THE PROTECTOR

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

(For the Protector.)

ON A LADY LEAVING PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

When far from the Isle where thy friends are all dwelling,
And strangers look cold on the face that we love—
While glistens thine eye from thy heart's deepest welling,
Yet smile 'mid thy tears, for thy Saviour's above.

Soon life's battle will end, with its cares and its sorrow,
Its brief blinks of pleasure, its hopes and its pain;
But there awaits for the just a glorious bright morrow,
Where friends that were sunder'd will yet meet again.

In that better land, where thy Saviour's preparing
Those mansions of bliss that will never decay,
Where, by clear crystal streams, are ever repairing
The lov'd of the past, re-united for aye.

Then, O, wipe from thine eyes those tears now revealing
How dear were the friends from whom thou didst part,
And patiently trust to thy God for thy healing,
And He will protect thee wherever thou art.

But when rapt in devotion, thy prayer is ascending,
O, bear me in mind at the Throne of all Grace,
Where the great and the good of ages are bending,
And joy that is God-lit beams out from each face.

The heart sorely crush'd will sink in its sadness,
And sorrow will meet us wherever we roam;
But the eyes that of old brought us sunshine and gladness,
Will smile on us yet, and welcome us home.

Go, strong in thy faith, then, on God's word relying,
Though dark clouds now lower, yet all shall be well;
Here the soul, looking out from its prison, is sighing
For realms where unheard is a parting farewell.

Charlottetown Royalty, June 1857.

TALK OF THE ROAD.

THE REAPERS AND LABOURERS.

Pat and Jem have been so busy reaping they had little time to talk, but we have heard something of them. But before we tell it, we would like to say how they came to be hired, for we think it would be good for every farmer and labourer in Ireland to know.

They went, like the rest of the boys, before five o'clock in the morning, to the big tree, in the town near them; and a couple of farmers were going to the big tree, too, to look for men. One was Mr. Nulty—a fine, free-spoken man, with a pleasant face, and a thriving man he is too. The other was old Mr. Barnes, who ought to be more of a gentleman than Nulty, for he was come of a good family in the country, and he had a property of his own that he farmed; but he was a hard man, and what the Irish call "an ould nigger." And the two felk in on the road; and Mr. Barnes began to grumble, "and it's enough to fret a man," said he, "so it is, to be giving them fellows twenty pence a day."

"Why," said Mr. Nulty, "I paid my men twenty-two pence yesterday, and I paid it willing." And so old Mr. Barnes stopped and faced round at Nulty.

"You have paid it willing!" says he.

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Nulty, "and I always do; for I find that willing wages make willing men."

"Ay," said Mr. Barnes, "that's the way you're always raising the wages on us."

"I find it cheaper, as well as pleasanter," said Mr. Nulty, "and I'll bet you sixpence I had my reaping cheaper yesterday than you had."

So, when they came to calculate, they found Mr. Nulty had got his reaping done one and sixpence an acre cheaper, at twenty-two pence, than Mr. Barnes had at twenty pence.

"I learned that from a farmer in England," said Mr. Nulty; "he paid his men twelve shillings a week; and when I came to count what his men did, I found he had his work done cheaper than I had here at tenpence a day; and since that, I find that better wages buys labour cheaper. And it stands to reason; for if men find a fair advantage in being good labourers, they will strive to become better still. So I give a penny or two pence more than another, and get the best men: and that makes them better still, and willing men into the bargain.

But Mr. Barnes only grumbled the more, and would not give in; and when they were near the tree, Mr. Nulty stopped to speak to a neighbour, and Mr. Barnes went on to the tree, where Pat and Jem were standing among the boys. So Mr. Barnes said—"Boys, I'll give eighteen pence to-day, though it's a deal too much."

"Oh, sir," said Pat, "sure you would not be that hard on poor fellows that's often without work, and has nothing but the big tree to depend to."

"Well," said Mr. Barnes, "try if you can make any more out of the tree." And he went on as if he would not hire them.

"Oh, the hungry beggar," said Tim Rielly, who was standing by.

So Mr. Nulty came on, and "Boys," says he, "I want thirty men, and I'll do what is fair; will you come?"

"That we will, sir," said Pat, "and leave the wages to yourself, and do our best."

