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Charles Tucker,
E. S. Blanchard, J.P.
J. Masters,

Master Ex. in Chancery.

Isaac Rayne, J.P.
J. R. Dodson, J.P.
George Yuill, 2d,
Charles B. Archibald,
J. D. McNutt, Barrister.
John Dickson, J.P.
A. Campbell,

Custos Rotularum & M. L. C.

Silas H. C. [unclear], J.P.
William Faulkner, J.P.
Alex Kent, J.P.
M. D. McCurdy, J.P.
Benjamin Tupper, J.P.
David Fulton, J.P.
Wm. Rutherford, J.P.
Wm. Byers, J.P.
James Dickson, J.P.
Robert Hamilton, J.P.
A. D. Morrison, J.P.
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Isaac Logan,
Jos. Dickson, J. P., C.P.
W. C. Eaton,
John B. Woodworth,
William McNutt,
Donald Ross, J.P.
James Moore, J.P.

James B. M'Nutt,
Thomas Johnston,
James A. Cutten,
Peter S. Smith,
Winkworth A. Sharp,
David Page,
Andrew Moore,
Wm. M'Leod,
Geo. Reading,
George Blanchard,
John Waller,
David M'Curdy,
David C. Wilson,
Richard Craig,
Thomas Pearson,
Abner Doggett,
James Kent,
Wm. M'Curley,
J. B. M'Curley,
Alexander Kent,
Chas. H. Blair,
Isaac M'Curdy, J.P.
Joseph Crow,
Charles D. Upham,
John Pearson,
H. Hyde,
John Ross,
J. Ambrose,
Robert Smith,
Isaac N. Archibald,
John Gammel, 2d.

GENTLEMEN,—Have the goodness to communicate to Charles Blanchard, Esquire, Sheriff of Colchester, and other friends there, the following reply to the Address of which you have very kindly permitted yourselves to be the channel of conveyance.

JNO. WADDELL.

Messrs. Brown and M'Grath.

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you most cordially for the complimentary Address that has just been presented to me, coming as it does from those who best know me—my old acquaintances and kind friends in Colchester—I esteem it of great value.

It is gratifying to me to learn that the duties arising from the various relations in which I have had the honor to stand to society in my native County, have been discharged in such a manner as to meet with your approval; and it is peculiarly pleasing to know that my humble efforts to promote the welfare of those institutions having for their object the advancement of the best interests of society, are by you so highly appreciated.

I beg to assure you that the principles by which I have hitherto been governed shall be my guide still; and I need hardly inform you that while the duties of my new position require in their discharge my highest mental energies, that at the same time they afford an ample field for the culture of the best feelings of my nature. You may rest satisfied that I will spare no exertions to accomplish at least all that you anticipate for me—"a fair measure of success."

Permit me gratefully to acknowledge your kind expression of good wishes for myself and family. In their absence I think that I may be justified in saying, that it will be our united and earnest endeavour to sustain by our future conduct that place in your affections which it has been our happiness already to secure.

In conclusion allow me to say, that it will always afford me a high degree of pleasure to be informed of your individual prosperity—associated with the prosperity, in all its interests, of the beautiful County of Colchester.

JNO. WADDELL.

Saint John, N. B., January 31, 1850.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.—As soon as some necessary preliminaries were disposed of, we went to see the great Fall. The river at this point is about three fourths of a mile across; the Fall itself is in the form of a crescent, the curve inward, and is often called the Horse Shoe Fall, by reason of its resemblance. The descent of the water at the American Fall is one hundred and sixty four feet; and at this greater one, one hundred and fifty eight. Below the cataract the River is only half a mile in breadth, being, as we see, contracted after its descent, whilst its depth is said to be three hundred feet. This rush of water is connected with distant forces. The River forms the outlet of the waters of the great upper lakes, which, together with Erie and Ontario, drain, according to Professor Drake, of Kentucky, an area of country equal to forty thousand square miles; and the extent of their surface is estimated at ninety three thousand square miles. These lakes contain nearly one half of the fresh water on the surface of the globe. On arriving near the Fall, I placed myself on Table Rock, the usual and best position to obtain a perfect view. With all the characteristics of beauty mentioned in connection with the first scene described, we have here many additional elements brought to view. The difference is in position, extent, greatness, and, if the term may be employed, the unity and perfection of the object. The lesser Fall is that of a branch stream; this is the parent river: the former finds its way

