

and must take the consequences." Midnight arrived, and the colonel was true to his rendezvous, and found the sorcerer awaiting him. Once more did he give the latter the opportunity of withdrawing from the bargain, and once more was he refused. The soldier stripped off his jacket and stood in his shirt sleeves, he placed his sword and belt, his shako and jacket, together with his boots, against a tree, and drew a circle with a forked stick, and placed himself in the midst. Presently he was like one inspired, in the light of the lantern, which the colonel had brought, fell upon his distorted countenance, which seemed more like that of a demon than of a human being. Suddenly in the very midst of this violent emotion, he turned to Pelissier: "Colonel, one thing I forgot to mention, have you no sacred object about you?" "None in the world," replied Pelissier, "dost thou take me for a Jesuit?" "But your watch—sometimes a mother or sister manages to hide a token or medal amongst the seals and brooches—some ring or other trifle which they have got blessed by the cure. It is most dangerous—for mercy's sake, think! The man was evidently serious—and Pelissier, to humor him took off his watch, and put it down at a distance. The incantation then began—all was silence for a few moments excepting for the heavy breathing of the man. Not a single word was uttered—not a single movement made, but suddenly a loud terrific shriek, a sound not of this earth, for its power and the agony it conveyed, burst upon the stricken ear of the colonel. "Ah colonel, vous m'avez trahi!" these were the words he heard, and then all was silent once more. After waiting a few moments he called aloud no answer was returned—he waited in vain, the man had disappeared. His shako and clothes had remained against the tree—and Pelissier returned to the caserne that same night, to give orders for a strict search being made. No trace of the man has ever been discovered. On dressing at dawn, Pelissier remembered the scapulaire he had worn for years; the gift of his mother on his first joining the army, and which he had forgotten. "This had condemned, says the Holy Father, the sorcerer to his fate, and has been the means of bringing Marshal Pelissier into the road of piety and salvation."—Paris correspondent of the Atlas.

NEW ENGLAND PROTESTANTISM.—Doctor Merle D'Aubigne, in a recent discourse to the Theological students of his school, remarked, that Pantheism, was the form which Infidelity had assumed for the nineteenth century. "The false religion," he said, "of which Voltaire was the high priest, was Deism. Then the idea was, that in, I know not what remote corner of heaven, there resided a lifeless deity, who never bestowed a thought upon his creatures. The men of the present day say, such a God is useless; let us get rid of him altogether; and they have invented the formula of the nineteenth century, which is this—Humanity is God." There is more truth in this representation than most of us realize. While D'Aubigne is able to speak for the Continent of Europe, and to show us that Red Republicanism there has its basis in Pantheism, his remark could be only more confirmed, if it were extended to embrace our own New England. It is time that our ministry and people should be awake to this fact. We ought to be well aware that among ministers and people who claim the name of Christian, who would take it as a high affront to be called infidel,—there are many who have no belief in a personal God, and who attach to the Christian Scriptures no more authority, than they do to books of heathen mythology. We ought to understand that where we once had to meet a denial of the deity of Christ, we now have to meet a denial of any deity at all. The question between Christianity and its opposites, is here reduced to its last analysis. It is the question whether there is a living God in the heavens?—Puritan Recorder.

The N. Y. Christian Inquirer tells the following capital story, which we hope the Montreal Witness will reproduce for the benefit of its patrons:—"We hope the critic does not belong to a large class of religionists, of one of whom the following anecdote, which we have reason for knowing is authentic, is told: He had just 'experienced religion,' and meeting an acquaintance, urged the claims of religion upon him, asserting how much he had experienced of its peace and power. 'Ah,' said the other, 'I am glad to hear of it, for, if so, I know you will pay that just demand which you are so well able to pay, and which you have not yet met.' To which our pious friend replied, 'I see, there's no need of talking to you. Religion is religion, and business is business. Good bye.'"

HONESTY'S THE BEST POLICY.—We noticed in our columns, a few days ago, that the notorious Barnum was a bankrupt. His liabilities, it is stated, amount to \$300,000, and his property is now in the hands of a trustee. A contemporary, speaking of the affair, says "Such is the end of a man, who, just one twelve-month ago, gave to the world an autobiography unequalled in the annals of literature. Of all the cold-blooded records of successful roguery, and impudent, unblushing falsehood, Mr. Barnum's experiences and adventures, as he records them, stand pre-eminent. He relates how he lied by rule—how money was his chief pursuit—how to attain it, every scheme and trick appeared to him fair—and dwells upon the exploits in which he cheated the world, as feats worthy of admiration." It is, perhaps, well that this prince of humbugs has thus come to the block at last. His career offers a very fine proof that, after all, the old proverb speaks truth—"Honesty's the best policy."—Montreal Herald.