And they all said the same, for every man knew Mr. Nulty's way; and so Mr. Nulty chose his thirty men, and Pat and Jem among them. And when he got on his horse, he said—

"Now, boys, handle yourselves, and let me see what you'll do, for men are getting mighty scarce in this country; and they will be scarcer yet than ever they were; and we will have to take to the English fashion before long, and every man will have to learn to do double work for double wages, all the year round; and the sooner the better; for that will be better in the end for both master and man."

So he rode off, and his men after him, as fast as they could; and more farmers came in, and wages rose to two shillings; and old Mr. Barnes waited to the last, and had to give two shillings, and got the worst men in the place, and men that would not even be as willing to work for him as for another.

So Pat and Jem started together, for they had a mile to walk.

"And sure enough," said Jem, "the boys are getting mighty scarce, where there once was plenty; I wonder did the like ever happen in the world before."

"Well, now," said Pat, "I mind our Saviour Jesus Christ speaking of the labourers being mighty scarce in harvest when he was upon earth"

"Well, I mind that too," said Jem, "for I read about it; and now I wonder," said he, "what that meant; he said, sure enough, there was a great harvest, and not half people to reap it. And was it the oats he was meaning? For ever since that day we were talking about the stone, and the praty, and the hen, I'm still thinking, when our Saviour talked of the like of them things, he was meaning something else that we ought to learn, and just taking a plain way to teach us."

"Well, I believe that's true, surely," said Pat; "but what could he mean about the harvest, and nobody to cut it?"

"I mind now," said Jem, "that I read that the harvest is the end of the world, and the angels are the reapers. But how could that be, that there were no labourers? Sure it can't mean that God has not angels enough to do what he wanted."

"It couldn't be that," said Pat; "but what can it be?"

So they turned it every way, and could make nothing of the harvest that wanted hands to cut it. And by this time they were at Mr. Nulty's field, for they walked fast.

"So," said Pat, "I wish I had my Bible with me, and we would try and make it out at dinner time."

"Well, I have mine," said Jem, "for it is small and handy, and fits in my pocket, so we will try it at dinner time."

And so they turned to, and did their best for Mr. Nulty. And as soon as they got through their dinner, Jem took out his Bible, and they began to look for it.

"I have it here," said Jem, "it's the last two verses of the 9th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel;" and so he read—"Then saith he unto his disciples, the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest"*

"Now try," said Pat, "and find out where he was, and what he was doing, and then maybe we will see the meaning."

So Jem looked back a bit in the chapter. "I have that too," said Jem; "he was preaching the Gospel (v. 35), and when he saw the great crowd of people he had compassion on them, because he saw they were like sheep that had no one to look after them; and then he said it was a fine harvest, only the labourers was very few."

"Surely, then," said Pat, "the people was the harvest. But who were the labourers?"

"Stay now," said Jem, "I see a mark in the side of the page to look to St. Luke (chap. x., verses 1, 2). And there they found that our Lord sent seventy of his disciples to go before him into every city, and tell the people about the kingdom of God (v. 9); and then he said to them (v. 2), "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few."

"I see it now," said Pat. "The labourers were them that were to tell the people about Christ and the kingdom of God. Sure isn't it all plain now? Isn't there plenty of people in this field that knows as little about Christ as we did before we took to the reading! and maybe if any one would take the trouble to teach them, they would be as glad as ourselves to learn, for sure there is a deal of the boys that's not satisfied with Father John's ways, and that would be willing to learn better; and wouldn't that be the fine harvest! And isn't it the harvest that's losing for want of men to save it?"

"Well, if that isn't true," said Jem; "but where's the labourers? I wonder how it would be if the readers, that I hear is about Ballycarney, was to come down this way and try the people here. But sure enough that sort of labourers is few."

"'Deed and I think there is many would listen to them ready enough," said Pat, "if they came into their houses, in a quiet way, of an evening."

"And couldn't we get some of the neighbors to read with ourselves of an evening?" said Jem.

"Why, then, I think we might easy enough," said Pat, "and a good thing it would be; but, then, wouldn't Father John soon come to hear of that, and wouldn't he destroy us entirely? Why, even Mr. Nulty would hardly dare to employ us, if Father John was to give orders against it on the altar."

"Why, then," said Jem, "if the biggest thistle in Ireland was standing fornint me to-day, I wouldn't stop reaping for fear of pricking my fingers. And if ever we put our hand to Christ's harvest, we will have to face the thistles too; and if we go on reading ourselves, it will come to that sooner or later; and maybe, as Mr. Nulty says of double work, the sooner the better."

