

ing should be dealt out to the women and children only, as they, the men, could last longer without food. Fortunately, within six days after that bright example, in a quarter were it could have been least expected, the vessel arrived at Sierra Leone, and the slaves were well provided for.—*Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

**INDIAN JUGGLING.**—Forcing my way to one corner of the shed, I found a company of Indian jugglers, consisting of two men, a girl, and a child of perhaps three years. Not the least remarkable of their feats was that of producing a sheet of water upon the sand close at our feet; and after conjuring upon its clear surface half-a-dozen young ducks and geese, suddenly caused it to freeze in such a solid mass as to allow of our walking across it without causing so much as a crack in its crystal body. One more feat I must relate which was suspending the girl, while seated on a sort of ottoman, to the ridge pole of the shed, and at a given signal, removing the rope by which she hung, leaving her still suspended in the air—not with a regular apparatus, such as is used by the performers of a similar trick in London and Paris, but apparently with no apparatus at all! For, to my exceeding amazement, a sword was given to me, as the only European of the company, and I was told to cut and slash as much as I pleased above and around the girl. After some hesitation, I hacked and hewed the air in every direction, around and close to the suspended maiden, with a vigour which would inevitably cut asunder any means of support; yet there she swung unmoved, without any sort of apparent agent of suspension, except the air itself.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

**A RESULT OF THE EXHIBITION.**—A curious fact has been mentioned as illustrative of the anxiety still felt in the provincial towns to inspect the wonders of the Exhibition. On Saturday night, before the departure of excursion train to London, one pawnbroker in Leeds had received on deposit no less than a bushel and a half of watches; and this sudden and extraordinary accession of business he attributes entirely to the desire which those who are little able to afford the treat have to visit the Crystal Palace. The building in Hyde Park is at last drawing towards it the humbler classes of the population. They find, it seems, that a reduction of the existing admission fee is now hopeless, and they make up their minds to gratify a long pent up curiosity at all hazards and regardless of expense.

**PENSION TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.**—Lord John Russell, while in attendance on the Queen at Holyrood on Thursday last, intimated by letter to Professor Wilson, her Majesty's intention to bestow a pension of £300 a year upon him, in consideration of his eminent literary services. This act towards so distinguished and consistent an opposer of the whig Government comes with a peculiar grace from Lord John Russell.—*Perth Courier.*

**FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.**—In a report to the Secretary of War, by Lieutenant-Colonel Jebb, the Inspector-General of Military Prisons, which has just been printed in a parliamentary paper, the subject of flogging in the army is brought forward. It seems that imprisonment, in lieu of corporal punishment, has been beneficial in its operation, notwithstanding the contrary opinion expressed by military officers. Colonel Jebb states, "If the views of the more experienced officers in her Majesty's service, as to the deterring influence of corporal punishment, were correct, a great increase of crime in the army might have been anticipated as the necessary consequence of limiting the power of courts-martial, and materially diminishing a mode of punishment deemed to be the most efficacious for the maintenance of discipline. It is, however, satisfactory to see the result has not been unfavourable; and though it may partly be attributed to the encouragement given to good conduct, the better class of men who have entered into the service, and the partial discharge of some of the worst characters, yet, taking all this into account, I think experience has sufficiently shown that imprisonment for military offences has answered the expectations that were formed of it." In 1845, the year previous to the establishment of prisons, the number of convictions by courts-martial was 9,954, and there were 652 corporal punishments, whilst in 1850, the convictions were 9,306. The effective force was about the same in each year—125,252 in 1845, and 125,119 last year. The visitors to the prisons last year ordered 495 lashes to be inflicted for some serious offences.

**INTERESTING DISCOVERY.**—Last week, Mr. Watson, stone cutter at Dumfries, obtained a large block of red sandstone from a low quarry at Locharbriggs, for the purpose of making it into a monument. Whilst busy squaring the stone, a loose layer was removed, and on the face of the block thus displayed a long indentation became visible. When examined, it proved to be the mark of a human foot, which must have been impressed upon the mass of clay, now, in the course of ages afterwards, petrified into hard and solid stone. At the heel and great toe the depth of the impress was considerable, from three-quarters of an inch to an inch; and the whole print of the foot was sharp and distinct. This fact appears to be of immense importance, as it affects the theories of the geologists.

