

Foreign News.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE "CANADA."

The "Canada" arrived at Halifax at four o'clock a.m., on Saturday the 19th.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

Liverpool, Monday noon, very late. Consols 90.

Liverpool, Nov. 5.—Breadstuffs market quiet. Wheat and corn slightly advanced.

The "Canada" left Liverpool on the 5th inst., and Queenstown on the eve of the 17th.

The "India" arrived at Liverpool at 2:10 p.m. on the 3rd inst.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

A Paris telegram of the 4th inst., says that the French and English governments had completely agreed on the basis of congress.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The "Great Eastern" left Holyhead on the morning of the 23rd, and reached Southampton on the 4th.

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movements of that brigade, the augmentation of the troops has naturally excited suspicion of other contemplated measures.

There are no signs of the "Indian," now due at this port, with Liverpool dates of the 19th instant.

Weather clear, wind northerly.

WRECK OF THE STEAMER "INDIAN."

PORTLAND, Nov. 23.—The steamship "Indian" is a total wreck. She went ashore at 5 a.m., on the 21st, off Mary Joseph, Gnyborough, N.S.

Particulars have been sent for, and will be procured as promptly as possible; neither has any of her news come to hand.

New Advertisements this Week.

The Globe.—George Brown Auction Notice.—Thomas Bowman Lands for Sale.—Miles Langstaff Meeting of Vampham and King Plank Road Co.

Che York Herald.

RICHMOND HILL, NOV. 25, 1859.

BUSINESS NOTICE.—Parties writing to this Office will please bear in mind that they are wasting their time, paper and ink, unless they prepay their Letters.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We take this opportunity of reminding our numerous subscribers who are indebted to us, that their year's subscription is past due, and, as we have some heavy payments to make, we would feel obliged if they would pay up as early as possible.

Reformers vs. Corruptionists.

In these days of political ferment and rascality, it becomes the duty of all who take an interest in the welfare of his country, to see to it that no paltry clap-trap or party cognomen shall ever deter him from taking a calm and dispassionate view of things as they are, and not as they seem; for the most consummate villain has ere now dubbed himself an honest man; the vilest hypocrite often appears dreadful pious; and even the Arch-fiend himself, in order to accomplish his nefarious designs, sometimes deems it necessary to transform himself into an angel of light.

Universal history testifies that the names assumed by parties are no index whatever to the objects and aims of these associations; and of all the party designations, none have been so often abused as the word REFORMER.

The greatest rascals unhung have dubbed themselves thus. The terrorists of France, whose fury was as if Hell was let loose, called themselves Reformers.

The Socialists, Secularists, and Chartists of Great Britain, who have long endeavored to undermine and destroy all true liberty, have always cried themselves up as the greatest Patriots, though a more contemptible set of firebrands never existed; and even in Canada we find Revolutionists and Annexationists, such as the Globe and Economist, miscalling themselves Reformers, and all who are opposed to their nefarious and Revolutionary tendencies they politely style Corruptionists.

However, it is not the first time that rogues have [to hide their own misdeeds] brought charges of dishonesty against honest men, in the hope we presume, that the public will believe them honest, just because they call other and better men—thieves. To testify that we are not writing enigmas, we will now quote in its entirety an editorial, which appeared in the Economist of November 17th:

"AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—We are in receipt of a letter from Richmond Hill, in which the writer says:—

"Six months ago the Richmond Hill Herald was considered to lean on the Reform side in politics. Since then it has leaned on every side until the last two weeks, during which time the discovery has been made that it is a Corruptionist. It pretends to be Conservative; but no true Conservative is in favor of the present corrupt Coalition Government, nor is any true Conservative opposed to the movement now being made to get rid of being ruled by Lower Canada.

Our correspondent may have made the important discovery that their local paper is a corruptionist; but there is another discovery that the Editor of that paper has not made. It is this—he has not learned that, in reporting the proceedings of a public meeting, it is dishonest to ignore certain

facts as it is to mis-state them. This failing, however, is characteristic of the corrupt press, and quite in keeping with the cause they serve."

