

ANNABEL ANNESLEY'S FIRST VALENTINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WIFE."
(Continued from our last.)

"What in the world did you buy a piano for?" asked that young lady of Mr. Dunn, as she passed her fingers over the keys of the instrument; "you can't play."

"No," replied Mr. Dunn; "but I may have friends to see me who can. Perhaps you for one, sometimes, Annabel."

"It's not etiquette to pay visits to old bachelors," she laughed.

"Do you intend that as a hint that the house wants a mistress?" cried he. "I think it does," he added.

"Sarah!" exclaimed Mr. Dunn, detaining her as he was about to follow her aunt and cousin to another room, "you know for whom I took this house—whom I once thought to see me as its mistress—whom I hoped to make my wife?"

"Yes," she faltered, the colour rushing over her ingenuous face.

"It was a senseless infatuation on my part; and she was the wiser of the two when she rejected me. Now tell me, for I want your earnest opinion: Do you think that former infatuation, which has been completely overcome, need be any bar to my making a second attempt to become this house's mistress?"

She could not answer, for that expression on his face told what she had latterly begun to suspect, and her eyes fell beneath his. Not only so, however, but she recoiled to appreciate his worth. He pressed her hand with a lingering pressure, and waited to give his arm to Mrs. Annesley.

But poor Annabel's day of reckoning was coming. One morning, soon after breakfast, Mr. Dunn called unexpectedly, to ask, if Mrs. Annesley would go with him to choose some curtains, she mistaking such articles better than he did. While she was putting her things on, the gentleman remained in the breakfast room, raising to Sarah.

"Where's Annabel?" he inquired.

"Gone to practise duets with her friend Miss Williams," was the answer.

Mr. Dunn and Mrs. Annesley left together, and in walking along a retired quiet street, on their way to their destination, who should they come upon, but—Annabel; and with her the Signor Franchetini, his whiskers larger and blacker than ever.

"And she will be one of the first to welcome you to her house. You know you told me it was your mistress."

"Mamma," called out Annabel, bringing her sons to a stand still, "Mr. Dunn says he is going to be married."

"Don't presume to address me, you naughty girl," reprimanded Mrs. Annesley. "I beg your pardon, dear sir."

"I did not think of its being brought out so abruptly, Mrs. Annesley," he said, advancing towards her, and leaning Sarah with him. "It is true I wish to take unto me a wife, but not without first asking your consent. Will you give her to me?"

"You! Sarah!" stammered Mrs. Annesley. "Marry her!" uttered Annabel, with an accent of scorn.

"You are not displeased, aunt?" whispered Sarah, her tears flowing fast.

"If she only makes you as good a wife, Mr. Dunn, as she has been an affectionate and dutiful niece to me, you will have secured a treasure," exclaimed Mrs. Annesley. "May you be happy, Sarah, as you deserve to be, dear child."

"I would not marry an old maid if I were you," called out Annabel to Mr. Dunn, shaking all over with mortification.

"With I and my wife will engage never to take offence at your advice, Annabel, if you will only promise to grant by ours," said Mr. Dunn, good-humouredly. "Do not again fall in love with a girl who has been telling you everything, and who you regard me on purpose to get you for herself!" sobbed Annabel. "She has told you about the donkey—false girl!" "She has told you, perhaps, that I have called you Dickey Dunn, but it is not true."

"She has told me nothing," said Mr. Dunn, seriously; "she never speaks of you but in terms of the highest affection. Dear Annabel," he continued, "your faults are but of heedlessness and youth. Let this affair of the Signor Franchetini be a warning to you; eschew such follies for the future and you will become all that your mother, that we, and could wish. You know," he laughed, "I may lecture you now, for I shall soon have the right of conshipship."

"I hope every shop that exhibits another Valentine may get blown up with gunpowder!" was all the symptom of reformation the young lady condescended to utter, as she turned rudely from the caressing hand of Sarah, and buried her face and her mortification in the sofa pillow.

And that was the end of her first Valentine.

THE SONG AND THE SINGER.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.
(Concluded from our last.)

dismal garret, he hid him down to die; and poverty and misery, genius and death, were huddled close together.

blow shivers the panes of his window to atoms; the broken glass lags in the air, and breeze and the wind whirring. Both first to the young man; and when he heard the concert in room, the composer was able to stand. In ten minutes he had sipped in the porter's lodge, dressed, and came out, to be borne in triumph back to the theatre, where that night he heard, amid renewed applause, his glorious song being every act, and each time gaining renewed laurels.

