The Protector.

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.---A FAMILY JOURNAL.

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

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The Protector and Christian Witness,

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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.

REVIVALS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

I.

The honour of originating the revival [at the kirk of Shotts] was reserved, not to the Minister of the parish, though a good man, but to one of those faithful servants who suffered for their nonconformity to the innovations of the time; the Lord thus singularly accomplishing His word, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." The circumstances which led to this revival were the following:—Some ladies of rank, who had occasion to travel that way, had received civilities at different times from Mr. Hance, the Minister of Shotts; and on one occasion, when their carriage broke down near the manse, he kindly invited them to alight, and remain till it was repaired. During their stay they noticed that the house was much dilapidated, and in return for his attentions they got a new manse erected for him in a better situation. Mr. Hance, on receiving so substantial a favour, waited on the ladies to thank them, and wished to know if there was anything he could do to testify his gratitude. It is pleasing to know that at this time, as well as afterwards, the noblest of the daughters of Scotland distinguished themselves by their zeal in the cause of religion. These ladies loved the Gospel, and the persecuted Ministers who were contending for its purity. They, therefore, gladly seized the opportunity of asking Mr. Hance to invite such of them as they named to assist at the sacrament, that they might enjoy the benefit of their ministrations, and afford to others an opportunity of partaking in a privilege at this time rarely enjoyed. The Minister gladly consented; and, information of it spreading abroad, an immense concourse of people gathered from all parts to attend the dispensation of the ordinance, which was fixed for Sabbath, the 20th of June, 1630.

Among the Ministers invited on this occasion, at the request of these ladies, were the noble and venerable champions, Robert Bruce of Kinnaird, who was still able to preach with his wonted majesty and authority, and John Livingstone, Chaplain to the Countess of Wigton, who was afterwards settled some time in Ireland, but who at the present was only a Preacher, and about twenty-seven years of age Much of the Spirit of light and love was imparted during the services of the communion Sabbath; and so filled were the communicants with the joy and peace which they had experienced, that, instead of retiring to rest, they joined together in small companies, and spent the whole night in devotional exercises.

It had not been usual before this time to have service on the Monday after the dispensation of the Lord's Supper; but God had vouchsafed so much of His gracious presence on the preceding days of this solemnity, that they knew not how to part on this Monday without thanksgiving and praise. John Livingstone was with difficulty prevailed on to preach the sermon. In the Memoirs of his Life, written by himself, he gives the following memorandum, in reference to this discourse:—"The one day in all my life wherein I found most of the presence of God in preaching, was on a Monday after the communion, preaching in the churchyard of Shotts, June 21st, 1630. The night before, I had been with some Christians who spent the night in prayer and conference. When I was alone in the fields, about eight or nine of the clock in the morning, before we were to go to sermon, there came such a misgiving of spirit upon me, considering my unworthiness and weakness, and the multitude and expectation of the people, that I was consulting with myself to have stolen away somewhere and declined that day's preaching, but that I thought I durst not so far distrust God, and so went to sermon, and got good assistance about an hour and a half upon the points which I had meditated on: 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh.' (Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26.) And in the end, offering to close with some words of exhortation, I was led on about an hour's time, in a strain of exhortation and warning, with such liberty and melting of heart, as I never had the like in public all my lifetime."*

To this sermon, under the blessing of God, *no less than five hundred people ascribed their conversion*; and, in gratitude for such a remarkable token of the Divine countenance on this day, the Church of Scotland has ever since devoted a part of the Monday after a communion Sabbath to the duty of public thanksgiving.