"Ay," said Pat, "there's a verse that troubles me often of late, where our Saviour says, that if we are ashamed of him before men, he will be ashamed of us before the angels of God; and, sure, that should make us face thistles and all. But do you think," said Pat, "that we will ever see such a harvest of people in Ireland?"

"It's my opinion," said Jem, "it's coming fast; and if the readers come down this way you'll see."

So the bell rung, and they were off to their work; and when evening came, Mr. Nulty paid them two shillings and twopence a man, for he always gave the height of the wages, and a little more; and very thankful his men were, and so was Mr. Nulty, for not a man in the parish had his reaping as cheap by the acre that day.

THE WORKING CLASSES OF GENOA.

Perhaps one of the best organised associations of the working classes in Genoa is that in the Strada Maddelena, called the Mutual Aid Association. About 6000 members are now inscribed on the lists; these constitute the general assembly, which hold weekly sittings to deliberate on the wants of the working classes, the condition and amelioration of the different trades, and the advancement of education. Besides these ordinary sittings, any ten members can convoke a special sitting for any special object. Each year the council, composed of president, vice president, and five councillors, is selected by universal suffrage, from the general assembly, and is charged with the execution of its deliberations. Women are admitted as members on equal terms with the men, and are eligible to fill any of the offices. Members on entering pledge themselves to obey the rules, and to lead the life of industrious and good citizens, to abstain from intemperance, disorderly conduct, and from gambling, especially in the royal lottery. The minimum contribution is 1d. per week, which sum may be doubled by the assembly. From this contribution are exempted all volunteers who may join a war of independence on behalf of any oppressed nation, also members laid aside by illness that does not proceed from drunkenness or other vices. These latter receive not less than half a franc for each day that they are disabled from working; and this sum may be increased to two francs, according to the necessities of the individual and the funds of the association.

In case of any dangerous illness, the council appoints one or more of the members to assist by turns in the care of the invalid. Members too old for labour, orphans under 14 years of age, and widows who are themselves, or whose husbands have been members for more than a year, are also entitled to such aid as they need and the funds allow of. The spirit of the association may be judged of from the following extracts from the *Regolamento*: "Art. 1. This association originated in the want universally felt by the working classes of intercourse among themselves and of fraternal relations with their fellow-citizens. This solidarity and communion of the people involved in the precept 'Thou shall love thy neighbour as thyself' forms the fundamental principle of the association. Art. 2. The special object of the association is to promote the education, the moral progress, and the material well-being of the working classes by means of mutual aid, in order that they may contribute efficiently towards the liberty and emancipation of their own country, and through their own country to other nations, &c."

And as far as I can yet judge the members are true to their programme. Social and material progress is regarded by them rather as a means to an end than in itself the goal. In the house belonging to the society are evening schools for the operatives, they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, and music. It was the writing hour when I visited them, and I was much amused to see tiny urchins just clear of pothooks and hangers, scrawling in text hand, "Italy is our country," "Until Italy is free we are slaves," &c. I put the question to several of them, "But how can Italy become free?" "We, her children, must fight for her," was the substance of all the answers, given as readily as a form of British school children would have replied to questions in the multiplication table.—*Genoa Letter in the Daily News.*

Gentleman and no Gentleman.—The late vicar of Sheffield, the Rev. Dr. Sutton, once said to the late Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon, "Mr. Peech, how is it you have not called upon me for your account?" "O," said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a *gentleman* for money." "Indeed!" said the vicar; "then how do you get on if he don't pay?" "Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude that he is *not* a *gentleman*, and then I ask him!"

* As Pat had not his Douay Bible at hand, we have compared all the verses in the two Bibles, and find the sense and meaning the same, only there is a little difference in some of the words.

SARDINIA.

It is scarcely ten years since the kingdom of Sardinia was an absolute monarchy, as ill governed and as oppressed as the other States of Italy, and in the same condition of moral subjection to the clergy of the Church of Rome. Within that brief period, by the moderation and ability of her rulers, and the energy of her people, she has risen to an importance among the independent and most enlightened nations of Europe, quite disproportionate to her territorial extent, and now enjoys an amount of civil and religious freedom, social order, good government, and material prosperity, which older and more powerful nations have vainly striven to establish, and which afford a striking contrast to the rest of Italy, where men dare not even whisper their thoughts, without running the risk of being hurried off to the scaffold or the dungeon.