Five days later, Rouzet de L'He was married to Claudine, the prima donna of parsonages; and the young composer, in gratitude to her and her countrymen, changed the name of his song, and called it by her name it is still known by—"Joe Marschallus."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Ballarat Times.)

SIR—I most respectfully beg through your valuable paper, to call the attention of the diggers generally on the various lines, to the fact—that the whole of the Ballarat lines are infested with Chinese in great numbers, very few, if any of them, ever undertake to sink for their gold, but follow in the early summer months and every

And what a consternation and great annihilation The troopers of this nation would make upon the foe; The Captain brave likewise, with whiskers to his eyes, Would cause them great surprise, if they "jam'd" or called him "Joe."

O, our cavalry's execution would prop the Constitution, And shake the resolution of our Rooshan in the land; For our foes in great dejection would see the fine reflection From the lace in top-connexion with this most noble band.

O, eggskuse this long oration, I've pent in admiration Of your mighty edification, my darling brother pote. I'm perplex'd in meditation and profoundest cogitation, What sort of exaltation is fit for what you wrote; But if I had Virgil's quill, and Homer's mighty skill, Likewise Oslan's—the old drill, who sung in Celtic strains, I'd give them as donations, to their owners in rotation, Without a minutes' hesitation, to be possessed of half your brains.

I am, Sir, &c,
Wm. Gay,
Gold Digger.

(To the Editor of the Ballarat Times.)

SIR,—In perusing your valuable paper of August 26, I noticed a letter from Mr. Bartlett respecting injustice done him, by Mrs. Hammer of the Adelphi Theatre; and, as an observer, as well as a lover of justice, I feel it my duty to make a few remarks, which I know to be the feelings of the public generally.

In the first place, Mr. B. complains that he was not always consulted as to what character he was cast for in the bill. I do not pretend to know how stage managers generally do in such matters, but it seems to me that should I hire a man I should have him to do what I told him—not just what he pleased to do. In the next place Mr. B. complains that he was required to study two parts for one night. In this he was quite right, as he had never been able to learn the one assigned him. And then to see the cool impudence with which the gentleman heralds forth to the world, that he played "Shylock," "Claude Melnotte," "The Stranger," &c., with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his audience.

THE WAR,

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

Stand, England, by your helm, keep,
The northern gale comes howling fast,
Each spot on earth and ocean deep
Shall feel the fury of the blast.

J. M., Rhymer, to J. M., Post, Bard, Rhymer, Songster, and celebrated "Author of Bill Muggins," and other gems of a similar nature, Guckskuse:—

O, it's myself that's glad intirely, to find a brother that can rhyme well
And write nice verses for the Times of Ballarat:
Your noble fine narration about the Rooshia's black invasion,
Is the finest versification since the days of Bell-the-Cat.

You'd confer an obligation and fill me up wid admiration
If you'd name your habitation or the place of your abode;
As in my hours of recreation and sweet perambulation,
I'd make a visitation to your tent upon the road.

Arrah, don't talk about invasion by Turk or Rooshan nation;
It would spoil the cogitation of the Bards upon our shore.
Sure our poets here alone would make a legion of their own,
And drive Nicholas from his throne our island to restore.

Let alone our Sargint Major, a valiant man when out of danger,
He'd grab them at a manger in the goal or the black hole:
At the Rooshans he would slap, like a brave and gallant trap,
And wouldn't care a rap if behind a hill or mole.

And what a consternation and great annihilation The troopers of this nation would make upon the foe; The Captain brave likewise, with whiskers to his eyes, Would cause them great surprise, if they "jam'd" or called him "Joe."

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MISTHER EDITOR,

I find you these few lines—a thrille I composed in a minut or two for to publish in your valuable journal. Now, don't say one word about paying me for my trouble—because it's no trouble in life for me—besides poetry is a gift of nature and should be given free-gratis; and another rayson I'll give you—when the poetry comes upon me, as it sometimes doe, just like a straine of wather rowling down a gutter, I could write as much in sixteen minutes or so as would fill your paper from cover to cover,—so no more about trouble; and as for the pay, why, bless yer soul, when I had the honor of writing for the Monthly Miss hillanny in the ould country, I wrote many a thousand jim every hit as good as them lines above there for nothing at all.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

BALLARAT MINERS' HOSPITAL.

