The Upper Canada Herald.

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Poetry.

THE WIFE'S PRAYER.

A woman's hand traced the following lines, which only woman's true and fond heart could have inspired.

[New York American.]

The young wife kneeling to her God,
Seems brighter far in the lone scene
Than when our halls of mirth she trod,
'Mid Fashion's throng, a worshipp'd queen!

Gaze on—the love that fills her heart
New charms hath lent to cheek and brow—
Gaze on—but hush! the pure lips part,
Perchance for *thee* she's pleading now

"Hear me thou who mark'st each feeling,
Thou who know'st each passion's sway;
At thy sacred altar kneeling
For a being loved I pray!

He is dearer than the mother
Who hath been my life's fond guide—
He is nearer than a brother,
Though a brother's still my pride.

Oft ere summer's bloom had perish'd
For the *lover's* weal I plead—
Father! on the *husband* cherish'd
Now thy choicest blessings shed!

In all "peril and temptation"
Guard him with thy holy might;
'Mid the charms of power and station,
Keep a noble spirit bright.

Bless him, Father! he is starting
Proudly for the goal of fame—
Oh! may every year departing
Add fresh laurels to his name!

Grant him genius' inspiration—
Wisdom's eloquence divine—
He is pledg'd unto a nation.
Let him in her councils shine.

Be his guide—and for earth's sorrow,
For the blight the cloud, the thorn,
So prepare him, that each morrow
On a fearless heart may dawn.

Father! if the love I bear him
Lends his path a brighter ray;
If that love one pang can spare him,
Aid me still to cheer his way.

Should his manhood's prime be shaded,
Let him on this heart repose—
It will prove when joys are faded,
Desert spring and forest rose.

Strengthen, guard and guide him ever!
May he glory in love's chain,
Till its links thy angel sever,
Ne'er on earth to clasp again.

Agricultural

From the Farmer's Advocate.

WOOL GROWING.

It is evident that our farmers must turn their attention to some other staple product than any which they now depend upon, before they can enjoy that degree of prosperity to which their soil and climate and their industry entitle them to hope for. That product we believe is WOOL.

With a soil and climate peculiarly adapted to the growth of wool, there is not at present, probably a fourth part sufficient wool produced in the province for home consumption. Instead of this being the case, millions of pounds, we are persuaded might be grown in the Eastern Townships for exportation, and a handsome profit be realised from the business, and without diminishing in any sensible degree, the other products of the country.

The amount of wool grown in England annually, for some years past is estimated at one hundred and forty millions of pounds which connected with her manufactures, has added immensely to her wealth and power. If then the farmers of England, the annual rent of whose farms would more than purchase the fee simple of a farm here, and with a soil and climate no better, if even equal, to ours, for the growth of wool, find it a profitable business, why may not our farmers become independent and even wealthy by this branch of business? That our climate and soil are peculiarly adapted to the production of the finest of wool, may be abundantly proved. On this subject we beg to introduce the following extract from Silliman's Journal, a scientific work, which deservedly ranks as high as any in America. He says,—

"From their elevation and latitude, the grazing lands situated in the northern part of New England, are best adapted for sheep. The great consumption of fodder incident to long winters, so objectionable to the raising of cattle *is more than compensated* to the merino sheep proprietor, by an *improvement in the quantity and quality of wool, which is much affected by climate.* In tropical climates sheep are *dressed* with hair—in more temperate, the wool is generally short and coarse, but longer and finer in cold regions. In Spain two and a half pounds of wool is the average product of merinoes, and of quality inferior to ours—in the middle states and valley of the Hudson, the same; on the elevated ground in the western part of Connecticut and Massachusets, three, and in some parts four pounds. In the southern and middle parts of Vermont, from four to four and a half.—In Maine the average is five, and in a few choice flocks six pounds the sheep. The best merino wool of Europe is from the bleak mountains of Saxony. The quantity and quality of wool is also considerably affected by the food, management and selection of flocks. As nature bountifully provides dress for all animals, according to their wants, furs are found to be good, and the staple long in proportion to the climate. The *northern parts of the United States and Canada*, in addition to climate, have for the raising of wool *an important advantage over England*, and the south of Europe, in the cheapness of soil—much land being necessary for the support of sheep."

The farmers of New England have an advantage over us in the price of wool but then we have an advantage over them in the cheapness of land.