And in reply thereto, we beg to state that what the York Herald was six months since, it is now. It professes to be Reform, and so it is; and we point in triumph to our past efforts in the cause of true Reform.

We have written in favor of Free Trade, Representation by Population, a Federal Union, and our Common Schools; and not only that, we have also written in favor of fairplay, by condemning injustice even to George Brown; and still more, when a murderer was tried, and a too lenient sentence was passed upon him, we were the first to denounce such a mockery of justice, on the interference of the Popish Hierarchy with politics, who more loud in denunciation of such interference than we; and last, though not least, when Messrs. Reesor & Co. palmed their pious fraud upon the Electors of Markham, we did our best to expose the cheat—and thus we have ever shown ourselves to be true Reformers!—not Clear Grits we grant you—for we should be sorry to value our character so lightly as to be caught in such bad company. As to the charge of being corruptionists, it comes with an ill-grace from one who is bound hand and foot to the Globe. True reform is not to belong to this or that party, and wink at its misdeeds. No!—A true and independent Reformer is one who is willing to reform every abuse, and to take care that he alike conserves all that is good. Measures, not men, is the motto of every true reformer; and when he perceives reckless and unprincipled men, (such as Geo. Brown & Co.) striving not to reform abuses, but to destroy and bring into contempt the glorious British Constitution, it becomes his duty to tear away the mask that now hides from public view the real aims of such unprincipled demagogues. Such has been, and ever will be our aim; and our greatly increasing circulation proves to a demonstration that the public view with satisfaction the independent course we have pursued.

But again, the Economist charges us with "dishonesty in reporting the proceedings of a certain public meeting." We challenge him now, as we have on previous occasions, to prove any dishonesty in our report. Mr. Editor, cease your contemptible diatribes and generalities, and come into the region of facts and circumstances. Point out wherein the dishonesty consists; show the material part that is left out, or where the falsification. If not, the public will think that you are afraid,—that "the lie with a circumstance attached is a dangerous thing," we now again, for the third time, assert that our report of the said meeting is correct.—Prove wherein it is false, or acknowledge the corn. The fact, however, is, that the report in question is too correct for your reputation, and puts rather a damper upon the chances of your rising to the honors to which you are so eagerly aspiring. It proves that the lion's skin may sometimes contain the very reverse of a lion.—Therefore, once for all we say, cease your insane vapourings and charges, and come to facts. If not, your ipse dixit will be esteemed of as little worth as it was at the meeting referred to.

THE TALKING MACHINE.

We had the good pleasure of meeting this celebrated machine on Monday last, at Aurora, at which place he was pushing business.—We have omitted heretofore to hear of womans' terrible tongue, and we have sometimes seen specimens of the fair sexes' volubility which have amazed us, and we thought it impossible to rival them; but we must say that this talking machine leaves any lady we have heard far in the rear. We congratulate the Leader on having such a splendid machine as agent. No wonder that its subscription list so rapidly increases.

The Committee of the Mechanics' Institute of this place, met to-night in the Brick School-house, at 6 p.m. See advertisement.

Use of Hoops.—A dishonest servant girl suspected by the proprietor of a New York hotel was "overhauled" as she was about to depart, and concealed among her hoops and clothing were found half a dozen cut glass tumblers, three or four glasses of current jelly, several collars and other articles of wearing apparel; four fine linen handkerchiefs, two of which she used as garters and with the other two she secured her skirts, which were rather heavy from the weight of the glassware; also two fine sheets wrapped around her person and \$15 sewed in the lining of her dress—all of which had been stolen from various persons in the house. It took a long while to unpack her.

The London clergymen are melancholy over the fact that of the population of three millions in that city there are only 150,000 communicants. It is significant.

we wish it to be distinctly understood, that we do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents through our columns.

