red and White Pine.

By telegraph advices from the United States received yesterday, we learn that a fearful tornado passed over Louisville, Kentucky, on Sunday last. The third Presbyterian church was blown down, while the people were at prayers; twenty persons were killed and about as many more seriously damaged. Many buildings were injured, and the total loss by the storm is estimated at \$100,000.

Sarah Davis, a well known actress, died a short time since in Texas.

The City Bank, and Bank of the People, Montreal, are both about to apply to the Legislature of the Province for powers to increase their capital stock.

## GAS.

There is a vast amount of gas in the world, and no particular deficiency of it in Bytown. Notwithstanding its abundance here we are sorry to say that at present, there is little hope of the town being illuminated by gas-light. What are the Stockholders of the "Bytown Gas Consumer's Company" doing? They ushered themselves into existence with a flourish of trumpets and vendors of tallow candles, and the sellers of lamp oil, to dread the extinguishment of their occupation: but months have elapsed and no light has appeared; the consequence is, that people begin to imagine that the Gas Consumer's Company is a *light* affair altogether. Other towns of far less note and importance than Bytown through all parts of the Province are nocturnally blazing with gas-light. How is this, and why is it that the famous city of the Ottawa, the aspirant for metropolitan honors, should be so far behind—so long in the dark—while the land of progressive improvement is illuminating the gloom of small villages and hamlets all through Canada?

It is, we believe, simply because the people will not do anything to emerge from the old cloud which has so long obscured public enterprise in Bytown. How will Bytown appear, in a few weeks, when the steam carriages will be bringing their living freight of strange visitors? Why the said foreign visitors will find themselves in the dark, like the immortal Muses when the candle went out.

We do hope and trust that the men of Bytown will awake from their lethargy; among the improvements urgently called for in Bytown, gas-light is wanting as much as any other. Railroads and Telegraphs are all very capital contrivances—magnificent improvements in their own way,—and happy are those who are blest with them in prosperous working, paying order; but the city deficient of gas-light is behind the age, and though set upon a hill, it will remain hidden from view.

We hope the Bytown Gas Company will not prove a dissolving view—an *ignis fatuus* rising for a moment to mislead and raise false hopes—but that something will be done to preserve the good citizens of Bytown, in the wet autumnal weather from the combined

dangers and difficulties of mud and darkness.

## To the Editor of the Orange Lily.

Sir,—I observed in a late issue of the *Lily*, that the Rev. D. F. Hutchinson has obtained the honorable position of "D. G. Chaplain, and D. C. Chaplain, and Chaplain of No. 1"; at which you appear somewhat astonished, and express your ignorance of the manner of his obtaining the "title." You cannot be more surprised than some others are at this piece of consummate impudence.

Do you not remember when in 1850 the semi-annual session of the Grand Lodge was held in Bytown, that charges were preferred against the Rev. Gentleman for some scurrilous and insolent letters to some of the Grand Officers written by him? Was he not also charged with having obtained the R. A. P. M., degree by false representations, and in improper manner? And did not the said Lodge at said session request the County Master at Kingston to be more careful in future upon whom he bestows honors? Did not the Grand Lodge forbid No. 117 to give him his certificate till he apologised for his bad conduct? Has he ever so apologised? Has he ever regained his standing? How did he become a member of No. 1, or is he an unpardonable impostor?

Your insertion of this may lead some one to explain this matter which to me seems dark.

Yours in U. E. & T.  
J. N. Q.

Gloucester, August 29th, 1854.

In answer to the above queries we have only to say that, we are not aware that Mr. Hutchinson, has ever made the necessary apology, or received his certificate, therefore we do not know how he can legitimately claim to be in good standing in the order much less to hold an important official position therein.

Colonel Hayne, A. D. C. to His Excellency Sir Edmund Head, has arrived at Quebec from New Brunswick, and is at present sojourning at Spencer Wood.

We understand that Lord, Elgin will proceed to England immediately on the meeting of Parliament.

Further, we hear from New Brunswick, that Sir Edmund Head will assume the reins of power with special authority from Downing street to forward an immediate union of all the Provinces.

## EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

SINCE our last publication we have received intelligence from Europe, by the Collins Steamer *Baltic*, and the Royal Mail Steamer *Asia*. The letters and papers brought by the *Asia* reached Bytown on Saturday night. Our Irish correspondent's letter will be found in another column.

At the latest dates the whole forces of England and France were lying in battle array before the fortress of Bomarsund, and we may expect by the next mail to hear of the capture of the Aland Islands. What the next step may be, no man can conjecture, but it is evident that the capture of these Islands can be nothing but a preliminary step, in some projected chain of operations. Further reinforcements of troops are to be despatched from France, and a formidable gun-boat from England. Each

of these boats, which are propelled by steam, carries two cannon, weighing 95 hundred weight each, and carrying an egg shaped ball weighing 85 pounds, a distance of 5000 yards with the accuracy of a rifle. Balls made of antimony, instead of iron, which splinter most destructively on striking an object, are also supplied to the fleet.

By the way, speaking of balls, the Russians found a "Moorsom" shell on board the ill-fated *Tiger*, and curiosity tempting them to search into the method of its manufacture, it exploded in their hands knocking seventeen of them into the next world.

Judging from the Geographical position of the Aland Islands, we should conceive that they are simply taken possession of as a *point d'appui* for future operations, as from them a descent can be made on the shores of Finland or Esthonia.

Although the general impression is that the Black Sea fleet is conveying the Allied Forces, or at least a considerable part of them to invade the Crimea, and invest Sevastopol, there is no absolute certainty that this is the destination of the expedition, which, however, had not left Varna, on the 29th of July. All that is certain is, that gigantic preparations have been made; a large flotilla of flat bottomed boats has been constructed with unexampled rapidity at Constantinople; and heavy siege trains for both the French and English armies have reached Varna. A French and English General have been reconnoitering the coast of the bourn of Sevastopol in the dead of the night, in a small Steamer, and remained there till day-break. The steamer was fired on, but sustained no damage. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the "impregnability" of Sevastopol, but modern military science has taught us, that with the solitary exception of Gibraltar, impregnable from situation, every fortress can be taken, provided sufficient men and material are forth coming.

Other rumors state that the great commercial city of Odessa is the object of attack; that it is to be occupied by the allied armies during winter, and that in the spring they will march thence on Sevastopol. Others again think that the expedition will proceed from Varna only to the Sulina mouth of the Danube, in order to penetrate into Bessarabia and so take the Russians in the rear. A few days must now convert these conjectures into certainty, which ever way it be.

There is no further intelligence from Wallachia. The Russians were continuing their retreat into Moldavia, closely followed by Omar Pasha, who was expected to enter Bucharest on the 3rd inst.