A MEETING was called at Bath's Hotel, on Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, but whether owing to the sessions occupying all our inhabitants, or whether they have had almost enough of philanthropy lately, or— but to whatever it was owing, only the mystic number of three were present. Some of the lists had been sent in and the subscriptions paid, which R. Rede, Esq. handed over to the Treasurer. The following is the additional list of subscriptions:

Subscription List.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------|----|----|----|
| 3 Gold Office | 11 | 7 | 0 |
| 4 License tent | 4 | 11 | 0 |
| 17 Wm. Whittle (Butcher) | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| 21 Dr. Campbell | 7 | 10 | 0 |
| 24 Mr. Paterson (his own) | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| 26 Bam & Co. (Bakery) | 2 | 10 | 0 |

With manhood came a giant frame, and soul of searching hue,—

A soul whose eye—nor earth nor sky, nor hell, deep, dark, and drear,
Could bar its ken,—nor tongue nor pen, reveal the thickest mine,
It holds no l spurs, it weighs and scans, arranges and defines

As wizard's call from Ebla's hall the princes of the deep,
As fastest could be lost and drawed when crawling; to rents sweep;
As cloud and apple are wrapp'd in fire when o'er the blazing sun.

So when I speak the Roman, Greek, Celt, Palladin, and Don
Start from the shroud, start from the crowd, to shine in death's song,
And be as gods, before whose nois, slake down the vulgar throng.

With riper years my fancy clears, and sterner life shines out:
No more I heed the shepherd's reed, nor battie's frenzied shout,
My former dreams, and thoughts, and schemes, rise, melt, and pass away

As thinnest haze before the blaze of Africa's scorching ray.
My task is now to guide the plough, and train the toiling steer;
And now to trace the furrow through the soil, and through the furrow

What life requires of sons and sires, of commons, lords and kings:
The end of man, the scope and plan of all terrestrial things:
Whatever tends to nobler ends—to humanize our kind:
I these controul, evolve the whole, and shape them to the mind.

As life declined, my tone of mind more equal grew and calm:
To crown the bowl, excite the droll, or chaunt a prosy psalm:
To point a dart for boyhood's heart, or breathe a lip-drawn sigh:
And now to strew that grave with rue, where wit and beauty lie.

These make my task: now thee I ask my name of letters four.
My first roves free o'er flowery lea: my next the sturdy boar
Shall ne'er refuse tho' Turks and Jews would change its place and name;
My last doth grace the native place of Wallace, Bruce, and Graem.

In serried rank, or Greek or Frank, my third you'll surely find.
My whole displays the varied traits that mark the gifted mind.

NEMO NOV.

clock, was a deputation from the city. The duke's cabinet minister, you know, ma'am."

"Do go after her—they'll be round the corner directly," groaned Mrs. Annsley, "not caring, as she watched the fluttering Annabel's movements, whether his Grace of Derbyshire was a cabinet minister or a cabinet chest of drawers."

"I'll go after her: and I'll be on the trail of him!" muttered Mr. Dunn, walking quickly towards the unobscured pair. "The Duke of Derbyshire, eh? That's really accidental."

What a day that was for Annabel! She had never gone through such a one. Mrs. Annsley's reproaches got sharper and keener with every hour. In vain Sarah tried to smooth matters over, and mediate between them: neither listened to her.

"What harm did I do?" sobbed Annabel. "I came upon the signor by accident, as I was turning the square. He was going on a commission for the duke, he said. I was not here in the year One, that I should pass a gentleman I knew without speaking to him: we are not in the time of the Gullis and Vaudals."

"You shall never stir out of this house alone again, if you stop in it all you are fifty," retorted the mother. "The disgrace of possessing such a child! To think that you should be seen dancing through the streets with a French music-master!"

"He is not a music-master," raved Annabel. "he's a gentleman. Now could he be visiting at the Duke of Derbyshire's if he were not? Sarah, keep your tongue to yourself. It's nothing to you."

"You need not discuss the matter further," observed Mr. Dunn, when he arrived in the evening, and heard the tail of the dispute. "I took the liberty of ascertaining who said what the Signor Francionini is, who has so won Annabel's admiration, and I find he is not a professor of music."

"There!" she cried, triumphantly. "I said so from the first."

"He holds an important post in the duke's household," proceeded Mr. Dunn, gravely. "That of cook."

You should have seen her face—you should have seen all their faces. Annabel's was a perfect picture.

"It is not true!" she burst forth, impetuously, her cheeks crimson. "Such words are actionable, Mr. Dunn—if the signor only heard them!"

"My informant was the duke himself," he quietly continued. "His grace says he's one of the best cooks going, and he would not part with him for the world. He gives him five hundred a-year. I believe the duke feared my inquiries had reference to my engaging him for myself."