We have received a stinging communication, dated Nov. 22nd inst., from Swindler Mill Cottage, Greenwood, signed "Wasp," evidently in answer to a foul and slanderous letter in a late number of the Markham Economist.

We are extremely sorry that our village should be again agitated by the low slanderous, anonymous scribbling of some disappointed unprincipled fellow, "that our peaceable, wealthy and well-doing residents should again be annoyed to angry feelings. We don't believe in silently allowing our neighbors to be vilified with impunity, neither do we take pleasure in inserting letters in highly peppered language. However, wasp must fly, and sting for himself next week.

Late on Sunday evening, early on Monday morning, Mr John Goodwill, 3rd con. of Vaughan, had sixteen sheep so injured by dogs that they were forced to be killed at a great loss; also, four belonging to Mr. James Drury, an adjacent farmer. A short time previous to this occurrence, another farmer had two destroyed, probably by the same dogs. There are too many dogs; few can pass through a village without himself and his team being assailed furiously by a whole squadron of them. Were our Municipal Councilors as wide-awake in their small petty parliaments to our well-being and preservation, as the Vaughan convention of dogs are to our annoyance and destruction, we would not suffer so much by worried sheep.

To "Geordie" Penny, Esq., an acryphal Justice of the Peace, near Richmond Hill, the skulking conductor of a letter in the Markham Economist of the 17th November, 1859, signed "Temperance," and purporting to be delegated from Sir :

It is pleasing to witness the innocence of a child when, placing its hands upon its eyes, it conceives that it is hid from observation. It would be amusing to behold the Ostreich, after a hot pursuit, thrust its head into the first tuft of grass, no doubt considering itself safe from its pursuers. But, sir, it is neither pleasing nor amusing to witness one, who, having arrived at manhood's years, though not yet at manhood's stature, endeavoring, by an act of moral jugglery, to violate and insult the feelings of the neighborhood in which he unhappily dwells,—by simulating an alibi. This, sir, is disgusting; it is unmanly; it is assassin-like; it is immoral. Think you, sir, that you evade the notice of a discerning public? It is not known in what you were occupied last week? with whom you held pernicious counsel? whom you marked out for slaughter? How numerous have been your callings? How strange the diversity of your pursuits! On one day you note you decked out in holiday attire, burying in the counsel of Delegates, and having made your silent bow-woy to that august body, we see you hasten back to preside over the sale of your superfluous stinits, &c. Is it, sir, true, that on this occasion you plied alcohol vigorously to likely purchasers? No breach of morals then! to fleece and rob the dupes of your duplicity! But, sir, from your sale, (your notes once gathered and disposed of,) you hurried on to Bradford to prosecute your hiring occupation. There, (pleased, no doubt, with the retrospect of the past, to wit: your political laurels, and raked-up sale,) in an unhappy hour you conceived the bright idea of poking fun at the professionals on the Hill. And here, sir, (unless your mind be altogether reprobate,) you should at least have reflected that one employed in the underlying occupation of an obscure agent, that one whose sole remuneration for his valuable services is estimated at the lofty figure of a copper to the bushel; that such a one, I say, ought never to have had the unblushing effrontery to traduce the character of men who are immeasurably his superiors in mind and body, and (I think I may safely add,) estate. Here, sir, your effrontery affords great amusement to every discerning mind. And now, sir, you had recourse to the clandestine refuge of the hypocrite. You forward your tiny squib, on which your little intellect has greatly exerted itself, from Bradford you shoot to Markham Village, and from Markham Village to the Hill. Verily a three-cornered shot—one might suppose you had some share