**AN UNRIVALLED PIANOFORTE PLAYER.**—We find the following extraordinary statement in the *National*:—"Count Orloff has just presented to the Emperor of Russia an extraordinary musical phenomenon in the person of a young Wallachian, called Frederick Roltz. This man has been born with four hands, each having five fingers. He was brought up by a clergyman, who taught him to play on the organ, but the young man in course of time, made a pianoforte for himself of considerably greater power than that of ordinary instruments. He enjoys excellent health, and with the exception of his hands, presents nothing strange in his person. It is only from the elbow that the malformation commences. The arm there divides into two limbs, each ending in a hand with a double supply of fingers. These additional arms are regularly made and the only remarkable point observed by medical men is the immense development of the deltoid muscle at the summit of the shoulder. The Clergyman who had brought up Roltz at his death left him his small property, and the young man immediately purchased diamond rings, with which he loaded his twenty fingers. It was with them so adorned that he performed before the Emperor of Russia, who expressed his surprise at the musical powers of the young man. Roltz it is said, is shortly to visit Paris."

**CARDINAL WISEMAN TAKING A PEEP AT YORK MINSTER.**—Last week, Cardinal Wiseman, en route for Hartlepool, to consecrate the chapel there, halted at York some short time, during which "His Eminence" availed himself of the opportunity of visiting the Cathedral, accompanied by several Romish priests. He remained at the Minster for about an hour, and his survey of the beautiful proportions of the noble fabric appeared to interest him considerably. When about to leave the Minster, a few Roman Catholics who were present must needs display the bad taste of attempting to get up a

cheer—a proceeding which naturally excited the indignation of the majority of the people collected together, and the consequence was, that the former placed the *soi-disant* Archbishop of Westminster in the unhappy position of being hissed. When he left York, some Roman Catholics at the railway station, shortly before the train started, actually dropped upon their knees to pay homage to this man, on the bare flags of the platform, and received his blessing!

**MR. HOBBS'S MODE OF PICKING LOCKS.**—His mode of working, as we are told, is this:—He applies a lever to press the bolt in a backward direction, and then proceeds, by means of instruments previously manufactured, to lift the tumblers of the lock one by one, and retain them in their right places. When the last tumbler is lifted the bolt flies back. Thirty days were given to Mr. Hobbs for his attack on the Bramah, and to make his instruments he was allowed to take impressions of the key and the top of the wards. Day after day he was shut up alone with the lock, none being permitted to enter the room while he was at work; and, with the aid of "thieves wax," a hinged mirror in the key-hole, a stong light, all sorts of odd instruments, and his own great cleverness, he has succeeded in the task. For our own part we did not think that any lock could be found, made at a cost which would admit of sale, to resist such appliances, and are astonished that Messrs. Brahm consented to submit it to such practices for so long a period. Whether, after all, Messrs. Brahm's challenge, as written on the lock, has been met by Mr. Hobbs, is a question: we think not, spite of the arbitrators' award. The challenge was, "The artist who can make an instrument that will pick or open this lock shall receive 200 guineas reward the moment it is produced." Where is the instrument?—*Builder*

United States.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Perhaps in nothing is the contrast between country and city life so apparent as in the observance and customs of the sabbath. No cries of Sunday newspaper sellers disturb the early hours of that sacred day.—Rising early, you hear the glad morn ushered in by the matin call of chanticleer, and the promiscuous notes of the various barn yard occupants who willingly respond to the call.

Breakfast over, and becoming duties observed, with favorite author in hand, you place your easy chair on the open and fragrant piazza, and now listening to the mating music of the waving trees, now dipping dreamily into the thoughts of your book friend, and anon ceasing converse with him that you may commune with the great Spirit whose fitting temple is the world of nature around you, the hours glide swiftly yet sweetly by, until musical voices, that thrill with a mystic sympathy through the soul, tell one that those whom he loves have gathered around for mingled converse and counsel. Anon, the distant church going bell calls you to prepare to go up to the temple of the Most High, and soon the distant dwellings send forth their occupants, light cart and wagon and costly carriage roll by, their tenants prepared to forget the things of earth in the hallowed presence of Him who knows no distinctions among men save those of piety and virtue.