Let us see however, if wool cannot be profitably grown for exportation. The price of wool, in England, at the present time, varies from 25 to 90 cents per pound, according to quality, the low priced being the inferior Australian wool and the high priced the fine Saxony or German wool.—The average price, therefore, for middling wool, the kind for which there is generally the greatest demand, may be set down at forty-seven cents. The cost of exportation, from here, would reduce it, say to fifty cents per pound. Now suppose a farmer to purchase a flock of 100 sheep for $500, the interest on which would be $30, but say $40. The increase of the flock, if properly managed, would pay the cost of keeping. The fleece may be fairly estimated at 3 lbs per head, which, at 50 cents per pound is $150; and deducting $40, the interest on the first cost, leaves $110, clear profit, on a flock of a hundred sheep.—What other branch of farming will yield an increase like this?

But supposing the wool is manufactured into cloth, at home or in a factory instead of being exported to England.—300 lbs of wool will make 300 yds of 3 quartered cloth. The finest of merino wool may be manufactured for 50 cents a yard. 300 yards, at 50 cents, is $150. Half-blood merino cloth usually sells here at $1,50, per yard, but say $1,25, and 300 yards amounts to $375. Deduct $190, the cost of manufacturing, and the interest on the first purchase, and there is left $185, net profit.

In the above estimates, we have supposed that the increase of the flock would not only pay for the keeping, but keep the original number good. In flocks exposed to the ravages of wolves or dogs, this might not be the case, but with proper attention, and adopting an improved system of managing sheep, we apprehend the increase would be equal to what we have estimated it, and the fleece instead of averaging three lbs. might be made to average four or five pounds. But even supposing our estimate to fall far short of the truth, the business may still be entered upon with safety, and with a prospect of success far superior to that which any other branch of agriculture holds out.

We wish to press this subject upon the attention of agriculturalists, for it is perfectly evident that with the present facilities for getting to market, any great degree of prosperity cannot attend their labours, unless they turn their attention to some other staple articles of produce, than is now grown. And even if the railroads now projected in the townships, should be built (and we see no reason why they should not,) the inducements for wool growing would still be great, as it would interfere only in a very slight degree with the other labors of a farm. The example of our neighbours, who are rapidly advancing in prosperity and wealth, principally from the growing of wool, should not be lost upon us.

We invite the attention of our readers to an article on our last page on the subject of Wool growing. It was with extreme regret that we learned a week or two since that large numbers of sheep had been sold and driven out of the townships into Vermont, the present fall. This speculation has been carried on several years by some of the knowing ones in Vermont, who come into the townships in the fall and buy up flocks of sheep at about 1 dollar a head, and take them across the line where they are slaughtered for the pelts and tallow, the pelts alone being worth more than the original cost. If our farmers are under the necessity of selling their sheep, they had better take the speculation into their own hands, drive their sheep across the line, slaughter them, sell the pelts and tallow and bring the mutton back. But we have heard of even a better speculation than this, by which some of the Canadian yankees have out-witted brother Jonathan, and avoided his tariff against the introduction of foreign wool. The tariff laws of the United States admit of live sheep, duty free. Many flocks, we are told, have been driven over the line in the spring, and have somehow found their way back minus their fleeces, which had been disposed of for 50 to 75 cents the pound. But whether this speculation would be tolerated by the U. S. Government to any great extent, is a matter of doubt. We should prefer to see our farmers improving their flocks by introducing the best breeds, and there is little doubt but that a market might be created for it here, or it might be exported at a handsome profit.

Miscellaneous.

SINGULAR STORY.

CAPTURE OF A FRIGATE.

