'EMBER 8.

Ayer's Pills

Are particularly adapted to derangements of the digestive apparatus, and diseases arising from impurity of the blood. A large part of all the complaints that afflict mankind originate in one of these, and consequently these PILLS are found to cure many varieties of diseases.

nts from some eminent physi- practice.

ILY PHYSIC.

wright, of New Orleans.

ce of purges. Their excellent de we possess. They are mild, d in their action on the bowels, le to us in the daily treatment

ALL LIVER COMPLAINTS.

Bell, of New York City.

is admirably adapted to their I find their beneficial effects ed indeed. They have in my ual for the cure of *bilious com-* dy I can mention. I sincerely gth a purgative which is worthy ion and the people."

— INDIGESTION.

J. Kinsr, of St. Louis.

ed enough to send me have been I have satisfied me that they are edicine. So peculiarly are they se human system, that they even I have cured some cases of *dys-* h them, which had resisted the ally use. Indeed I have experi- effectual in almost all the com- mmend them."

DIARRHŒA — RELAX.

S. Green, of Chicago.

a long trial in my practice, and I e of the best aperients I have ever flect upon the liver makes them n given in small doses, for *bilious* Their sugar-coating makes them nient for the use of women and

ON—WORMS—SUPPRESSION.

ractices as a Physician and Midwife in Boston.

s doses of your PILLS, taken at the , promotives of the natural secre- ially suppressed, and also very of- nach and expel worms. They are ve have that I recommend no other

ON — COSTIVENESS.

Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.

said of your PILLS for the ease of our fraternity have found them hey should join me in proclaiming s multitudes who suffer from that gh bad enough in itself, is the pro- re worse. I believe *costiveness* to ut your PILLS affect that organ and

BLOOD — SCROFULA — ERY- RHEUM — TETTER — TUMORS - GOUT — NEURALGIA.

Sebtel Hall, Philadelphia.

or, in saying that your PILLS *purify* . I have used them of late years in ith your statements of their efficacy. retories, and carry off the impurities blood, engendering diseases. They f digestion, and infuse vitality and

ou prepare are a national benefit, and it for them."

SICK HEADACHE—FOUL STOM- OPSY—PLETHORA—PARALYSIS

Edward Boyd, Baltimore.

cannot answer you what complaints r PILLS better than to say *all that we dive medicine.* I place great depend- thartic in my daily contest with dis- I do that your PILLS afford us the best alue them highly."

ls in market contain Mercury, which, cously in skilful hands, is dangerous the dreadful consequences that fre- utious use. These contain no mercu- ce whatever.

Cherry Pectoral

nufactured by a practical chemist, and der his own eye, with invariable accu- sealed and protected by law from coun- nouncing can be relied on as genuine, . It supplies the surest remedy the n for the cure of all pulmonary com- , COLDS, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, and umptive patients in advanced stages of o make these facts wider and better e has gradually become the best reli- , from the log cabin of the American aces of European kings. Throughout , in every state and city, and indeed al- it contains, CHERRY PECTORAL is known remedies for diseases of the throat and reign countries it is extensively used by nt physicians. If there is any depend- of every station certify it has done for ast our own senses when we see the dan- the lungs yield to it; if we can depend f intelligent physicians, whose business ort, if there is any reliance upon any efutably proven that this medicine does iseases it is designed for, beyond any and known to mankind. Nothing but its in- l the unmistakable benefit conferred on rers, could originate and maintain the rs. While many inferior remedies have , the community, have failed, and been s gained friends by every trial, conferred licted they can never forget, and produced s and remarkable to be forgotten.

d by Dr. J. C. AYER,

AND ANALYTICAL CHEMIST,

OWELL, MASS.

BY

AY & Co. and W. R. WATSON nale Agents for P. E. Island.

rom the Rev. DR. CLAY to the Editor of the Christian Visitor.

n, St. John, N. B., Nov. 11, 1856.

Editor: Being desirous that duction of our own citizens should onized, rather than those of for- , I take the liberty of stating people of our Provinces need not ahnstock's, Moc Bean's, or any "Vermifuge," while they can get Worm Lozenges, prepared in our ity. I was induced to try Fel- Lozenges, having had a number dren under my care whose stom- vere so irritable the ordinary med- could not be retained a moment, he success that followed their use o complete, that I can recommend as one of the most pleasant and safe es that can be administered!

EDWIN CLAY, M. D.

Worm Lozenges are sold by all Apothecaries.

wholesale and retail, by W. R. N, Druggist and Apothecary, and or Perry's Celebrated Hungarian r the Hair. Sept. 23, 1857.

Pills cure | Yes; and they have adache? | cured thousands.

HEADACHE.

HINS' HEADACHE PILLS,

For S, NERVOUS AND SICK HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.

e only reliable and positive cure.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

For sale by Druggists generally.