And what a lovely sight is a well filled rural church. At this moment one rises before us, separated from where imagination just now took her seat, by a meadow, a running brook and a cluster of trees. Here still stands the first place of worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church erected in Connecticut; but since the border lines were last determined, it is embraced in the state of New York. The present erection is upward of seventy years old. Obsolete is the style of its interior. Narrow are the pews, and very upright the backs thereof. It would be difficult to find a village church probably where so many old established families and wealthy farmers unite in worship. With these are now mingled men and families of wealth and distinction from the Empire city. In the reading desk is a youth of modest aspect, and voice alike indicating that resolute self-control which the occasion demands. In sonorous tone, delicately vibrating with restrained emotion, the service is commenced, and hearing there the voice of a beloved son the face of a venerable sire, a patriot and a warrior, blanches as it never blanches upon the battle field, and his lip quivers with intense feeling. Solemnly, and audibly, and with all apparent devotion, aged men with silvery locks and with tremulous voice, and young men with sinewy frame and deep toned utterance, follow with fitting response the prayers and intercessions of that earnest youth. And thus they worship God.

Such a scene we saw yesterday in a country church and heard as a second part of the service a discourse which for beauty of diction, closeness of reasoning, vividness of pictorial representation, earnestness and fidelity of appeal, and impressive eloquence of delivery, we have rarely heard surpassed. Then too the healthful breezes allowed to waft through the building, the adjoining scenery was eminently picturesque, and the novelty and interest of the whole was greatly heightened by the large group of carriages and wagons gathered on the side of the mound on which stood the Church; and we could not help feeling that being in the country has peculiar charms, especially on the Sabbath day.

Communications.

[We deem it necessary to follow the example of the London Church periodicals, and to apprise our readers that we are not responsible for the opinions of our Correspondents.—Ed. Ch.]

To the Editor of the Church.

**MR. EDITOR.**—As you have thought it worth while to print my account of Squire A. and Mr. B., I send you the following account of Captain C. Like the others, about whom I have written, Captain C. is a farmer, and in many respects a worthy man. But Captain C. is wig-visionary. He certainly has some good ideas in his head, but they are few; and these have unfortunately begotten in him such an exalted idea of his abilities, that he is always making sad mistakes. Nobody can advise Captain C., and he does not appear even "to buy wisdom by experience," though he certainly pays dearly enough for it. His property is a good one; his crops are large every year, for though he works but little himself, yet his children are patterns of industry, and through their exertions things are kept together. But notwithstanding his good crops, Captain C. is always poor. He is a very bad manager. I believe that to be the secret of a great many men's failures. While the neat, tidy farmer, who begins, perhaps, on a small farm, is daily adding to his means or his acres, bringing up his children in

comfort and respectability, every year rising in the world, and increasing his contributions to the Church; the poor manager is daily growing worse and worse off, principally through bad management. If you, Mr. Editor, ever venture out of the din and noise of the city, you may see the house of the former surrounded by young fruit trees, which yield abundance of fruit in their seasons, affording not only sufficient for his family use, but also enough for market, to purchase tea and sugar for his household for a year. His garden, wrought by his wife and daughters, with his occasional assistance, abounds not only with all sorts of excellent vegetables, but is also ornamented with a succession of beautiful flowers; for the neat tidy farmer knows the advantages of cultivating a taste for the beauties of nature in his children. But the flowers have another advantage besides improving the minds and hearts of his children. They afford sweet food for the large number of bees whose hives you may see in the back yard. These will yield him from two to three hundred weight of honey, according as the season is a favourable or otherwise, besides affording him some skips to sell to such bad managers as Captain C., who seeing how much money neat, tidy farmers, such as Mr. D., make by their honey, are always anxious to get into the business—but generally find that the bees die on their hands in severe winters, or get destroyed by the millers. One year with another Mr. D. makes nearly seven pounds by his bees. This sum will buy him a good suit of clothes—so that with his best clothes purchased by his honey, his tea and sugar paid for by his fruit, both of which may be put down as clear gain, and his wife's and daughter's dresses and bonnets, from the shop, paid for by the proceeds of their garden; and all that his family eat and drink, (the tea and sugar excepted,) raised on his farm, his grain crops and his stock always keep him in funds for purchasing other necessities at a low rate, and for availing himself of opportunities to make a good bargain occasionally.

Captain C. has no fruit trees growing up around him while he is asleep; nor does his garden furnish more than enough for the use of his family—scarcely that—and as to bees, though he has purchased three or four skips from his neighbour, D., it has been to no purpose—they have all failed him in the second or third year.

