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Literature.

BEGUMBAGH.

An Episode of the Indian Mutiny.

CONTINUED.

XVII.

I don't know how time passed then; but the next thing I remember is listening to the firing for a while, and then, leaning on Lizzy, being helped to the woman's quarters, where, in spite of all they could do, those children would keep escaping from their mother to get to Harry Lant, who lay close to me, poor fellow, smiling and looking happy whenever they came near him; and I smiled, too, and felt as happy when Lizzy, after tending me with Mrs. Bantem as long as was necessary, got bathing Harry's forehead with water and moistening his lips.

"Poor fellow," I thought, "it will do him good;" and I lay watching Lizzy moving about afterwards, and then I think I must have gone to sleep, or have fallen into a dull numb state, from which I was wakened by a voice I knew; and opening my eyes, I saw that Miss Ross, pale and scared-looking, was on her knees by the side of Harry Lant, and that Captain Dyer was there.

"Not one word of welcome," he said, with a strange drawn look on his face, which deepened, as Miss Ross rose and went close to him.

"Yes," she said; "thank God you have returned safe.—No, no; don't touch me," she cried hoarsely. "Here, take me away—lead me out of this!" she said, for at that moment Lieutenant Leigh came quietly in, and she put her hands in his. "Take me out," she said again hoarsely; and then like some one muttering in a dream: "Take me away—take me away."

I said that drawn strange look on Captain Dyer's face seemed to deepen as he stood watching whilst those two went out together; then he passed his hand over his eyes, as if to ask himself whether it was a dream; and then, with a groan, he leaned one hand against the wall, feeling his way out from the room, and something seemed to hinder me from calling out to him, and telling him what I knew. For I was reasoning with myself, what I ought to do? and then, sick and faint, I seemed to sleep again.

But this time I was waked up by a loud shrieking, and a rush of feet, and, confused as I was, I knew what it meant; the hole where the blacks escaped—Chunder and his party—had not been properly guarded, and the mutineers had climbed up and made an entrance.

The alarm spread fast enough, but not quick enough to save life; for, with a howl, half-a-dozen sepoys, with their scarlet and white coatees open, dashed in with fixed bayonets, and two women were borne to the ground in an instant, while a couple of wretches made a dash at those two children—Little Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, as we called them—standing there, wondering like, by Harry Lant's bed on the floor, whilst the golden light of the setting sun filled the room, and lit up their little angels' faces.

But with a howl, such as I never heard woman give, Mrs. Bantem rushed between them and the children, caught a bayonet in each hand, and held them together, letting them pass under one arm, then with a spring forward she threw those great arms of hers round the black fellows' necks as they hung together, and held them in such a hug as they never suffered from before.

The next moment they were all rolling on the floor, but that incident saved the lives of those poor children, for there came a cheer now, and Measles and a dozen more were led in by Lieutenant Leigh, and——

There, I am telling you too many horrors. They beat them back step by step, at the point of the bayonet; and a fierce struggle it was, a long fight kept up from room to room, for our men were fierce now as the mutineers, and it was a genuine death-struggle; and the broken window being guarded, not a man of about a dozen mutineers who gained entrance lived to go back and relate their want of success.

And can you wonder, when two of those who fought had found their wives bayoneted? Grainger was one of them; and when the fight was over, during which, raging like a demon, he had bayoneted four men, the poor fellow sat down by his dead wife, took her head first in his lap, then to his breast, and rocked himself to and fro, crying like a child, till there was a bugle-call in the court-yard, when he laid her gently in a corner, carrying her like as if she had been a child, kneeled down and said "Our Father" right through by her side, kissed her lips two or three times, and then covered her face with a bit of old handkerchief, and him all the while covered with blood and dust and black of powder.—Then, poor fellow, he got up and took his gun, and went out on the tips of his toes, as if he should wake her who would wake no more in this world.—

Perhaps it was weakness, I don't know, but my eyes were very wet just then, and a soft little hand was laid on my breast, and Lizzy's head leant over me, and her tears, too, fell very fast on my hot and fevered face.