The late Lord Exmouth, then Captain Pellew, struck, in the Nymphe, the first naval blow of the war, and captured the Cleopatra, a French Frigate of superior force after a splendid action. This might be deemed a key to all the victories which ensued; and it was loudly hailed by the nation as an omen of success. A singular story is told of it. "An active and most anxious pursuit of the enemy for the last three weeks had made the crew not less eager than their commander; and the subject of the expected battle engrossed their sleeping and waking thoughts. A dream of Capt. Israel Pellew had, perhaps, some influence on the result; and not less extraordinary was that of a master's mate, Mr. Pearse, who had served in the Winchelsea. He dreamed that the Nymphe fell in with a French frigate the day after leaving port; that they killed her captain and took her; and so vivid was the impression, that he firmly believed it to be a supernatural intimation, and spoke of it accordingly to his messmates. They rallied him immoderately on his superstition, but his confidence remained unshaken; and when his papers were examined after his death—for he was killed in the action—it was found that he had written the dream in his pocket-book. The enemy's frigate (it is related in a brief memoir of his brother Israel in the appendix) was seen at a very early hour, but his brother would not allow him to be called until the ships were on the point of meeting. Meeting him as he ran on deck half dressed, he said to him with emotion, "Israel, you have no business here, and I am very sorry I brought you from your home. We are too many of us." Israel, whose whole attention was occupied with the enemy, exclaimed, "That's the very frigate I've been dreaming of all night! I dreamed we shot away her wheel. We shall have her in a quarter of an hour!" But his brother, who had already inferred her high state of discipline from her manœuvres, replied, "We shall not take her so easy—see how she is handled." There was nothing extraordinary in a dream so naturally prompted by his waking thoughts; for it was known that some French frigates were cruizing in the channel, and the most probable course to intercept them had been discussed by the brothers on the previous evening. It led to its own accomplishment. He took charge of the after main-deck guns, and made the enemy's wheel the constant object of his fire. His aim was so true—for he was an excellent practical gunner—that after four men had been killed successively at the wheel, he at length disabled it." Other anecdotes are worthy of extract: "The crew fought with a steadiness and gallantry above all praise. A lad, who had served in the Winchelsea, as barber's boy, was made second captain of one of the main-deck guns. The captain being killed, he succeeded to command the gun, and, through the rest of the action, Captain Pellew heard him from the gangway give the word for all the successive steps of loading and pointing, as if they had been only in exercise. In the heat of the action, one of the men came from the main deck to ask the captain what he must do, for that all the men at his gun were killed or wounded but himself, & he had been trying to fight it alone, but could not. Another, who had joined but the day before was found seated on a gun carriage, complaining that he had been very well as long as he had been fighting, but that his sickness had returned as soon as the battle was over, and that he did not know what was the matter with his leg, it smarted so much. It was found that the poor fellow had received a musket ball in it. * * * Captain Mullon was killed. A cannon shot struck him on the back, and carried away a great part of the left hip. Even at that dreadful moment he felt the importance of destroying the signals which he carried in his pocket; but in his dying agony he took out his commission in mistake, and expired in the act of devouring it,—a trait of devoted heroism never surpassed by any officer of any nation. These signals, so valuable as long as the enemy did not know them to be in possession of the British thus fell into the hands of Captain Pellew, who delivered them to the Admiralty. * * * * * * * * * The capture of the first frigate in a war is always an object of much interest; and the circumstances of the late action, the merit of which was enhances by the skill and gallantry of the enemy, gave additional importance to captain Pellew's success.—"I never doubted," said Lord Howe, "that you would take a French frigate; but the manner in which you have done it will establish an example for the war." The brothers were introduced to the King on the 29th of June, by the Earl of Chatham, First Lord of the Admirality; when Captain Pellew received the honor of knighthood, and his brother was made a poste captain. His Majesty presented Sir Edward to the Queen, with the flattering remark, 'This is our friend;' in allusion, probably, to the chivalrous manner in which the frigates met, as if they had fought as the respective champions of monarchial and republican principles. Besides the usual promotions, the master, Mr. Thompson received a lieutenants's commission. He followed Sir Edward to the Arethusa and Indefatigable, and was made a commander for the action with the Droits de 'Homme. Captain Mullon was buried at Portsmouth, with all the honours due to the gallantry. One of Sir Edward's first acts was to write a letter of condolence to the widow; and as he learnt, from her reply, that she was left in narrow circumstances, he sent, with her husband's property, what assistance his then very limited means enabled him to offer."—[Life of Lord Exmouth.

INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

I could cite a hundred instances, which would prove that animals have invention independant of the instinct handed down from generation to generation. I will, however content myself with one instance of superior invention in the elephant, which occurred at Ceylon. Parties were employed felling timber in the forests of Candia, and this timber, after having been squared, was dragged to the depot by a large party of elephants, who, with their keepers, were sent there for that purpose. This work was so tedious, that a large truck was made capable of receiving a very heavy load of timber, which might be transported at once.—I should here observe, that when elephants work in a body, there is always one who, as if by common consent, takes the lead, and directs the others, who never refuse to obey him. The keepers of the elephants, and the natives, gave their orders, and the elephants obeyed, but the timber was so large, and the truck so high on its wheels, that the elephants could not put on the timber in the truck according to the directions given by the men. After several attempts the natives gave up the point, and retiring to the side of the road as usual, squatted down, and held a consultation. In the mean time, the elephant who took the lead summoned the others, made them drag two of the squared pieces to the side of the truck, laid them at right angles with it, lifting one end of each on the truck, and leaving the other on the ground, thus forming the inclined plane. The timber was then brought by the elephants, without any interference on the part of the keepers or natives, who remained looking on, was pushed by the elephants with their foreheads up the inclined plane, and the truck was loaded. Here then is an instance in which inventive instinct—if that term may be used—was superior to the humbler reasoning powers

That animals have the powers of memory as well as man, admits of no dispute. In elephants, horses, and dogs, we have hourly instances of it, but it decends much lower down—the piping bullfinch, who has been taught to whistle two or three waltzes in perfect concord, must have a good memory or he would soon forget his notes. To detail instances of memory, would therefore be superfluous; but as it does occur to me while I write, I must give an amusing instance how the memory of a good thrashing overcame the ruling passion of a monkey, which is gluttony, the first and only instance that I ever saw it conquered.

I had on board of a ship which I commanded a very large Cape baboon, who was a pet of mine, and also a little boy who was a son of mine. When the baboon sat down on his hams, he was about as tall as the boy was when he walked. The boy having a tolerable appetite, received about noon a considerable slice of bread and butter, to keep him quiet till dinner time. I was on one of the carronades, busy with the sun's lower limb, bringing it in contact with the horizon, when the boy's lower limbs brought him in contact with the baboon, who having, as well as the boy, a strong predilection for bread and butter, and a stronger arm to take it withal, thought proper to help himself to that to which the boy had been already helped. In short, he snatched the bread and butter, and made short work of it, for it was in his pouch in a moment. Upon which the boy set up a yell, which attracted my notice to this violation of the articles of war, to which the baboon was equally amenable as any other person in the ship; for it is expressly stated in the preamble of every seperate article, "All who are in, or belong to."—Whereupon I jumped off the carronade, and by way of assisting his digestion, I served out to the baboon, monkey's allowance, which is, more kicks than halfpence.—The master reported that the heavens intimated that it was twelve o'clock, and with all the humility of a captain of a man-of-war, I ordered him to make it so;" where upon it was made, and so passed that day. I do not remember how many days it was afterwards that I was on the carronade as usual, about the same time, and all parties were precisely in the same situations, the master by my side, the baboon under the booms, and the boy walking out of the cabin with his bread and butter. As before, he again passed the baboon, who again snatched the bread and butter from the boy, who again set up a squall, which again attracted my attention. I looked round, and the baboon caught my eye, which told him plainly that he'd soon catch what was not "at all my eye;" and he proved that he thought so, for he actually put the bread and butter back in the boy's hands. It was the only instance of which I ever knew or hear, of a monkey being capable of self-denial when his stomach was concerned, and I record it accordingly. (Par parenthese; it is well known that monkeys will take the small pox, measles; and I believe the scarlet fever, but this fellow, when the ship's company were dying of the cholera, took that disease, went through all its gradations, & died apparently in great agony.