The Russian force in the Crimea, including the garrison of Sevastopol is said not to exceed 70,000 men, and it is reported that at least 90,000 of the allied forces will invade it.

Some of the allied steamers have completed the destruction of all the Russian

works on the Sulina mouth of the Danube, and some others have destroyed the wreck of the *Tiger*, in order that the Russians should not avail themselves of the steam engines left in her. While doing this the Russians brought down two twenty-four pound guns to fire on the steamers; one of those was knocked over and every man working it killed by the explosion of a shell from one of the frigates.

The King of Sweden will aid the allies, provided he is furnished with pecuniary aid to maintain an army in the field, and guaranteed against Russian vengeance hereafter.

Two English war steamers have destroyed the Russian military establishments near Archangel.

The King of Saxony has been killed by the kick of a horse.

The King of Prussia has tumbled down and damaged himself considerably. After dinner — drink as usual.

There is no truth in the story so circumstantially detailed in the *Times*, that the Emperor of Russia ran a narrow chance of being made prisoner by an English steamer.

Marshal St. Arnaud, the Commander-in-Chief of the French and English troops, in one of his recent general orders, directs that commissariat rations shall be issued to the correspondent of the London *Times*, and forage to his horse.

The alteration in the dress of the army will throw out of employment 500 persons, mostly females, engaged in the gold lace manufacture.

Fourteen Regiments of Militia are enrolled for permanent duty in England. One of the Yorkshire Battalions has been sent to Dublin and others are to follow.

The Cholera is making great ravages in many towns in the United Kingdom.

A man named McCulloch was murdered at Airdrie in Scotland, during an Irish row. A detachment of the 82nd was brought from Glasgow to restore peace. Twenty-five of the Irish rioters were arrested.

A young man named Atkinson, a music teacher, has been sentenced to nine months imprisonment at the Appleby assizes for abducting and marrying at Gretna, a young lady named Annie Jane Ward, only just 12 years of age. He carried the young lady off, quite with her own consent from a boarding school. Though only 12 years old, it is said that this precocious little chit looked 17 or 18. The young lady was heiress to a large fortune, and it is the general belief that the marriage is a valid one. The sentence would have been heavier but for Atkinson's excellent character.

### The New Projectile.

The *Daily News*, of the 5th instant, the day the *America* sailed, contains a reference to the new discovery of a projectile, made by Mr. Lancaster, not Finderson, as previously printed in the *Globe*. It seems that

the invention consists in the application of the principle of the Minie rifle to guns of large calibre. Five thousand yards is the distance carried—a little less than three miles. We quote from the *News*—

**IMPORTANT EXPERIMENTS WITH NEW ARTILLERY.**—“Admiral Berkeley, Captain Alexander Milne, Lords of the Admiralty; Captain Sir Thomas Maitland, of the Excellent, gunnery ship at Portsmouth; Colonel Chalmer, inspector of artillery; Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, assistant; Colonel Chesney; Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, directory of the Laboratory; Lieut. Colonel Mitchell, Royal Artillery; Lieutenant Commander Jolliffe, of the *Arrow*, despatch screw steam gun-boat; Lieutenant Hore, commander of the *Beagle*, screw steam despatch gun-boat; Lieutenant Luce, commander of the *Lynx*, screw steam despatch gun-boat; Lieut. Risk, commander of the *Wrangler*, screw steam despatch gun-boat—arrived at Woolwich dock yesterday (Friday), at ten o'clock, a. m., and embarked in the *Vivid*, paddle-wheel steam vessel, for a passage to Southend, on their way to witness experiments with large guns, at long ranges, at Shoeburyness. Their Lordships, and the numerous officers present on the occasion, were highly satisfied with the practice, which was commenced at two o'clock, p. m.; with a 68-pounder gun, 10 feet long, and weighing 95 cwt., on Lancaster's principle of the bore, being oval, instead of round, which gives the large guns all the advantages possessed by the best rifles, when shot or shells of a particular description are used. Excellent practice can be made with rifles at considerable ranges; but, until the experiments with Lancaster's oval guns, or egg-shaped shells, correct aim could not be taken at the astonishing distance of 5000 yards, the range of the practice with Lancaster's invention yesterday. The long period which elapsed during the flight of the destructive projectile, weighing upwards of 88lbs owing to its elongated form, caused a feeling of great suspense; but when it fell at a distance of 5000 yards—and in no instance did the shell fall wide or short of the target—the spot where it fell and burst presented the appearance of the eruption of a volcano, the sand being raised to a great height in the air. Experiments were also carried on with Moorson's shells, at 3000 yards and the practice with them and with shot was very good. Several other guns have been made of smaller bores, on Lancaster's principle for the purpose of carrying on experiments with them. Their Lordships and the large party returned to Southend pier at five o'clock, p. m., and embarked in the *Vivid* on their return to town.

“The *Arrow*, screw steam, despatch gun-boat, Lieutenant Commander Jolliffe, has had her two 68-pounder guns, on Lancaster's plan, of 95 cwt. each, mounted on board on their traversing platforms, and will be the first of the despatch gun-boats ready for sea. Messrs. Humphrys, Tennant, and Dyke, the contractors for her engines, had the steam up in her boilers to try the working of the engines in the basin at Woolwich.”

The Montreal and Bytown Railway Company advertise in the official *Gazette*, their intention to apply to the Legislature for amendments to their Charter and an extension of their powers and rights.

“A **MOORL LETTER.**—The following letter is a perfect model in its way. We certainly hope it is an unique specimen.—“Dear Brother,—I've got one of the handsomest farms in the State, and have it nearly paid for. Crops are good, and prices never were better. We have had a glorious revival of religion in our church, and both our children (the Lord be praised) are converted. Father got to be rather an incumbrance, and last week I took him to the poor-house.—Your affectionate brother.”—*New York Times*.

Just the treatment of a parent we should expect from a fellow who can't about “revivals.”

The Homeopathy humbug is dying out. We learn from the *Lancet* that the Hahnemann hospital in London is closed and all the fittings sold off.

**A PLUCKY OLD GOVERNMENT PENSIONER.**—A very interesting circumstance occurred at the Admiralty the other day. A fish-looking hale old man presented himself, requesting to be appointed to the war fleet, stating that one of the captains would be glad to have him, and though he would not likely be *az fait* at “going aloft,” still he could “stand well to his gun” yet. The old fellow turned out to be Billy Mendham, the sailor who saved Captain Brooke's life at the “Battle of the Chesapeake and the Shannon,” who entered the Customs Waterguard in 1819, is now on the customs superannuation list at 77 years of age, and who plies the boat on the ornamental water in St. James's Park. No decided answer was, we believe, given by the Admiralty; but a messenger was sent by the old man with a couple of guineas from a donor in *cognito*.—*Civil Service Gazette*.