A recent debate in the Sardinian Parliament relative to a proposition of the Government to remove the naval arsenals from their present position at Genoa to Spezzia, furnishes a good illustration of the aptness of the Sardinian people for self-government; of the dignity and moderation with which their representatives know how to deal with the most exciting questions; of the boldness with which they enunciate their views; and of the firmness, patriotism and due sense of their responsibility to the people and their sovereign, with which the Sardinian Ministers discharge the important duties entrusted to them. The question, although of merely local interest, aroused the feelings of the people to a considerable extent, and was debated for several days with great warmth on both sides, resulting ultimately in a majority of 40 in favour of the government. It brought out all the parties who are opposed to the Ministry and the present system of government, and exhibited the strength and nature of the opposition with which Count Cavour and his ministers have to contend. The reactionary party, who still adhere to the old despotic regime, and refuse to see anything good in popular institutions, accused him of being a revolutionist, and the fomenter of discontent throughout the Peninsula; the church party seized the opportunity to assail him, in revenge for the suppression of their power, and the emancipation of the people from the spiritual thraldom in which they were held; and besides these two despotic enemies of constitutional government, the advanced liberals, of the Mazzini school, reproached him for not openly making common cause with the Italian revolutionists, and throwing down the gauntlet to the despotic sovereigns of Italy. Against this combined assault of conflicting parties, conducted with perfect decorum, although there were plenty of hard knocks on both sides, Count Cavour defended himself and his policy with marked ability and success, particularly with reference to the reproach of faint-heartedness made against him because he did not constitute his country the champion of Italy, and provoke a war with Austria. The public conduct of Count Cavour, and his eloquent exposition of the grievances of Italy at the Congress of Paris, are sufficient guarantees for his patriotism as an Italian, and prove that he desires as ardently as any one to see the dark cloud pass away which now hangs over all the States of Italy, (except that to which he belongs himself) and see them free, united and happy as they deserve and ought to be. But as the head of the government of the King of Sardinia, responsible for the prosperity and safety of his country, and bound to observe faithfully the treaties and obligations of international comity which exist between Victor Emmanuel and other powers, his policy cannot be revolutionary,—as he very justly observed,—however liberal it may be. However deeply he may sympathize with the Lombards, the Romans, or the subjects of King Bomba, he cannot as the responsible adviser of a sovereign nominally at peace with the rulers of those people take steps to aid or encourage them in their revolutionary schemes. It is fortunate for the Sardinian, people in the present phase of their political existence, and in the embarrassing position in which they are placed with regard to the less fortunate people of Italy, who thrist for the liberty which they have won and enjoy, that they have a man like Count Cavour to direct and control them, and to protect them from jeopardising all that they have acquired by the energetic and patriotic labors of ten years. For a small country like Sardinia, with feeble finances, and an army only sufficient for defensive purposes, to enter the field against the powerful Empire of Austria, and all the sovereigns of Italy, for the redress of other's—not her own—wrongs, might be considered a very bold and chivalric measure, in the estimation of enthusiasts; certainly not warranted by self-interest, prudence or good sense. The consequences could hardly be otherwise than ruinous; because independently of the powerful active enemies, which she would have to fight, the moment she commenced hostilities she would lose the sympathies and moral support of those European governments who are now closely allied to her, and who would protect her from unprovoked insult or violence, but who would then regard her as a disturber of the public peace, to be left to the punishment which she brought on herself.

It promises well for the triumph of the present wisely regulated popular institutions in Sardinia over all the parties who aim at their destruction, that the reasoning of Count Cavour convinced a large majority of the Legislature of the prudence of his policy, and of the wisdom and force of the distinction contained in his remark, that "the policy of the government is liberal, but not revolutionary." The result of the debate is, on the whole, very gratifying to all those who take an interest in the liberties and progress of Sardinia, and as the London Morning *Herald* observes, "It is a happy reflection that there is at least one spot in unfortunate Italy where men may speak out their thoughts with boldness and in safety, under the sheltering ægis of a free constitution."

Relic of Antiquity.—The *Ballymena Observer* says:—A few days ago a curious specimen of the ancient Irish medders, or wooden drinking cups, used in this country in bygone ages, was found in Fenagh bog, a short distance from Ballymena. It stands about nine inches high; the hollow part is four inches square and four deep, and would contain fully a quart. It has a handle on one side, and the pedestal is shaped like a common goblet. The entire vessel, including the handle, has been carved or scooped out of solid oak, which remains sound, and in a perfect state of preservation. It is well worthy of inspection, and may be seen at the residence of Mr. William Arthurs, Harryville, Ballymena.