I felt that I should die, not then, perhaps, but before very long, for I knew that my arm was so shattered, that it ought to be amputated just below the elbow, while for want of surgical assistance it would mortify; but somehow I felt very happy just then, and my state did not give me much pain, only that I wanted to be up and doing; and at last Lizzy helping me, I got up, my arm being bandaged and in a sling, to find that I could walk about a little; and I made my way down into the court-yard, where I got near to Captain Dyer, who, better now, and able to limp about, was talking to Lieutenant Leigh, both officers now, and forgetful apparently of all but the present crisis.

"What wounded are there?" said Captain Dyer, as I walked slowly up.

"Nearly every man to some extent," said Lieutenant Leigh; "but this man and Lant are the worst."

"The place ought to be evacuated," said Captain Dyer; "it is impossible to hold it another day."

"We might hold out another day," said Lieutenant Leigh. "But not longer. Why not retreat under cover of the night?"

"It seems the only thing left," said Captain Dyer. "We might perhaps get to some hiding-place or other before our absence was discovered; but the gate and that back window will be watched of course; how are we to get away with two severely wounded men, the women, and children?"

"That must be planned," said Lieutenant Leigh; and then the watch was set for the night, as far as could be done, and another time of darkness set in.

It was that which puzzled me, why a good bold attack was not made by night; why the place must have been carried again and again; but no, we were left each night entirely at rest, and the attacks by day were clumsy and bad. There was no support; every man fought for himself, and after his own fashion, and I suppose that every man did look upon himself as an officer, and received all discipline. At all events, it was our salvation, though at this time it seemed to me that the end must be coming on the next day, and I remember thinking, that if it did come to the end, I should like to keep one cartridge left in my pouch.

Then my mind went off wandering in a misty way upon a plan to get away by night, and I tried to make one, taking into consideration, that the quarters on the north side of us now, and only separated by ten feet of alley, were in the hands of the mutineers, who camped in them, the same being the case in the quarters on the south side, separated again by the ten feet of alley through which we returned when Captain Dyer and Harry Lant were taken. While on the east was the market plain or square, and on the west a wilderness of open country with huts and sheds. I felt, do you know, that a good plan of escape at this time was just what I ought to make, every one else being busy with duty, and me not able to either fleet or stand sentry, so I worked on hard as it that night, trying to be useful in some way; and after a fashion, I worked one out.

But I have not told you what I meant to do with that last cartridge in my pouch: I meant that to be pressed to my lips once before I contrived with one hand to load my rifle, and then if the worst came to the very worst; and when I had waited to the last to see if help would come, then, when it seemed that there was no hope, I meant to do what I told myself it would be my duty, as a man and a soldier, to do, if I loved Lizzy Green—do what more than one man did, during the mutiny, by the woman of whom he had been shown his heart's best blood; and in the dead of that night I did load that gun, after kissing the bullet; and a deal of pain that gave me, mental as well as bodily, but I don't think that I need to tell you what that last cartridge was for.

XVIII.

I think by this time you pretty well understand the situation of our palace, and how our stronghold was on the north side, close to which was the gate, so hardly fought for; if you don't, I'm afraid it is my fault, and not yours.

At all events, being at liberty, I went over it, here and there, and from floor to roof, as I tried to make out which would be the best way for trying to escape; but somehow I couldn't see it then. To go out from the gate was impossible; and the same related to the broken-out window, as both places were thoroughly watched.

As for the other windows about the place, they were such slips, that without they were widened, any escaping by them was impossible. To have let ourselves down, one by one, from the flat roof by a rope, might have done, but it was a clumsy unsuitable way, with all those children and women, so I gave that up, and then sat down as I was by a little window looking out on to the north alley.

Wearied out at last, I suppose that sort of stupor came over me, from which I did not wake till morning, to find myself suffering a dull numb pain; but when I opened my eyes I forgot that, because of her who was kneeling beside me, driving away the flies that were buzzing about, as if they knew that I was soon to be for them to rest on, without a hand to sweep them away.

At last, though, as I lay there wondering what could be done to save us, the thought came all at once, and struggling to my feet, I held Lizzy to my heart a minute, and then went off to find Captain Dyer.

It took me quite aback to see his poor haggard face, and the way in which he took the trouble, for it was plain enough to see how he was cut to the heart by Miss Ross's treatment of him. But for all that he was the officer and the gentleman; he had his duty to do, and he was doing it; so that, if even now, after losing so many men, and with so many more half disabled, if the enemy had made a bold assault now, they would have won the place dearly, though win it they must.

