Gilbert gave the tempter a home in his bosom. He daily pondered upon the amount of physical labor he performed. He saw all the others with money, and he wondered if any one could possibly get along without that circulating commodity. Finally the evil hour came. The constant companionship of young Bakershad its influence, and the shaft had struck its mark. A bright-eyed, lovely girl had asked Gilbert to take her to an evening's entertainment. The boy loved that girl—loved her with the whole ardor of his youthful soul—and he could not refuse. At noon he was left alone in the store. Several people came, mostly tailors—and bought goods, paying ready pay. Gilbert did not stop to consider—the spell was upon him—and he kept back a two-dollar bill. That afternoon he suffered much. He dared not look the clerks in the face, though he was sure that some of them did the same thing. In the evening, he accompanied his fair companion to the entertainment, and though he tried to be happy yet he could not.

That night the boy slept and while he slept he dreamed. His father and mother came to him as pale and cold, as they had been when he had disgraced them forever. 'O, my boy, my own loved boy, thou hast lost thy truth and honor forever!' So groaned the father. The sleeper started up, and for a moment he felt relieved when he found that he only dreamed—but quickly came the truth upon him—the truth of the day before, the terrible certainty of his theft—and he groaned in the agony of a loved and contrite heart. He started up from his bed and paced the floor. It was not long before he stopped, and then he had resolved upon what course he would pursue. He remembered the oft repeated words of his father: 'A sin concealed is a second sin committed.' It was hard for him to make up his mind to the resolution he had taken, and when once the word had passed his lips, his soul was fixed.

On the following morning he entered the store as usual, and his duties were performed silently and sadly. The clerks asked him if he was sick, but he told them no. Towards the middle of the forenoon Mr. Phelps came in, and entered his counting room. Gilbert watched him until he was alone, and then he moved towards the place. His heart beat wildly, and his face was as pale as death, but he did not hesitate. He entered the counting-room and sank in to a chair.

'Gilbert, what is the matter?' uttered the merchant, kindly.

The boy collected all his energies, and in a low painful tone, he answered:

'I have come to tell you that I can remain here no longer, sir. I—I—'

'What? Going to leave me?' uttered the merchant, in surprise, as the boy hesitated. 'No, no, Gilbert. If you are sick you shall have a good physician. I can't lose you now.

'Hear me, sir,' resumed the boy, somewhat emboldened by his master's kind tone, but yet speaking in great pain. 'O, I must tell you all, and I trust in your generous soul for pardon. But I cannot stay here. Listen, sir, and blame me as you will, but believe me not yet lost. My father is poor—too poor to keep me here. I have learned the ways of the city, and I have longed for some of those innocent healthy amusements which I have seen my companions enjoying here. For long weeks together, I have been without a penny in my pocket, and at such times I have felt much shame in view of extreme poverty. My father has given me two dollars—one when he left me here, one when he came to visit me. But what was that? Nearly all of it went for some small article which I absolutely needed. Lectures, concerts, and various other places of healthy entertainment, were visited by my companions, but I could not go. At length the fatal knowledge was mine, that others of my station had money for such things—money which they took from their employers without leave. I pondered upon it long and deeply—and in pondering I was lost. Yesterday I took—two—dollars.

Here the poor boy burst into tears, but the merchant said not a word. In a few moments Gilbert resumed.

'You know the worst now. I took it, and a part of it I used last night—but O, I want no more such hours of agony as I have passed since that time. Here is a dollar and a half, sir. Take it, and when I get home I will send you the rest. O, let me go, sir, for I cannot stay where temptation haunts me. Away in the solitude of my father's farm, I shall not want the money I cannot have. You may tell me that I have had experience—but alas that experience only tells me that while I remain here the tempter must be with me. I would not long for what I cannot possess. While I have wants and desires, the wish must be present to gratify them. Let me go,—but O, tell not my shame.'

The boy stopped and bowed his head. The merchant gazed upon him awhile in silence, and during that time a variety of shades passed over his countenance.

'Gilbert' he said at length, in a low kind of tone you must not leave me. For a few moments I will forget the difference in our stations, and speak as plainly as you have spoken. I have been in the wrong. I freely confess. I should have known that temptation was thrown in your way—a temptation which should not be cast in the way of any person, much less in the way of an inexperienced youth. Since you have been so nobly frank, I will be equally so. Forgive me for the situation in which I have placed you, and the past shall be forgotten. Until this moment I never thought seriously of this subject. I never before realized how direct was the temptation thus placed before the apprentices of our houses. But I see it all now.—I know to the boy who has money the presence of both money and costly amusement must be too fearful a temptation for ordinary youths. But you shall not leave me. From this moment I shall trust you implicitly and love you for your noble disposition and fine sense of honor. I shall not fear to trust you henceforth, for you shall have pecuniary recompense somewhat commensurate with the labor you perform. I have often blessed the hour that brought you to my store, for I have seen in you a valuable assistant, and if I have ever held a lingering doubt of your strict honesty I shall hold it no more, for it requires more strength of moral purpose to acknowledge, unasked, a crime, than it does to refrain from committing one. Never again will I accept the labor of any person without paying him for it, and then if he is dishonest no blame can attach to me. You will not leave me Gilbert?

