THE PROTECTOR
AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

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

Vol. 1. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, June 10, 1857. No. 15.

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.

RESIGNATION.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mourning for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours:
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb to the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing,
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MUSICAL PRACTICE AMONG BIRDS.

Many people imagine that birds sing by instinct, and that their songs come to them without any labour or practice. But ornithologists, who have made the habits of the feathered tribes a life-study, have a different story, and tell of long and laborious practice in species and individuals to acquire facility and compass of song. The following information, from a practiced observer, will be new to many of our readers. So says the *New England Farmer*.

Birds all have their peculiar ways of singing. Some have a monotonous song, as the bay-winged sparrow. The yellow-bird has a continuous chatter, without any particular form of song. The cat-bird is a mocker. The golden-robin has a song of its own, though those of the same locality are apt to sing the same tune. The hermit-thrush has a round of variations, perhaps the sweetest singer of the feathered choir. But the song sparrow has the most remarkable character of song of any bird that sings.

Every male song sparrow has seven independent songs of its own, no two having the same notes throughout, though sometimes, as if by accident, they may hit upon one or more of the same.

Six years ago this spring I first made the discovery. A singer that had taken up his residence in my garden, attracted my attention by the sweet variations of its songs, so I commenced taking observations on the subject. I succeeded at last in remembering all his songs, which are this day as fresh in my memory as any of our common airs that I am so fond of whistling. On one occasion I took note of the number of times he sang each song, and the order of singing. I copy from my journal six years back.

No. 1 sang twenty-seven times; No. 2, thirty-six times; No. 3, twenty-three times; No. 4, nineteen times; No. 5, twenty-one times; No. 6, thirty-two times; No 7, eighteen times. Perhaps next he would sing No. 2, then, perhaps No. 4, or 5, and so on.

Some males will sing each tune about fifty times, though but seldom; some will only sing them from five to ten times; but, as far as I have observed, each male has his seven songs. I have applied the rule to as many as a dozen different birds, and the result has been the same. I would say that it requires a great degree of patience, and a good ear, to come at the truth of the matter; but any one may watch a male bird while singing, and will find he will change his tune in a few minutes, and again in a few more.

The bird that I first mentioned came to the same vicinity five springs in succession, singing the same seven songs—always singing within a circle of about twenty rods. On the fifth spring he came a month later than usual; another sparrow had taken possession of his hunting grounds, so he established himself a little one side. I noticed that he sang less frequently than of old, and in a few days his song was hushed for ever.

JAPANESE GARDENERS.—The gardeners of Japan display the most astonishing art. The plum-tree, which is a great favorite, is so trained and cultivated that the blossoms are as large as those of dahlias. Their great triumph is to bring both plants and trees into the compass of the little garden attached to houses in the cities. With this view, they have gradually succeeded in dwarfing the fig, plum, and cherry trees and the vine, to a stature so diminutive as scarcely to be credited by an European: and yet these dwarf trees are covered with blossoms and leaves. Some of the gardens resemble pictures in which nature is skilfully modeled in a miniature—but it is living nature! Meylan, whose work on Japan, was published in Amsterdam in 1830, states that the Dutch agent of commerce at Nagasaki, was offered 'a snuff box, one inch in thickness, and three inches high, in which grew a fig-tree, a bamboo, and a plum-tree in bloom.'

The expedition fitted out by our government to restore to this wonderful island a few of its shipwrecked mariners, will, it is hoped enable us to obtain some further insight into its hidden mysteries than have yet been revealed to Yankee eyes. Who knows what may be the power of kindness in opening their closed ports, and soothing their savage breasts? The botanical results which must follow will be delightful.—*Western Hor. Review.*

DANGER OF TAKING THINGS FOR GRANTED.—It was objected to the system of Copernicus when first brought forward, that if the earth turned on its axis, as he represented, a stone dropped from the summit of the tower would not fall at the foot of it, but a great distance to the west: *in the same manner as a stone dropped from the mast head of a ship in full sail, does not fall at the foot of the mast, but towards the stern.* To this it was answered that a stone, being a *part* of the earth, obeys the same laws, and moves with it; whereas it is no part of the ship, of which consequently its motion is independent. This solution was admitted by some but opposed by others; and the controversy went on with spirit; nor was it till one hundred years after the death of Copernicus, that the experiment being tried it was ascertained that the stone, thus dropped from the head of the mast, *does* fall at the foot of it.—*Archbishop Whately's 'Historic Doubts.'*