That did not seem their way, though they wanted the place for the sake of the great store of arms and ammunition it contained, but all the same they wanted to buy it cheap.

I found Captain Dyer ready enough to listen to my plan, though he shook his head and said it was desperate. But after a little though, he said: "There are some hours now between this and night—help may come before then; if not, Smith, we must try it. My hands are full, so I leave the preparations with you; let every one carry food and a bottle of water—nothing more—all we want now is to save life."

I promised I'd see to it; and I went and spoke cheerfully to the women, but Mrs. Maine seemed quite hysterical. Miss Ross listened to what I had to say in a hard strange way; and really, if it had not been for Mrs. Bantem putting a shoulder first to one wheel and then the other, nothing would have been done.

The next person I went to was Measles, who, during a cessation of the firing, was sitting, black and blood-smeared, with his head tied up, wiping out his gun with pieces he tore off the sleeves of his shirt.

"Well, Ike, mate," he says, "not dead yet, you see. If we get out of this, I mean to have my promotion; but I don't see how we're going to manage it. What bothers me most is, letting these black devils get all this powder and stuff we have here. Blow my rags if we shall ever use it all! I've been firing away till my old Bess has been so hot that I've been afraid to charge her; and I'll swear I've used twice as many cartridges as any other man. But I say, Ike, old fellow, do you think it's wrong to pot these niggers?"

"No," I said—"not in a case like this."

"Glad of it," he says sincerely; "because, do you know, old man, I've polished off such a thundering lot, that I've got to be quite nervous about getting killed myself. Only think having forty or fifty black-looking beggars rising up against you in kingdom come, and pointing at you, and saying: 'That's the chap as shot me!'"

"I don't think any soldier, acting under orders, who does his duty in defence of women and children, need fear to lie down and die," I said.

I never saw Measles look soft but that once, as, laying down his ramrod, he took my hand in his, and looking in my face for a bit; then he shook my hand softly, and nodded his head several times.

"How's Harry Lant?" he says at last.

"Very bad," I said.

"Poor old chap. But tell him I've paid some of the beggars out for it. Mind you tell him—it'll make him feel comfortable like, and ease his mind."

I nodded, and then told him about the plan.

"Well," he said, as he slowly and thoughtfully polished his gun-barrel, "it might do, and it mightn't. Seems a run lodge but, anyhow, we might try."

"I shall want you to help make the bridge," I says.

"All right, matey; but I don't, somehow, like leaving the beggars all that ammunition;" and then he loaded his rifle very thoughtfully, but only to rouse up directly after, for the mutineers began firing again; and Captain Dyer giving the order, our men replied swift and fast at every black face that showed itself for an instant.

That was a day; hot, so that everything you went near seemed burning. The walls even set forth a heat of their own; and if it hadn't been for the chatties down below, we should have had to give up, for the tank was now completely dried, and the flies buzzing about its mud-caked bottom. But the women went round from man to man with water and biscuit, so that no one left his post, and every time the black scoundrels tried to make a lodgment near the gate, half were shot down, and the rest made enough to get back into shelter.

Towards that weary slow-coming evening, though, after we had beaten them back—or rather, after my brave comrades had beaten them back half a score of times—I saw that something was up; and as soon as I saw what that something was, I knew that it was all over, for our men were too much cut up and disheartened for any more gallant sorties.

I've not said any more about the guns, only that we spiked them, and left them standing in the market plain, about fifty yards from the gates. I may tell you now, though, that the next morning they were gone, and we forgot all about them till the night I am telling you of, when they were dragged out again, with a lot of noise and shouting, from a building in the far corner of the square.

We didn't want telling what that meant.

It was plain enough to all of us that the scoundrels had drilled out the touch-holes again, and that during the night they would be planted, and the first discharge would drive down all our defences, and leave us open to a rush.

"We must try your plan, Smith," says Captain Dyer, with a stern look. "It is time to evacuate the place now."

Then he knelt down and took a look at the guns with his glass, and I knew he must have been thinking of how he stood tied to the muzzle of one of them, for he gave a sort of a shudder as he closed his glass with a snap.