The boy gazed up into his employer's face but for a while tears and sobs choked his utterance. Mr. Phelps drew him to his side, and laying his hand upon the youth's head he resumed—

'If I blame you for this momentary departure from strict honesty, the love I bear you for your noble confession vastly more than wipes it all away. Henceforth you shall have enough for your wants, and when the year is up we will make an arrangement which can but please you. What say you—will you stay?

'Stop, Gilbert—I have spoken to you the truth and you need have no fear. I will pay you three dollars a week for your own instruction and amusement, and when you want clothes or other matters of like necessity, if you speak to me you shall have them. All of the past is forgotten, save your many virtues, and henceforth I know you only for what you shall prove.'

Gilbert tried in vain to tell his gratitude, but the merchant saw it all, and with tears in his own eyes he blessed the boy, and then bade him go about his work.

The year passed away, and then another boy came to take Gilbert's place, for the latter took his station in the counting-room. But the new boy came not as boys had come before. The merchant promised to pay him so much per week, enough for all practical purposes—and then he felt that he should not be responsible for the boys honesty.

At the age of seventeen, Gilbert Goodwin took the place of one of the assistant book-keepers, and at the age of nineteen he took his place at the head of the counting-room—for, to an aptness at figures and an unwiring application to his duty, he added a strength of moral integrity, which made his services almost invaluable.

And now he has grown up to be a man, and the bright eyed girl who was so intimately connected with that one dark hour of his life has been his wife for several years. He is still in the house of Mr. Phelps, and occupies the position of business partner, the old merchant having given up work, and now trusting all to his youthful associate. Gilbert Goodwin has seen many young men fall, and he has often shuddered in view of the wide road to temptation which is open to many more, and he has made one of the rules of his life, that he will have no persons in his employ to whom he cannot afford to pay a sum sufficient to remove them from inevitable destruction.

FATHER GAVAZZI ON OUR NEW ALLY.

On Tuesday evening last, the Italian patriot, Allessandro Gavazzi, delivered an able and eloquent lecture in Plymouth, on Italian Independence. The hall was crowded and the lecture was listened to with marked attention and interest.