"He said he was an artist!" uttered Mrs. Annsley.

"And a very efficient 'artiste' he no doubt is, and a respectable man too—as cook," added Mr. Dunn: "but a cook is scarcely an eligible suitor for Miss Annabel Annsley."

"I am going to faint!" gasped Annabel—"I am going into hysterics," she shrieked, kicking her legs against the chair with passion. "Hold me, somebody!"

Mr. Dunn partly led, partly carried her to a sofa, when she could be and kick till she was tired.

"It was all through that Valentine," she sobbed: "if he had not sent me that such a love as it was! the first I ever had, too—I should never have spoken to him. All never look at a man with whiskers again: what business has a—cook to sport them? Sarah, get me some vinegar."

"Allow me to give you some water," said Mr. Dunn, carrying a glass to her.

"Dear Mr. Dunn," she whispered, sobbingly "you are very kind. And you have got such a lovely house! I wish I had not been so hasty when you—when you asked me—that. It was all that wretched fault. And I shall get so ridiculed! For the Wilkiness and everybody knew about him. I was thinking of him, when I said I would not have you. I suppose it is too late now!"

Sarah, who was leaning over her, heard the words, and a powerful emotion flow to her face; but the gentleman remained as cool as a cucumber, though he let his lip to hide a smile.

"I fear it is," he answered. "Had I known you would change your mind, perhaps I might have waited: there's no telling. But I have resolutely asked whether I should be your wife."

"Another lady?"

expectation, and the first set succeeding beyond all expectation, the audience were in ecstasy.

"She is a jewel!" said M. Dupont, who, from a private box, admired the great supporter of his theatre. A roar of applause from the pit delighted at this instant the good man's ears. Claudine, called before the curtain, was bowing to the audience. But what is this? Instead of going off, she has just signed to the orchestra to play. She is about to show her gratitude to the audience in verse. M. Dupont takes his snuff, and repairs twice between his teeth "She is a jewel!" But with ease and rapidity the band has commenced playing an unknown air, and the next instant M. Dupont is standing up with a strange and wild look. Hushed and still was every breath; the audience look at each other; not a word of communication takes place; men shudder, or rather tremble with emotion. But the first stanza is ended; and then a frantic shout, a starting of all to their feet, a wild shriek of delight, a cry of a thousand voices thundering the chorus, shows how the song has electrified them.

M. Dupont frowned, for the air and the song were not new to him; it was the "Song of the Army of the Rhine" he had refused that morning! But Claudine proceeds: again the audience is hushed in death-like silence; while the musicians, raised to an unusual degree of enthusiasm, played admirably; and Claudine, still singing with all the purity, feeling, and energy of her admirable voice, plunged her eyes into every corner of the house—in vain. At each complete the enthusiasm of the people became greater, the anxiety of the singer more intense. At length she concluded, and never did applause more heartily, more tremendous, more uproarious, greet the voice of a public songstress. The excitable population of Marseilles seemed mad.

When silence was restored, Claudine spoke—"Citoyens and citoyennes!" she exclaimed, "this song is both written and composed by a young and unknown man, who has in vain sought to put his compositions before the public. Everybody has refused them. For myself, I thought this the greatest musical effort of modern times; and as such I presented it to-day; and, unknown to manager or author, I and the band prepared this surprise. But the author is not here. Poor and despairing, he is at home lamenting his unappreciated efforts! Let us awake him; let him learn that the generous people of Marseilles can understand and feel great music. Come, let all who have hearts follow me, and chant the mighty song as we go." And Claudine, stepping across the orchestra, landed in the pit, and, bareheaded, light-dressed as she was, rushed towards the door, followed by every spectator and by the musicians, who, however, put on their hats, and even drew a cloak and cap on the excited

Meanwhile the composer's dreadful resolve was being carried out. The horrid fumes of the charcoal filled the room; soon they began to consume and exhaust the pure air, and the wretched youth felt all the pangs of emmar death. Hunger, exhaustion, and despair kindled a kind of madness in his brain; wild shapes danced around him; his many songs seemed sung altogether by coarse, husky voices, that made their sound a punishment; and then the blasted atmosphere oppressing his chest, darkening his vision, his room seemed tenanted by myriads of infernal and deformed beings. Then again he closed his eyes, and soft memory stealing in upon him, showed him happy visions of his youth, of his mother, of love, and hope, and joy; of green fields, and the murmuring brooks when had last revealed melody unto his soul; and the young man thought that death must be coming, and that he was on the threshold of a better world.