CONSECRATING A STATUE.—We copy the following from one of the Philadelphia secular papers:

"An exquisitely sculptured Madonna, in glistening white marble, imported for St. John's Catholic Church, in Thirteenth street, near Chestnut, Philadelphia, has been placed in position, and yesterday afternoon it was consecrated, according to Roman Catholic rites, as a memento of the Virgin Mary. It is six feet in height, and stands upon a pedestal of four feet elevation. The attitude of the statue is devotional, the hands clasped, and an expression of perfect love and serenity lingers on the countenance. It was imported by a firm in this city."

This Madonna was recently an unshaped block of marble in the quarry; it has been chiselled into the form of a devotional woman; and it has at length been set up in a church and consecrated by a religious service. The question then arises, what is it now? Is it a block of inanimate marble still, or has it been, by this *hocus pocus*, converted into a veritable woman, endowed with the body, blood, soul, and spirit of the Virgin Mary? If the latter is claimed, and it would require no greater faith to believe it than the doctrine of transubstantiation, and if the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception be true, then we suppose the worshippers in St. John's church may well bow down and worship it, which we have no doubt they will do. And yet it is a fearful consideration that such things should be done under the sacred name of religion.

IMMENSE TELEGRAPHIC ENTERPRISE.—The New York *Mirror* says:—We learn that a number of gentlemen of this city, interested in the telegraphic business, have a project on foot to connect New York and San Francisco direct by a line of telegraph. The plan is not yet fully matured, but will embrace a preliminary expedition under the protection of the government party, which is soon to start on an engineering tour for the purposes of laying out (under the recent act of Congress) a military road to the Pacific. The telegraphic party will probably consist of some forty or fifty persons, and will be amply provided with mules and camels for the purpose of crossing the continent with safety and dispatch. The party will start from Omaha city in Nebraska, (to be connected by telegraph with St. Louis) follow the Platt river to the South Pass, and thence direct to San Francisco. Should this enterprise prove successful, and the submarine telegraph be laid successfully in July, London and San Francisco will be in hailing distance of each other, and the quotations on change in the metropolis of Europe will be bulletined in the golden city within an hour. Truly, the ends of the earth are coming together.

LARGE CONTRACT FOR IRON ORE.—The *Fayetteville* (North Carolina) *Observer* states on good authority that a Northern Company has agreed to furnish on Deep river, within two years after the completion of the contract of Messrs. Dugan, Cartwright & Co., *seven millions of dollars worth of black band iron ore.* This ore, says the *Observer*, is to be manufactured on the spot. So that there is to be brought into the market, by one Company in two years, say fourteen millions of dollars worth of iron alone, from this depository of undeveloped and untold wealth of North Carolina.

PROPAGATION OF FISH.—An interesting report on the artificial propagation of fish, made to the Massachusetts Legislature by the Commissioners appointed last year, embodies a great number of useful facts. The conclusions of the report are as follows:—"That the artificial propagation of fish is not only practicable, but may be made very profitable; and that fresh waters may thus be made to produce a vast amount of excellent food; that a small outlay of capital and a moderate degree of skill, aided by such information as can be derived from books that any one can procure, will enable the proprietors of small streams and ponds to stock their own waters; that in respect to the larger streams and ponds a combination of individuals may be necessary, with special legislation adapted to each particular case, and guarding the rights of all persons interested in the waters—especially when they have been applied to mechanical purposes."

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW MOVEMENT.—The Hon. Neil Dow, the originator and strenuous advocate of the Maine Liquor Law, arrived in Liverpool on Wednesday, having been invited by the United Kingdom Temperance Alliance to visit this country for the purpose of making known the principles and operation of the Law. In the course of the next few days Mr. Dow was to visit Manchester, Preston, Bolton, Bradford, Huddersfield, Sheffield, Leeds, and Glasgow, and was also to be present at the great annual assemblage of the Scottish Temperance League on the 11th of May. He will then visit the lace districts, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, thence to the potteries and on to Birmingham. He will then go on to London, attend two meetings at Exeter Hall, and visiting Ipswich and Bristol he will return to Manchester, to be present at the great Ministerial Conference in favour of the principles of the League, which will be held there on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of July next, and at which from five to six hundred clergymen of all denominations will be present. He has some further work before him in the United Kingdom, after which he is to visit the Continent.