The truth is, he has esteemed such little things as quite beneath his attention. His mind has been busied about some grand scheme, by which he should not only benefit his neighbourhood and the country at large, but secure an independence for himself. He is satisfied that he has a good mine in his head, as rich as the celebrated mines of California; and it only requires diligent working to develop it, at least so he thinks. It might, therefore, well be conceived that fruit trees, and gardens, and bees are quite overlooked; and though occasionally startled from his reverie by the golden honey gathered by his neighbour from his bee-hives, and thus tempted to buy a skip or two; yet he soon returns to his building castles in the air, and all real practical earthly things are forgotten. Of course he's often taken in. A travelling agent for some wonderful machine calls on him for his patronage, and soon finding out Captain C.'s weak side, he "soft-saunder's" him till he induces him to take his machine, whilst he takes his note, payable in six months. On one occasion Capt. C. bought a patent churn, that was to bring butter in fifteen minutes. His wife advised him not to have anything to do with it; and his daughters ventured for once to shake their heads, and express their doubts about the qualifications of the "patent" article, but it was all to no purpose—the pedlar, up to his bustles, had plied the "Col." with allusions to his superior judgment and mechanical genius, so that, though a little shaken from his purpose, by the advice of his wife and the doubt of his daughters yet he could not believe that so nice a gentleman would take him in. The churn was left and the note taken away, and speedily sold to a notorious purchaser of such articles. Though it would not be churning day till the day after the morrow, yet, Capt. C. was so anxious to have his new purchase tried, and hoping, no doubt, that his superior wisdom would be proved by its performances, that his eldest daughter was deputed to turn what cream was in the churn into the strange article; and, as there was but little in it, they having churned only the day before, to skim all the pangs, so that they might give it something of a fair trial. This done, she began to grind, (for it was one of those with a crank), her father sitting by the fire, professing to read a newspaper, but every minute asking her if she had got her butter yet. Though she ground a way till she got thoroughly tired, the obstinate butter would not come. At first his wife, who was busy with her sewing, taunted him with the fine promises of the pedlar, and the poor performances of the churn—but relenting, as wives generally do, when they find their husbands really annoyed, took hold of the handle herself, but to no purpose. She could do no more with the strange churn than her daughter. At last Capt. C., losing all patience, and declaring that both mother and daughter had not done the churn justice, because they had opposed its purchase, (though in his heart he knew better,) took hold of the handle himself, until he made the butter come; but when he looked at the clock, he found that they had been in all fifty minutes instead of fifteen, in bringing the butter. He never asked his wife or daughter to try his churn again, and he had no wish to try it himself; for he declared that it was as hard work as cradling lodged wheat. The old churn took its old place, and the "patent" affair stands out at the back door, a caution to him, how he gives his note for "patent" articles, on the mere word of a man, whom he has never seen before, and probably never will see again, backed up by printed testimonials from men who never existed.—But I am sorry to say that Capt. C. does not take the silent but broad hint the patent churn is ever giving him. He is constantly imposed upon by vendors of patent articles, some of them much more expensive, and requiring from him a great expenditure of time and labour before he can be convinced of their worthlessness. His first embarrassment arose from having a small stream running through his farm, and a strong idea fixing itself in his mind that improvement of his "water privilege" would make him a great man. Accordingly, without either counting the cost, or consulting any one who could estimate it, without considering whether the country around could furnish raw material for his mill, he got out timber, engaged workmen, and ran up a heavy account at the store. Before long that account was presented, and the merchant pressed very much for his money; and, and though there were a good many charges in it very exorbitant, and about twice what he could have had the same articles for, if he had had the money to pay for them, he was glad to get rid of this importunity on promising to pay the whole account in one month's time. Being busy at his mill, which was not yet in working order