The Monster Blast at Holyhead.—This magnificent operation came off with complete success at twenty minutes past noon yesterday, when, with an aggregate charge of 21,000 pounds of powder, a section of Holyhead mountain, amounting in measurement to 160,000 tons of the hardest quartz rock, was dislodged. The most splendid sight was presented on the command 'Fire!' being given, when a section of the mountain upheaved and came over like an avalanche, leaving a space of 450 feet in length, 120 in height, and 60 in breath, as a witness to the successful application of powder as a moving agent. Nearly 10,000 visitors witnessed the operation.

The Roman Catholic Church at Jerusalem.—A letter from Jerusalem, of the 10th April, states that a few days before, mass was celebrated for the first time in the church of St. Anne, in that city, which was given up to the French some time ago by order of the Sultan. After mass, which was performed with some pomp, the Abbe Martin delivered a sermon, in which, after thanking the Emperor Napoleon for having got back the church, he insisted that the French ought to require the restoration of the church of St. Helen at Bethlehem, and of other sacred edifices which are either "audaciously usurped by the Greeks, or turned to profane abuses by the Turks." The mass was attended by the French pilgrims then in Jerusalem.

Beauties of Cold Water.—Mr. Gough, after his long experience occasioned by intoxicating drinks, is well qualified to speak of the worth of cold water. The following brilliant paragraph might almost convert a confirmed toper to temperance principles. Catching up from the table a tumbler filled with the sparkling crystal, he exclaims:

"Look at that, ye thirsty ones of earth! Behold it! See its purity! How it glitters, as if a mass of liquid gems! It is a beverage brewed by the hand of the Almighty himself! Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odours and rank corruptions doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high up the tall mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where storm-clouds brood and the thunder storms crash; and away far out on the wide sea, where the hurricanes howl music, and the waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life—health-giving water! And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem till the trees all seem turned into living jewels; spreading a golden vail over the setting sun, or a white gauze over the midnight moon—sporting in the cataracts—sleeping in the glaciers—dancing in the hail shower—folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many coloured iris—that seraph's zone of the sky—whose warp is the raindrop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction—still, always it is beautiful, that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on the brink; its form brings no sadness or murder; no blood stains its limpid glass; broken-hearted wives, pale widows, and starving orphans shed no tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses in the words of eternal despair; beautiful, pure, blessed, and glorious; give me for ever the sparkling, pure cold water."

Practical Good Sense.—It is related that an Athenian who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. The philosopher, in the spirit of true wisdom, said, "I would bestow my daughter upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man." Marriages for money seldom conduce to social comfort and happiness, and often result in the utter destruction of domestic peace, in crimination, coldness, and estrangement. And yet the love of money is seldom manifest in greater strength than in the formation of these life-long alliances where the parties bind themselves "to take each other for better or worse," and give their mutual pledge to stand by and aid each other amidst all the storms, privations and perils of life. Those parents who are chiefly anxious to have their daughters marry a fortune, who value money more than character, integrity, enterprise and correct habits will, in most cases, lament their short-sightedness, infatuation and folly.—There is happiness in a cottage where virtue, intelligence, and kindness dwell. A palace will not yield it in the absence of these. It is not those families where there is the greatest profusion of wealth, who are most to be envied. In many a splendid mansion there are aching hearts, disappointed hopes, corroding cares, and scalding tears. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not deprecating or decrying wealth. It confers and secures many advantages. It gives to its possessors influence, position and power. "*Cæteris paribus*," as we were taught in our school days to say, other things being equal, it is desirable, highly beneficial, and eminently comfortable. But it is not worth sacrificing domestic peace to possess it—it is not worth the life-long reproach, "You married me for my money."

Thomas Babington Macaulay.—Mr. Reah, the London correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*, says:—There is a common pedestrian of London streets, well known to all who are acquainted with their notabilities. He is a short, stout, sturdy, energetic man. He has a big, round face, and large, staring and very bright hazel eyes. His hair is cut short, and his hat flung back on the crown of his head. His gait is firm and decided, with a little touch of pomposity.