But an awful shout, a tremendous clamor, burst on his ear; a thousand voices roared beneath his windows. The young man starts from his dream; what is this he hears!

"Aux armes! citoyens, Formez vos bataillons," &c.

"What is this?" he cries. "My Song of the Rhine!"

He listens. A beautiful and clear voice is singing; it is still his song, and then the terrible chorus is taken up by the people; and the poor composer's first wish is gained; he feels that he is famous.

But he is dying, choked, stifled with charcoal. He lies senseless, fainting on his bed; but hope and joy give him strength. He rises, lifts rather than casts across the room, his sword in hand. One

public generally.

In the first place, Mr. B. complains that he was not always consulted as to what character he was cast for in the bill. I do not pretend to know how stage managers generally do in such matters, but it seems to me that should I hire a man I should have him to do what I told him—not just what he pleased to do. In the next place Mr. B. complains that he was required to study two parts for one night. In this he was quite right, as he had never been able to learn the one assigned him. And then to see the cool impudence with which the gentleman heralds forth to the world, that he played "Shylock," "Claude Melnotte," "The Stranger," &c., with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his audience, it is too ridiculous for a personage like himself to strut before an audience as the Princely Claude Melnotte, that bright creation of a great mind, and I am well satisfied that this same gentleman who boasts of possessing so much talent, abilities, &c., would have been unanimously hissed off the stage every evening; he appeared, had it not been for the respect which the audience felt to be due to the very woman he has so meanly slandered.

Perhaps enough has been said about so much of Mr. B. is, and I should not have said even this much, had it not been that this cowardly, contemptible thing, has attempted to injure the character of a woman whose reputation and talent as a lady and an actress, needs no eulogy from me.

In conclusion I would advise the gentleman to get a pick and shovel, and for once in his life earn a living, until such time as some of our stage managers might need the character of a monkey to be played, when he might again appear before a Ballarat audience, with some "credit to himself and satisfaction to his audience."

Yours ever,

A SICKER

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—The following anecdote relative to the King of Prussia, commonly called Frederick the Great, appeared in one of the papers of the time. The Duke of Portland, being on his travels at Berlin, was introduced to his Prussian Majesty, and their discourse turned on the divisions in England, and the unpopularity of the Court. After discoursing for some time and expatiating on the causes which had occasioned such discontents among the people, "H," said Frederick, "I were to sit on your throne for three days, I'd make you know what it was to have a king." "Please your majesty," replied the young nobleman, "I do not think you would be able to keep your seat on the English throne for three hours."

THE FIRST PROTESTANTS.—Rev. Dr. Cumming, the Scotch Divine, whose voluminous writings are now attracting so much attention in his work "The Church before the flood," says that Adam and Eve were Protestants, because they believed in "justification by Faith."

country. I wrote many a thousand him every bit as good as then lives above there for nothing at all.

THE WAR, ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

Stand, England, by your helm, keep,
The northern gale comes howling fast,
Each spot of earth and ocean deep
Shall feel the fury of the blast.

And, Scotia, thou, thy kilted sons,
Your sister lead, the foe to quell;
As erst your valour battles won,
So let it now the Russes repel.

And Ireland too, your time is come,
Lo! stands thy foe within your grasp
Let enemies' wrongs—a countless sum,
Now gird thee to a deadly clasp.

The tyrant stab, and make him reel!
The perjurd! make him back recoil!
Your faith-defamer! make him feel,
You play not now at glove and ball.

The fane—profaning—peasant—slaying,
The village-wasting spoiler! sap,
The Titan pow'r, that, self betraying,
You heap'd upon the tyrant's lap.

As often flow'd your Celtic blood
The monster's tottering weight to prop—
Till Erin stands, as once she stood,
So let it flow, ay, ev'ry drop.

And swear by all your groans and cries,
By all your ruin and your woe,
Which rise for vengeance to the skies,
To deal a death-blow to your foe.

Yes; swear and do—or win or buy—
A victor's meed—or hero's grave—
Your empire Him, who rules on high—
Be rather than you'd live a slave.

Historic truth and Barlie lay
Will thus preserve your deathless name,
For Carthage better lives to-day,
Because she died for Lybian fame.

September 6th, 1854. J. M.

ENIGMA.

Beside the stream, beneath the oak, within each
Lanuted dell,
Where elfin bands, with linked hands, dance round
My youthful days was spent in play with rill and
parted fawn;

No task had I, no foe to fly, save those that crop
the lawn.