**FRESH WATER FOR THE BRITISH FLEET.**—The introduction of steam into the service (says a letter from the Baltic fleet) has done another great thing besides giving us a power of moving at will,—I mean, placing a fleet like this completely independent of the shore for water. This is done, not by means of Grant's galley, but by connecting one of the boilers with Grant's condenser, which turns into pure water the surplus steam. When using one boiler for the purpose of distilling alone, such a ship as the *Duke of Wellington* can distil sixty-two tons in twenty-four hours, and she has several times supplied other ships.

**HORRIBLE DEATH OF AN OLD WOMAN.**—On Friday week a very aged woman was found in a quarry, near Egguckland. She was senseless. Every part of her, as far as we could be discerned, was covered with maggots; her eyes were invisible, the sockets being full of maggots, as well as her mouth, hair, and nostrils. She was taken to the Workhouse, and put into a bath, but as fast as the maggots were cleaned away others appeared. She died shortly afterwards, and an examination showed that the cause of death was starvation.

Walter Savage Landor in one of his letters to the *London News*, on the resurrection of Polesis nationality, says—“Europe is now in a strange posture of affairs. All her nations are unanimous on the one side; all her princes are unanimous on the opposite. Conflict ere long is inevitable. False honor will have many adherents, shall true have fewer? Shall the solid and genuine crumble under the factitious, or the factitious under the genuine and the solid? Already the cracks and crevices widen on the surface, and one hot day may make an unfathomable chasm.”

**DONE BROWN.**—The editor of a newspaper in one of our Western States, while recently travelling, had his wallet abstracted from his pocket by an adroit pickpocket, while indulging in a short nap. The thief was so disgusted with the result of his exploit, that he returned the plunder by express to the address written inside the wallet, with the following note:

“You miserable skunk, bears your pocket book.—I don't keep no such. Fur a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wallet with nuthin in it but a lot of newspaper scraps, a curly too'l-comb, two newspaper stamps, and a pass from a raterode director is a contemptible impudicence of the public. As I hear your editor, I return your trash. I never robs any only gentlemen.”

**PETER THE GREAT'S OPINION OF LAWYERS.**—When Peter the great was sojourning among us for the purpose of making himself acquainted with our various crafts, in pursuance of his plan he attended at Westminster-hall during a trial conducted by certain of the most eminent counsel of the day. At its conclusion he was asked what he thought of the system of English jurisprudence. “When I left Russia,” he replied, “there were three lawyers in St. Petersburg; as soon as I return I'll hang two of them.”

From our Irish Correspondent.

P—, County Cork.

For the benefit of your numerous Irish readers, I must tell you that "the South" is quite on the *qui vive*, occasioned by a trial for abduction which is just taking place at Clonmell. The defendant is Mr. John Carden, a person of large fortune, and high standing. The attempt was made on the person of Miss Elinor Arbutnot, an heiress, and beautiful, of course; and the time chosen for the deed of violence was Sunday, on the return of the lady from church; the attempt failed signally, the female companions of the lady first, and then she herself, having made a gallant resistance, and some other individuals taking their part, Mr. Carden was beaten off, and obliged to make his escape. He was, however, taken, and is now undergoing his trial. In aid of these extraordinary means of obtaining his unwilling bride, he had deposited in his carriage other articles, at the mention of which we scarcely know which we feel most, amusement or anger. *Chloroform*, and other drugs of a sedative nature, bandages, finest lint, and other such things, coils of rope, balls of twine, countless fire-arms, quantities of ammunition, and to crown all, a *prayer book!* Verily, this is obtaining a wife after the manner of the tribe of Benjamin! I will report the issue of the trial in my next. I am sure no one will think such a punishment as he is expected to get, two years imprisonment, half enough for such an abominable outrage. I may mention that the Lady is connected with a family for which all British subjects feel reverence and honor; her sister, in whose house she resides, is married to Captain Gough, the eldest son of the gallant soldier, who has done so much to uphold England's name and fame in India.

I am sorry to tell you that the potatoe crop is again a decided failure. Three days of an intense fog, as in previous years, and the hops of saving them entertained earlier in the season, is entirely dissipated. This has been one of the wettest seasons we have known for some time past. There have not been 24 hours free from it for two months past, and much injury has been done to the hay crops.

The news from the seat of war has not been of any particular interest during the past month, excepting the lamented deaths of Captains Butler and Hyde Parker. The former seems to have perished more from fatigue and exhaustion than his wound, which presented but a slight appearance of danger. He is the first army officer this hateful war has cost us, as poor Giffard was the first naval. The death of Captain Hyde Parker, might with common care and prudence have been spared us. He was very young and of great promise. A private letter from the Baltic says that half the Fleet will winter in Stockholm, and the other half is expected to reach home about the middle

of October—by that time the Ice of the Northern sea, will have most efficiently performed their blockade duties for them. The papers will have told you already that a vote of credit for £3,000,000 has been applied for to the Houses of Parliament, for carrying on the war. Strange to say, the opinion that the war will not last long, seems to be gaining ground. The *Times*' "own correspondent" repeats the "on dit" in the army at Varna that the Duke of Cambridge had been heard to say "that the Cavalry would be home by November, and Infantry by May." I suppose the miserable condition of Russia, both financially and otherwise, has, in the main, given rise to this state of feeling. Some little time since it was stated that the Hereditary Grand Duke heir to the Crown, who has always been most warmly opposed to the war, is the victim of some mysterious malady resembling deep decline, and they do not hesitate in hinting that he has been unfairly used, and that his illness does not proceed from natural causes. Were he removed the heir is the Grand Duke Constantine, who is heart and soul pledged to the war. Remembering the influence always exercised in Russia by the next in succession, this state of things is well understood.

For the sake of your literary readers, I must mention a book or two. Mr. Curzon's "Monasteries of the Levant" had well prepared us to welcome any further narrative of his adventurous wanderings. His lately published "Armenia: a year at Erzeroum, and on the frontiers of Russia, Turkey and Persia," is particularly interesting at the present time, to say nothing of its own intrinsic merits. "Life in Abyssinia" by Mansfield Parkyns, is an interesting work. "Crowe Rise" by J. C. Jefferson, is considered an exceedingly fine story. Mr. Dickens has just completed his "Hard Times" which is highly disapproved in some quarters, and Routledge is giving to the world a cheap edition of Sir Edward B. Lytton's Novels. Within the last month we have too a cheap edition of that most beautiful of stories "The Heir of Redclyffe," the fifth within the year; which, when we consider it to be a Lady's book, and notwithstanding its deep meaning and touching beauty, of very simple structure, is somewhat extraordinary. If anything could have added to its popularity it would have been the just and discriminating Review given of it in "The Times," a tribute of which the fair authoress may well be proud, coming from the first publication in Europe, and one which so seldom deigns to busy itself with like themes.