AN INCIDENT.—Our perusal of the trial scene in "Norman Leslie" the new novel, calls to mind a fact which we witnessed some few years ago in New Hampshire. It exemplifies the little trust which in many cases can be reposed in the discrimination of a jury. The incident to which we refer took place in the Court House, in Exeter, N. H. on a Saturday afternoon. The two great guns of the N. H. Bar, Messrs. J——M——and I——B——; had been battling all the week, and the most important cases had been disposed of. The Judge was half asleep, the Jury in scarce a better condition, and causes were decided before those interested hardly knew which way to turn. At about 4 o'clock, an old man was placed at the bar, accused of passing counterfeit money. There were but few persons in the Court house, the lawyers, who had finished their business, had gone home, and the old fellow seemed in a fair way to be rapidly consigned to the States Prison Mr. B. the younger gun; sat with his arms folded and his feet upon the edge of the table, apparently asleep, while the Attorney General examined two or three witnesses. Never was justice hurried through in a more summary manner. The evidence was direct and conclusive; and, as witness after witness left the stand, the old prisoner's face grew paler and paler, and he trembled at the certainty of his fate. By and by Mr. B. opened his eyes, cast a glance at the gray hairs of the culprit, yawned gently, and turning to the attorney General said audibly—"I'll defend this man". He asked no questions of the witnesses, and took no notes—but when the evidence was through he rose and delivered one of the most beautiful arguments we ever heard. The testimony which appeared clear as noon day, he pulled all to pieces—he made discord of harmony—nonsense of sense—discrepancy of the most exact agreement—and when he touched upon the old man's unjust sufferings, he even drew tears. Without leaving their seats the Jury declared the prisoner "Not Guilty!". The weeping man leaned forward, seeming to invoke a blessing on the head of his defender. "Let him out, Constable," said Mr. B. "and now you old rascal go about your business and never let me catch you passing counterfeit money again." The Jury stared in wonder—and we left the Court, horse-laughing, yet sorrowful.—

[N. E. Galaxy.]

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—Dr. Flint, in his lecture last week, on the anatomy of the brain, illustrated the astonishing influence which the nervous system exercises over the whole corporeal and mental functions, by a well authenticated anecdote which is too remarkable to be lost. He stated that in Berlin, in Prussia, an individual, during a violent dispute with his wife, in course of which both parties became much enraged, undertook to administer a little salutary chastisement. He struck her with his hand, a light blow on the back of her neck. The woman instantly fell, and became apparently, immediately deprived of all sensation—and after various methods were resorted to without success to reanimate her—she was pronounced dead, grave clothes were provided, and some persons commenced stripping the body of its apparel, in order to array it preparatory to its interment. On removing a handkerchief from her shoulders, the woman, to the great consternation of all present, started up, assumed a menacing attitude, and proceeded to finish an opprobious term which she was applying to her husband when he struck her the blow that appeared to have produced such serious results!

It was ascertained on subsequent investigation that a *pin*, which confined a certain portion of her garments to her neck, was, by the force of the blow, driven through the integuments and spine until it reached the spinal marrow, and was the cause of this instantaneous suspension of all the functions of the body and mind.—She was restored to consciousness, and to the full possession of all her faculties so soon as it was removed.—[Boston Atlas.]

In resuming the subject of emigration and employment, we cannot refrain the satisfaction of quoting an important note from an intelligent traveller who seems to have made the best use of his eyes and his understanding. The work itself is of a nature so intimately connected with the subject of this paper, that we make no opology for introducing its title into our text. It is called "The Rambler in North America;" by C. J. Latrobe, and has just been reprinted in this city from the press of the Harpers.—The author remarks as follows:—

"The prospects of Upper Canada are as flattering as the most sanguine speculator or philanthopist could wish. Though the emigrants, rich or poor, must make up their minds to much self denial, much difficulty, and perhaps much unwonted labor, there is no reason to believe that the expectations of many will be disappointed.—Certain districts of this rich portion of the continent are fast filling with a population the majority of the individuals composing which, are men of education. Many citizens of the United States are also tempted, from a variety of considerations, to settld beyond their frontiers. The sense of interest soon overcomes the sense of dishonor in living under a Kingly government. 'As long as I am growing rich,' said a substantial citizen to the writer, while travelling between Hamilton and Brandtford, 'as long as I am protected in my person and property by the laws, and can pay the taxes required, I am content;—what need I have more? I have the same consideration paid me here, and as long as I am honest and bear a fair character, I get as many and as good friends. I can obtain one shilling for my cheese here, while in the States I got but five cents; my corn sells for several shillings a bushel more than it would there, and takes less labor to raise; and yet my friends in New Lebanon write to me, that they wonder that I do not go a thousand miles beyond Michigan, rather than settle under a King!" This was perhaps bad patriotism, but it was good sense."

These are strong and encouraging facts, borne out by abundant corroborations, and in the present instance enhanced by the air of candor and strong marks of sound reflection which are perceptible though the entire work. It is particularly observable of Upper Canada, that there has been a great influx of comparative opulence in the settlers who have arrived there within the last three years. Now opulence in modern days implies also education and principle, for few persons in the old countries attain the former without having some attention paid to the latter. Hence the probability that although a young settlement, Upper Canada is, or soon will be, one of intelligence, advanced in the usages of civilized life, and above all moral and religious in its society.