B. BURR & CO., General Agents r England and the British Provin- , 1, Cornhill, Boston.

PRINTED BY

GEORGE T. HASZARD,

South Side Queen's Square,

HARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

The Protector.

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.—A FAMILY JOURNAL.

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

Vol. 2. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, September 15, 1858. No. 29.

The Protector and Christian Witness,

GEO. T. HASZARD, PUBLISHER.

Edited by a Committee of Protestant Gentlemen. Terms: 12s. per annum, in advance; otherwise 15s. will be charged.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

Mails by Steamer Westmorland.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

The Mails for NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA and the UNITED STATES, on and after the 1st June, will be made up and forwarded, *via* Shediac, every *Tuesday* and *Friday* morning at 10 o'clock.

For NOVA SCOTIA, *via* Pictou, every *Monday* and *Thursday* evening at 5 o'clock.

For NEWFOUNDLAND every *Monday* evening at 5 o'clock

For ENGLAND and BERMUDA every alternate *Monday* evening at 5 o'clock, viz—

Monday evening,	June 14th	Monday evening,	September 16th
" "	28th	" "	20th
" "	July 12th	" "	October 4th
" "	26th	" "	18th
" "	August 9th	" "	November 1st
" "	23d	" "	15th
		" "	29th

Letters to be registered and Newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time specified for closing.

THOMAS OWEN, P. M. G.

General Post Office, May 27, 1858.

THE DECLINE OF POPERY, ETC.

BY KIRWAN.

(Continued from our last.)

But we will pass over the other nations of Europe, as to which statements similar to these could be made, briefly to consider the state of Italy itself. There, for twelve centuries, popery has been in power. There is the fabled chair of Saint Peter; there is the centre of unity; there is the person and court of the pope; there the people have been cloyed and stupefied for ages with priestly processions and splendid masses—with feasts and fasts—with holy days and carnivals; there the Muses have been bribed to lend their aid to priestly devices; and Sculpture and Painting have lavished their magic power to give such life, and beauty, and brilliancy to the creations of superstition, as to ravish and carry captive the senses. And while the Italian neck has often felt the galling of the papal yoke, and the Italian people often manifested that it was difficult to bear it, yet, of all the countries upon the earth, there popery has been the most securely entrenched. It has had the moulding of the mind and the conscience of the people, and of every institution of the country, and without let or hinderance. Surely here, if any where, we should find the evidences of strong life, and the pulsations of a strong and living heart. But what are the facts in the case? Take away the priests and their dependents, and there is not a city in Europe where the Pope and his minions are more sincerely contemned. But a few brief months ago, under the pretence of retiring for devotion, he withdrew from his friends, changed his garments for those of a servant, and, after putting a lady into the carriage, ascended to the box of the coachman, and thus fled from Rome to Gaeta. And why? His papal subjects would have reformation in the state and in the Church. And did they invite back the father of the faithful? Far otherwise. Feeling like singing a Te Deum for their blessed deliverance, they organized a free Government; and that government was only yielded and the Pope was only permitted to return, at the mouth of French cannon and at the point of the bayonet of a French soldiery. And Pius IX. and his cardinals are only protected from expulsion, and perhaps from death, by the jealousy of other nations, who fearing the influence of a Roman republic on the surrounding kingdoms, and knowing that the balance of power in Europe would be greatly changed if any of the great powers should gain possession of the Peninsula, have wickedly resolved to compel the old Romans to submit to the government of the triple crown. If, at this hour, the Italian people could freely express themselves, we fearlessly assert that the majority of them would triumphantly declare themselves against popery. They have even done it as it is. And why not? What have they ever received from it but degradation? When the traveller in search of the fields and scenes rendered classic by the muse of history finds a man and a mule yoked together in the same harness, and driven by the same goad, then he knows for a certainty that he has entered the States of the Church! And what can popery or its priests expect but indignant rejection at the hands of a noble people that they have so deeply degraded?

If additional proof is needed of the decline of this spiritual power, we would point to the present state of papal countries. Spain and Portugal are claimed as papal countries, but to what extent are they so? There is an external submission to the claims of popery, but the masses of the people are nearer a savage than a civilized state, and are at least as much pagan as Christian. The same may be said of the states of South America, and of every state within the bounds of nominal Christendom from which the Protestant element has been excluded. The picture of one is the picture of all. There is no Bible among the people; no instruction on the Sabbath; no preaching of the Gospel; no schools for the lower classes; no keeping holy of the seventh day. The mumbling of masses, the parading of the Host, the ringing of convent bells, and the flitting about of lazy and vicious monks and friars, multitudes of whom have fled, like Joab to the altar from the pursuit of justice, and who under a cowl and cassock, are twofold more the children of sin than they were before—these, are the only means of instruction, in the things of God, enjoyed by the people; and the upper third of the entire population think no more of going to the confessional or to the mass-house than you or I think of repeating the absurd "Litany of our Lady of Loretto," so piously recommended to the faithful by our friend of Saint Patrick's. And the piety of the priesthood in these countries is about on a par with that of the sanguinary pope who, when he ordered some of his refractory bishops and subjects to the torture, walked barefaced, reading his missal, within hearing of their dying groans. In no portions of the earth is popery so low, so declining, so utterly destitute of vitality as in those countries where the people know no other form of religion. There it is as dry, fruitless, and withered as is a forest through which the winds of twenty winters, unseparated by a solitary spring or summer, have whistled; or, to change the figure, in those countries it is like unto a bladder once blown to its full extension, but now dry, beyond the power of holy oil or water to soften, and rent beyond the power of priests to patch up, and utterly incapable of a new inflation. Ignorance and superstition are its only supports, and it will as certainly fall before the advance light and truth as did Dagon before the ark of God.