into the channel from the side, the bank,—this spans the channel itself; the crest of the smaller precipice is nearly a straight line,—this is a beautiful curve; the dependent stream looks like an accident, a phenomenon that need not have been, and in which even now some change might possibly be produced; but the great Fall looks like the "everlasting hills," as, so to speak, an eternity, an essential, original, immutable power of nature. A stranger, having never seen this Fall, would be led to imagine that something extremely confused must prevail, like the heavens in a storm, cloud crossing cloud, or like the ocean agitated by opposing currents. Nothing can be a greater mistake. The very opposite is the fact. The day does not break, the tide does not flow, the planet does not move in its orbit with greater regularity and certainty than Niagara. From Table Rock, or my bed-room at the hotel, I always saw the same calm, unruffled, majestic object. No diminution or augmentation of water appeared, but a constant, inexhaustible roll of the torrent; nothing analogous to the rise and fall of the tides, or the ebbing and flowing of the sea, occurs; but one deep, even, everlasting movement. Winds and storms will scatter the spray before the cataract is reached, but after the waters have passed they can have no effect; they cannot turn the stream one hair's breadth, or stop its course for a moment. There is something perfectly awful in the idea of the undeviating uniformity of all the forces seen to be at work at this great Fall. We behold motion, calm, but rapid,—uninterrupted, irresistible, eternal,—with the feeling that this motion has been in progress for hundreds, for thousands of years; for ought we know, from the beginning of time, or at any rate ever since the flood. We see force and power—palpable, tangible, concentrated, and, to a man, omnipotent—always at work, and unwearied, silent, majestic, like the omnipotence of God. We contemplate a created sovereignty, a kind of rectoral glory, enthroned; a power, concentrating itself at this point in lofty grandeur, as if to render itself visible,—then sweeping along, and, with regard to all within its sway, helpless in resistance; like the mighty stream of time, bearing the fate and destiny of nature and empires into the abyss below, the *hades* of all created things. We follow the course of the waters, and see, at a prodigious depth, a frightful gulf, scooped out as if to embrace the descending flood, and conduct it to some new destiny;—as the present receives the past in its passage onward, and impels it by a new impulse, together with all it bears on its tide, to the mysterious future. We stretch our gaze over this yawning deep, and perceive that the water has changed its aspect altogether. It now has a milk like appearance, and is tossed, agitated, whirled, infuriated,—heaving its bosom to an immense height, and sending forth its spray and mist to be arched by the rainbow, and painted by sunbeams with every variety of colour—thus imitating the progress of human events in reducing old, great, majestic, time-worn forms of power into chaos, and then handing them over to other agencies to receive some new form, to run in new channels, and push their way into an untried destiny. Such were the thoughts which passed through my mind; but who can grasp, who can describe the combined effect? We have no analogies in nature. These Falls are alone in the universe; they stand in peerless majesty; nothing is like them. The sublimity consists in their combined majesty and beauty. Their grandeur is not in the slightest degree in harmony with that of the Alpine mountains, rugged heights, and overhanging rocks, covered with clouds, and lost in darkness.

It is rather as if nature had sat in council with herself to create a living embodiment of her utmost power, sovereign glory, irresistible force, rapid motion; and then throw around the representation of her visible symbol—instinct with the life of many, of all, elements—a covering of exquisite, of inexpressible beauty. There this living monument stands, a glorious emblem of the majesty of God! It has been looked upon with wonder next to adoration by a countless number of visitors; these have all received different impressions in accordance with the structure of their nervous systems, the power of vision, and the faculty of combination. Many have given their impressions to the public; some in classic and eloquent, impassioned and poetic strains; some, again, in scientific and geological language; but all have come short, all have failed. This attempt to convey the impressions of another soul, the feelings of another heart, is equally short of the truth, is equally a failure. Who can describe thunder? Who can paint the rainbow? Who can exhibit the ocean in language? Who can grasp the infinite? God has left, in all his dominions and works, space for imagination. Everything has its mystery, nothing its limits. Niagara stands a mystic creation, defying the admeasurements of the human intellect. But he welcomes all who approach to indulge the feelings of admiration, wonder, awe; and by the eternal roar of his glorious music, he sends up sounds of adoration to God, and challenges for his Creator the homage of all hearts.—*Dr. Dixon's Tour in the United States and Canada.*

ARTIFICIAL CHICKENS.—This title is perhaps improperly bestowed on the large flock of chickens running about in the Argyle Arcade in this winter weather, when the snow lies on the streets, and the Royal Caledonian Curling Club have been making a great day on Lochwinnoch; but they are not natural chickens, or they would not be here at this season. The scheme by which they are brought into the world has had many names, but if it were termed a "steam chuckey" the title would correspond with the truth, and