He is ever provided with an umbrella, which he swings and flourishes, and batters on the pavement with mighty thumps. He seems generally absorbed in exciting and impulsive thoughts, the traces of which he takes no pains to conceal. His face works, his lips move and mutter, his eyes gleam and flash. Squat as is his figure, and not particularly fine the features, there is an unmistakable air of mental power and energy, approaching to grandeur, about the man. He is evidently under the influence of the strong excitement of fiery thought. People gaze curiously at him, and stop to stare when he has passed. But he heeds no one—seems, indeed, to have utterly forgotten that he is not alone in his privacy, and pushes on unwitting of the many who stare and smile, and look with curiosity and regard upon Thomas Babington Macaulay.

"Occasionally, however, the historian and the poet gives still freer vent to the mental impulses which appear to be continually working within him. A friend of mine lately recognised him dining in the coffee-room of the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich—a fashionable white-bait house, which, it appears, he frequently patronises. He was alone, as he generally is, and the attention of more than one of the company was attracted, by his peculiar muttering and fidgetness, and by the mute gestures with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreaming. All at once—it must have been towards the climax of the verse or prose, which he was working up in his mind—Mr. Macaulay seized a massive decanter, held it a moment suspended in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such hearty good will, that the solid crystal flew about in fragments, while the numerous parties dining round instinctively started up and stared at the curious iconoclast. Not a whit put out, however, Mr. Macaulay, who was well known to the waiters, called loudly for his bill to be made out at the bar, and then pulling, with a couple of jerks, his hat and umbrella from the stand, clapped the one carelessly on his head, and strode out flourishing the other."

Fishing with Birds.—Lieutenant Habersham, in his entertaining work entitled "My last Cruise," relates a singular occurrence. In a Chinese river that disembogues in the Yellow Sea, he saw a long, low raft of bamboo moored under the lee of a heavy pier, on which were a Chinese fisherman, a basket, a paddle, and five duck-like birds called "fishing cormorants." The fisherman soon reached out his hand towards the birds, the nearest of which at once waddled up to him, and stepped into his open palm; he smoothed his feathers with his right hand, bent his mouth to his arched neck for a moment, and then put him on the edge of the raft. There the bird dipped his bill into the water once or twice, snapped his head from side to side, and ended by diving suddenly into the turbid stream that washed his feet. After being down ten or fifteen seconds he suddenly popped out of the water with a good-sized fish in his mouth, and swimming to his master, delivered up the prize. The fisherman stroked him down as before, uttered a few encouraging words, and the same operation was repeated. Another bird made one or two unsuccessful efforts, when the master took him back on the raft, slapped him soundly on the head, and threw him angrily down. The cormorant made tracks for the other end, and looked quite ashamed. The training of birds for the purpose of fishing is quite common in that part of China, and is often made a valuable source of emolument.

The Great Eastern.—All persons interested in the British North American provinces will be glad to learn that the directors of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada have announced in their circular for the ensuing month that arrangements have been entered into with the proprietors of the Great Eastern, so that this mammoth steam ship, of 22,000 tons burthen, and 2,700 horse power will make her first voyage to Portland, state of Maine, in connection with the through booking system instituted by this company for the conveyance of passengers to Canada and the Western States.—*Canadian News.*

The trial of the persons charged with belonging to a society the object of which was to upset the French Government has terminated. Thirty-nine were convicted, and six acquitted, but as the punishment on the men is light, varying from six months to three or four years' imprisonment, it may be questioned whether the charge against them was really believed. The main support of Louis Napoleon is the army, and we see it announced by the organs of his Government that the peace footing this year is 600,000 men. It is still believed that General Cavaignac and other leading Republicans who were members of the Provisional Government in 1848 will become candidates for Paris at the approaching elections. In the event of success, it will be interesting to know whether they will swear fidelity to the Emperor. The accounts from Paris describe the closing of the first ministerial assembly of the second Empire on the evening of Thursday. During the six years over which the existence of this body has extended France, however internally quiet, has been politically enslaved.

Spanish Superstition.—The Queen of Spain, the King Consort, and the Court of Madrid have been thrown into an apparent fever of joy by the recovery of the "holy nail" extracted from the cross, which had been carried off on the 27th of May last year by some sacrilegious vagabonds, on account of the valuable casket in which it was confined. The said vagabonds having returned the "holy nail" minus the casket, this relic has been the object of a series of ceremonies, in which the exalted individuals mentioned above have taken active part. The Queen had caused a fresh casket of great value and magnificence to be constructed; the nail was placed in its new receptacle in the presence of the Court, which was kneeling, and the relic was blessed by the Patriarch of the Indies, in the private apartments of the Queen. On the 27th ult., the anniversary of the sacrilege, the nail was conveyed with great ceremony to the spot from whence it was carried away.