But is there no life at all in the system? There is. Where, then, is it to be found? Not within the ancient metropolis of the world, whose fallen columns, decaying arches, and tottering walls are but the types of popery throughout the earth; not in stupid Austria, nor in mocking France, nor in debauched Spain, nor in the feeble, conflicting, and semi-savage states of our southern hemisphere, but amid Protestant institutions, where an open Bible, a free press, freedom of discussion, an intelligent Christian ministry, and the general prevalence of knowledge, compel its priests to cultivate external decency, to preach to the people, and to defend it as best they can. Hence, while in purely papal countries the superstition has reached the years of its dotage, and is laboring under the multiplied infirmities that attend the close of a dissolute life, there is a reviving of its ancient spirit of adventure and bold imposture in Britain and the United States. The starving papal Irish are pouring into England, and, to keep them together, a cardinal and a new batch of bishops was deemed necessary. The papal nations of Europe are pouring in their surplus population on us in torrents, and, to prevent their uniting with our people as do the rivers with the ocean, bishops and archbishops are multiplied. But all will not do. True, a few dreamy Puseyites, who sigh after the return of a theocracy and of a visible unity, and who judge of religion as many silly people do of men, by the clothes which they wear and their pretensions, have gone to Rome. Some of them, like Father Ignatius, should have gone to an asylumn. And this is made the occasion of feeble and fallacious harangues on the decline of Protestantism. But all this is simply the whistling of timid boys when passing a grave-yard of a dark night. The object is to cheer up their drooping spirits, and to prevent, by raising false issues, the enlightening, elevating, converting, and assimilating influence of Protestantism on the masses of the faithful. Where one returns to Rome, there are one hundred that desert it.

Such being the evidence of the decline of popery in all the earth, we have but a few words to say as to its causes.

One of these causes is the circulation of the Bible. Somehow or other it has become an article of the popular faith, that the will of God, as revealed in the Bible, is the foundation of all true religion. What the Bible teaches is true; what it does not teach is a doctrine of men, and obedience to it is will-worship. And to teach contrary to the Bible is to rob God of his authority as legislator, and usually ends in robbing man of the privileges secured to him by the true religion. Hence the importance of the circulation of the Bible, that all may know whether they are taught the true religion, or whether they are imposed upon by old wives' fables.

How strange and strong the impressions made upon the mind of an intelligent papist by a careful reading of the Bible! As he turns from page to page, he is amazed that he should have been so duped as to receive as the religion of God the teachings of popery. With his Bible open in his hand, he goes to a priest with questions such as these: Your reverence, does the Church teach the celibacy of the clergy, and anathematize all who do not receive it as a true and wholesome doctrine? Certainly, is the reply. Tell me, then, what does this mean: "Peter's wife's mother was laid, and sick of a fever?" And what do these passages mean: "A bishop must be the husband of one wife, having his children in subjection;" "let the deacons be the husbands of one wife?" If Pope Peter had a wife, why should not Pio Nono? If bishops and deacons are commanded to have wives, why should it be wrong in your reverence to have one? And what can he say?

Again he asks, Does the Church teach the doctrine of confession of the people to the priest? Certainly, is the reply. Tell me, then, what does this passage mean: "Confess your faults one to another?" I have often confessed to you; come, kneel down and confess to me. And what can he say?

And these we give as specimens of the way in which the reading of the Bible leads men every where to the rejection of all that is peculiar to popery, and leads them over to the broad and elevated platform of Protestantism. And do you wonder that popery is declining in all the earth, when you remember that the Bible is now translated into upward of two hundred languages and dialects, and is circulated among all people? And do you wonder at the opposition of popish priests to the Bible? They know that it exposes their fraud; and while they smile at the circulation of the works of Voltaire, and Rousseau, and Tom Paine, they follow the Bible colporteur, and make a bonfire of the books which he scatters. An illustration of all this we find in the recent popular movement at Rome. When the Pope fled the city, the Bible entered it, and was circulated by thousands; when the Pope returned the Bible had to flee, and those who put it into circulation were punished with deeper severity than were those who manned the walls and nobly faced the allied forces collected by the father of the faithful for the murder of his people. But all efforts to arrest its circulation are in vain; as well might they attempt to arrest the sun in the career of its glorious way. And as surely as light is the death of darkness, will the circulation of the Bible be the death of popery.