Just then, Miss Ross came round with Lizzy and Mrs. Bantem, with wine and water, and I saw a sort of quiet triumph in Lieutenant Leigh's face, as, avoiding Captain Dyer, Miss Ross went up to him, as he half-beckoned to her, and stood by him like a slave, giving him bottle and glass, and then standing by his side with her eyes fixed and strained looking; while, though he fought against it bravely, and tried to be unmoved, Captain Dyer could not bear it, but walked away.

I was just then drinking some water given me by Lizzy, whose pale troubled little face looked up so lovingly in mine that I felt half ashamed for me, a poor private, to be so happy—for I forgot my wounds then—while my captain was in pain and suffering. And then it was that it struck me that Captain Dyer was just in that state in which men feel despairing, and go and do desperate things. I felt that I ought before now to have told him all about what I heard, but I was in hopes that things would right themselves, and always came to the conclusion that it was Miss Ross's duty to have given the captain some explanation of her treatment; anyhow, it did not seem to be mine; but when I saw the poor smitten fellow go off like he did, I followed him softly till I came up with him, my heart beating the while with a curious sense of fear.

There was nothing to fear, though; he had only gone up to the roof, and when I came up with him he was evidently calculating about our escape, for he finished off by pulling out his telescope, and looking right across the plain, towards where there was a tank and a small station.

"I think that ought to be our way, Smith," he said. "We could stay there for half an hour's rest, and then on again towards Waliahbad, sending a couple of the stoutest men on for help. By the way, we'll try and start a man off to-night, as soon as it's dark. Who will you have to help you?"

"I should like to have Bigley, sir," I said.

"Will one be sufficient?"

"Quite, sir," I said; for I thought Measles and I could manage it between us.

Half an hour after, Measles was busy at work, fetching up muskets, with bayonets fixed from down in the vault, and laying them in order on the flat roof, taking care the while to keep them out of sight; and I went to the room where the women were, under Mrs. Bantem's management, getting ready for what was to come, for they had been told that we might leave the place all at once.

Poetry.

A HARVEST SONG.

We gather them in—the bright green leaves,
With our scythes and rakes, to-day,
And the mow grows big as the pitcher heaves,
His lifts in the sweltring hay,
O ho! a field! for the mower's scythe,
Hath a ring as of destiny:
Sweeping the earth of its burden lithe,
As it sings in wrathful glee.

We gather them in—the nodding plumes
Of the yellow and bearded grain,
And the flash of our sickles' light illumes,
Our march o'er the vanquished plain.
Anon, we come with the steel-clad car,
The cunning of modern laws;
And the active stoop to its clanging jar,
As it reeks its hungry jaws.

We gather them in—the mellow fruits,
From the shrub, the vine, and the tree;
With their russet and golden, and purple suits,
To garnish our treasury.
And each has a juicy treasure stored,
Beneath its tinted rind,
To cheer our guests at the social board,
When we leave our cares behind.

We gather it in—this goodly store,
But not with the miser's gust,
For the Great All Father we adore,
Hath but given it in trust;
And our worth of death is but for life,
In the Want, days to come—
Then a blessing upon the Reaper's strife,
And a shout at the Harvest Home!

The Defence of Canada.

The Quebec "Chronicle," an Independence journal, remarks on the correspondence between the Imperial and Dominion Governments respecting the creation of a Canadian standing army, and the mission of Colonel Powell, D. A. G., to Quebec on business connected with the handing over of the garrison to the Government. The idea of a standing army for this country is not at all relished by that paper, on the ground that an immense additional outlay would be required, and, consequently, proportionate increase of taxation. It considers also that many of the barracks, fortifications, &c., which we fall heirs to, would be next to useless were their capacities subjected to the strain of modern warfare. The London "Times," and other English journals, laugh at the notion of ten or fifteen thousand troops being of any avail in a war with the states, while they constitute a provocation to them and a burden to the mother country. Yet the "Chronicle" goes on to say, our insignificant army of three or four thousand men is expected to garrison all our fortresses, impress the Americans with awe, and fill us with a sense of security. The idea of a Canadian army of this kind is the purest absurdity, and one which no patriotic or sensible Canadian should entertain for a moment. "We have great roads and canals to build, to make our country united and prosperous, and have nothing to spend on military toomfoolery; and we have already too many official drones-bees to maintain without employing a host of vain and lazy youths to strut about our streets in martial toggery playing at soldiers."—*Montreal Witness.*

THE heroism of a boy of 12 years of age is recorded by the London (Ontario) "Advertiser." On Thursday last, four children belonging to Mr. David O'Donnell, of Wardsville, undertook to cross a millpond on a few boards nailed together. When about the middle of the pond the boards separated and all four were precipitated into the water, which at this spot was five feet deep. The eldest boy twelve years of age, being able to swim, seized a girl of six years and carried her safely out. He returned and seized another, nine years, and carried her out also; and then returned a second time for his brother, eight years old, who is lame and unable to swim, brought him out speechless and black from suffocation.