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in the triangular duel of Midshipman Easy,—and that your growth was stunted by the reception of a ball in the pericranium. In that pigmy letter signed "Temperance," which is a libel on your fair fame, you make a miserable attempt at abusing a gentleman—under whose lash and wholesome correction you have e'er now writhed and twisted in hideous distortion,—and herein you display some low cunning; you call his abode a sentry box; you must therefore be convinced that the inhabitant thereof is a soldier, and that he is armed; hence, sir, you bay him at a very respectful distance. Verily thou art a sagacious man! But, sir, you have signed yourself "Temperance." Good! Here let me give you some philological information, (for there is much wholesome instruction outside your head). Temperance, sir, is far from being applicable to you, as is well known to every inhabitant of the Hill, either in a real or fictitious sense. The word admits of two meanings: 1st, the act of refraining from, and 2nd, the act of setting bounds to. Your assumption, therefore, of the term is at least contumacious. But, sir, in the great variety of verbal applications, I shall endeavor to find one more suited to your individual case, and with which the conscious public and yourself will be more easily reconciled. The word, then, to suit you, must be thus interpreted:—Temperance is the act of tempering; now tempering is the act of mixing with mud or mortar—ergo, when you sign your noble self "Temperance," you philologically admit that you observe the act of mixing with mud. You must practically admit the bland impeachment. Where, sir, were high-flown morals then, when—

"Heels in air and back to ground, A proper resting-place was found."

Would it, sir, not have been wiser? would it, sir, not have been more consistent of two evils to choose the least, and, instead of wallowing in the mire, to judiciously select the clean boards of some honest man's establishment, whereon to exhibit some bacchanalian gambols, than thus ingloriously to bite the mud? Sir, you are an accredited slanderer; sir, you are a vicious man; you are impotent for evil; you are incapable of good. Your assumed sanctity, taken up as readily as it is laid aside with facility, excites the disgust and nausea of the neighborhood. In a word, sir, your impudence has become proverbial. Your chit-monk arrogance on every and upon all occasions, is too apparent for particular notice. Your malice, towards others, becomes embittered in proportion to their superiority, and, like the fox in the fable, you grin an envious farewell at that to which you cannot attain. Still further, sir, as the insect assumes the color of the plant on which it feeds, so you seem to derive all your ideas from your defunct calling of a miller. You, sir, grind together without distinction of caste or character all that comes within your reach,—while you, yourself, stand forth in all the proud magnificence of a model moral man, reducing all to powder under your magnificent and ponderous tread. But, sir, your grinders are brought low, and with them "Othello's occupation is gone."

My present remarks, sir, are but introductory. I perceive your ignorance is vast and varied, and will therefore require considerable enlargement. I perceive, moreover, that you are unhappily possessed of a mind restless as the ocean wave. This is demonstrated by the variety of your pursuits and your restless agitation, by your gait, at one time slow, at another time quick; by your fitful countenance, at one time pallid, at another flushed, all of which too clearly prove how inwardly you are ravaged by devouring fires. "O wretched man that thou art," your property silently and slowly wearing away, George, to the land of the leel, your reputation gone, your occupation worse than second hand; your associates, men of very doubtful character, and crabbed old age casting round you his thread-worn mantle. But, sir, it will go hard if I do not better your mental condition. I consider it my duty, not merely to be at pains with you, but also to incur expense. I must act towards you the good Samaritan; I must pour the balm of consolation into your wounded soul—for at present you are prostrate, your passions have stripped you, your viciousness has wounded you, and your demonic vindictiveness having reverted on yourself, has left you half dead; I have feeling for you, sir; I have sympathy for you; I do not call nicknames, it is no practice of mine, but one word, Sir Small, why insult the stentorian proprietor of the soi-disant sentry-box, by calling him granny she? Have you even heard the divine precept—"do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." If then (by virtue of the magisterial office which lies heavy on your littleness)

you insult, I fear the world is wicked enough to insult again.—Now, sir, if you call "granny she," permit us in return to call you "the pompous He." Here you will perceive a gentleman of some parts on the one hand, and an ancient lady on the other. Might we take the liberty of proclaiming the bans of solemn matrimony. Try it; the old lady has money, and is a careful housekeeper. The world cannot say that you are "over s.b. already." Oh, my diminutive, it is not the first time that with consummate satisfaction, we have observed your amorous approach to the old lady; and with still greater satisfaction have we contemplated the reciprocal affection bestowed upon you by the gentle looks and tender approaches of her who has your interest at heart. May we wish you every happiness in your new association, may you enjoy her company for many years, we leave you in her fond embrace, and in her loving charge. We know the tenderness of her disposition towards you, and we feel thoroughly convinced she will—

"Dress your hair and comb your wig, And marry you, when you grow big."