Signor Gavazzi, on presenting himself, was received with loud applause. He said that where God had assigned any people a portion of this earth within which to dwell, so that by natural boundaries and geographical position they were distinct amongst themselves, the people within those limits had a right to form a distinct, separate, and independent nation. That being so, the Italian people had a perfect right to Italy—and to be governed by Italian laws and Italian rulers, and not by barbarians. If certain strangers to the land came to Italy for the purpose of seeking pure air or health, they would be welcomed, and if they were there for the purpose of oppressing and harrassing the Italians, or of supporting the pretensions and demands of despots, they had no right to be there. Therefore, when they found Swiss mercenaries in Italy selling their services and their lives to Italian despots for a few shillings each, he asked these men, who were a dishonour to their country—a disgrace to republican Switzerland—what had they to do in Italy—what in Naples!—what in Rome! Go back to the country which they had disgraced and dishonoured. Then there were the Austrians! Did they speak the Italian language? No, thank God, they did not; and, therefore, they ought not to be sent back to Austria. Did Frenchmen speak the Italian language? No; and therefore they must go back to France. They must be just. They called the Austrians oppressors of the Italian people, but the French were no better. What had the French to do in his dear country? Did the Italians ask a French army to be sent in 1848? No; they went there of their own free will. The Austrians then were barbarians for they oppressed Italy with galling severity; but yet, in 1848 and 1849 the French—who boasted of taking the lead in European civilisation, and of being the supporters of human liberties—invaded Italy for the purpose of oppressing the Italian people, and were they not therefore, equally barbarous with the Austrians? Let him allude briefly to the barbarous invasion of Rome by the French. They came to Rome in 1848 and 1849, under the pretence of conciliating and protecting the Roman people, and they were to ascertain particularly whether the Italian people were gratified with their government. That was the effect of a proclamation issued by the French General to the Romans, whilst at that that very time he had in his pocket the command of his government to take Rome either by stratagem or force. Such was the conduct of France—liberal, enlightened France. (Applause.) What he meant by Italian independence, was Italy for the Italians—Italy freed from barbarians, brigands, and oppressors. (Applause.) The Romans gave civilisation to the ancient Britons, but could Italians obtain civilisation from the Austrians? Could the land of Tasso, of Alfieri, of Dante, of Petrarch, of Boccacio, of Raphael, of Claude, of Michael Angelo, of Galileo, obtain civilisation from Austria? No, no. Austria could only give what she possessed—the cask could only yield the wine it contained, and barbaric Austria could only give barbarism to Italy. (Applause.) They could not expect any thing else from such dirty, grease-smelling, candle-eating fellows. Civilisation from Austria! Oh! oh! (Roars of laughter and applause.) Seek the song of the nightingale from the ass; seek to get Christianity from Satan, rather than seek for civilisation from Austria. (Cheers.) He referred to speech of Lord John Russell in the House of Commons last session, in which he expressed an opinion that Austria would do well to display a little more humanity in her rule and government. His lordship was a great friend and admirer of Austria, and, therefore, when they found one thief accusing another, they must come to the conclusion that one must be very bad. Everybody in England knew that the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom formed the 7th part of the Austrian Empire, but every one might not know that Lombardy furnished one third part of the Austrian income. And they were all too good arithmeticians not to know that when a people who should only pay one-seventh of the taxes, &c., of an empire, were compelled to contribute one-third, they were overcharged. Thus Austria proved herself an oppressor and a public robber. (Hear, hear.) But she was also a private robber. She had sequestered the estates of the nobles of Italy, and taken them into her own possession in spite of the remonstrances of Sardinia and of all principles of law and right. But Austria was not satisfied with robbing the Italian nobles of their estates, she now tried to rob Italy of the best portion of its nationality—of its language. She had promulgated a decree to the effect that the Italian language should no longer be taught in the schools in the Lombardo-Venetian States, and that the Austrian language should be substituted. He thanked God, however, the Italian people would not submit to that. (Applause.) What, were they to be robbed of the language of Tasso, of Dante, Petrarch, of Boccacio! No, no; and they believed in Italy, that before 1860 arrived, not only would they not lose the Italian language, but that they should have got rid of the Austrian barbarians. (Applause.) The Italian people did not want English blood, English soldiers, or English money; all they asked for was their sympathy, and that they, when the struggle commenced, would urge upon their government the necessity of respecting the rights of others. Let them not insult Italy because she happened now to be downcast. She had revived on two former occasions and she was preparing for her third revival. Italy was in a similitude of death, waiting for the opportunity—for that glorious moment when she would free herself, and might God prosper her. As regarded himself he avowed his determination, when the moment came, to go back to his own country with the Bible in his right hand and the tricolour in his left, as a Christian crusader, and fight against the enemies of his country—against the Pope and Popery, till one was free and the other banished from the Italian soil. (Loud cheers.)

At the conclusion, a gentleman in the body of the hall proposed a resolution to the following effect:—'That this meeting deeply sympathise with the people of Italy in their present situation, and hope that the day is not far distant when she will throw off her oppressors.'—This was put and carried unanimously amid loud cheers.

The Great American Experiment.—It is a discouraging fact, that what our fathers were wont to call the "experiment" of Republican government in the United States of America, in the sense originally intended, remains as much an experiment as ever. The Union cannot be fairly called a Democratic Republic in the sense so clearly expressed in the Declaration of Independence, since it contains so fewer than fifteen States where three millions of men are held in bondage. None of the founders of the Republic, it may be safely averred, contains no fewer than fifteen States where three millions of men are held in bondage. None of the founders of the Republic, it may be safely averred, contemplated this vast extension of slavery. On the contrary, when they uttered their Declaration of Independence and founded their Constitution, they fondly believed that slavery would die out; rightly holding that it was a stain upon Republican institutions—that it was a dreadful encumberance left on the land by Monarchical England, to be cleared off as speedily as possible. But how changed is the aspect of the Union since 1781; how completely the intention of the founders of the United States have been perverted; how vigorously that which they desired to destroy has grown and flourished and overspread the land! There is hardly anywhere a more conspicuous example of the difference between the design and its fulfilment. The question of questions is now not how slavery may be got rid of, but how its still further extension may be checked.—*Spectator.*

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

From the Illustrated London News.