THE EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY OF MAINE AND NEW BRUNSWICK is a road of great promise; by it Boston will be placed in direct rail communication with St. John and Halifax, affording an opportunity for all who are afraid of salt water travel, to take cars in Boston in the morning and arrive at St. John the next morning. This road is finished, except 50 miles which is now travelled by a regular line of stages. In one year it is expected the entire road will be completed. Massachusetts and Maine understand the importance of this road enough to have appropriated the amount of the war claims of 1812 which those two States had against government, and which was granted at the last session of Congress for the purpose of assisting in building the road.—*Snow's Pathfinder and Railway Guide.*

The Great Boat Race.

The Montreal "Gazette" describes the Tyne crew now at Lachine as follows:—

James Renforth, the stroke, and champion sculler of England, is a fine broad shouldered man of blonde complexion, of enormous muscular development and uncommon strength indicated in every feature. He weighs 174 lbs., is 5 feet 7 1-2 inches in height, and girths 42 inches round the chest. He was born at Newcastle, and is now 28 years of age. He is very quiet and unassuming, sociable, but not over talkative and there is nothing in his ordinary conversation that would for a moment warrant a stranger in supposing that he was without a successful rival in all England as an oarsman.

James Taylor, who pulls the bow oar, is a very intelligent looking man, with activity and elasticity indicated in every movement. He is, perhaps, the smallest of the four, but very tough and wiry looking, and with every muscle developed to its fullest extent. He is of a brown complexion, and very affable and communicative. His weight is 149 lbs., 5 feet 7 1-2 inches in height and 33 inches around the chest. He was born at Gateshead, County of Durham, and is now 33 years of age.

Thos. Winship, who pulls No. 2 oar, is of light complexion, full featured, and evidently built on the high pressure principle. He has a very intelligent look, and the appearance of an active, wide-awake and spirited oarsman. He weighs 153 lbs., is 5 feet 7 1-2 inches in height, and 38 inches round the chest. He was born at Elswick near Newcastle, and is 27 years of age.

John Martin, No. 3, and tallest man of the four. In point of strenght he perhaps has few equals, either in England or Canada, and presents one of the finest specimens of muscular development to be often seen. He is strongly and compactly built, with a firm step and symmetrical figure. There is nothing in his appearance angular, awkard or out of place. Every muscle is full and rounded, and he looks what he evidently is, the active and highly trained oarsman. He is intelligent looking, and of a light brown complexion. His weight is 178 lbs; height 5 feet 8 1-2 inches, and measures 40 inches round the chest. He was born at Daneshole, near Newcastle, and is 27 years of age.

THEIR RECORD.

The Tyne crew, as it now stands, have rowed together only about 11 months. Renforth and Taylor, however, have worked together for about three years. Martin and Winship joined a year ago last June. Since the present team was formed, they have won the chief prizes at all the local regattas they have attended, including those held at Barton-on-Trent, Sunderland and two in succession at both Chester and Durham. In 1869 when the crew rowed for the £300 prizes on the Thames, against Kelly, Sadler, Messenger and Hamilton—the Thames crew—they failed to secure the prize, through the occurrence of an accident. A small row-boat happened to pass immediately in front of them, and the delay thus occasioned lost them the race. In contest, however, with the Thames crew since that time, they have asserted their superiority beyond all question. On the 5th November last, on the Thames, and on the 18th of the same month, on the Tyne, they not only secured the £200 stakes in each case, but proved themselves to be the champions of England. On the 4th of June last, at the Durham regatta, they also easily distanced all competitors. In addition to this joint record, we may state that Winship and Taylor were declared the champion pair at the Thames regatta in 1869, while Taylor, in company with Matthew Scott, another Newcastle oarsman, was similarly distinguished in 1868, at the same place. Renforth is well known to be without a successful rival in England as a sculler, and for some time has been the acknowledged champion. Before leaving England on their present trip, they challenged any four men in the country to row them, in order that there might be no question, either with themselves or the public, as to their superiority.