BRANDY FROM COAL.—Brandy distilled from coal is one of the proposed applications of chemical science to supply the wants of man, which is just now creating some sensation; the modus operandi is as follows:—Coal gas is first distilled in the ordinary way, and conducted into a receiver. It contains about eight per cent of hydrogenous bicarbon in a gaseous state, which is separated therefrom (rather a complicated affair), and introduced into a close vessel, containing sulphuric acid; the vessel is agitated until the acid absorbs the gas. Water is then mixed with it, and the whole distilled for alcohol, which is brought over.—Mining Journal.

Two respectable young men, belonging to a sect in Sweden called "Readers," cut the telegraph wire from Vannesberg to Lidhkeping, because, as they boldly declared when apprehended, "the electric telegraph is the invention of the devil and contrary to the will of God."

CRAPE A GRIEF METER.—At the fashionable hat store of our friend Stair, an amusing incident happened, as he related it to us yesterday. Three gentlemen from the country, applying for a weed to be affixed to each of their hats, Mr. S. inquired of them respectively as to the width of crape they desired. The first with a long drawn face, and piteous accent, answered: "It is in memory of my wife, my sorrows are more than I can bear—let the badge of mourning cover the entire height of the hat." The second managed to swallow at least half of his sorrow, and replied: "She was only a sister to me, and the blow is not so severe as to him who has been deprived of his better half; let the crape cover but a portion of the hat, and let it be artistically arranged." But the sang froid of the third was inimitable. "Oh," said he, "she was only a cousin, two or three inches will be quite sufficient." Two or three inches of mourning. What a reflection on the absurdities of custom. "A wicked and an adulterous generation seeketh after a sign."—Cleveland Leader.

AN AMERICAN BREAKFAST.—(Present, a gentleman and two young ladies.)—"Miss, its feeding time, I guess? what will you eat?" "You're very polite; what's the ticker?" "Chicken and corn fixings, and pork with onion fixings." "Well, I'm hungry some; I'll have some pig and fixings." The swain retired, and brought a profusion of viands, which elicited the remark—"Well, I guess that's substantial, anyhow." The young ladies' appetites seemed very good, for I heard the observation, "Well you eat considerable; you're in full blast, I guess." "Guess I am; it's all-fired cold, and I have been an everlastin' long time off my feed." A long undertoned conversation followed this interchange of civilities, when I heard the lady say, in rather elevated tones. "You're trying to rile me some; you're piling it on a trifle too high." "Well, I did want to put up your dander. Do tell, now, where was you raised?" "In Kentucky." "I could have guessed that; whenever I see a splendoriferous gal, a kinder gentle goer, and high stepper, I say to myself, that gal's from old Kentucky, and no mistake."

The Jewish Chronicle in a recent article states, that according to the Bishop of Jerusalem's annual for 1856, there have been only six conversions from Judaism during the past year. The Chronicle estimates the outlay for the mission at £12,000 a-year, which it considers rather much for the work done.

An itinerant phrenologist stopped at a rustic farm house, the proprietor of which was busily engaged in thrashing. "Sir, I am a phrenologist. Would you like to have me examine the heads of your children. I will do it cheap." "Well," said the farmer, panting between two strokes, "I rather guess they don't need it. The old woman combs 'em up with a fine-tooth comb once a week!"

THE SAILOR'S REPORT.—A sailor was called upon to stand as a witness. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and defendant?" "I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor. "What! not know the plaintiff and defendant?" continued the lawyer; "a pretty fellow you to come here as a witness. Can you tell me where on board the ship it was that man struck the other one?" "Abaft the binnacle," said the sailor. "Abaft the binnacle," said the lawyer; "what do you mean by that?" "A pretty fellow, you," responded the sailor, "come here as a lawyer, and don't know what abaft the binnacle means."

A tipsy man went into a Sunday-school, and for a few moments listened very attentively to the questions propounded to the scholars; but, getting anxious to show his knowledge of Scripture and doctrine, he stood up, leaning on the front of the pew with both hands. "Parson B.," said he, "ask me some of them hard questions." "Uncle John," said the parson, with a solemn face and in a drawing tone, "don't you know you are in the bonds of sin and the depths of iniquity?" "Yes, sir, and in the gall of bitterness, too. Ask me another ques-shun."

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.—Astronomers say that if a cannon ball were fired from the earth to Saturn, it would be one hundred and eighty years in getting there. In that event, Professor John Phœnix thinks the people of Saturn would have time enough to dodge the shot!

DISEASES OF THE LIVER.

When the celebrated Dr. Rush declared that drunkenness was a disease, he enunciated a truth which the experience and observation of medical men is every day confirming. The many apparently insane excesses of those who indulge in the use of spirituous liquors, may be thus accounted for. The true cause of conduct, which is taken for intonation, is very frequently a diseased state of the Liver. No organ in the human system, when deranged, produces a more frightful catalogue of diseases. And if, instead of applying remedies to the manifestations of disease, as is too often the case, physicians would prescribe with a view to the original cause, fewer deaths would result from disease induced by a deranged state of the Liver. Three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of Consumption, have their seat in a diseased Liver. (See Dr. Gunn's great work.)

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