Who, in the councils of the Emperor of the French is the traitor to the interests and cause of England and the Anglo-French alliance? Where shall we look for the man who endeavours to sow disunion between the Imperial master and the government of this country? Who is the person with Russian sympathies and of Sclavonic origin and name—who prior and subsequent to the hasty and ill-considered Treaty of Paris, has invariably used his influence and his abilities on behalf of Russian interests? Who is the minister of France who endeavoured to destroy the liberty of the press in Belgium, and to a certain extent succeeded? Who is the man that hates free discussion in England, and tried, through the columns of the *Moniteur*, to bully the press which he was unable either to bribe or coerce? There is but one man in the councils of the Emperor Napoleon to whom this description will apply, and that is M. Walewski, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The attack upon this country, consequent upon the change of ministry in Turkey, which, under the avowed auspicies of the French Foreign office, has been permitted to appear in the *Constitutionnel*, is only one proof among a hundred, of the animus of M. Walewski, and of the feelings which he permits himself to entertain and to express with regard to an alliance which is the safety of France and the hope of Europe. Such an article in an English newspaper would signify nothing but the personal views of the writer, but in a French newspaper, where no opinion can be expressed upon a political question without the sanction of the Government, an article in a public journal assumes the significancy of a diplomatic document. All who wish the alliance of France and England to be cordial and permanent, must disapprove of the conduct of a minister who, either ignorantly or wilfully weakens or imperils that alliance by his policy either towards England or Russia. It was no secret, even before the *Constitutionnel*, under the orders of M. Walewski, undertook to enlighten the world on the subject, that there has been a misunderstanding between the British and French Governments on the question of the non-fulfilment, by Russia, of the stipulation of the Treaty of Paris. The bad faith of Russia is as patent now as her ruthless ambition was when her armies crossed the Pruth, and when her cowardly fleet destroyed the Turkish squadron at Sinope. Russia has quibbled and prevaricated, and attempted, in defiance of the Treaty of Paris, to retain possession of Bolgard and the Island of Serpents—stations that would give her the mastery of the Danube and of the Black Sea. France under the influence of M. Walewski, who, it appears, is to receive from the Czar, as a reward of his zealous services, the confiscated Polish estates of his family, has insisted that these matters were of small moment. England, on the contrary, has insisted that they were of the highest importance; and that rather than concede them to Russia, and so stultify itself in the eyes of the world, and prove that it had expended in vain its hard-earned treasure and the precious blood of one of the noblest armies that ever fought in the cause of justice and independence, it would again buckle on the armour and fight out the good fight which he had left unfinished. We cannot but believe that the Emperor of the French is, or will be, of the same opinion. It is the opinion, not only of the Government and people of England, but of Turkey—the party most interested—and of Austria, which has a vital interest in the freedom of the Danube. It is the opinion, we venture to assert, of all the States and kingdoms of civilized Europe which are not under the influence of Russia. If the people of England could imagine for a moment that Napoleon III. was not thoroughly convinced of the policy and necessity of holding Russia to the strictest fulfilment of the engagements she contracted by the late Treaty, the Anglo-French alliance would be most indubitably weakened. If that alliance is to continue, as we most fervently hope it will, there must be no truckling to Russia in this matter. France must support, by her words and by her deeds, the same wise and courageous policy which led to the war, and which carried it to the glories of the Alma, and of Inkermann, to the final capture of Sebastopol. The British and French nations have learned to love each other from perils undergone and glory acquired in common. They are united by the strongest links of mutual self-interest, by social intercourse, by contiguity, and by a daily increasing commerce. Yet it would be idle to deny that, within the last few weeks, the English people have begun to look with more or less distrust upon the policy of the French Emperor and of the persons who form his court and cabinet. To restore the confidence of the English people there needs the dismissal of M. Walewski. As long as he continues to direct the Foreign Affairs of France there is reason to fear that Russia will be emboldened to break faith, England and France estranged, and Europe kept on the verge of war and revolution.

The *Portugal* of the 16th ult. states that George Brogen, who was recently tried at Cobourg, for the shooting of Thomas Henderson, and acquited, passed through that city on his way to a permanent home in the Western States, a broken down and wretched man. Few matters of more melancholy interest have ever transpired in Canada than this "Brogden case." It is a sad instance of what vast mischief may ensue from the mere act of one unprincipled villian. Brogden is but a young man about twenty-five, and previous to the destruction of his peace by the Italian treachery of one he confided in as a friend, his worldly prospects were bright. What now? His wife is an outcast, his destroyer fills a dishonoured grave, sent thereunto by his hand, and he himself a wanderer in a strange land.

Did the law but render the act of Henderson criminal, involving severe penalty, it is possible that Brogden were now guiltless of his blood, but the injured one had the option of a civil action involving but a monetary penalty, and the administration of personal chastisement himself. He chose the latter, for what sensitive man would set the honour of his wife at a nominal price in money. The verdict of "not guilty," in the trial, was certainly a singular one, in the face of positive evidence, but it serves to show the strong feeling that animated the people among whom the circumstances were known, and does credit to their hearts, though ignoring a fact in law.

THE NAUTILUS.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.