[Emigrant.]

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD FOOLSCAP PAPER.—It is well known that Charles I, of England, granted numerous monopolies for the support of his government. Among others was the privilege of manufacturing paper. The water mark on the finer sort of paper was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great, at this time, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the exclusive right to make and vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the parliament that brought Charles to the scaffold, and by way of showing their contempt for the king, they ordered the royal arms to be taken from paper, and a fool with his cap and bells, to be substituted. This was done in 1649. And I have seen old manuscripts, written between that period and 1660, bearing a distinct water mark—a fool wearing the dress he is described as appearing in about the courts of British monarchs. Cromwell, when secure in his power, changed the water mark, by substituting a dragon grasping in his hand arrows of fire, and afterward by putting his own coat of arms in its place. When Charles II. came to the throne, he restored the royal arms to paper, and enlarged the size of the sheet. It is now more than a hundred and seventy five years since the fool's cap and bells were taken from paper, but still, paper of the size which the rump parliament ordered for their journals, bears the name of the water mark then ordered as an indignity to Charles.

ANTIQUITY OF LEAD MINES.—In proof of the lead mines of Derbyshire having been wrought by the Romans, we have the authority of Dr. Miller, who states, that in the year 1777 a pig of lead was found on Cromford Moor, and the interpretation or the inscription is 'the sixth legion inscribes this in memory of the emperor Adrian'. Several others have also been found at different periods; one about the year 1790, weighing 12 stone, was found at Matlock, bearing the following inscription—"TI CL TR LUT BR EXARG." which is supposed to be the abbreviation of Tiberii Claudiani Triumviri Lutudari Brittannorum Exarpentacia. In the British museum are several pigs of lead of great antiquity, one of which has also the mark denoting it to have been made in the reign of the same emperor.—[Mining Review.]

SIX YARDS AND NO MORE.—The Westchester Herald says that the people of Providence, R. I. are contemplating to pass a law that no female shall have more than six yards of cloth in each sleeve!!! A pretty how d'ye do, we declare. The intermedling blockheads. We are happy to state, however, on the authority of the Providence Journal, that the law did not pass, and that the ladies in Providence can wear as many yards of cloth in their sleeves as usual.—The proposition must have been started by some miserly husbands, who did not consider that the *skortness* of the dress would compensate for the fulness of the sleeves. The proposition now is to widen the side walks—and the necessity of the measure is so imperious that, the Journal says, it will probably pass without opposition.

ECONOMY OF HAVING BRICK OVENS.

The quantity of fuel consumed in baking any given quantity of bread, &c. before a kitchen fire, will heat a brick oven that will bake the same quantity at one baking three times, and it will require one half the time and attention to bake the same. Besides all articles baked in a brick oven are much better than if baked before a fire, and if you add together the saving of fuel and time for one year, it will be found that the saving to a family will amount to enough to pay the expense of building an oven every year. The clear gain in a family of a common size cannot be less than from eight to ten dollars a year. This will buy two barrels of flour, or about as much coffee as such a family would use in a year. Is not this a matter then, worthy universal attention! we ask both the rich and poor to consider it.

Provincial Extracts.

The Quebec Committee of Trade's Annual Report, approved at the general meeting of the merchants, held at the Exchange Rooms yesterday, enters upon the different subjects which have come before it in the year, and gives a concise view of its proceedings, and the results of them, so far as known. It partleularly recommends the transmission of petitions in favor of the present protection of North America Colonial Timber, reiterates its opinions of the monstrous abuses of our Vice Admiralty Court, states that the quarantine system is dilatory and expensive, and arrests emigration, and alludes to the increasing trade with the United States, and its regulation. The new committee chosen were the gentlemen following;—Messrs. D. Burnet, Thomas Curry, James Dean, J. M. Fraser, Hammond Gowen, A. Gilmour, H. Mesurier, R. M'Lellan, A. Patterson, G. Pemberton, R. P. Ross, W. Walker, and H. Sharples.

[Quebec Gazette.]