The' nature's child, my note was mild and sweet to
maiden's ear;

And sweetly thrilled for him that filled the fruit be-
storing year;

But sweeter still, when by the rill, that flows the
trees between,

Fend tales I told of shepherd bold and of his sylvan
queen;

Their joys and tears—their hopes and fears—I sang
in simple strain:—

I sang, and all in court and hall would be that
simple swain.

With youth's advance, I grasped the lance, and
pointed to the field,

And bade the brave to bare the glaive and buckle on
the shield.

Both love and truth, and sanguine youth, and hate
of foreign thrall,

Me urged to burst, the bonds accurst, that bound us
one and all.

As trumpet hoarse, my voice was coarse, when first
I stirred the ire

Of men whose status and ranking chains were
wrought in blood and fire.

A MEETING was called at Bath's Hotel, on Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, but whether owing to the sessions occupying all our inhabitants, or whether they have had almost enough of philanthropy lately, or—but to whatever it was owing, only the mystic number of three were present. Some of the lists had been sent in and the subscriptions paid, which R. Rede, Esq. handed over to the Treasurer. The following is the additional list of subscriptions:

| Subscription | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------|-----|----|----|
| 3 Gold Office | 11 | 7 | 0 |
| 4 License rent | 4 | 11 | 0 |
| 17 Wm. Whittle (Butcher) | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| 21 Dr. Campbell | 7 | 10 | 0 |
| 24 Mr. Paterson (his own) | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| 26 Bam & Co (Bakery) | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| 25 M-Kissock (Butcher) | 6 | 5 | 0 |
| 29 Francis (Storekeeper) | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| 32 Humble (Butcher) | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Harris | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| | £14 | 6 | 0 |

CRESWICK'S CREEK A TOWNSHIP.—We observe by the Government Gazette of Friday 1 inst. that it is decided to create a Township at "the Creek." The first Government Land Sale will be held at the Police Office, on Friday, October 27, when 49 lots will be offered to public competition.

MISSING FRIENDS.

IF this should meet the eye of any of the brothers or relations of George Ward, from Stratford-upon-Avon, he will be glad to hear from them. Address George Ward, Post Office, Avoca.

THEORATIO Cawsey or Henry Taylor from Sigmouth, Devon. J. McKino would be glad to hear from you at La Rue's Store, Canadian Gully.

IF this should meet the eye of George Lehmann, watchmaker, of Verdon, Kingdon Hanover, Germany, he would oblige very much by sending his address to his brother-in-law, just arrived in Melbourne. —Jaques Lemon, of Hanover, Digby Hotel, Stephen-street, Melbourne.

REWARDS.

TWO Pounds Reward.—Lost, on Monday evening, from opposite the *Ballarat Times Office*, a double barrelled gun, broken in the stock. Whoever will bring the same to the *Ballarat Times Office*, or to Slater's Store, Eureka, will receive the above reward.

TEN Pounds Reward.—Stolen or strayed from Bachelus Marsh, on Sunday evening, 3rd inst., two draught horses, one a chestnut, branded G near shoulder,—the other, a dark brown, branded J C on near shoulder. The above reward will be paid to any person bringing the said horses to Henry Skewes Creswick's Creek.

TWO Pounds Reward.—Lost, a Bill of Sale of No. 7 of Sec. 7. Any person bringing the same to Turner's Store, Eureka, shall receive the reward. —Patrick McDonagh.

LATER ENGLISH INTELLIGENCE
(From the Argus.)

From a mutilated page of the Manchester Guardian of the 14th of June, brought by the Defence, we have one day's later European intelligence, from which we gather the following news:—

THE WAR.

We have received the following from Hamburg, 12th June:—News from Stockholm says that Admiral Napier was before Sveaborg on the 5th, with fourteen ships. Shots had been exchanged.—Globe.

The correspondent of the Times, in his letter from Helsingfors, of the 5th, says that the speedy destruction of the forts at Hango could have been easily effected, but would have been attended with no advantage. With respect to Sveaborg, the opinion appears to be that our ships, notwithstanding their powerful armament, would make

borg, and thence to the vicinity of Cronstadt. No further bombardment of the forts commanding Hango Udd had taken place. While at Anc or in Hango Roads the crews of the various ships were exercised aloft in reefing and furling sails, shifting top-sail-yards, and similar evolutions. Rear-Admiral Corry, with the sailing ships and a few steamers, is reconnoitering between the island of Gottska Sande and Port Baltic. The paddle and screw-steamers, under the orders of Rear-Admiral Plumridge, are off the Aland Isles. Early in the morning of the 2nd inst., the Gorgon, Dragon, and the Desperate, (the latter with the English yacht Myrtle, Colonel Corfield, in tow) steamed out of the roadstead to examine the shoals, &c., in Baro Sound. At noon, the fleet weighed, under steam. After clearing Hango Roads, the fires were banked, and all necessary sail made to a fine breeze from the north-west. In the evening the

RELIGIOUS DISSENTIONS IN BOSTON.