Another of these causes is the increasing intelligence of of the race. Ignorance is the soil where the principles of popery attain their most magnificent growth. This may be seen by a glance at the moral map of the world. The more intense the ignorance, the more intense the popery; and intense popery will soon produce intense ignorance. For illustration, we point you to Spain, Portugal, Italy, Mexico, and to poor unhappy Ireland. And before the increasing intelligence of the masses, popery retires as do the mists of the morning before the rising sun. We are willing to make great allowance for the influence of early training; but no man must ask us to believe that any intelligent mind can believe in the absurdities of popery. Hence, when relieved, in this country, from the external pressure of priestly intolerance, the better informed even of the Irish peasantry smile when told that the Pope can not err; that his power is supreme in the Church; that the efficacy of a sacrament depends upon the intention of the administrator; that the priest can grant an absolute and judicial absolution from sin; that he can convert a little flour wafer into God, and then eat him; and that all but papists are excluded from heaven. They are aware that their Church teaches something upon these subjects that they do not fully understand, and which Protestants reject; but the more correct your version of them, the more convinced are they that you are making fun of their religion; and when convinced that such, in truth, are the doctrines of their Church, they desert it; and it is in this way that thousands in this and other lands are now deserting it. When the primer, and the spelling-book, and the Bible have found their way into all the earth, the days of popery will be at an end; and hence the opposition of the Vatican to all schemes for educating the masses.

Another of these causes we find in the fooleries of popery. Let it not be for a moment believed that the ridiculous and absurd legends of the Middle Ages, forged by monks for the edification of the faithful, are repudiated by the papists of our day. They are reproduced and circulated in papal countries for the benefit of devoted minds. Have we not, in our own day, legends as absurd as the miracles wrought at the tomb of Becket—as the fountains opened by Augustin—as Saint Patrick's turning old Rius into a blooming youth, and setting ice on fire—as Saint Mocha restoring to life some stags after the flesh was picked from their bones, and sending them into the wood—as Saint Goar hanging his cape on a sunbeam—as Saint Fechin causing the sun to stand still—as the crows making an apology to Saint Cuthbert for carrying away some of the thatch of his house, and bringing him some pork as a peaceoffering—as Saint Berach causing willow-trees to bear apples—as Sant Cuana passing over a lake on a flag-stone! Do any of these lying wonders surpass in absurdity the yearly liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius at Naples, or the holy robe of Treves, or the winking Madonna of Rimini? When men commence thinking, they can not and they will not stand these absurdities. Their indignation will be as high as the impositions to which they were subjected were base; and they will cast off with scorn their priestly deceivers, and they will tread beneath their feet the dogmas and emblems of a superstition as gross as any that God has ever permitted to live. See the effect already of the holy robe of Treves! It has led, and is yet leading, men by thousands to desert popery. And such also must be the effect of the hoax at Rimini. Burning indignation is very apt to succeed the discovery of gross deception. Hence we wonder not when, on the flight of the Pope, the populace went into the Roman Churches, and brought out their confessionals, and crosses, and crucifixes, and piled them up in the street for a bonfire. And papal priests throughout the earth should read in this event the foreshadowing of their doom. As long as they can keep the nations in intellectual childhood, they may amuse them with bawbles, and cause them to understand, speak, and act as children; but so certainly as they rise to manhood, they will put away childish things.

Another of these causes is the despotism of popery. The Earl of Shaftesbury was among the most philosophic and far-seeing statesmen of his day. He often gave utterance to the following pregnant sentence: "Popery and slavery, like two sisters, go hand in hand. Sometimes the one goes first, and sometimes the other; but when popery enters, slavery will soon follow." And the truth of this is abundantly illustrated in the history of nations. The people it makes slaves to the king, and the king a slave to the church. It has sometimes taken sides with the people against their rulers, but then it was to subdue the rulers to its yoke; and when it has taken sides with rulers against the people, it was because the people commenced panting after the possession of their natural rights. But, whether it sided with princes or with people, it has ever had but one object in view, the putting of its yoke on the neck of both.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE ANCIENT RESERVOIRS OF ADEN.

Many and great have already been the vicissitudes of the town of Aden. In remote times called 'Eumaimore' or the Prosperous, it continued to prosper as the principal emporium of trade between Europe and the east, till the adventurous Portuguese opened out a new and more convenient ocean-route for the merchandise of India and China. The tide of traffic thus diverted from Aden, its prosperity gradually declined. The Turks got possession of it in an underhand way, just forty years after Vasco de Gama had rounded the 'Cape of Storms,' and they seem to have done a good deal to fortify and improve the town. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, Aden was governed by a native prince. By this time Mocha had successfully rivalled it as the seat of the coffee-trade; and when the East India Company took possession of it in 1839, it was a poverty-stricken, decayed place, having only a lingering remnant of traffic in gums, with about six hundred squalid Arabs for inhabitants, and with no foreign ships to rock securely within its noble harbour.