THE MICROSCOPE AND TELESCOPE COMPARED:—Dr. Chalmers thus contrasts the relative powers of these two instruments:

"The one reveals to me a system in every star; the other, a world in every atom. By the one I am led to believe that this great globe itself, with all the mighty burden of its oceans and continents, is but as a single grain of sand on the high fields of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour the tribes and families of a busy population. The one tells me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon, the other redeems it from all insignificance, for it tells me that on the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one suggests that far and beyond all that the telescope has yet revealed, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest shores of the universe. The other intimates that within and beneath all that minuteness disclosed by the microscope, there may be a region of invisibles, that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain that shrouds it from our senses, we should see there a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded; a universe within the compass of a point, where the wonder-working God could raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of his glory."

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY.—WAR OFFICE, May 8th, 1857.—The Queen has been pleased to issue a command to enquire into the organisation, government, and direction of the medical department of the army.

The *London Gazette* notifies the appointment of Admiral Hamelin of the French Imperial Navy as Knight Grand Cross of the Bath.

THE ACADIAN CHARCOAL IRON COMPANY (LIMITED.)

We take the following interesting account of the Nova Scotia Iron Mines from the speech of the chairman at the annual meeting, held in London last month.

The Chairman, in moving that the report and accounts be adopted, congratulated the gentlemen present upon the prospect of a future fraught with success. He would make a few observations in explanation of the report. Of the character of the ore there was no doubt; for, without one exception, the universal opinion was that the iron made from it was of the very finest quality. (Hear). They were working in a country which produced wood fit for charcoal in the greatest abundance, and of the finest quality, and although labour was dear, one balanced the other, and they were able to manufacture the iron at a price that must be always remunerative, and the further they progressed the better they succeeded. It might be asked, why they had not been more successful during the past year? In the first place, they must consider that it was the commencement of operations, and those operations were carried on a distance of about 3000 miles; they had also to import labour, &c., which led to delay. Again they had experienced some difficulty in launching the project fairly upon the commercial waters: the commercial world did not look upon the adventure with the same eyes as the promoters, and there was, consequently, a difficulty in getting money to go on with. They were also desirous that the board of directors should be composed of gentlemen not only of worth and position, but experienced in the business in which they were engaged; and, before they could induce such parties to join, it was necessary to send out to Nova Scotia to make enquiries, to satisfy them that the prospects were as favourable as represented. All these circumstances occasioned delay and expense. But they had derived advantage from the delay, as they were now certain upon the authority of persons well-qualified to judge that every anticipation had been fully borne out. It was expected that the works at Nova Scotia, when they took possession of the property, would enable them at once to turn out iron for the market; but the skilled persons whom they sent out found that the furnaces were not of the most efficient description, and they were determined to have furnaces of the right sort, that would produce iron in the most economical manner. This had also caused delay; but now the furnaces at Nictau were in full work, and though but a few months of the present year had passed over, more iron had been made than the whole of the previous year. At Londonderry, the first iron was made on Aug. 8, but an accident happened to one of the furnaces, and it was blown out. However, that furnace and another one would be completed, and be in operation, in a short time. At Nictau, they had one furnace, now turning out a large quantity of iron; and a second, constructed upon the most approved principle, would be at work this spring, so that the work done this year would far exceed anything they had yet accomplished, and he believed would fully bear out their most sanguine expectations. (Cheers.) But the directors were not satisfied even with these flourishing appearances in leaving matters to themselves; and as the manager had left their services and gone to the United States, they had found another, who would go out and take his place (Mr. Jones), from whom they expected to derive great benefit, as their former manager was not a practical iron master, and lived at Halifax, situated about eighty miles distance from the works. Mr. Jones was going out in May, and was a practical man, and would reside upon the property. It had also been resolved by the board that one of their own body should go out and personally superintend the affairs at the works, and put them in proper order, a duty which had been undertaken by Mr. Sweetland, who would proceed to Nova Scotia on the 25th of the present month. (Hear.) The proprietors would bear in mind that this was a charcoal iron company. To make charcoal they required extensive forests, and last year they had obtained, from the Colonial Government, a concession of large tracts of forest land. Before, however, that concession was completed, the Colonial Government were turned out of office by a want of confidence vote. A new ministry had since been appointed, and one of the principal duties of Mr. Sweetland would be to place himself in communication with that ministry, and in which he would be assisted by letters from the Colonial office here, and endeavour (as no doubt he would succeed in doing) to obtain the reserve of large forests, which the late ministry promised. This would enable them to obtain an abundant supply of charcoal at a cheap rate, and carry on their operations with additional advantage. (Hear).