(Signed) LE CHEF DE BATAILLON, Richmond Hill, Nov. 24, 1859.

[For the Herald.] THE BANTAM DELEGATE AND HIS MILITARY FRIEND.

AIR.—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

O! Geordie, dear Geordie, the days are gone by, When on a pious sublime, you were wont to fly high; For the usum is true, and well suited to some That small things, small people do ever become.

You feel your own weakness now, Geordie, my lad, Yet to traffic in scandal is not a wise plan; For were you to croak and spit venom till hoarse, It makes you no better, but much more the worse.

Your company, Geordie, is not quite the thing, As for your small person contempt it does bring; For the parrot of old, brought death on his head, When he mixed with black daws, as the fable hath said;

But black did I say, ay, there's the hard rub, For the black-hearted Crookie we now strut away duff; Sir William to thee our devotion we pay, And I hope from plain dealings you never may stray.

But now thou art foul as the fiend of the air, And the perfume of Nick, heathens fresh from thy hair; Black as withia, so more black from without; Thou'rt a filthy, post-bellied, audacious old lout.

See! see! thy great, swaggering, vile, sneaking air; Thy hyson-dyed locks and they jetty black hair; And yet I believe it is painfully true, That a boy with a stow can Sir William pursue.

You have taken to raving, my warlike old man, Through grief and regret at some unfinished plan; And I'm told that at night, when maddened by wine, Up and down you verand, you rage, howl and whine;

And then holding firmly, propped up by the post, You see hostile men, and of them quite a host; Then gnashing your tusks, you hiccup beware, And with threats you wail and oaths you read the night air.

And oh! should a donkey that instant but roar, Sir William would rush and make quick for the door, Shouting murder and robbery, (this last a vain shout) Then for sword, gun and pistol he would search about.

When at last by sensation and rage overcome, He would drop on the floor as tight as a drum; There he'd fight his great victories over again, To the tune of "more toddy out of the tin can."

In the morn to his plucky small friend he wad bid adieu, And the state of the case forthwith let him know; That the Richmond Hill villains on mischief are bent, For that they on last night did him ject with intent.

And now the sage wisdom of this little man Is always devising some far-seeing plan, Which no man may fathom, still fewer divine, For like pigmies of old, he's borne out of due time.

In fine, it is justice to let Geordie know That delegate, magistrate, sought here below Can ne'er hit from the dung-hill, that semblance of man, Who in filth or tradition e'er sullies his hand.

CHUM, Richmond Hill, Nov. 21, 1859.

THE PANIC AT THE SOUTH. VIRGINIA MUSTERING ON THE FRONTIER OF THE FREE STATES.

Baltimore, Nov. 19, 1859.

All is quiet at Charleston, but the military forces are steadily augmenting there. The barns, stock-yards and farming implements, amounting in value to many thousand dollars, the property of Messrs. John Burns, George H. Tate and M. Shilley, all of whom were jurors upon the late trials have been destroyed by incendiaries. Rumors obtained circulation at Charleston and at Harper's Ferry, to the effect that a large body of armed men had passed the Ohio near Wheeling, en route to the rescue of Brown. The news had created the utmost consternation, and Col. Davis, the commander of the Militia left at Charleston, had telegraphed to Gov. Wise for the additional force of five hundred men, as he was on the eve of a sanguinary battle. A despatch from Wheeling, however, sets this prepos-

terous rumor at rest, as no body of men with hostile intent, had been observed to pass the river in that neighborhood. Ohio appears to be the quarter from which the rescue is anticipated. A letter in cypher, dated at Urbana, Ohio, and addressed to Brown, is said to have been found, in which he is recommended to keep in good, as his friends are mustering, and will drop along one after the other. Mr. Andrew Hunter, who acted for the commonwealth in the recent prosecutions, is cited as one authority for the conviction that the rescue of the prisoners will be attempted.