FRANK.

NOT BAD.—The *Globe* says that Doctor Rolph's organ of *secretiveness* is so large, that when he practised as a doctor of medicine his patients could never discover from him whether they had scarlet fever or nettle rash!

To the Editor of the ORANGE LILY.

MR. EDITOR,—The burning of the Orange Hall in Fitzroy on the 10th of July last, has caused a great excitement; but the way in which it was done seems, in a great many instances, to be misunderstood.

Some of the Papists hesitate not to say, that "it was burned by the Orangemen themselves." Other have the daring assurance to say, that it was burned by the person who granted the site for it. Now, Sir, these assertions are glaringly false. As a member of the Lodge, I can certify that we did not meet in the Hall the night it was burned.—We met on Friday and it was burned on the Monday night following. There is no room for saying it might have been done by accident, such as smoking; for I was the last person who was in it on Monday night, and I am not a smoker. I left the Hall at half past eight o'clock, and in four hours after it was in flames!

To be plain, the Papists are unquestionably the perpetrators of the atrocious deed. They threatened, when it was building, that they would burn it, and they did so. It is not likely that Orangemen would incur the expense of building a Hall, and then turn round and burn it. Neither is it to be believed that the person who granted the site, and who is himself a member of the right cast, and who was not a whit behind, "the very chiefest" in contributing towards its erection, would prove such a traitor to his principles as to burn it. Absurd as his reports are, I have been speaking to Protestants who were credulous enough to believe them! *O tempora! O mores!*

The Orangemen of Fitzroy are as peaceable and industrious men as I know of any where. As a proof of this, they built their Hall nearly a quarter of a mile from any public road, lest it might be the cause of offence to any Roman Catholic. But, Sir, the burning of the Hall is but a poor specimen of the fruits of that teaching which the Papists receive. Instead of the mild teachings of the Bible, they are doomed to imbibe, as truth, the subtleties of 'Deilahogue,' and 'Railey!' To sweep Orangemen off the fair face of creation, as the embodiment of moral evil, would be to the Papist highly meritorious! But, Sir, Orangeism is not a thing of yesterday that a few deluded followers of "the Beast" need think to frighten it away by creeping out of their lurking-places by night, assassin-like, to perpetuate their foul deeds of treachery. They ought to know that persecution by fire and sword is not the way to root out Protestantism and Orangeism. They would gladly bring upon us such persecution as was in the days of "Bloody Queen Mary,"—(blasphemously styled by them "*Sancetissima femina*,"—when the fires of Smithfield were quenched by Protestant blood! What they regard most is, I presume, that they had not the members in the Hall at the time they fired it, that they might force them back on the

crackling flames at the pikes' end,—“queen of weapons,” that did its work so well at “Soullabogue,” “Vinegar Hill” and “Wild Goose Lodge.” The scourge of Ribbonism, or Popery, (for they are synonymous) seems to have followed us from the land of our nativity, where many an Orangeman and Protestant received, in return for his kindness to papists, physical indentations on the “moral organ,” of his cranium. Yes, sir, when I attempt to enumerate the cold deliberate cruelties and nightly massacres, that have been perpetrated by Irish Papists, it makes my blood run cold in my veins and “*Vox faucibus hæsit.*” There is, sir, a point beyond which forbearance is not a virtue and nonresistance is cowardice. To that point we have come, and the Orangemen of Fitzroy will not bow their heads in calm submission to the persecuting sword of those ruthless demons. No; They retain not a little of that noble spirit which once fired the bosoms of those immortal heroes who manned the walls of Derry.

I am, Mr. Editor,  
Yours truly,  
J. F.

To the *Edith* of the Orange Lily.  
St. PETERSBURG, July, 1854.

MISTHER EDITHER,—I suppose you'll be anxious for special intelligence from the seat of war. So far as the operations of the Allied armies is concerned, the seat of war may be called an *arm chair*, where the French and English troops are quietly sitin instead of standin at ease. The only thing I'm in dhread ov is, that Cronstadt an' Saint Pethersburg won't be attacked before the winter sets in; an' I'm tould that the Czar has hired 30,000 Tanners to pillage the city if it's likely to fall into the hands of the assailants.

As far as I'm parsonally concerned, pon me conscience I'm in the very jaws of destruction! Faith I'm located, as the orather would say, in dangerous proximity to the grindhers of the Rooshian Bear; an' if I'm not ate up, body an' sleeves, before I get clear ov this dhivil ov a place, it'll be because I'm not overly partial to a thrip ov pleasure down the throat of the poliar Bruin. Talkin about brain, faith I'm inclined to think that the Czar is bruin a species ov beer for thousands ov his slaves that'll prove mighty butler to their taste wdout any hops. Perhaps he'll find that out whin he'll be practically taught that one man won't be allowed to rule Europe. Boneyparte himself, that was the king ov warriors, could'nt cut the Gordian knot ov opposition an' had to surriunder whin he found the allied laygions paradin in the streets ov Paris; an' dhivil a danger ov Nicholas boin' able to do what the little Corporal had to lave wdone.

But to come to the point, I'm here near the palaces of the Romanoffs, in the suspicious character of a spy. Blur-an-ages! what a patriot is obliged to do for his country; me that would scorn to tell the gager, for love or money, whero Mick Finnegan's still was, to be actin the spy in Rooshia wud the wheel, the knout an Siberia stafin me in the face. Throth I begin to think I'm a rale hayro ov antiquity, almost aqul to Curtius that jumped on horseback into

the gulf in the Roman Forum. Bo that as it may, they say iverything is fair play in war time; an if I'm not mistakin, before I lave this land ov tarror an' despotism, I'll pick up some altray items ov intelligence that'll delite the hearts ov the commandhers ov the Allied throops.

The way I got in here is a saycrit, an' must be kept so for the presint, anyway, for, bo me sowl! if I was found out I'd be knouted, thin broke on the wheel, and thin finally executed wud a broadside from a park ov artillery.

The dhivil a such a place as this did I iver put me foot in. Begor! the people hero look as if they wor afeard of spaken above their breath; an' ivry man is on the watch for police and military spies; an' to make the piether more cumplate, there's nothin but misery, starvation an' rapsallions ov Cossacks to be seen. Evrything in the aiten way is dear, money is scarce, an' no credit; an' the people ov the city are in eternal dhread of a visit from ould Napper.