However, the tide has now turned in its favour, and British rule and the overland route to India combined, bid fair to raise the place to far more than its ancient importance. It can now boast a busy population of 25,000, gathered out of almost every nation under Heaven; the annual value of its imports and exports is little short of a million sterling, and its port is crowded with shipping. It is a depot for steamers, and a principal coaling-station. Here weary voyagers gladly disembark before or after the somewhat anxious threading of the coral-reefs in the Red Sea, to 'take their ease in their inn,' and explore—as we are now about to do—the marvellous reservoirs with which we rejoice to be told that the district abounds. For a thirsty district indeed it is, without trees to shade it, without running streams to freshen, its lofty semicircle of barren limestone and lava rocks—but for the relief of the sea-breeze—reflecting intolerably the fierce glare of the tropical sun. The one serious drawback to the permanent importance and prosperity of Aden threatened to be the inadequate supply of fresh water: experiment after experiment was made, new wells were dug with no other result than that of drying up old ones, and vast sums laid out, all in vain.

It would seem, therefore, that the nineteenth century must be content to take a lesson in practical science from the wisdom of the past; and that having discovered a magnificent series of ancient reservoirs for the collecting and storing of rain-water, it can do nothing so well as persevere in their restoration, or, if need be, undertake the construction of others.

It appears that this plan of collecting water in reservoirs is of extreme antiquity in Araby the Blest. The earliest and most gigantic work of the kind we know anything about is the great dam of Mareb, built, some historians aver, about 1750 B. C.—the time when Jacob in his love for Rachel was tending her father's flocks, 'while in the day the drought consumed him and the frost by night.' M. Arnaud, a French traveller, who reached Mareb in 1343, describes the ruins of this wonderful dam as situated between two hills, which, when joined by the embankments, formed the reservoir. So vast was the space thus enclosed, that even in that desert stillness, no shout, however shrill, could reach from one end of it to the other; and the massive fragments of masonry that yet remain bear witness to the former solidity of the whole. Doubtless this was the great original of other reservoirs in this and other parts of Arabia, as well as of those which the Saracens introduced into Spain during their period of triumphant sway. None of these, however, in any way equals the magnificent series of reservoirs lately discovered at Aden, which appear capable, if duly restored, of containing not less than 30,000,000 imperial gallons of water.

But who built these colossal tanks? we ask, and ask in vain. Even the natives shake their heads, and have no certain tradition to offer. Ancient, very ancient, no doubt, their walls have long survived the names of those who reared them; but the impression of Mr. Playfair, the political resident at Aden, to whom we are indebted for our information respecting them, is, that they were begun after the second Persian invasion of Yemen, about the year of our Lord 600. Possibly, many owe their origin to individual piety and patriotism; possibly, some were intended as monuments to perpetuate the fame of the dead, as well as to promote the welfare of the living, for under the domed entrance to one of them a tomb has been discovered, and it is said that an inscription was removed from the tank which might have given some clue to its history.

According to local tradition, it was about the year 1500 of our era that these reservoirs began to fall into disuse, the governors of Aden having persevered in digging wells with sufficient success to meet the wants of the already declining city. We read also in a Latin tract, written in 1530, of another expedient: 'The water was daily brought in on camels, whose number sometimes amounted to 1500, 1600, or even 2000.' If this gaunt and clumsy procession arrived in the daytime, the water was circulated through the city; if in the evening, it was deposited *in a large cistern near the water-house.* This large cistern was seen by Mr. Salt in 1809. We proceed to give his description: 'Among the ruins, some fine remains of ancient splendour are to be met with. The most remarkable of these remains consist of a line of cisterns situated on the north-west side of the town, three of which are fully eighty feet square, and proportionably deep, all excavated out of the solid rock, and lined with a thick coat of fine stucco, which externally bears a strong resemblance to marble. A broad aqueduct may still be traced which formerly conducted the water to these cisterns, from a deep ravine in the mountain above. Higher up is another, still entire, which, at the time we visited it (November), was partly filled with water. In front of it extends a handsome terrace, formerly covered with stucco; and behind it rise some immense masses of granite, which, being in some places perpendicular, and in others overhanging the reservoirs, formed, during the hot weather, a most delightful retreat. Some Arab children, who followed us, were highly pleased when we arrived at the spot, and plunging headlong into the water, much amused us by their sportive tricks.'