nor near it, nine months instead of three had elapsed since he began it; the months flew past much more quickly than he thought, and he was much surprised to have the account presented before he had made any provision for its payment. What was to be done. He could not raise the money amongst his friends and neighbours. They had assisted him too often and found so much difficulty in getting back their money, that they would lend him no more, especially to assist him in an undertaking which they all condemned as visionary in the extreme. In this difficulty he thought of the bank lately established in the neighbouring village. It was discounting freely, and he had heard of others getting money there; and so he applied to two of his neighbours "to lend him their names" to a note for the amount required to meet the account at the store, and for a little more to meet current expenses. His good-natured neighbours had no objections to "lend their names to a note at the bank, though they had made a resolution to lend him no more money!!! He and his neighbours, therefore, resorted to the bank, and, all being substantial farmers, they had no difficulty in getting what money he required. When riding home in the waggon, with his heart as light as a child's on May-day, and the large rolls of bills in his pocket, he hit his horses a cut with his whip, and thus accosted his friends: "What a convenient thing that bank is. He must be a clever fellow that invented it. How handy for us when we get a little short of cash. All we have to do, will be to get a note discounted at the bank, and even if our crops should not be very good, or my mill not do as good a business as I expect (of which there is no danger, I think) why then, as the gentleman told us, we can renew the note by paying a portion of it. Did you ever see such a convenient thing! I should like to know the inventor of banks." "What a pity we had not a bank near us before!! How much better we would all have been off; and I certainly should have built my mills years ago, and been by this time quite independent!!! What a great thing that Bank will be for us all!!! Then every thing is so nice about it—such a handsome room, such comfortable chairs, and such convenient desks! who ever saw the like of it! and the agent of bank, too! what a nice man. He is dressed like a prince—but he was so clever to us, that one would have thought that he had known us all our days, though I never saw the gentleman before, nor he me, as I guess! Why! really it is worth a ride to the village to go into such a nice room and to meet such a clever gentleman!!! Thus ran on the Captain, hardly giving his neighbours time to say a word. In truth they did not feel quite as light-hearted as the Captain. They had no rolls of bills in their pockets; they had not been relieved from the consciousness of owing a heavy account, which they had no means of paying immediately; but though, at first they had thought lightly of it, they then began to think they had been rather quiet in promising the Captain the loan of their names at the bank; for though they had written their names on the slip of paper without a great deal of trouble, they might find more trouble arise out of that small transaction than they had at first thought of. This made them rather quiet: so the Captain did all the talking for a time, as well as the whipping up of his horses, which he thought ought to feel as light-hearted as he did. At last one of them broke silence; and in reply to the Captain's last remark, said: "The room is very nice, and the gentleman very clever, to be sure. But I would rather keep away from them both; I don't half relish what we have been doing. 'What, neighbour?' said the Captain, 'how is that? it won't cost you a copper. When the note is due, I'll pay it up; my mill will be going then, and I'll have plenty of money.'" "I am not quite so sure of that as you seem to be, Captain." "We'll see," said his endorser. When the ninety days had run out much sooner than he had expected, he got a notice from the Bank that the note was overdue and must be paid. In great fright he started off to the Captain to see what he could do. But the Captain had no money and no way of raising any. So, his endorser managed between them to raise enough to get the note renewed; and after a great deal of trouble, vexation, loss of time, wear and tear of waggons and horses and harness, besides other expenses which will force themselves upon people who go to a village much, they persuaded the Captain to raise some part of it by selling a portion of his stock, which he could badly spare, at about two-thirds of their worth, and paid the rest themselves, taking the Captain's note for the amount. But the mill was not yet going? and more money must be had or all that it had cost would have been lost. Again, therefore, he had recourse to the Bank; and this time got some business men to endorse for him. When the note became due, they would not renew it; but forced him to sell at a sacrifice his best pair of horses and his fine yoke of cattle with which he was going to do so much about his mill (they being the only saleable part of his stock) to meet the amount of his note at the Bank. But this was not the worst of it. Having borrowed the name of one of the business men in the village he could not refuse his name, when asked by that gentleman for it. But unfortunately the man in business failed; and he and the other endorser had to meet the note and the heavy expenses upon it. These losses, and sacrifices, and the constant expenses of his mill cramped him sadly. Sometimes he had to borrow money at 10 per cent, and sometimes at even a higher rate of interest; and it generally took the whole of one year's crop to meet urgent calls, without diminishing in the least the principal of the debt. He indeed paid off some debts and cleared portions of his property, but it was only to incur new debts in other quarters and mortgage other portions to get money to discharge the other mortgages. In the meantime things about the house and barn were neglected; the family did with as little as they possibly could; every thing got out of repair; his children could not be spared to go to school; but were obliged to work late and early and to grow up with few advantages, except those of industry, frugality and self-denial all because their father would have his "water privilege improved" and found the Bank "such a convenient thing."

Captain C. is pretty regular at Church where his family are constant attendants; and would probably be there more frequently but the Clergyman feels it his duty to set before his people what he sees wrong in their conduct; this Captain C. does not like. He says "That is not preaching the Gospel. A preacher of the Gospel should always be telling us of the good tidings of salvation." Fortunately for Captain C. his wife is a very superior strong minded woman, and what is still more consequence a woman of enlightened piety. From her the children all promise to take their character; and I hope that it will be so; for if they do, we may, with the divine blessing and the good things they hear at Church every Sunday, both from the reading desk and the pulpit, expect them to become useful members of Society, and bright and shin-