KENNEBEC STAGE.—We are happy to find that a subscription is on foot to subscribe a sum of £100, to keep two stages a week going during the winter, from Quebec by the Kennebec route, to meet American stages which proceed to all parts of the United States. Mr. Sam. Hough has undertaken to do so on that condition. The travel will increase materially when the subject of a railroad is agitated this winter in both Legislatures. A gentleman proceeds on Friday, we understand, to New Brunswick by this route.—[Ib.]

Yesterday evening His Excellency the Earl of Gosford entertained a numerous party at a splendid ball in the Castle of St. Lewis. It was as known to all our readers, the Fete of St. Catherine, a saint whose festival is most pleasantly observed, in Canada, as one of mirth and dancing, and the ball of last night was eminently calculated to perpetuate the good old custom. The company began to arrive about nine o'clock, and shortly afterwards His Lordship entered the room, and saluted his guests with the greatest affability and good humour. The dancing commenced almost immediately, and waltzes and quadrilles were kept up with great spirit till past two o'clock this morning, when a country dance and reels concluded the amusements of a night of unmingled gaiety. The ladies were, in general, brilliantly dressed, and appeared to the highest advantage. Refreshments were served in abundance during the evening, in the dining room, and the tables were covered with every delicacy and the choicest wines which were partaken of by successive parties—the size of the room, as it now is, not admitting of a regular supper to so large a party. The guests departed highly pleased with the attentions which were paid to all by the officers of His Excellency's family and suite, who, imitating the example set by the noble host, did their utmost to promote the pleasure and enjoyment of all present.—[Quebec Mercury.]

From the Toronto Courier.

WAIFS AND STRAYS—No. 5.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

"A Saint unspotted of the world, full of alms deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life."—[Isaac Walton.]

The Church of England has been singularly fortunate in the Bishops selected for the British Colonies. In India they have proved a succession of Martyrs. The high-minded and intrepid Middleton, who laid the foundation stone of Episcopacy in the East—The refined and amiable James, discharging his sacred duties on his knees, when unable, from over-exertion in his holy calling, to stand upright—the classical, the eloquent, the self-devoted Heber, the second delight of mankind,—the fervent and Evangelic Turner,—all are consigned to that early tomb, which experience bade them anticipate, but which duty forbade them to shrink from. Daniel Wilson occupies their seat; and, whether Providence consign him to a premature grave, or prolong his life beyond the short number of days doled out to his predecessors after their arrival in India, we may confidently anticipate that the bright career which he has hitherto run will set in the full effulgence of Christian Faith and usefulnes.—Sad as it may be to mourn over the bereavement the world has sustained by the loss of these Apostolic men, their heroic and calm devotedness has probably rendered as much service to religion, as they themselves could have done, had Providence suffered them to fulfil the ordinary term of human existence. Sad as our reflections may be, when we read of the benevolent labours of these Standard Bearers of the establishment being abruptly cut short by sudden death, it is some consolation, in regarding the future, to know that the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay have each a Bishop of their own, and that a Robinson, and a Carr, will share the toil and burden of the day with a Daniel Wilson at Calcutta; and that probably, the division of labour will in some degree diminish Episcopal mortality in the East.

Though the name of Bishop Stewart be not so widely known, as that of any one of the deceased Prelates of the Indian Hierarchy, though it be not conspicuous in the annals of theoloical controversy, or rendered memorable by literary labour, or scholastic achievement, yet wherever it is known, it is held in veneration and respect, and adds to the lustre of the Colonial Bench. The Bishop of Quebec is emphatically a *good man*. He stands forth to the world, a primitive, apostolic Bishop, who derives no false fictitious reputation from qualities more dazzling than useful; and whose mitre, as unsullied as that of Hough, is ever surrounded by a bright and steady halo.

Many men have revelled during their youthful days in the gratifications of sensuality; and wearied and nauseated with a surfeit of pleasure, and having exhausted every refinement of vice, have by a sudden transition become metamorphosed into harsh and ascetic bigots, denying to others a healthful draught of those pleasures of which they themselves have quaffed to a hurtful excess. But the piety of our Bishop was not put on after he had flung off the garments of unrighteousness. It was a clothing he had assumed from his earliest youth; and the whiteness of his Christian Vest has not been sullied by the hot passions of youth, the ambitious schemes of manhood, or the grasping avarice of old age. Of noble birth, and connected with

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