About thirty years later, Captain Haines, visiting Aden, found several of these reservoirs still in tolerable preservation. Besides the hanging tanks, as those built high up on the rugged mountain-sides are called, there were other large ones still to be traced around the town. We are sorry to be obliged to record the fact that, since the occupation of Aden by the English, the tanks have been not only neglected, but injured. The hanging tanks, fortunately, were pretty much out of reach; but the stones of those that lay ready to hand, were ruthlessly carried away for building purposes—the hollows filled up with the debris washed down from the mountains, and the whole believed to be ruined beyond the possibility of repair.

Meanwhile, more than half the population of Aden was drinking water brackish beyond what is usually considered endurable; and many thousand tuns of rain-water were annually lost from want of means to retain it. And now, let us gladly learn how efficient an apparatus for so doing had been all the while buried out of sight, to be restored by the energy of the political resident.

Four years ago, government sanctioned the repair of the three tanks known to be in tolerable preservation; the superintendence of the work being intrusted to Mr. Playfair, who, at first, was obliged to content himself with convict-labour, and such assistance from free labour as the small surplus of the town-funds, and the sale of the rain-water collected in the cisterns, enabled him to obtain. At that time he had no idea that the tank-system was so widely extended, and he expected to carry out the undertaking on the inexpensive plan above mentioned.

But day by day, new discoveries were made; and government came forward liberally to insure the successful completion of an enterprise, which we shall be better able to understand when we have read Mr. Playfair's description of the environs of Aden:

'The range of hills which forms the boundary of the crater of Aden is nearly circular; on the outer side, the hills are very precipitous, and the rain-water rushing rapidly down them by means of long narrow ravines separate from each other. On the inner side, the hills are quite as abrupt; but their descent is broken about half-way down by a large table-land, intersected by numerous deep ravines, nearly all converging from the principal range of hills into the Tawela Valley, which thus receives about a quarter of the drainage of the peninsula. This valley is 700 feet in length from the point where it leaves the table-land to its actual junction with the level plain of the crater. The hills throughout are perpendicular; and at the head of the gorge they meet, leaving barely room for one man to pass through them! The valley then gradually opens out to a breadth of a hundred and fifty feet, and the hills circling to the right and left form part of the walls of the crater of Aden.'

The steepness of the ravines, the exceeding hardness of the rocks, and their scarcity of soil, all combine to prevent any considerable amount of absorption. Thus even a moderate fall of rain will send a raging torrent down the Tawela Valley, which, ere it reach the sea, not unfrequently swells to an unfordable river. Much damage has thus been frequently done. Reed-houses, animals, nay, human beings, have been swept along into the sea; and during a December fall of rain in 1842, such was the fearful rush of water through the gorge, that two hundred animals were carried away; and when the morning broke on the scene of devastation, nine men were missing, and only three of their bodies were ever found.

Thus, then, we see there is not only a great good to be gained, but a great evil to be avoided. The water-sprites have to be subdued into a blessing, or submitted to as a scourge. The wisdom of earlier ages had taken the first course—their gigantic reservoirs chiefly occurring in and near this main water-course. These have been described by most travellers as excavated out of the solid rock; but Mr. Playfair's account differs from theirs in this particular: he describes those at the foot of the hills as generally built at some re-entering angle of the rock which promises a copious flow of water; there the soil has been carefully cleared away, and a salient angle or curve of masonry built across it, while every feature of the adjacent rocks has been taken advantage of, and connected by small aqueducts, to insure no water being lost.

The overflow of one tank is conducted into another and thus a complete chain once existed into the very centre of the town. Their construction is extremely fantastic, the only principle which seems to have been adhered to being an avoidance of straight lines; and the correctness of this principle has been proved in the recent excavations, as in almost every instance where straight lines existed, they were forced in by the rush of water. The tanks are generally of stone and mud-masonry, roughly plastered on the outside, and beautifully coated with plaster within; flights of steps, gradients, platforms, are heaped together, and give an exceedingly grotesque appearance to the whole. Each large tank has a smaller one in front of it, built for the purpose of retaining all the earth and stones carried down by the torrent, and permitting a pure stream of water to flow into the reservoir beyond. And now for what has been already done: 'Thirteen reservoirs, having an aggregate capacity of 3,500,000 gallons, have been cleared out and restored; thirty-six more discovered, but not as yet excavated. Up to September last, the expense incurred amounted to 1100 rupees; and in the same month, a moderate fall of rain, lasting only three hours, sufficed to fill the restored tanks to the brim. The water thus collected realized, up to the following February, 2200 rupees, or double the expenditure incurred—water having a ready sale in Aden at one rupee per hundred gallons; nor is this all, for over and above the quantity disposed of, there remained a surplus of about 600,000 gallons.' A pleasant sight this filling of the restored reservoirs must have been to all, especially to those whose energy had been instrumental in the work—a pleasant sight to see the mountain-torrent, no longer wandering at its own wild will, but led from tank to tank, gurgling over the lip of the highest, running along the skillfully constructed aqueducts, getting filtered in the smallest reservoirs, and gradually filling those lowest down in the valley. Thousands of all classes and ages flocked to the refreshing sight—how refreshing we, in our cloudy and temperate climate, can little know; and the noise of the rushing water was fairly drowned by the acclamations of the crowd.