The next question, which was of the greatest importance to shareholders, was the dividend. It was true they paid no dividend up to Dec. 31, last, but the directors hoped very shortly to be in a position to do so; for, although they had not produced much iron up to that period, they had not been idle, as they had been getting ore and making charcoal, as they had now a very large accumulation both of iron ore and charcoal, which would enable them very shortly to make large quantities of iron, and place them in a position to pay a dividend. (Hear.) They had already received, on account of the contract entered into with Government last year for the supply of iron, 1200*l.*, and as that contract would be completed in June, they would pay a fair dividend, and have a much larger quantity of iron on hand ready for delivery than they had hitherto had. It would be seen that they had expended, on the Londonderry revenue account upon the mineral, coal, manufacture of iron, and shipping expenses, 2994*l.* 2s 9d. Taking as an index the expenditure in raising the ore and preparing the charcoal, they had ore and charcoal on hand equivalent to that amount. In the same way, they had at Nictau, on December 31, 2734*l.*, but since then the large accumulations in hand might be estimated at 12000*l.*, which, although a very small estimate, would, when converted into iron, enable them to pay an ample dividend to the shareholders. (Hear, hear.) He (the Chairman) ought to observe that they had been exceedingly economical in all their proceedings. They had entered into no wild speculations, nor had they laid out any money which did not afford a prospect of a profitable return. The expenses of management in London had been very small, being only 318*l.*, and out of that 60*l.*, was for furniture. The directors had given the most anxious and constant attention to the business, and never had asked for a farthing in the way of remuneration for their services. (Hear.) He invited every gentleman present to cast his eyes over the account, as it was of the greatest consequences that confidence should be placed in the board. The statement in the prospectus as to the rate at which they expected to produce iron fit for the market had not only been fulfilled but surpassed. They were even now making the iron at a cheaper rate than set forth in the prospectus, and supposing they continued to raise the ore and make charcoal at the present cost there would be a good profit and a good dividend; but if as they believed the expenditure upon these items would considerably decrease, the profit and dividend would proportionately increase. Last year, the total make of iron was 217 tons; this year, up to March 26, the make was 307 tons, and it was probable the total make of iron would soon be at the rate of 6000 tons a year. It was only right to mention that he could not hold out any expectations that the Government contract would be renewed at the same rate—8*l.* 15s. per ton for 2000 tons—but as their iron had proved by experiment to be of the best quality, their bar-iron being equal to the best Swedish, they might be sure it would always command a good price, and that as their powers of production increased the manufacture would become more and more remunerative. (Cheers.) They expected to have four furnaces in full operation in the course of the summer—two at Londonderry and two at Nictau—which no doubt would enable them to turn out the quantity of iron he had before stated. The retiring directors and auditors would be proposed for re-election, and it was but fair to state that Dr. Beattie, as one of the auditors, was entitled to the best thanks of the shareholders, as he had done more than the duties generally performed by such officers, every item having been strictly examined by him. The Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

From the Presbyterian.

BLYTH'S LETTERS FROM ITALY.

ROME, Italy, December —

Messrs. Editors—Standing upon the Pincian hill, so well known as the most delightful promenade in Rome, and looking over the crowded mass of gloomy houses to the opposite extremity of the city, the eye rests upon the magnificent dome of St. Peter's, the crowning monument of the genius of Michael Angelo, who made good his boast that he would suspend the Pantheon in air. No work of art can be conceived more majestic than this. Beautiful for situation, gigantic and faultless in its proportions, intensifying every hour the wonder and delight of the beholder, the first object seen on your approach to the Eternal City, the last that fades out of sight as you leave it, it stands at the head of all your recollections of Rome. It is to the modern city what the Colosseum must have been to the ancient. Close to it, devoid of all merit but vastness, stand the immense pile of buildings known as the Vatican—the seat of the Pope—the nursery of mild 'bulls' and harmless 'thunders,' the treasure-house of forgotten lore, and the museum of all that is costliest and best in the productions of ancient and modern art.