The Press in Greece.—The city of Athens has now 17 newspapers issued regularly, besides four periodicals published semi-monthly. The papers are weekly and semi-weekly, and the eighteenth is to be started in a short time, under the editorial care of M. Kalopothakes. Athens became the capital in 1836, and had then only two or three thousand inhabitants; it has now a population of 36,000, and the removal of restrictions upon the press has produced a corresponding growth of periodical literature. With all these papers, however, there is not one issued daily, nor is there a publication removed from the influence of the Greek church. Mr. Kalopothakes' enterprise inaugurates the times of Protestant journalism in the country.

The Mormon Empire.—Brigham Young is said to have within his jurisdiction 20,000 fighting men, armed and equipped, who are bound to fight for the Mormon church till the last man has expired. The population of Utah is estimated at 100,000, besides which there are 200,000 adherents of Mormonism in adjoining States and Territories, according to Judge Hammond. The entire community of Utah is Mormon, thoroughly so—actuated entirely by Brigham. They are mostly Englishmen or Europeans, and very few of them naturalized, and never probably will be, as they have no affection for the institutions of this country. D. H. Burr, Surveyor General of Utah, one of the fugitives driven from that territory by Brigham Young, has arrived in Washington city. His report of affairs is entirely confirmatory of those which preceded it so far as the villainy of Brigham Young is concerned. He is of opinion that were the Mormons protected in so doing, by United States troops, from one-third to one-half would immediately withdraw their allegiance. He has no idea that the Mormons would assume a belligerent attitude in the face of United States troops, although they now laugh to scorn any idea of their being thus visited. The Mormon legion is represented as poorly equipped, while the entire aspect of Salt Lake City is mean and poverty-stricken.

Salt Lake papers of April 29th, received by the overland mail, confirm the statement that Brigham Young had left Salt city and gone on an excursion northward. The *News* says that he was accompanied by presidents Kimball and Wells, and many other leading Mormons, making a train of between thirty and forty carriages, besides many persons on horseback. All were well armed and provided with the means of subsistence. The object of the tour was to make an excursion through the northern counties, and from thence to the Mormon settlement on Salmon river in Oregon Territory; and the time allotted for it was four or five weeks. A scientific corps accompanied the expedition.

Land Speculations in the West.—It is calculated that ten thousand new townships and villages have been laid out on paper recently, in the new lands of the Western States and Territories, and it is supposed that at least ten millions of dollars cash and twenty millions credit have gone out within two years to be invested in speculations there. It is also generally supposed that there will be a general blow up pretty soon. The West must fill up with people, but the visions of wealth and ease there indulged are idle delusions. They who go there must work hard and fare hard, suffer all the privations incident to new countries, and find their toil brings in but little beyond sufficient to sustain their families. California was a much more promising field than any now opened, and yet we see what disappointments the speculators have met there, and the end is not yet. As an example of the fall of prices at San Francisco, a letter dated April 18th, says:—"A hotel here, once leased at $72,000 a year, is now letting at $7200, or ten per cent. of the first sum. Think to what disasters a man might be easily led, predicating his movements upon the first named income. Not far from where I write there is a building under lease at $30 a month that once paid $400 a month. But these instances are not uncommon, the ruin and wreck in real estate have long since become so general that they have ceased to attract notice."

A Village Destroyed.—The Ogdensburg (St. Lawrence county, New York) *Sentinel* says that on Monday morning, 1st inst., the village of Brasher Iron Works, in that county, containing a thriving and busy population, was destroyed by fire. Before night the whole village, the foundry, machine shop, saw mills, and every dwelling in the place except six was consumed as with the besom of destruction. A fire that had previously raged in the woods was driven by a wind from a point or two south of west, like a hail storm, upon the doomed village. In one hour forty-three buildings and from $75,000 to $100,000 worth of property was reduced to ashes, and forty families made homeless and houseless, without food or clothing, and without the means of employment.

Philadelphia Perfumery.—The *North American* says that the perfumery manufactured every year in Philadelphia amounts to the sum of $1,500,000; and that foreign importations are sold in that city to an equal amount. So that the Perfumery trade of Philadelphia amounts annually to $3,000,000. It is also said that the manufactory of perfumery in that city has diminished the foreign importation into this country at least one-third, in fifteen years.