Now an' thin I get a peep at Nicholas; he's a brave lookin ould boy, for all the world like long black Mick Dwire that lived near Clones. He don't look a bit too well contined, an' people say he's as savage as a bulldog at ivry one round him. 'Twas only the other day that he sliced half the face ov a poor fellow wud a liek of his sword, that brought him the news about the cumplate lambastin the Turks—wud Captain Butler at their head—gev his dirthy battallions at the seige ov Silisthria. You know he ordered Silisthria to be taken at any cost; but faith his generals found to thair cost that instead of being able to raze the city they had to raise the seige an' thuramp, whilo the mussulmin's band was playin in the “*Rogue's March*” on the top ov the ramparts. The Poles is another cause ov vexation to him: the North passage was niver sich a bother to scientific min as the North Poles is to the Czar: an' dhivil a doubt but they'll rise soord in hand, wud Kossute an the Hungarians, Gavazzi an' the Italians, to sthrike for liberty an' independence.

I had a lethter the other day from me ould frind Sweeney Ryan. He tells me that things is gettin on in the ould way in Bytown; that Mr. Friel is Mayor ov the city. Pon me sowl! there's no ind to his success; an' afther gettin sich an extra-ordinary lift I would'nt wonder if he'd be settin up for mimber. Sweeney also informs me that the Prescott Railroad isn't finished yet. What the dhivil are Leamy and Goodwin about? Bein so far away, its hard for me to say what the reason is; bedad! perhaps the money isn't too plinty wud the Company.

I'm glad to hear from Sweeney that yer gon to have the town lighted wud Gas immediately, an' that next year at farthest Bytown will be the seat ov Government. Blood-an-turf! wont that be fine. If I get home I'll put in me claims for the black-rod, founded on me profound acquaintance wud the use ov the blackthorn: but whero's the use in me talkin that way, thay'll be given the office to Ned Cunningham or Misher Barryshaw, if Tom Kinshella himself don't get it. Well, nabocklish! if they do itself, Jeramiah O'Casey will always have a frind at Court.

Who the dhivil do you think is here playin Thragedy on the Rooshien boards, the star ov the day. Sorra a one but James Spinsither Lidstone the Orather ov the West. Bedad! the way he acts hail fellow well met wud the big bugs, bangs banuagher cumplately. I giv him the wink an' ov coorse he don't know me at all at all. Begor an I might be

afther seem you all sooner than I think; whin the war is over, I'm for home, till then,  
Yours to command,  
JEREMIAH O'CASEY.

### Arrival of the Europa.

HALFAN, 30th Aug.  
The steamer *Europa* from Liverpool arrived here to-day at 1 p.m. with dates to the 19th inst. The *Pacific* arrived out at three p.m. on the 15th. The *Washington* sailed from Southampton for New York, and the screw steamer *Herman*, sailed from Havre and Southampton on the same day, also for New York.

The Anglo-French force at Bomersund is 12,000 men, supported by the shipping.

BERLIN.—The Vienna conference is expected to re-assemble next week.

PARIS, 18th.—The following has just been received:—“Orders have just been issued for the Austrians to enter Wallachia, and they have already commenced crossing the frontier.

ONESSA, 7th August, 1854.

Letters of this date say that no real blockoff exists either at Odessa or in the sea of Azoff.

MADRID, 10th.

The Juntas of Malaja and Finia refuse to recognize the new government.

Fort's Tzo and Votish in Aland was taken, one by French, the other by English troops.

The Sultan's daughter, Princess Fatima, was married to Redschid Pasha's son at Constantinople on the 10th.

### LATEST BY SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

The *Basilisk* arrived at Dantzic with the news that Bomersund surrendered on the 10th, with 2000 Russian prisoners. The French had 100 men killed.

From Vienna 16th it is telegraphed:—There is reason to believe that Prince Alexander Gortschakoff this morning notified the Austrian Government that as long as the Turks are in Wallachia the Russians will retain certain strategic points in the Principality. Austria has given up the intention of proposing to the Germanic Diet to put the federal army on a war footing.

### FROM THE BALTIC.

The *Moniteur* announces that on the 7th and 8th inst., the French expeditionary forces landed on the Island of Aland north of the fortress of Bomersund; at the same time the force of the French and English Marines landed south of the Fortress. The disembarkment was conducted by steamer, and conducted, as the *Moniteur* says, without a man getting his foot wet. On the 7th and 8th the French occupied their batteries, while the Russians destroyed the Russian outposts, and fell back on the main fortress. By the 12th the fortress was completely invested. On the 14th the Russians made a *Sortie*, but were driven in. On the 15th the French carried a redoubt of 8 guns without losing a man.

Another account says that it was a shore fort they took, after several hours fighting.

The bombardment of the main fortress was to have commenced on the 16th.

Reports in the English papers say that the inhabitants of Aland have risen against the Russians, and that it was proclaimed by order of the French Admiral from the pulpits of all the churches that the Russian sway over the Islands had ceased.

The aspect of affairs on the Danube remains unchanged.

### MARKETS.

Liverpool, 18th Aug.

ASHEs—Brokers report a better demand, the sales 500 bis. at 31s. to 33s., 33s. for new, 30s. for old.

The Corn market opened with an advance, but declined towards the close, and on Friday flour was at barely previous prices.

Wheat 3d. lower. Indian Corn 1s. to 1s. 6d higher, owing to apprehension of a deficient Potato crop.

Brown, Shipley & Co. report the Corn market quite quiet to-day; prices rather easier, except for Indian Corn. Western Canal Flour 31s to 31s 9d; Baltimore and Philadelphia 32s 6d to 33s, Ohio 33s 6d to 34s; Canadian 31s to 32s 6d.

White Wheat, 9s 9d @ 10s 6d; Red, 8s 3d; Yellow Corn, 3s 6d @ 3s.