It is calculated that even in the most unfavorable season not less than 6,000,000 gallons will be collected; and thus a minimum annual value of 60,000 rupees (L,000) produced, while the restoration of all the tanks would insure an annual supply of from twenty to thirty million gallons. We therefore trust that the Indian government will not stop short of this great result. Rendered independent of all external sources for its water-supply, it is difficult to place any bounds to the possible importance and prosperity of Aden. Should the projected sea-canal from Suez to Pelusium be ever carried out—and the equilibrium of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea being now established, affords a strong hope that it will—a direct passage to the east would be afforded to ships of the largest size. The great Indian trade would probably take this route, and the importance of Aden as a coal-depot and merantile station being proportionably increased, it would no longer look back to the past for its palmy days, when conquering Rome bestowed on it the title of Romanum Emporium, but forward to the future, with commerce and civilisation ever increasing and under British sway.

Arrival of the English Mail.

(*From Willmer and Smith's European Times.*)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Major Yelverton, the second son of Lord Avonmore, an Irish peer, has been arrested, and lodged in Calton Gaol, Edinburgh, on a serious charge,—that of bigamy. He married recently Miss Longworth, an Irish lady of respectable family and some private fortune. They lived a short time in Edinburgh, and then went to reside in Paris. Here the Major left his newly-affianced bride, returned to Edinburgh, and married the widow of the late Professor Forbes, a daughter of the late General Sir Charles Ashworth. The first wife speedily returned to the Scottish capital, and, having ascertained that the marriage had been performed and consummated, gave the fickle son of Mars into custody. The trial will excite considerable interest on account of the respectability of the parties, and from the fact that the offence is most unusual in this country amongst the middle and higher classes.

The Queen is in Germany, enjoying herself, and the warmth of her reception along the line is vouched for in a despatch which Lord Malmesbury has forwarded to the Home Secretary, and which appears in the *Gazette.* At Potsdam the reception was enthusiastic, and her appearance in the Prussian capital will be an ovation. The meeting of the Queen and her daughter is said to have been truly affecting. A report comes from Berlin to the effect that the King will resume the reins of government on the first of October, and finally abdicate, in a fortnight after, in favour of the Prince.

The Indian conflict is drawing to a close, and is fast wearing itself out. The London *Times* of yesterday, commenting on the last intelligence, says, "At last a mail has left Bombay without news of bloodshed. It is an interval, and not a cessation. But, after the furious cannonade we have heard for so many months, even a moment of silence is a solace to the ear. The army of Central India is at length enjoying that respite from hard service which it has so gloriously earned. The capital and the central parts of Oude appear to be entirely clear of enemies in arms. The enemy are driven from the great cities and plains, and are seeking shelter in uncultivated districts, where hills and forests offer natural fortifications, and jungle paths give facilities for eluding pursuit. A few weeks since we all thought and spoke of the Ranee Jhansi as a she-fiend, and we remembered her only as a woman who had put women to death. We can never forget the massacre of our countrywomen which she ordered, and perhaps even witnessed, but her Amazon death has shown that she at least had the courage to suffer what she had the wickedness to inflict."

The telegraph brings us intelligence of the bombardment of Jeddah, from which we learn that when the Cyclops arrived before that place a communication was sent to the Pacha, who was absent, giving him thirty-six hours' time to punish the insurgents. As no answer was returned within the specified period the bombardment began and continued for three days. The Pacha then came on board of the war steam-ship, and assured the captain that the culprits were condemned, and that he only awaited orders from Constantinople to execute them. This answer was not deemed to be satisfactory, and the bombardment began again. Ultimately, Ismail Pacha arrived from Constantinople, and eleven of the insurgents were immediately hanged in the presence of all the shipping. The remainder of the culprits were sent to the capital for trial. The Cyclops then left Jeddah for Suez, with the intelligence. Commenting on these facts,—for the accounts are still very imperfect,—a London evening paper exults "that the shells and rockets of a British ship have inflicted a severe punishment on the people of Jeddah." It is added by the same organ "that we cannot keep up our prestige at too high a pitch in any part of the East at the present moment. The mode of proceeding will be understood by the savages who abide in and around Jeddah." Another authority is equally congratulatory—"It is a matter of congratulation that an English ship of war has been the instrument of conveying to the wild and fanatic nomads of Western Arabia the wholesome lesson that the might of European civilization is not to be insulted with impunity; that the blood of English and French men and women cannot be wantonly shed without bringing down prompt and tremendous punishment on the murderers themselves, and on their city and their people."