The rumored invasion seems to have produced a decisive effect at Richmond. Four hundred men left for Charleston in the morning train, Gov. Wise accompanying them; and other forces were advancing from Petersburg.

Harper's Ferry, Nov. 20.

The fresh excitement was caused by the arrival from Bellair, near Wheeling, of a man named Smith Crane, who stated that he had incidentally overheard a conversation between some men, who had organized a band of five hundred to march to the rescue of Brown and the other prisoners at Charleston. He immediately set out for Harper's Ferry to apprise the inhabitants of the fact.

It was also rumored at Charleston that a fight had occurred in Clarke County between some citizens and a party of stragglers, and a detachment was sent to the scene of disturbance.

On the receipt of these rumors despatches were sent by Col. Davis to Gov. Wise for five hundred more troops, who arrived here this evening, the Governor being with them, and our town is again bristling with bayonets and considerably excited. No one, however, is at all afraid of the result, even if an attempt should be made. Col. Davis has made ample provision for any number of the enemy who may make a call. More troops are being demanded of the Governor, but this may be as much to protect the prisoners from the populace as anything else. As far as I can learn there is no cause to apprehend danger.

Washington, Nov. 19.

The Richmond Regiment and Col. Wise arrived at 7 a.m., and left for Charleston in a special train at 10. On arriving there the troops will go into encampment and remain till after the execution. There is nothing conformatory of the rumor that a body of armed men has crossed the Ohio.

Richmond, Nov. 19.

It is authoritatively stated that the present movement is more to quiet the alarmed population of the upper counties, and by the presence of an overpowering force to prevent any little attempt at rescue, which might result in bloody, than from fears of any armed body of men from Ohio or elsewhere. It was known to be Governor Wise's intention to order the regiment to Charleston in a few days for camp duty, previous to the execution, but the prevalence of these groundless alarms tended to accelerate the movement.

Washington, Nov. 20.

Governor Wise having received a despatch yesterday that three hundred armed men had crossed the Ohio River, and were marching through Virginia to Charleston, for the purpose of rescuing Brown, he immediately ordered a large body of troops to Charleston. Four hundred passed through here early this morning by railroad, and one hundred and fifty more, with two pieces of artillery, and a large quantity of ammunition reached here this afternoon, but failed to get transportation. They go forward in the morning.

The Court of Appeals at Richmond yesterday unanimously confirmed the sentence of death in the case of Brown. His fate is thus sealed.

EMIGRATION OF COLORED LABORERS FROM CANADA TO JAMAICA.—The correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Jamaica respecting the opening of the House there, says that His Excellency dwelt on the subject of immigration for some time, and, to the great gratification of the planters and others having an interest in the permanent welfare of the colony, announced that a supply of East Indian coolies may be looked for in the early months of the succeeding year; and that a number of Chinese laborers, with their wives and families, have been engaged. He also stated that, with the sanction of Her Majesty's Government and the concurrence of the Government of Canada, an agency has been established in that province to assist in the removal of a limited number of the colored population, should they prove desirous of resorting to Jamaica. By advice since received, I have heard that a number of Canadians have agreed to emigrate to this island, and that they may shortly be expected.

There has been received at Milwaukee, since 1st January, 4,232,247 bushels of wheat, and 162,938 barrels of flour.

A Hyena on exhibition at Warsaw, Poland, lately escaped from his keepers, and killed twenty persons before he could be retaken.

Lolo Montezis is at present residing at Brooklyn, N.Y. She has reformed and become a devout christian.

Special Notices.

CONSUMPTION.—The Advertiser having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe Lung Affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it he will send a copy of the prescription (free of charge) with directions for preparing and using the same, which will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to