On Thursday, we went to Glen Cove to witness the operations of the Nautilus—not the famous little navigator of Southern Seas, of whose pearly bark and purple sails so much has been said and sung,—but a great iron diving machine, used for exploring the beds of rivers, laying the foundations of huge sea walls and breakwaters, and for a variety of other submarine operations, which has been very happily named after the little shell fish. This wonderful machine, like the Nautilus, is so constructed that it may be raised to the surface or lowered to the bottom of the water at the will of the operater within. Unlike the antiquated diving bell it may be held in suspension in mid-water, by its own specific gravity, and moved to and fro, from right to left, forward or backward, according to the requirements of the work in progress. Expensive hoisting tackle, and the labour of lifting the bell out of the water, are entirely dispensed with; it quietly does its own work, lifting and lowering immense masses under water, with no other assistance from the outward world than a plentiful supply of compressed air to keep its lungs in play. Such were a few of the capabilities of this wonderful machine, as stated last winter before the New York Geographical Society. At the invitation of Major Sears, the talented inventor, a large company of ladies and gentlemen, —among them many eminent in the scientific world—of this city, yesterday took the steam boat Champion, at Peck Slip, for a pleasant trip to Glen Cove, to witness the practical operations of the diving machine.

If the day had been made expressly for the occasion the weather could not have been more propitious; and the company seemed to enjoy the excursion with a keen relish. On the way to the Cove, Major Sears, by means of working models, explained to the assemblage the leading features of his invention, and its adaptability to every variety of submarine operations. We condense his remarks into the following statement:—

The Nautilus is entirely independent of suspension, thus obviating the difficulty inherent in all submarine machines which have hitherto attained to any practical value. It may, therefore, be used in the current or sea-way without danger. It is entirely under the control of the operator within. The preponderance of air or water within certain chambers in the machine, which is controlled by the operator inside, causes it to rise or sink to any point at pleasure. The preponderance of air, and consequent expulsion of water while below, will cause it to exert a lifting force equal to the amount of water thrown out. By this means stones or other weights may be hitted clear of the bottom, and either brought to the surface or carried to any point which may be desired, and there deposited. The operators walking on the bottom move the machine and suspended mass, in a current-way cables placed for the purpose, and every facility of movement. The time required to lift a weight of five tons is but one minute. Going down on a rock drill worked by compressed air performs the same operations as in the quarry. By an arrangement in the side, eye-bolts may be placed in the sides of sunken vessels, to which canals being applied the vessels may be returned, at once, to the surface, the air-pumps connected with the machine throwing an sufficient to lift a 2,000 ton ship in two hours, or 100,000 cubic feet of air per hour. The Nautilus, by its power of locomotion on the bottom is admirably adapted to pearl and coral as well as sponge fishing. For, being in contact with the objects below, as fast as they are gathered, they may be sent through the bottom of the machine attached to buoys charged with air to the surface, where they are taken on board the attending vessels. With this machine the beds of auriferous rivers may be thoroughly explored, as digging can be performed, and the sand raised, either below or on the surface. The Nautilus can descend to sunken vessels containing treasure, and by blasting with light charges, or by cutting, remove the decks until the position of the object sought for has been ascertained. If the vessel should have become filled with sand, it may be removed with ease. Work for engineering may be carried on under water during the whole twenty-four hours, as by an arrangement for illuminating the water, operations by night are more efficient even than by day. But its greatest value consists in its adaptability for cutting off piles, laying the foundations of piers, sea-walls for fortifications, and all kinds of submarine masonry. Under the present system, the cost of submarine masonry averages more than sixteen cents a cubic foot; these machines can perform ten times the amount of work possible with the old diving bell, in a given time, and at a cost of from one to two cents a cubic foot. (Great applause.)

Arrived at Glen Cove, we saw the Nautilus floating in the water and anchored at four points, with a sweep of several hundred feet in every direction. The machine is made of stout boiler iron and much resembles a vast tea kettle without spout or handle, its interior illuminated through little glass plates in the roof. It is about twelve feet in diameter and eight feet deep, and its interior is divided into one large centre apartment for the operators and others, and several smaller chambers for air and water, according to the degree of buoyancy required.

After the inventor had made a descent, a company of gentlemen, detailed by the Navy Department at Washington to inspect the operations of the Nautilus, descended. After hooking on a stone of five tons at the bottom of the Cove, the machine returned to the surface with its burden in four minutes and a half, blowing and spouting like a veritable sea monster. Then by the agency of the cables which were rove through blocks on the outside of the machine, and passed through holes in the bottom, the operators moved it along some twenty or thirty feet through the water, and then descended and deposited the stone on the bottom, occupying altogether, for the operation, from the time of the first descent to the second ascent, but nine minutes and thirty seconds.