The following statistics of the churches in Boston have been compiled from the latest and most authentic sources. The number of organised religious societies is exactly one hundred; they are divided among seventeen distinct denominations, as follows:—

| | |
|--------------------------|----|
| Congregational Unitarian | 22 |
| Trinitarian | 11 |
| Baptist | 18 |
| Episcopal | 12 |
| Roman Catholic | 10 |
| Methodist Episcopal | 8 |
| Universalist | 6 |
| Methodist | 4 |
| Presbyterian | 3 |
| Christian | 1 |
| Freewill Baptist | 1 |
| Quaker | 1 |
| Swedenborgian | 1 |
| Jews | 1 |
| German Lutheran | 1 |
| Deist | 1 |

understood the dark oriental dogmas of the Sage, when he spoke of God, man, freedom, goodness, of the life that never dies. The young man saw these doctrines were pregnant with actions, and would one day work a revolution in the affairs of men, disinheriting many an ancient sin now held legitimate. So he said to himself, when he saw a man rich and famous, "Oh! that I also were rich and famous, I would move the world so soon. There are sins to be plucked up and truths to be planted. Oh, that I could do it all, I would mend the world right soon." Yet he did nothing but wait for wealth and fame. One day the Sage heard him complain with himself, and said, "Young man, thou speakest as silly women. This gospel of God is writ for all. LET HIM THAT WOULD MOVE THE WORLD MOVE FIRST HIMSELF. He that would do good to men begins with what tools God gives him and gets more as the world gets on. It asks neither wealth nor fame to live out a noble life. Make thyself a man; others will follow thee to the place to which thou shalt go. Where thou art, there thou shalt work. Let thyself be first, and the world will follow thee. Fear not thy work shall die!" The youth took the hint; reformed himself of his coarseness his sneers, of all meanness that was in him. This idea became his life; and that blameless and lovely. This truth passed into the public mind as the sun into the air. This acorn is the father of forests. This influence passes like morning, from continent, to continent and the rich and the poor are blessed by the light, and warmed by the life of SOCRATES, though they know not his name.—A voice in the past.

NOTICE.—This is to give notice to the public that I and my wife Emily having come to the mutual agreement to live separately, and a contract signed between us to that effect, I am no longer responsible for any debts she may contract after this date. Sept. 9, 1854.

(SIGNED)

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

CRESWICK'S Creek, August 29, 1854. My wife, Eliza Datson, having left my house without any just cause, I hereby give notice I will not pay any debts she may contract from this date.

HUGH DATSON.

Witness:

BENJAMIN VERCOE.

NOTICE.—My wife, Christina Dalgleish, daughter of William Dalgleish, stonemason, Hobart Town, having left my house known as St. Charles Boarding House, Dalton's Flat, Ballarat, without just cause, and is supposed to be in the keeping of a person named M. DOWD, this is to give notice to the public that I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract, nor for anything she may say or do or cause to be done after this date. Sept. 4, 1854.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

BRYAN KINGROSE, who deposited Gold on the 15 July, 1854, is requested to call at the Gold Office, Camp, Ballarat, respecting a Deposit Receipt.

JOHN GREEN,

Gold Office, Ballarat,
4 Sept. 1854.

Commissioner.

JOSIAH KIRBY, who deposited Gold on the 13 March, 1854, is requested to call at the Gold Office, Camp, Ballarat, respecting a Deposit Receipt.

JOHN GREEN,

Gold Office, Ballarat,
4 Sept. 1854.

Commissioner.

STOREKEEPER.—Wanted a situation as Storekeeper, by one of respectability and connexion.

Address C. D.

Ballarat Times Office.

NO Market Gardeners and Others. For Sale, 20,000 Cabbage and Lettuce Plants, from the finest seed, and in most healthy condition. Early application is necessary.

Thomas Williams, Auctioneer and Commission Agent, Gravel Pits, Ballarat.

REQUIREMENTS.

NOTIFICATION.—Wanted, a situation as Tutor in a private family, by a gentleman at present teaching a public school on Ballarat. Most satisfactory references can be given on application to the Editor of this paper, Ballarat.