Some remarkable incidents occurred on that Monday; one of which, as illustrating the striking effect produced by Mr. Livingstone's discourse, may be now related. Three young gentlemen belonging to Glasgow had made an appointment to go to Edinburgh to attend some public amusements. Having alighted at Shotts to take breakfast, one of their number proposed to go and hear a sermon—probably more from curiosity than any other motive; and for greater expedition they arranged to come away at the end of the sermon, before the last prayer. But the power of God accompanying the sermon was so felt by them, that they could not go away till all was over. When they returned to take their horses, they called for some refreshment before they mounted; but, when it was set upon the table, they all looked to one another, none of them daring to touch it till a blessing was asked. As they were not accustomed formerly to attend to such things, one of them at last said, "I think we should ask a blessing." The others assented at once to this proposal, and put it on one of their number to do it, to which he readily consented; and, when they had done, they could not rise till another had returned thanks. They went on their way more sedately than they used to do, but none of them mentioned their inward concern to the others, only now and then one would say, "Was it not a great sermon we heard?" another would answer, "I never heard the like of it." They went to Edinburgh; but, instead of waiting on diversions or company, they kept their rooms the greater part of the time they were there, which was only about two days, when they were all quite weary of Edinburgh, and proposed to return home. Upon the way home they did not discover the state of their minds to one another; and after arriving in Glasgow they kept themselves very much retired, coming seldom out. At last, one of them made a visit to his friend, and declared to him what God had done for him at the kirk of Shotts. The other frankly owned the concern that he had been brought under at the same time; and both of them proceeding to the third, and finding him in the same state of mind, they all three agreed to have a fellowship-meeting. They continued to maintain a practice suitable to their profession for the remainder of their lives, and became eminently useful in their day and generation.

* "Life," p. 14.

From this, and other well-attested instances, it appears that the revival on this occasion was not characterized by those excesses which have brought discredit on similar scenes in our own country and elsewhere. The word of God sank deep into the hearts of the hearers, forcing them to retire, like the stricken deer, into solitude, there to weep and mourn till the dart was extracted by the Hand that had launched it, and the balm of consolation was poured into the bleeding wound. It was some time before the modesty of the converts would permit them to own the change wrought upon them; till, like the spring of living water, which cannot be controlled or concealed, the grace of God evinced its power by bursting from the once "stony heart," and pouring itself forth in the pure, peaceful, and fruitful stream of a holy conversation.*

II.

More than a hundred years ago—in the year 1742—there was an extraordinary religious awakening in the west of Scotland. It began in Cambuslang, a parish on the Clyde, near Glasgow. There were not over nine hundred souls in the parish, yet out of that number (it was believed) *about five hundred were converted!* The awakening in Cambuslang was preceded by a year's faithful preaching of regeneration and the atonement by the Pastor, Mr. M'Culloch. Then for twelve weeks came daily preaching—generally out doors or in tents. Whitefield (then in the zenith of his power and popularity) came to Cambuslang, and delivered a dozen discourses. Boanerges never stayed long in one spot; but his two visits to the rural parish near Glasgow were inundations of blessings to the thirsting multitudes. Mighty audiences from Glasgow and Western Scotland thronged to hear him. He frequently addressed twenty thousand souls in a day!

At the first communion-season after his visit *no less than seventeen hundred persons sat down to the tables*, which were spread under tents. A few weeks after, the Lord's Supper was dispensed again; and probably it was the most extraordinary communion-service ever witnessed on earth. No less than *forty thousand people gathered to witness the solemnities*. Preaching went on for several days previous, from Whitefield and others; but on the second Sabbath in August the Pentecostal scene culminated. The day was mild and genial, and the fields yellow with the wheat-harvest.