A terrible railway accident occurred, on Monday, 23d Aug., on the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Railway, to a cheap train, conveying between two and three thousand people to Worcester. The train was so large that it had to be divided, and the first section composed of twenty-nine carriages, was proceeding up a steep incline, when the couplings broke, and thirteen of the hindermost carriages proceeded down the incline at a fearfully rapid rate, came in contact with the other division of the train, which started a quarter of an hour after, and the concussion was awful. Twelve persons were instantly killed, many more fatally wounded, and a large number suffered and are suffering from contused bruises. This fearful description of the scene is not over coloured:—"There were fragments of crushed and broken carriages, and, interspersed with these, were mutilated human forms. Some were writhing about, some quiet enough. These were the dead ones. When a collision of this description happens, independently of the yelling and the terror of the weak, and the stolid surprise of the strong, all for a while is dust and confusion thrice confounded. If you are not killed on the spot, or hopelessly mutilated so that you cannot stir, and if you have the nerve and the heart to be of use to your fellow-sufferers, you look about you, and you can see nothing, except, perhaps, the ghastly disfigured corpses at your feet. There is a great dust, and horrid yells, and groans, and invocations to God to have mercy on the sufferers. It is generally to excursion trains that accidents happen, and for the obvious reason, that the dispatch of an excursion train implies a derangement of the ordinary regulations of the line." This is truly pitiable. An inquest was opened on the body of the sufferers, at Brierly-hill, and, after hearing some evidence, the proceedings were adjourned for a week. Of course, the friends of the sufferers will recover handsomely from the railway company, but this is poor compensation for a calamity of this gigantic kind. We fear that such calamities are almost inseparable from this mode of travelling; but it is a painful fact that, with the vast increase in this kind of transit, and the larger practice which follows, accidents rather increase than decrease in number and severity.

The Board of Trade Returns for the month of July show a decrease in the declared value of exports to the extent of more than a million and a-quarter as compared with the same month last year,—a fact that proves how slowly we are recovering from the great financial crisis of '57. In the foreign trade for the month an increase appears, of the outward entries, of 372 ships and 4679 tons, and on the inward entries of 119 ships and 41,000 tons. The inward coasting trade has increased; but there is a slight falling off in the outward entries.

The movements of Lord Palmerston are still followed with more or less interest. After leaving Ireland he proceeded to the Continent, and paid a visit at St. Cloud this week to the Emperor and Empress of the French. His Majesty could not do less than give the ex-Premier a hearty reception, seeing that he was unceremoniously ejected from office on his account. Perhaps the visit was purposely made more ostentatious to disprove the assertion of Mr. Disraeli to his gullible constituents in Buckinghamshire, that the question of war with France, when the present Ministry came into power, was not a question of days but of hours. Louis Napoleon must be an exceedingly forgiving and condescending personage to afford so friendly a greeting to a statesmen who had so nearly succeeded in bringing the two countries to the verge of hostilities. The meeting must have been a strangely interesting one, if the vulgar world could only get a peep behind the scenes. Perhaps it did not occur to Mr. Disraeli, when he made the famous statement we have noticed, that Louis Napoleon was always a choice favourite with the aged English statesman, even when he was an exile in England. His Lordship has strange fancies. He liked him, as he liked the present Sir Robert Peel, because, perhaps, of his very waywardness. But the French ruler is hardly less eccentric. His reception of Mr. Disraeli, when he was in Paris, a year or two back, was hardly less frank and cordial.

Count Persigny, the personal, nay, the bosom friend of the Emperor, has been delivering a remarkable speech to the Council-General of the Loire, of which he is President, on the English alliance, and the whole spirit of it is to draw closer the bonds which unite England and France. The Count is familiar with this country, for he resided several years in London as the representative of the Emperor's Government, and it is clear, from the sensible and judicious remarks in which he indulged on this occasion, that he is tolerably acquainted with the sentiments of the English public. A more conciliatory speech cannot be imagined, tracing, as he does, the long conflicts in which the two countries were engaged down to the present day, when an identity of interests has engendered friendly and pacific relations. The following passage, for example, is remarkable for the spirit of neighbourly feeling which it breathes:—"Gentlemen, the interests of the two nations are now so closely united that it would be difficult even for the blindest passions to bring them to a complete rupture. So great has become this community of interests, that if to-morrow London or Paris were burned down we should reciprocally have to support enormous commercial losses; and while a catastrophe occurring at Berlin, Vienna, or St. Petersburg would excite but our sentiment of commiseration, in London, on the contrary, our interests would suffer almost as severely as in Paris itself. Now, when two nations have reached that point, they are evidently destined daily to draw closer their present union. (*Très bien! très bien!*) Let us first consider the interest of the English alliance for France. With England, we are masters of the seas, and consequently we have nothing to fear for our frontiers. No coalition against us is possible; general peace is assured. Our country can therefore devote itself without any mental pre-occupation to the utmost development of its activity, and may peacefully complete the foundation of its institutions. We have, moreover, no longer any material rivalry with England