The machine is supplied with compressed air from a large metal reservoir on a vessel in attendance. This reservoir is kept constantly full by means of a small steam forcing pump, and connects with the machine by a tube of Indian rubber, lined with coiled wire, and cased in Russian duck. Passengers to the realms of Neptune step from the boats upon a small iron platform which extends around the top of the machine, and then through a hole in the top, down a ladder, into the interior of the kettle. It is rather oppressive at first. As a dozen persons crowd into the little chamber, vague ideas of suffocation will present themselves and long before the cover is let down you experience a sensation of oppression on the lungs. The cover is let down and screwed securely, the operator opens a valve and admits the condensed air, which rushes in with a noise like the blowing off of steam, and forthwith the tympanums of the ears seem caving in under the pressure. This sensation may be overcome by making efforts to swallow. By admitting a little water into the side chambers, we descend to the bottom in a second—a distance of twenty-two feet—without being conscious of the fact. It is almost as light there as in the world above; and the pressure on the ears having subsided, all begin to feel merry jolly. A bottle of champagne is produced, the engineer opens the bottom of the machine and steps out upon the sand; shells are gathered and distributed, the health of the saline deity is drunk. A wave passes, the bottom closed again, a little more air, and a great deal of pressure on the ears, and, presto! we are in the upper world again.

Large numbers of ladies and gentlemen made the descent, and pronounced themselves much pleased with their experience. The operations are quite safe and entirely under the control of the engineer. To us it seems scarcely possible that any fatal casualty could occur, with ordinary care.

The Glasgow *Herald* says:—We are informed that the minister of an Established Church has intimated from the pulpit that, in compliance with the expressed wishes of a number of his congregation, he would introduce a new system of church service. It was thought that kneeling was the natural and proper way of conducting devotional exercises. He would, therefore, allow all who felt so inclined to kneel at prayers, and, on the other hand, to stand during the psalmody. During the singing, accordingly, the whole congregation stood, and during the prayer they all knelt, with the exception of ten or twelve.

The Bessemer process has been satisfactorily tested at Wolverhampton. We find in the *Engineer*:—"On Tuesday last, a piece of one of the bars made at Woolwich, from iron refined by Bessemer's process, was heated and rolled out to a thin sheet at one of the Wolverhampton mills.—With a view to its being rolled yet thinner, the sheet was then doubled, again heated, and again rolled, when it came out duplicate pieces of No. 23 gauze, twelve inches long by about four inches wide. These were then annealed in the manner customary in the finishing of sheets so thin, and when cold were submitted to the following very severe test: They were taken to a tobacco-box maker in the same town, and still cold, were punched out to the required shape for such an article. Operated upon first lengthwise and then across, the resistance was the same—perfect. It seemed as ductile as a piece of good block tin. In the words of the workmen conducting the operation, 'it was as tough as leather.' The box was completed and the burnishing tool applied, when a polish was produced that, if the process had been continued a little while longer, would have equalled the polish of steel. 'A better bit of iron,' the operator said, 'I never worked.'"

The Chronicle.

Saint John, N. B., Dec. 12, 1856.

In our last we offered some remarks upon the present condition of this Province, and expressed our entire confidence in the Government now in office. Since their accession they have gained friends on all sides, and are now far stronger than they were when they first assumed the responsibility of governing the country and applying remedies to the disorders which the weakness and incapacity of their predecessors had created. Their policy, hitherto, has been that of statesmen anxious to promote the public welfare, and all their movements have shown that they possess those essential elements of a vigorous and successful management of affairs,—unanimity of opinion and decision in carrying out their plans. Without saddling the country with the burden of an unnecessary expenditure for the salaries and contingencies of a Railway Board, they have done, in a comparatively inexpensive manner, all that the best set of commissioners likely to be obtained could have done. It is true that this neglect to carry out the exact scheme chalked out by the Fisher Administration drew down upon their devoted heads the severe censures and the wrathful denunciations of the select clique, who arrogate to themselves the sole title to that much abused and delusive name of *Liberals*. The *Courier* talked gravely about the parallelism between the plain business-like doings of our Executive, and the selfish despotism of the Stuarts. Some superlative Radicals, esteemed as oracles among their brethren, and deeply versed in parliamentary precedents and constitutional law, actually worked themselves up into the belief, that the advisers of His Excellency—if not His Excellency also—could be, and ought to be impeached!

If they had known how to frame an impeachment, the next step, which we presume, would have followed upon its inevitable failure, would have been nothing less than a revolution—the last desperate remedy which the legally, or the illegally oppressed have it in their power to apply. But the good sense of the people at large, which has, with admirable unanimity, and that too, not the unanimity of indifference, but of active and spontaneous approval, ratified the course taken by the Government, has quietly settled the whole question, and put an end to all the wordy dissertations upon constitutional principles and historical parallels.