At half-past eight on that memorable Sabbath morning the "action sermon" was preached. Then came the "fencing the tables"—then, immediately after this, the table was spread, and the first company passed in to the Lord's Supper. During the whole day the sacred service went forward; no less than twenty-four companies, of over one hundred each, sitting down in rotation! The whole number who partook of the sacred emblems was about *three thousand*. The soft twilight was stealing over the "braes" when the last group left to read four lines of a psalm as a doxology. A grey-haired Pastor, turning homeward from the hallowed place, exclaimed, in the fullness of his grateful heart, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Such a revival could not be without abiding fruits. Accordingly, we are told that, after the close of the extraordinary meetings, the morals of the whole neighbourhood were changed. Profanity became almost unknown. God's day was honored in every dwelling. Nearly every house became a house of prayer. Evil-speaking ceased: old enmities and family-feuds were forgotten. Every father was a kinder parent; every child more dutiful. Religion went into men's daily business as a controlling principle; sceptics owned its power, and scoffers were silenced before the beauty and majesty of daily godliness. May He who holdeth the seven stars in His right hand give us such a revival!†

* Dr. M'Crie's "Sketches." † T. L. Cuyler.

A WORKING NOBLEMAN.

The Earl of Rosse is the Tubal Cain of the Irish peerage, a noble Vulcan, a smith and an astronomer, equally at home in the forge or among the stars. Most people have heard of his lordship, or, if they have not heard of his lordship, they have heard of his great telescope, fifty-three feet long, and six feet in diameter, through which the celebrated nebula of Sir John Herschel was first seen, in its most distinct aspect of myriad clustering stars. The great telescope stands in the middle of the demesne, and is slung between two massive stone walls, something like a pier of the suspension bridge, without the arch connecting the side masonry. It would require a more scientific person than myself to describe the mechanical aids and contrivances, all of his lordship's devising, which enable him to move this great mass, this tremendous tube, with as much ease and precision as though it were a toy instrument. The first thing that strikes you is, that it is like a gigantic piece of wooden ordnance, being put together with tremendous staves, like a cask. Being on the Gregorian or reflecting principle, I need hardly say you do not look into it. Nay, you may walk into it, like a tunnel, for I could see the traces of footsteps in the interior of it, as though persons had been down the tube, to have a nearer view of the speculum at the bottom. The instrument is pointed at a given angle towards the heavens, and down in the bottom of the huge cylinder or cask, if you choose to call it such, is the speculum or reflector, the largest that has ever been made, and the manufacture of which, under his own superintendence, was the triumph of Lord Rosse's mechanical powers. In this metallic mirror is reflected the heavenly body under observation, and, on a stage near the opening at the top stands the astronomer, making his observations at leisure on planet, fixed star, meteor, or nebula, just as the case may be. Here, pigmy man reviews the heavenly host. But Lord Rosse is no pigmy. If his father had worn a blacksmith's apron instead of ermine or sables, the son would have risen from the cinders of the forge to be a Stephenson or a Herschel.

The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said of a dissipated member of the peerage, who possessed high mental qualities, "It is a pity he was born a lord, for, had he to earn his bread, he would have been a useful member of society." This does not apply to the Earl of Rosse, nor is he, to use the sarcasm applied to another, "a *savan* among peers, and a peer amongst *savans*," for, while he is every thing that becomes the chieftain of a county, the most intelligent mechanic in Birmingham would acknowledge him a master in his own art, while the Astronomer Royal would receive him in his observatory upon perfectly equal footing. His residence, Rosse Castle, is a most amusing mixture of the forge and the feudal fortress. You enter the grounds by a gateway in Parsonstown. I passed the lodge without let or impediment, and was soon arrested by a large and imposing, but not very picturesque or well-designed castle, massively built of limestone. The greater part of the structure is comparatively new, but portions of the old castle, which, in the Jacobite wars, stood a brief siege, still remain, and bear upon them traces of cannon ball. The present nobleman has surrounded the building with rampart and fosse, so that, in a sudden emergency, it might be turned to strategical account. Fortification is one of the many branches of knowledge to which he has turned his thoughts; but, when you got within the line of defences, what a contrast to baronial or military force the objects that met your eye afforded! The genius of Watt triumphed over the imitations of Vauban. Where cannon might have bristled, a tidy steam engine worked; great lathes turned under the towers that frowned defiance at James' forces; in the stables, where a racing stud of war steeds might have been sheltered, a most ingenious and powerful apparatus for polishing the great speculum was fixed; in the corner of the castle-yard was a furnace, and close by stood the moulds in which the monster reflectors were cast by his lordship, with face and hands begrimmed with sweat and coal dust—an event more important, but not as worthily recorded as the casting of the Schiller's bell. Scraps of iron and smith's coal strewed the ground, and instead of the baying of hound or the horn of hunter, you heard the sustained deep breathing of a pair of forge bellows, above which rang the measured clang of sledge and anvil; for his lordship is never idle. He must be at work with his workmen, and he has numbers employed under him; when not constructing some wonderful invention to view the heavens, or trace the planetary revolutions, he sets about making gates or iron bridges, or hydraulic pumps to drain morasses. But it was quite evident, however rude or coarse the work in hand, nothing was left to the rule of thumb—every thing is calculated properly and scientifically, and the number of books upon mechanism which lay about in forge and lathe-house showed that his lordship's journeymen were taught by principles, and not by chance, to regulate their labours.