The "Globe" says:—Perhaps since Confederation nothing has occurred which so thoroughly brings home to the broad mass of our people that our bold Maritime friends are now our fellow countrymen in name and in fact. It is a glorious responsibility that is upon the Paris Crew. To be the first to uphold the strength, skill, pluck and honor of our countrys' athletes, in a downright old-fashioned British contest against North Britons of tried renown, is a distinction to be proud of. Chips of the old block we have them at their own game. Defeat is not disgrace, but victory is triumph. If Canada wins on a fair course—no fouls or favors—she will show herself to possess the best and fastest crew that ever feathered an oar.

It must be borne in mind that these Tyne crew are the pick of a large basket. They have achieved success in their own line by a long and arduous competition against all comers. In their progress scores of weaker men have been thrust out of the way, and these four stand pre-eminent. On a river boasting more match races in a year than one in our whole Dominion could see in a lifetime, they have pulled themselves to the head, and have carried their successes into the enemy's country by beating the pick of that, compared to army of Southern watermen whose prowess between Putney and Mortlake has rendered these and intermediate points mere household words in every boating community. What a host of recollections must mention of Daggetts Coat and Badge—that everlasting contest—awake in the bosom of the British Cockney! Well, the heroes of steps and stairs have all yielded to our friends here from Newcastle; and St. John may well assert the greatness of her undertaking in the men of such calibre, have not yet been pitted against the Paris Crew, whose easy victories over lesser stars must be dismissed from our minds when estimating their chances of success at Lachine. This chance is to be based upon what has been a chief element in calculations against their previous opponents. It is upon their purely professional character as St. Clouds they rowed in the amateur class—upon their tidal experience, and upon the undoubted good "form" acquired since their French exploits, that the St. John men have to rely. In all these particulars the men they meet are not a whit behind them. A moral and physical advantage which our own men have is due to their style of living.

Sheppard vs. Bennett.

The Dean of Arches pronounced the following judgment July 26:—

The defendant was charged with the maintenance and promulgation of certain heresies, alleged to be contained in an essay entitled "Some Results of the Tractarian Movement of 1833," in a book entitled "The Church and the World," and also in the second and third editions of a pamphlet entitled "A Plea for Toleration in the Church of England," in a letter to the Rev. L. B. Paley, D. D., Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. The criminal articles charged the defendant with having promulgated certain doctrines respecting the Holy Communion, which might be classed under the following categories: 1. Opinions with respect to the presence of our Lord in the blessed sacrament; 2. Opinions with respect to a sacrifice said to be offered in the administration of that sacrament; 3. Opinions with respect to the adoration of the consecrated elements, and of our Lord in that sacrament. After tracing with much minuteness the history of the dogma of the real presence, the learned Dean referred to the rash statements made concerning it by Mr. Bennett, and he had no hesitation that the expression contained in the first edition of the above pamphlet, the "visible presence of our Lord upon the altar of our churches" was, in its plain meaning, at variance with all the formularies of our Church upon the subject—at variance with the language of the service of the Holy Communion, of the 28th Article, and of the Catechism. On the other hand, by the use of the term "objective presence" to mean that Christ was really but mysteriously present in the consecrated elements, he held that Mr. Bennett had not committed any ecclesiastical offence. With regard to "The Doctrine of the Sacrifice," which was one of the offenses charged against the defendant, the language of Mr. Bennett was, Sir Robert said, consistent with the doctrine of a sacrament of commemoration, and did not necessarily imply a sacrifice of propitiation or directly conflict with the Articles of the Church. The last point was "Adoration of the Holy Elements—of Christ in the Holy Elements," and upon this he decided that Mr. Bennett had not contravened the law of the Church. Sir Robert Phillimore having referred to the great difficulty under which he laboured in having to wade through all the ecclesiastical authorities, and to try the case in the absence of Mr. Bennett, said he could not shut his eyes to the fact that he was not trying Mr. Bennett alone, but many divines in the Church eminent for piety, learning, and eloquence whose opinions that gentleman had adopted. But, being compelled judiciously to consider that great mystery of the Lord's Supper, he hoped he had said nothing which might yet further tend to "make this banquet prove a sacrament of war, not of love." Summing up his conclusions at law, the Dean said that had Mr. Bennett not withdrawn the passage which appeared in the first edition of his pamphlet about "the visible presence," which, as before stated, was contrary to the doctrine of the Church, he must have considered whether he should not pass sentence of admonition upon him; but Mr. Bennett having substituted a passage which simply adopted the language of Dr. Pusey, he had to consider whether Mr. Bennett had not abandoned the unlawful expression, and in his opinion he had done so. His lordship concluded: With respect to the second and corrected edition of his pamphlet, and the other work for which he is articled, I say that the objective, actual, and real presence of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as it is set forth in the formularies of our Church, duly considered and construed so as to be harmonious, intended to maintain. But I do not lay down this as a position of law, nor do I say that what called the receptionist doctrine is madness, nor do I pronounce on any other teaching with respect to the mode of presence—I mean to give no such thing by his judgment. I mean by it to pronounce that to describe the mode of presence as objective, real, actual, and spiritual is certainly not contrary to the law. With respect to the other charges, namely, those relating to sacrifice and worship, I pronounce that Mr. Bennett has not exceeded the liberty which the law allows upon these subjects. I make no order as to costs.