### The Late Anniversary.

The 12th of July—the anniversary of an event which all genuine Protestants in Ireland will ever desire to commemorate by thanksgiving for the civil and religious liberty which it secured for them, and by the renewal of loyal and social fellowship—passed over in Belfast, and in all other parts of Ulster from which we have intelligence, in a manner which reflects the highest credit on the good sense, patience, temper, and obedience to the laws, manifested by those principally interested in the celebration. No public display whatever, of the nature of a procession, took place in this town, and the irrepressible loyalty of a few noisy groups of boys and mere children, which found noisy expression by means of unmusical pipes and drums, and in the waste of blank cartridge from pistols and popguns, in quarters where little objection could be offered to such displays led to no more serious collision than one with the fastidious taste of a paper hard put to for a paragraph respecting an anniversary which formerly supplied no trifling share of the stock in trade of some local broadsheets for weeks afterwards. "Mullan's Corner," of evil renown, was deserted by the unwashed chivalry of other days, and safely left to the guardianship of some three or four good-natured, brass-buttoned policemen, who "mounted guard" at the whilom scene of angry party conflict by taking their rest on a stool. About Townsend-street, a few mischievous mill-workers—chiefly little girls of the opposite section—once or twice did their utmost to provoke a counter demonstration by attacking juveniles of their own age, holding obnoxious opinions, but the appearance of a solitary member of Chief Constable Lindsay's blue-coated guards was sufficient to ensure an immediate cessation of hostilities. Of Ballynacarrrett you may venture to report, that no one can justly cast a stone (or a stain) upon its character, so far as Wednesday last was concerned; for no stones were thrown throughout its wide suburb, Sandy-row and Brown-square were as rich in purple-rockets, monkshood and lilies of Nassau, as on any former occasion; but the windows which advertised the loyalty of the owners by these floral ornaments escaped unscathed. We are gratified to learn that the tranquility of Durham-street and its neighbourhood was owing in no small degree, to the personal exertions, not less than the excellent precepts of the Rev. Dr. Drew.—We have never seen such an entire absence of inclination for street brawls, among the adult population of the lower orders, on a 12th of July before. It may be that the fighting sympathies of a large portion of them were with the brave fellows who have gone out to thresh the Russians, if they can catch them. Be this as it may, we know that the dull trade, diminished wages receipts, and narrow rations, caused, among a large part of the humbler community of Belfast, by the proceedings of the same Russians, have banished pugnacious propensities from their heads for the present.

The precautions of the authorities, for the purpose of meeting any contingency in the way of tumult, were excellent. The local force, both at the day and night divisions, were judiciously disposed at points where danger might possibly threaten; and Mr. Tracy R. M., Chief Constables Lindsay and Armstrong &c., patrolled at short intervals, those quarters where their presence might operate beneficially. The constabulary were also held in readiness to act as circumstances might require. Happily—and we record the gratifying fact chiefly to the honour of the Protestant population of the town—the active interference of these peace conservators was not called upon to suppress a riot in any district of Belfast; nor have any disturbances of a party character since disgraced the town. The anniversary evening was devoted, by a large number of the members of the Orange Institution, to festive and social enjoyment, and the interchange of feelings of loyal brotherhood, in their respective lodge-rooms.

Lodge No. 7 dined together in the Commercial Hotel. Covers were laid for thirty, and the dinner, supplied by Mr. Echlin, was of the most sumptuous description. The wines, including champagne, were excellent. In the unavoidable

absence of the Worshipful Master, the chair was filled by the Deputy Master, who ably discharged the duties of the office. The toasts included "The Queen," "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory," "The Grand Master, the Earl of Enniskillen," "The County Grand Master, Viscount Dungannon," "The Primrose and the Established Church," "The Worshipful Master of No. 7," "The Protestant Press," "The Chairman," "The Deputy Officers," &c. &c. Several excellent speeches were delivered in responding to these toasts. Lodge 145 supped together in Mr. P. Ligonie's, Castle-place (formerly Mr. Gardiner's). The supper was very elegantly supplied, and a most agreeable evening spent by the brethren. The District Master presided. Lodge 154 met in Mr. King's, High-street where an admirable dinner was served to the brethren. Lodge 693 held a soiree in the Victoria Hall, Victoria-street, which was very handsomely decorated for the occasion with flags, orange lilies, &c. There were one hundred and fifty of both sexes present. Several toasts were given by the master, and appropriate music followed. Besides these lodges, several others met in social harmony together, but we have not been able to obtain the particulars. On Thursday night, also, several lodges met together to celebrate the anniversary; it not having been convenient for the members to do so on the previous day. In all the country towns, Lisburn, Portadown, Lurgan, Moira, besides many in counties Antrim and Derry, flags were hoisted on the churches, or in conspicuous places. All was peace and harmony in those places also. The celebration commenced in Newtonards, on the evening of the 11th, by large assemblies of people, with drums and pipes, parading on the roads in the outskirts of the town, and during the night there was kept up a constant discharge of blank shots. Scattered over the town there were nine neatly executed orange arches. The different lodges met together on the evening of the 12th in their lodge-rooms, where the health of our most gracious Queen was heartily received, and a flowing bumper was pledged to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of King William III., Prince of Orange, and to Enniskillen, Aughrim, and the Boyne. The 12th passed off peaceably in Drumore. A unijack was hoisted on the church steeple. In Derry this ever-memorable day was ushered in by the firing of three shots from a heavy piece of ordnance from the rampart, at the Testimonial, immediately after the clock struck twelve on Tuesday night. At six o'clock on Wednesday morning a salvo of artillery was fired from the same place, when an orange flag was hoisted on the pillar, and floated majestically over the figure of the gallant Walker. A new crimson flag was at the same time hoisted on the flag-staff above the east window of the cathedral, and the joy-bells rang a merry peal, which was repeated and kept up with little intermission throughout the day till seven o'clock, p.m., when seven shots were fired from one of the heavy pieces of cannon used on such occasions, and, three cheers having been given for the Queen, and in honor of the day, the flags were taken down, and the out-door proceedings terminated. The members of the Orange lodges supped together in the evening. There was no disturbance whatever in the city.

### Miscellaneous.

**KNICKERBOCKER ANECDOTE.**—"I have half a mind" writes a Georgetown (New York) correspondent, "to relate an anecdote for your 'Table' connected with this out-of-the-way place, which I think, will afford to the theologically good among your readers additional proof of the truth of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, the best proof of which (our clergymen say) is that the Indian, the Hindoo, all heathen, and even the enlightened Deist believe in a future, with its rewards and punishments. Now, we have a neighbor, 'an enlightened Deist believe in a future,' commonly known here as 'Old Reed,' who believes that after death he shall appear again in the shape of some animal, and he thinks he will be a horse! The other day his wife, after suffering greatly from his bacchanalian abuse, determined to have a serious talk with

him, and to touch him on the point of his religious belief. So, seating herself by him, with eyes filled with tears, and a face 'as long as the moral law,' she addressed him as follows:—"Old Reed, I have something to say to you, and you must hear it; I have a duty to do, and I shall do it faithfully; so that if you suffer hereafter the fault may not be mine. You know, Reed, that you are in the habit of getting drunk and abusing your family. They have suffered for years both from your abuse and neglect, while the proceeds of your labour are spent in drink. Now, Reed, what do you think will be the result of such a course? What will become of you when you die? I will tell you. According to your belief, at death you will turn into some animal, and you think it will be a horse. Now, Reed, if you keep on your present course, and neglect and abuse your family, you will, when you die, turn into some poor old twelve shilling horse, and Joel Lutes will get you; you will be hard-worked and half-starved, and I shall see you go by every day with a load of shingles. But now, Reed, it needn't be so, and if you will turn right about, reform, provide for, and treat your family affectionately, when you die you will turn into a fine two-hundred dollar horse, and Charles Perry will get you, and feed you on a bushel of oats a day, and rub you down with soft pea straw."