... will be made; but admitting that the fleets succeeded in demolishing these fortresses, the possession of the locality could not be retained without a large body of troops, a supply of which is not provided. The remaining portions of the fleet were cruising in various directions.

There is no later telegraphic news from Turkey or the Black Sea.

No important intelligence from the seat of the war is expected before the end of the month.

An excellent effect has been produced in Paris by the account of the departure of Colonel Manteuffel, aide-de-camp of the King of Prussia, for St. Petersburg.

The Moniteur contains a despatch from Admiral Hamelin, dated May 23, on taking the Russian fortification in Circassia. Anapa had not been captured.

THE WAR.—The London Gazette of this evening contains an official notification of the blockade of the Danube by the combined squadrons, and also despatches from Admiral Dundas and Sir E. Lyons, respecting the operations on the coast of Georgia. It is stated that the fortresses, except Anapa and Soujak, are evacuated by the Russians, and there is an appearance of more unity and stronger feeling among the different tribes against the Russians.

FROM THE LONDON EVENING PAPERS.

The chief of the Russian navy, the Grand Prince Constantine, has issued the following order of the day:—"His Majesty the Emperor has been graciously pleased to entrust the flag of the English steam-ship Tiger to the corps of the marine cadets. I, therefore, order that this flag be kept by them, along with the other hostile flags."

PARIS, MONDAY EVENING.—The stock-market to-day has shown some animation. The removal of the head-quarters of Marshal Paskiewich to Jassy, and the movement of the Russian troops towards the

in the Gulf of Bothnia, will reconnoitre Bomorsund, the principal of the Aland Isles, for the purpose of ascertaining the strength of its fortifications.

The Hecla, Captain W. K. Hall, arrived in Baro Sound on the 3rd from Stockholm, with a large number of live bullocks and vegetables for the fleet. The French squadron, of eight sail of the line, have united with the division of the English fleet cruising off Gottska Sande. On leaving Baro Sound, the allied squadrons will proceed further up the Gulf of Finland, near to Sveaborg, and thence to the island of Hogland.

(BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.)

HOUSE OF LORDS, JUNE 13.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.—The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the bill to transfer the jurisdiction now exercised by the Ecclesiastical Court in matrimonial cases to the Court of Chancery, and to establish a Court of Divorce, the provisions of which he explained at considerable length. Lord Brougham expressed his cordial approval of the measure. Lord Campbell also approved of the measure. Lord Redesdale opposed it on the ground that it introduced a new principle into our law, namely, that a court of law should have the power to dissolve the marriage tie. Lord St. Leonards, with some exceptions, approved of the bill. The Lord Chancellor replied and the bill was read a second time.

The High Treason in Ireland Bill was read a second time.

The Exchequer Bonds (6,000,000) Bill was read a third time, and was passed after some debate.

The Railway and Canal Traffic Regulation Bill was read a third time, and was passed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, JUNE 13.

to religious opinions, but to forms of church government. Congregationalists are those, whatever may be their religious opinions, who, as Buck in his Theological Dictionary defines them; "reject all church government except that of a single congregation under the direction of one pastor, with their elders, assistants, or managers." Hence, Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians are not congregationalists, although in their essential religious opinions all these religious sects agree mainly with the Trinitarian Congregationalists. Unitarians are Congregationalists, although in their religious opinions they differ essentially from the Trinitarian Congregationalists. If we count the societies which reject the doctrines of the Trinity, we must add to the 22 Unitarian Congregational the 6 Universalist, 1 Christian, 1 Jewish—making 30.

Fifteen of the one hundred churches were gathered before the Revolution. Of this number, eight are now Unitarian Congregational, one Friends, two Baptist, one Trinitarian Congregational, and two Episcopal, and formed in the following order:—

The First Church of Boston, gathered 1630, is in Chauncy Place, Unitarian Congregational. The Second, gathered 1650, now worships in Bedford-street, Unitarian Congregational. The Third, gathered 1664, is the Friends, Milton Place. The Fourth, 1635, is the First Baptist, Somerset-street. The Fifth, 1639, is the Old South, Washington-street, Trinitarian Congregational. The Sixth, 1656, is the Stone Chapel, Tremont-street, Unitarian Congregational. The Seventh, 1699, is Brattle-street, Unitarian Congregational. The Eighth, 1714, is the New North Church, Hanover-street, Unitarian Congregational. The Ninth, 1719, is the New South, Summer-street, Unitarian Congregational. The Tenth, 1722, is Christ Church, Salem-street, Epis-