The opposition has thus been reduced to mere personal attacks on the private characters and acts of the members of our Executive, and the true spirit of those styled by themselves and their organs *Liberals* is now finding vent in effusions disgraceful to the party (?) and offensive to the eyes and ears of the great bulk of the community.

If the Radical leaders are to have a chance of realizing their ambitious desires, and working themselves into office again at any time during the life time of the present generation, they must assume some new name, discover some fresh grand principles of reform, demonstrate that we and our institutions are, for the fiftieth time, once more in a *transition state*, and invent some original juggling process of proving that they only are the favored possessors of profound constitutional knowledge and administrative capacity. We do not know what deep abstract principles may yet lie hidden in our political frame. But we take it for granted that some such thing will be found out in due course of time, to suit the urgent necessities of a rising set of adventurers.

Meanwhile, we honestly think that matters are going on pretty well with us, and that if the policy which has been adopted by our Government be persevered in, with a becoming energy and firmness, we shall all see the results in the increase of our population, and in a development of our resources as rapid as is consistent with safety.

While we are writing we have been supplied with other evidence of the earnest manner in which the business of the country is being conducted. A new Land and Immigration Scheme, under the form of Regulations, passed in Council for the sale of public lands in different parts of the Province to actual settlers, has just been published. We give in this number, as other papers have given, the full details of this scheme, and we invite the serious attention of all our readers to its provisions. Simple as these Regulations may appear to be, the scheme is really one of a most important character, in which we, as well as after settlers in the colony, are deeply interested. We have examined the Regulations, and are well convinced that if they are fairly tried, and efficiently carried out, they will be of vast benefit both to immigrants and to our present inhabitants. It has been objected to some of the provisions of this scheme that it requires the actual settler on public lands to pay the purchase money immediately upon coming into possession of his lot; and some persons are ready to complain because lands are not offered gratuitously to those who are willing to come here and cultivate them. It might, perhaps, be an improvement to give actual settlers some little time to pay up the purchase money in. Even in this point, however, we have some doubt, whether the purposed regulations are not, after all, better than any credit system. We believe that the consequences of that system of disposing of wilderness lands has not been productive of the anticipated beneficial results hitherto. It would have been, we are convinced, far better for many of the settlers themselves, if they had had to pay more promptly for their farms, and the legislature would have been better able to open up the remaining wilderness to cultivation by making large and more systematic appropriations for the construction of good roads and bridges.

To us the reasons in favor of a system which sells the public lands at an upset price seems very plain and clear. The price at which our lands are offered is very low—almost nominal,—and every penny of the proceeds from those sales, and more money besides, will be required to survey the blocks of lots, to lay out and make roads, and keep them in repair. Indeed, the scheme which has been brought forward, contemplates a systematic and continuous expenditure for these purposes; and if only fair, as well as prudent, to make the lands themselves meet as far as possible the actual outlay which will have to be incurred on their account.

Besides, the class of actual settlers which it is advisable to introduce into this country consists of those who are able and willing to pay something for a good freehold property, to which they shall have a good title for themselves and for their children. The demand for mere labour can generally be supplied without the introduction of a plan for settling the wild lands of a new country; nor is any such plan likely to prove a very strong inducement to emigrants who have no capital but their own hands. Such persons, when intending to emigrate from the old countries, look mainly to the rate of wages paid for labour in the cities and towns of the colony they think of going to. And the very moment they find a stronger inducement in the shape of higher wages, in another country, they are ready to leave the place at which they first stop. The immigrants we require are *actual settlers*, men who have some knowledge of farming and some little capital to invest in the business; men who will form an integral and stable portion of the community, and will have a fixed interest in the soil.

[*By Telegraph to the News Room*]

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE—ARRIVAL OF THE "ATLANTIC."

New York, Dec. 9.

The Atlantic from Liverpool, Nov. 26th, arrived at noon.

General news was unimportant.

The Asia arrived out on the 22nd.

Markets unusually dull, and exhibit no change since the sailing of the Arabia.

Bullion continues to increase in the Bank of England, and money market easier.

Console, 94 7-8.

The Eleanor, T. S. Perley, from St. John, arrived at Liverpool.