**BIBLE BURNING IN IRELAND.**—A man named M'Teague was tried on the 1st of August at the Londonderry Assizes for burning a copy of the Scriptures. It appears that a Scottish clergyman of the Secession Church gave a copy of the bible to a man named Dillon, a Roman Catholic, and that the latter going to a public-house showed the book to a traverser, who said it was an adulterated version, and threw it into the fire. The jury found him guilty of burning the authorised version, but acquitted him on the count charging an intention to bring the principles of Christianity into contempt, and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

**MILESIAN ARITHMETIC.**—An Irish gentleman at cards having, on inspection, found the pool deficient, exclaimed—"Here's a shilling, short who put it in?"

**CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.**—Mr. James Hartley, Surveyor of the Liverpool Docks, laid before the Dock Committee there lately, a remedy for Diarrhoea and Cholera, which he affirmed was given to no less than 250 of the workmen attacked, not one of them died, while of those who did not take it, 23 died. The composition is as follows:—

3 Drachms spirits of Camphor.  
3 do. Laudanum.  
3 do. Oil of Turpentine.  
30 drops oil of Peppermint.

*Directions*—Mix, and take a teaspoonful in a glass of weak brandy and water, from time to time according to the intensity of the disorder, till cured.

### Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Railway.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,

TORONTO, August 19, 1854.

Traffic Return for the month ending August

12, 1854, (63 miles open):—  
2170 passengers, £382 12½  
670 tons freight, 289 15 3¼  
Other sources, 32 14 3—704 10  
Corresponding week in 1853, (42

miles open):—  
1877 passengers, £264 10 10½  
351 tons freight, 111 5 3  
Other sources, 2 17 8—378 13 9½

Increase in 1854, £325 16 11½

Earnings per mile per month, in  
1854..... £11 3 6  
do..... 1853 9 0 4

Increased earnings per mile, per }  
month, in 1854, } £2 3 4  
The above earnings are exclusive of freight  
and passengers carried for construction ac-  
count.

A. BRUNEL,  
Superintendent.

Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.

MONTEAL, Aug. 19th, 1854.

Table showing return of traffic for the week ending Saturday the 5th Aug, 1854. Includes categories like First Class Passengers, Second do, Merchandise, etc.

Total \$17,765.731 £3,433 18 8

Total receipts for current half year commencing July 1st, up to 292 Miles open.

JAMES F. ROMAS, Aud. tor.

Great Western Railway,

Amount of traffic on the Great Western Railway for the week ending 19th Aug.

Table showing passenger and freight statistics for the Great Western Railway.

Total receipts since 1st Aug. 1854 £10,355 1 34

No. of Passengers, No. of Passengers previously, Total number of Passengers since 1st August, 1854.

GEORGE DARTNELL.

Lumber.

WHITE PINE.—The supply of this article, so far, falls short of the expectations formed during the early part of the season. The quantity measured to date is 11,173,771 feet against 11,387,300 last year, and 22,345,375 feet the year before.

RED PINE.—There is more disinclination to operate both by sellers and buyers of this article than of any other description of wood. The supply of a large quantity of the expected supply, through want of water in the government dikes on the Ottawa, has caused the holders of this article to look for higher prices, and has induced many of them to lay it up, with the expectation of receiving a price which will remunerate them for the greatly increased outlay to which the manufacturers of the article have been this year exposed.

this price is we think above the market value. We suppose 1s per foot for 40 feet average is the outside quotation, though a lot of 87 feet (Supple's) was sold at 1 1/2 and was re-sold again at 1 1/4, but one would suppose that the seller had the best of the transaction.

OAK.—Continues firm at last week's prices, 2s 6d, per foot, being obtainable for it by the drum. The check given to ship building may effect the price of this article.

ELM.—Scarce, and large sizes almost unobtainable. We expect 40 feet average of shipping order cannot be purchased under 2s. 33 feet in the raft, with some White Pine, was sold at 1s 3 1/2.

TAMARAC.—We cannot advise any improvement on our previous bad report of this article, there being no demand whatever except for picked sizes, to suit purchasers for ship building, but the demand even for these are limited on account of the smallness of the operations of our builders, both at present and in expectation during the ensuing winter.

DRALS.—"Floated Pine" are more plenty but have not given a way in price, £16 to £16 6s, two thirds, and £8 being still paid for them. "Bright," scarce and saleable at £17 to £17 6s, two thirds, and £8 10s, being asked and paid. "Spruce," no decline on our previous high quotations, £9, £8 and £7, for firsts, seconds, and thirds.

STAVES.—Maintain the advanced quotation in our last, £57 10s, per mille, (and £60 for pipes,) being paid for standard, merchantable, and for W. O. W. I. merchantable £18, has been paid. We have not heard of any transaction in Culls, but we believe rates remain the same as last week.

LATHWOOD.—Saleable at previous rates. 43s to 50s per cord.

COMMERCIAL.

Bytown Market Prices, August 30.

Table of Bytown Market Prices for August 30, listing various commodities like Flour, Wheat, Oatmeal, etc. with their respective prices.

ORANGE ASSOCIATION.

A Monthly Meeting of the Bytown Chapter of the Illustrious Order of Royal Scarlet, will take place at the Orange Hall, on Thursday, the 14th of September next, at 8 o'clock P. M., of which all Knights Companions of the Order are required to take notice, and govern themselves accordingly, as it is desirable that a full attendance of Members should be present on that occasion.

WILLIAM P. LETT, C. S.

Bytown, August 12th, 1854.

Forsyth & Bell's Prices Current, Timber, Deals, &c.

Quebec, August 10th, 1854.

Table of timber and deal prices, including White Pine, Red Pine, Oak, Elm, Tamarac, Staves, Deals, etc. with prices in dollars and cents.

REMARKS.

WHITE PINE continues to arrive very slowly, and rafts find purchasers on arrival especially if good quality and average. The latest sales have been 94 for 85 feet measured off, and 8d for 58, and for a fair lot of 47 feet 0 1/2 has been refused.