Let us now leave the Pincian hill and follow the stream of carriages that is ever pouring forth from this quarter of strangers towards these wonderful buildings. We will pass through the Strada de Conditti, over the bridge of St. Angelo, under the shadow of the frowning Mausoleum of Hadrian, and so, after more than a mile's walk, we will stand in the beautiful Piazza of St. Peter's. We need not attempt to describe what is so familiar to every eye in pictures and engravings. It is enough to say that this whole Piazza, with its obelisk, its two fountains, and its noble semi-circular colonnades, is a fitting introduction to the magnificent temple that lies beyond it. As we look across this Piazza to St. Peter's itself, we are at once sensible of a deep disappointment. The facade is a failure; it is mean and low, and it is a relief to be told that it does not belong to the plan of Michael Angelo. But as soon as we pass the vestibule into the church itself, every other feeling gives way to boundless admiration. We remark at once what all travellers have told us, its apparent want of magnitude. So exquisite are all the proportions that the eye is at first deceived, and requires the help of actual measurements to be brought to a correct judgment. It has only been after many visits, and many pacings to and fro, that I have at length been able to comprehend the vastness of this edifice. It may be well to know that cherubs, very little to the eye, measures full six feet; that the tape line shows some doves in bas-relief to be as monstrous as eagles; that very respectable human faces in mosaic, on the concave of the dome, show a breadth of some twenty feet or more; and that one end of the nave—a small corner of the building—would hold the largest Protestant church in America, steeple and all, and then leave room for a walk all around it!

It is only by the help of some homely statistics like these that we at length comprehend that we are in the largest temple in the world. It would be a work of supererogation to follow the stream of conscientious travellers in a description of this edifice; but I will say that I went all over it; I saw the famous iron St. Peter, with his toe half kissed away, who is accused of looking so like Jupiter Stator; I saw all its mosaics and statues, and its gorgeous awkward baldichemo resting over the tomb of St. Peter; I saw all its altars, and the ministers thereof despatching their business in haste or at leisure, playing ball and marbles in the adjoining rooms; I went down into the vaults and saw whole rows of dead Popes; and then I went up to the roof, and so to the top of the dome, marking the crack in it which, through some Protestant spectacles, seems to widen every day; and then gazed out from the ball perched up five hundred feet above *terra firma*. St. Peter's is a little world in itself. After a hundred visits, you discover still new beauties to cause wonder and delight; and yet after a hundred visits, your first impression is only the more confirmed, that it wants the very chief requisite of such a temple—the power to produce those feelings of religious awe and solemnity which a sense of fitness absolutely demands. In York Minister, Puritan though you be, you tread with instinctive reverence the solemn aisles, and feel the awfulness of the place. In St. Peter's no such influence is apparent, and just so far it falls short of the great aim which the lovers of an artistic religion are striving after. We feel certain that it would do as well for the throne-room of a palace as for a place of worship. The very same remark applies to almost all the churches of Rome. With their profuse ornamentation, they lack the seriousness which befits religion, and yet they befit the atmosphere of Rome, where religion is the least serious of all possible things.