Merchant Marine of the World.

The following interesting table, compiled by the Bureau Veritas, Paris, gives the number and tonnage of merchant vessels, sailing and steam, of all countries:

	Sailing vessels. No.	Sailing vessels. Tonnage.	Steamers. No.	Steamers. Tonnage.
England	2,867	[illegible]	1,138	1,517,[illegible]
U. States	7[illegible]	2,00[illegible]	587	[illegible]
Germany	1,[illegible]	[illegible]	1,[illegible]	[illegible]
Norway	[illegible]	[illegible]	29	7,[illegible]
Italy	1,[illegible]	90,[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
France	1,[illegible]	8[illegible]	2[illegible]	2[illegible]
Spain	[illegible]	2[illegible]	1[illegible]	7[illegible]
Holland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Greece	[illegible]	[illegible]	8	[illegible]
Russia	1,3[illegible]	[illegible]	62	2[illegible]
Sweden	[illegible]	3[illegible]	[illegible]	1[illegible]
Austria	[illegible]	[illegible]	74	[illegible]
Denmark	415	1[illegible]	44	[illegible]
Portugal	268	[illegible]	15	[illegible]
Belgium	72	2[illegible]	14	[illegible]
Turkey and Syria	1,[illegible]	147,197	40	2[illegible]
Total—	5,[illegible]	[illegible]	4,[illegible]	27,0[illegible]

HON. CHAS. CONNELL and Samuel Watts, Esq., of the "Surgical," have had a very short correspondence arising out of the latter's publishing the speech of Mr. McKay in reply to Mr. Connell's dinner table. Mr. Watts in a letter calls upon Mr. Connell to corroborate his (Mr. Watts') statements that Mr. Connell told him he had better publish the speech, and that he afterwards obtained extra copies of paper containing it. Mr. Connell replies: "First, I wish no communication with you" and "second your * * statement * * is a misrepresentation of facts." Mr. Watts has evidently worsted the leader of the New Brunswick opposition.

IT is known that in large towns, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the deaths by consumption are ten times less than in places nearly on a level with the sea.—Twenty-five persons die of consumption in the city of New York, where only [illegible] in the city of Mexico. All know that consumption does not prevail in hilly countries and in high situations. One reason of this is because there is more according exercise, increasing deep breathing; besides the air being more rarified, large quantities are instinctively taken into the lungs to answer the requirement of the system, thus at every breath keeping a high development. Hence the hills should be sought by consumptives, and not low, flat situations.

THE "Journal of Chemistry" says that the mischief done by clearing a country of its forests has in some cases undoubtedly been over-estimated, but man cannot always remodel nature with impunity. In Austria, since 1863, the rain-fall has gradually diminished from thirty-seven inches in that year to seventeen inches in 1868. This year the fall during the two wettest months has been usually small. In the colony of Victoria the Government has appointed an inspector of forests whose duty it is to prevent the destruction of forests and to establish nurseries of young trees in favorable localities, with a view to replacing, to some extent, the wooded districts that have been cleared.