RED PINE is still very inert and except a few sales of 34 a 35 feet at 10d a 10 1/2d, and occasionally one of 40 feet at 1s, there is little doing. A great deal that was expected will be left above till next season, owing to the lowness of the waters, and consequently the stock for sale is by no means excessive.

OAK continues firm at our quotations as well as Staves, while Tamarac and Pine remain much the same as when we last issued our Circular.

SPRUCE Deals though greatly depressed in the English market are excessively scarce here and our quotations are fully realized.

PREMIERS—40s to Liverpool 41s a 42s to Clyde and £5 15s for Deals to London.

FORSYTH & BELL.

SHAVING & HAIR-DRESSING.

THE Subscriber would take this opportunity of returning thanks to the public for the liberal patronage extended to his late Father; and at the same time would respectfully inform the Citizens of Bytown, and travellers visiting this place, that he will continue the business in all its branches, at the Old STAMM, Rideau Street, Lower Bytown, where he will, at all times, be happy, to see all the old customers.

Open every Saturday night till 12 o'clock, and no shaving on Sunday.

GEORGE N. GREEN.

Bytown, August 1854.





## BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.

CAPITAL \$200,000.

WILLIAM FORD, Jr., *President.*  
T. W. ROBISON, *Secretary & Treasurer.*

### DIRECTORS

JOHN R. FORSYTH, *Kingston,*  
WILLIAM FORD, Jr., *Kingston,*  
THOS. W. ROBISON, *Kingston,*  
DAVID ROBLIN, *Napanee,*  
HAMILTON SPENCER, *Elmira,*  
WM. F. MEUDELL, *Toronto,*  
WM. MATTHIE, *Brockville,*  
JAMES ROSS, *Belleville.*

JOHN C. CLARK, *Superintendent.*  
E. W. PALMER, *General Manager.*

Every information may be obtained on application at any of the undermentioned

### OFFICES:

S. C. BIXBY, 10 *Court-Square, Boston,*  
JOHN ROBERTS, *India Street, Portland.*  
D. DEFORREST 53 *Gr't St James' St Montreal*  
F. J. LOGAN, *St. Peter Street, Quebec,*  
D. & H. McLACHLIN, *Bytown, who have in their Store an Iron Safe for the keeping of valuables.*

A Messenger will leave Montreal for Bytown every Monday and Thursday at half-past 8, P. M. Leave Bytown for Montreal every Wednesday and Saturday at half-past 5, A. M.

## THE BRITISH & NORTH AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

Has been organized for the purpose of facilitating the transit of Money, valuable and other parcels and Merchandise of every description, between all the principal Cities, Towns and Villages in British North America, Great Britain and Ireland, and the United States.

The accountability of the present Company may be judged of by the known responsibility of its President and Directors, and the public may rest assured that no efforts will be wanting on its part to give the utmost satisfaction in the transaction of any business that may be entrusted to it.

The great trouble and expense hitherto experienced in the forwarding of parcels and light packages to and from Great Britain and this country, will in a great measure be obviated by this Company, as they purpose establishing Agencies in the principal cities of England, Ireland and Scotland, and also of availing themselves of the direct communication afforded by the Canadian Line of Ocean Steamers, by which time, and to a great extent, the exorbitant commission and customs charges incurred at the ports of New York and Boston, as well as the high rates of freight exacted by the United States Express Companies will be saved.

Besides the *Money* and *Parcel* branch of the Express business, this Company will be prepared to contract with merchants and others, for the delivery of Goods and Merchandise of every description, both in the Canadas and United States, by fast freight lines. Also, to receive consignments of Goods from any part of the world, pass them through the Customs and forward them to their destination with the utmost despatch. All such consignments must be accompanied by invoices for entry when coming to Quebec or Montreal, and by Consular certificates when shipped in winter via Portland.

Having contracted with the Grand Trunk Railroad Company for the exclusive privilege of the Express portion of their business, and arranged with the Proprietors of the River and Lake lines of Mail Steamers, for the conveyance of their Messengers and Freight, the BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY respectfully announce that on the opening of navigation, they will commence running

a Daily Express between Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, and intermediate places; also, between Boston via Portland and Montreal. A Messenger will accompany all Goods, Bank Notes, Specie, Collections, &c., which may be committed to them, and each Steam Boat and Train on which they ride, will be provided with suitable iron safes in which to deposit valuables.

To ensure the speedy delivery of Goods shipped to or from ports in Britain, they must be distinctly marked "Care of the British and North American Express Co.," as the Company will have Agents at all the Canadian and British Ports to receive and forward the same.

By these safe and expeditious means of transit and moderate charges, the Company expects a large share of public patronage.  
JOHN C. CLARK, *Superintendent.*  
E. W. PALMER, *General Manager.*  
KINGSTON, APRIL 8th, 1854.

## 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 aid 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.

## HURRAH

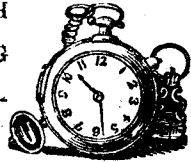
### FOR THE GRAND TRUNK

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

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

Prescott, Nov. 19 1853. WILLIAM LEVIS

WATCH  
MAKING  
ENGRAVING & CLOCKS  
AND  
ING & Co.



### WILLIAM TRACY

(Rideau Street, opposite Barpee'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.

## CROWN HOTEL.

THE Subscriber would respectfully announce to the Citizens of Bytown and its vicinity, and the travelling community generally, that he has opened a Hotel in the premises formerly occupied by Mr. Charles Rowan, next door to the *Bytown Gazette Office*, Rideau Street, Lower Bytown, where he will, at all times, be prepared to receive and entertain all those who may favor him with their patronage, in as good style as they can be entertained elsewhere.

His BAR will be stored with good Wines and Liquors; and his TABLE will be supplied with the best the Market can afford.

GOOD STABLING, and a Commodious Yard, are attached to the premises, and careful Outing will be in attendance.

W. H. hopes by careful attention to the comforts of his guests to merit a share of public patronage, and would, therefore, respectfully solicit his friends to give him a call.

WILLIAM HOWES,  
(17-18)

Bytown, May 6th, 1854.

### REGALIA.

MRS. MINNS would respectfully make known to the Public, that she is prepared to manufacture and furnish REGALIA, viz:—Gloves, SASHES, COLLARS, SCARFS, &c., &c., on reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice.

Upper Bytown, }  
June 24th, 1854. }—(25.)

150 DOZ. Grass and Cradle Scythes, with Snaths, Cradles, Forks, Rakes &c., at Wholesale and Retail, CHEAP!

GEORGE HAY.

Post Office Buildings, }  
Central Bytown, June '54. }—(25.)

## THE ORANGE LILY,

Is printed and published at the Office in Rideau Street, Lower Bytown, every Saturday, by DAVID SON KERR.

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

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

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

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

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