It is but a step from St. Peter's to the *Vatican*. You know the entrance by the Swiss mercenaries that are sauntering around it. They are the Pope's household troops, with striped garments of red and yellow intermixed with gold lace, and with long spears, such as are only seen now-a-days on the stage of a theatre, or in pictures of the martyrdom of John Huss. If they were not so gaudy they would look like convicts; but, being gaudy, they look all the more like clowns. Once in the Vatican, and it is the easiest thing in the world to be lost. You may wander for hours through almost interminable galleries and grand suites of apartments, and yet leave many hours' work undone. The Pope's abode is but a small part of this immense pile. The bulk of the building forms the grandest museum in the world. Here are rescued from oblivion, and built into the firm walls, the records of the early Christian faith in the inscriptions on the marbles from the Catacombs—a collection of extraordinary interest and value. Here are gathered, beside a great account of the rubbish of old Rome, the choicest of the remains of ancient genius—the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere standing at the head of a long list that the eye wearies in gazing at it. Here are Egyptian museums, and Etruscan museums, museums of pottery, and all sorts of museums, occupying odd corners of this great pile, each of which, isolated, might worthily form the chief attraction of a city. Here is the greatest and most valuable library in the world, occupying gorgeous cases, with not a book in sight, and ornamented with jewelled vases and costly bijoux, the gifts of kings. Here is the choicest of all collections of pictures in the world, only about fifty in number, but every one of them a miracle of art, worthy to hang upon the same walls with the "Transfiguration," the last and best creation of the divine Raphael. Here are frescoes almost without number, painted through the "munificence" of successive Popes by master hands, and comprising the most vaunted work of Michael Angelo—"The Last Judgment"—to my mind a horrible caricature of a most solemn theme, and utterly unworthy of its fame. Here is a vast manufactory of mosaics always in full blast to supply new churches, and just now busily manufacturing the likenesses of the Popes, from St. Peter down, for the new church of St. Paul—an irresistible argument in the eyes of the vulgar for an unbroken apostolic succession. And here, too, if reports be true, is the manufactory of saints out of heretics in the dark dungeons of the Inquisition, where tortures are the strongest arguments used, and where, possibly, the lost Bishop of Detroit may be found if sought for. And beside all this, who knows what else the Vatican is used for! These are vast chambers which the stranger is never permitted to explore, and where, we may well believe, there is a good deal of machinery that dreads the daylight.

In gazing upon and contemplating the riches of St. Peter's and the Vatican, the mind of the Protestant must always be filled with contending emotions. If he be a lover of art, he will never tire of looking at that miraculous dome, and he will roam with ever-increasing delight thro' these almost endless galleries; but still he cannot help but see that they are what, more than all else, give dignity and strength to the most relentless of all the superstitions with which humanity was ever cursed. As long as Papal Rome can point to her St. Peter's as the first of all earthly temples; as long as she can boast of herself as the conservator of the richest treasures of ancient and modern art; as long as the Vatican remains to represent Popery to a world fond of glitter and wealth, just so long is her strength likely to remain unsubdued and her arm unclipped. This may seem strange to English and Americans, who look at things with a practical eye, and are ever recurring to the question *cui bono*; but when one sees what slaves the Europeans are to their senses, what a prodigious influence the mere tinsel of a court has over them, and how the strength of a throne is often just in proportion to the brightness of its ribbons and the multitude of its decorations, then it is easy to believe that the nations are held to the Court of Rome not so much by inward convictions, as by the glory that surrounds and centres in the huge piles that crown the *Mons Vaticanus.*

When, in 1848, the Pope ran away from Rome in the shape of a footman behind a coach, I venture to predict that he never would have returned if the nest had been destroyed after the bird had flown. Garibaldi wanted to do that, and was only restrained by the interference of Mr. Cass, our American Minister. I would not be the advocate of any unmeaning iconoclasm, but still, much as I love the arts, I would not lift a finger to save Michael Angelo's dome, or all the museums of the Vatican, if, by so doing, I were guilty of nursing for a day longer the vile brood that there nestle and hatch iniquities to plague the world withal. Wiser men than I have said the same thing, and men too who have not my excuse of a hereditary hatred of Popery. I have seen men that were calm at home, and that could give their money to put stained windows into Popish cathedrals, here boiling over with a disgust which we are accustomed to look for only in Scotchmen. This is a new idea to broach, but I believe it dwells in nine-tenths of the minds that look calmly and soberly on Popery at home. Kings and Emperors will continue to honour her as long as she worships in such a temple, and dwells in such a house; and there is nothing that so surely proclaims her doom as the progress of the nations towards the substitution of the real for the factitious, and the substantial for the showy. What might have been accomplished by Garibaldi and his ragged republicans will surely be accomplished when, in a more earnest age than the present, worth is found to lie in the head which the crown covers, and not in the jewels it bears; in the body that rules, and not in the gay spangled garments that puff it out and make it look large and dazzling to weak eyes. A very poor skeleton will Popery be when once she is stripped—and stripped she will be—wherever the Bible goes to make men lovers of truth and haters of deceit and shame.