The Quarter Sessions.—Hon. Mr. Simonds gave notice, that on Saturday he would move that the appointment of John Murray, to prevent saw dust, &c., being thrown into the river above the falls, be rescinded, and the resolution to pay him a salary of £10, be rescinded or expunged. He stated briefly as his reasons for this, that the appointment was illegal; that they had no power to appropriate any portion of the assessment for the payment of his salary, and that if they did so, this would vitiate the whole assessment, and any one may refuse to pay his taxes. He would refuse himself and try the question, for he was determined that no irresponsible body should exercise that most important sort of legislation—the imposition of taxes. No one should tax the people but those whom the people elected for that purpose. The people were not represented at that Board; had no voice in the appointment of its members, and had never entrusted them with such powers. They had no right to appoint any officers but those whom the law directed them to appoint, nor authority to impose any taxes except those which the representatives of the people specifically empowered them to levy.

The Recorder said that it was very desirable to have such an officer, and he thought he may be paid out of the fines, but Mr. Simonds was quite correct in saying that he could not legally be paid out of the contingent fund. If the Sessions could appoint an officer with a salary of £10, they could appoint one of £100. Another difficulty as stated was that the law required the fines to be paid into the contingent fund.

Hon. Mr. Simonds gave notice of another motion, to the effect, that measures be taken to have a Provincial officer appointed to prevent injury to the navigation of the river, &c. He thought this was a Provincial purpose.

The Mayor said that there was now a law to authorize such an appointment, and a memorial presented by Mr. M'Avity, informed the Board (we believe for the first time) that Mr. Murray is a Fish Warden.

The Recorder said this was putting the appointment in entirely a new light.

The law was looked up, and the power to appoint a Fish Warden was plain, but Mr. Simonds and the Recorder were both astonished to find Mr Murray's appointment put on such a footing.—The Mayor spoke on the subject, but we could not understand whether he said that Mr. Murray had been appointed by the Government, or would, or could be appointed Fish Warden, and get the £10 a year, provided for by law, when the County paid him £10. The matter lies over for further consideration.

Complaints were made of the poor attendance of Justices at the sessions, except when some special subject, such as the license question, attracted them. Some Magistrates never came at all, and the majority very rarely. Of the 76 Queen's justices only three attended to-day, and the Mayor and others said that the names of those who never attended should be struck off the roll. The mayor said their non-attendance was in a great measure owing to the fact that men were generally made Magistrates when too old for public business, and fit for nothing else. Hon Mr. Simonds did not quite agree with this. He was himself an old man (Mr. Fisher said he was in his dotage,) but he attended regularly.

R. Bowes, Esq., drew attention to the extraordinary fact that the number of Surveyors of Highways is alarmingly on the increase. To avoid doing road work persons get themselves elected, and there are now in the Parish of Simonds alone 58 Surveyors and 108 officers in all, and no doubt they would have many more next election as there was no limit. He knew of an instance where two persons in one house were elected, and instances where parties proposed themselves. He thought the late act empowered the Sessions to fix a limit to the number, and he proposed that it should be done. The Recorder on looking at the law, said it empowered the Sessions actually to appoint, but doing this would be regarded as an interference with the rights of the electors, and was not advisable. Nothing therefore was done.—*Freeman of Tuesday.*

Our readers will recollect that a bill to legalize synodical meetings of the clergy and laity of the Church of England in Canada, passed both branches of the Legislature of that Province at its last session, but was specially reserved by the Governor General for her Majesty's consideration. The friends of the measure were highly indignant that his Excellency should have pursued this course; the bill was brought forward, they argued, at the suggestion of the Imperial authorities, and it was therefore an unnecessary exercise of power. It appears now that the Governor General was right. The Queen has withheld her sanction to the bill, and it is consequently a dead letter. We may add however, for the consolation of our synodical friends, that a bill on the subject, to apply to all the colonies, is under the consideration of her Majesty's Government, and is to be introduced into the next session of Parliament.—*Church Witness.*

The second lecture of the course before the Young Men's Christian Association, was delivered by the Hon. W. B. Kinnear at the Institute on Thursday last, on "The love of reading in connection with moral improvement." The subject was treated, we are informed, in an able and interesting manner. The next lecture will be delivered on the 18th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Botterill, on "Amos Lawrence."—*Ib.*

Plans have been prepared by Mr. Tomlinson, of the proposed bridge across Courtenay Bay. The estimated cost of the undertaking is £16,000. We trust that the gentlemen who obtained an Act of Incorporation of a Company to prosecute this work will now take it in hand at once, or else abandon it, and let the Corporation of the City proceed with it—for the bridge must be built.—*Ib.*

The New Church, Exmouth Street.—A very handsome quarto English Bible, suitably and elegantly inscribed, has been presented to the Trustees of this Church, by Mr. H. Furnas, of Boston, but formerly of this city. This appropriate donation, transmitted to the Rev. C. Stewart, was accompanied by the expression of such christian and patriotic sentiments as do the writer honour. The bible will be placed on the table of the Bazaar in Germain street, on the 17th and 18th inst.—*News*