But this homily has crowded out all the mention I meant to have made of other churches in Rome. There are a great many of them. They are all very rich in useless treasures; and while some of them are very beautiful in the interior, there is not an exterior in the whole city but that must be pronounced positively ugly. There is not a Gothic church here, and only a single window of unstained glass—a curious fact, showing that these are not indispensable to Popery, and do not, therefore, indicate positively Popish proclivities. In fine, it may be said of these churches—and there are three hundred and sixty-five of them—that they are neither ornamental nor useful. They fill up empty spaces, and are excellent charnel houses; but for all the good they do to the souls of men I would not give a straw. The wealth of the faithful has for ages flowed into them, and never flowed out again; and what with the gold and silver that deck old tombs, and the jewels and pearls that hang in great clusters around the necks of wax Maddonas, or fill the hollow orbits of grinning skulls, there is enough given over to cobwebs and dust to cover Italy with a network of railroads, to care for all the sick, and starving, and dying that choke up her filthy villages, and to plant a smile upon the lips that now piteously, but in vain, implore the tender mercies of the Church.

POPISH FLATTERY OF THE EMPEROR.—The Emperor attended service on Good Friday and Easter Sunday in the chapel of the Tuilleries. On the last named day Padre Ventura preached on the resurrection. He spoke in glowing terms of the power of our Saviour on earth. He then instituted a comparison between Christ and Napoleon III., highly favourable to the latter. He spoke of Napoleon III. having restored credit, revived speculation, confidence, and patriotism, and then rambled off into a rhapsody on the beauty of the Empress, whom he compared to the angels of heaven. The Emperor requited the priest's complacency by presenting him after service with a diamond snuff box.—*London Morning Advertiser's Correspondent.*

NEW PROTESTANT CHAPEL IN PARIS.—A new French Protestant chapel has been consecrated in the Rue de Madame, in presence of a numerous congregation, among whom were the President of the Reformed Consistory, several English and American preachers, and Dr. Kein, the Swiss Minister Plenipotentiary. The building comprises, in addition to the chapel, two schools capable of accommodating one hundred and twenty children of both sexes, and a residence for the pastor. M. Finch pronounced the benediction on the building, and M. de Pressense preached. The Paris *Siecle* congratulates French Protestants on this practical sign of the spread of the principles of toleration.

CURIOUS INDIAN INTERMENTS.—The *Wheeling* (Virginia) *Times* says:—One day last week while labourers were engaged in grading a lot in South Wheeling, from which a small mound was removed several years since, four large skeletons were found, laid with their heads together, and their feet pointed to the four points of the compass. In the centre was found a shovelful of stone beads, cylindrical, and resembling pieces broken off from a pipe stem. We do not remember to have ever read of the discovery of mound-buried skeletons disposed in the above described position. Were they buried by the builders of the other mounds, which have puzzled our antiquarians?

HOW AMERICA WAS PEOPLED.—The Rev. Dr. Hawks of New York has recently been delivering a series of lectures, intended to show that this continent was peopled by successive migrations from the old world, at different eras and by different races. First from the shores of the Mediterranean, which was the earliest seat of commercial enterprise, and the people from which have left their record upon the vast ruins of Yucatan; next from China and Japan to Mexico, Central, and South America; and next from Northern Asia, from which the American tribes of Indians came. These theories are sustained by remarkable analogies between the languages prevailing in different parts of the Eastern continent with those to be found on this continent.

USE OF FASHION.—The Vienna *Times* correspondent cites a laughable proof that crinoline is sometimes really of use. A young English girl who jumped on the ramparts intent on suicide, was seen by an officer looking "like a balloon in the air." The height of the wall was about forty-five feet, but the girl was so little hurt by her fall "that she walked away as if nothing had happened."

HORSES WITHOUT MANES.—The Persian Ambassador at Paris, Feroock Khan, has just presented to Louis Napoleon four Arab horses, of the purest blood, from his master the Shah. Their peculiarities are two—that they are larger than any blood horses hitherto seen, and that they have no manes. Paris was very much delighted with the beauty of these animals.

A leader in the *Times*, on the necessity of obtaining a better position in China, hints that we ought to have teh island of Chusan.