His lordship, I believe, is not much of a sportsman, and, with a little of the absence of the philosopher, he is said hardly to know his own horse. When Lord Oxmantown, he represented the King's County in Parliament, and, when attending his duties in London, would sometimes escape from a dull debate to the forges of Birmingham, or the ship-building yards of Blackwall. Some amusing circumstances occurred during these *incognito* visits. His lordship is a strong-built, mechanical-looking man, and many a time has a brother operative, in admiration of his ability, pressed a pot of porter upon him. It is even said that he once or twice shared the honest pewter on such occasions with the file dusted engineer, sooner than part with a clear-headed handicraftsman. One anecdote is well authenticated:—He was at some manufactory (the name I heard, but have forgotten). In walking through the works, he met with the principal, who, finding him well versed in the subject, and taking him for a practical man, explained some improvements he was about to make. His lordship discovered a fallacy in the plan, and predicted that it would fail; but the other was confident in his calculations; and so they parted. Some time afterwards, when his lordship was walking to the House of Commons, he was accosted in the street by one who turned out to be his too confident acquaintance, and who said:—"I have been often, since we last met, wishing to see you—you were right and I was wrong, and I am going to make you an offer; my engineering foreman is going to leave me; and, if you will come down and construct the work your own way, I will give you a post." "I am much obliged," replied his lordship, "but I could not accept your offer without consulting my father." "One would think you were old enough," said the other, with some scorn, "to be out of leading strings. And when can you hear from your daddy?" "I can give you an answer at once," said Lord Oxmantown, who saw his father, the then Earl Rosse, approaching. When the latter came up he was informed of the offer, and, entering into the joke, said he was quite willing his son should accept the post, if it did not interfere with his Parliamentary duties "And who the deuce is he? and who are you, old gentleman?" roughly demanded the Brummagem man. "I am Earl Rosse," was the reply; "and this is Lord Oxmantown." Eventually the latter consented to look down for a few days into Warwickshire, and give his friend the benefit of his best advice, which ended, this time, in the thoroughly successful completion of the improvement in hand.—*Bristol Times*.

HORSE RACING AT A DISCOUNT.

It is not many years since duelling received its deathblow by the simple expedient of a protest signed first by two individuals, then by a few of their friends, shortly afterwards by hundreds of the aristocracy and middle classes, and then published and circulated. And now a duel is never heard of in any part of England, and scarcely even in France. Success in this case arose out of the mature state of the public mind on the subject; and if there is in our day a similar ripeness regarding horse-racing, such means might be expected again to succeed. That there is at least progress in this wholesome direction, we may infer from the decay of the saturnalia that used annually to be common at some of the seats of this popular sport. Doncaster, for example, so far-famed for its race course and its racing history, cannot now muster a sufficient company in the evening for a ball, and serious apprehensions are entertained that the annual meeting will be given up—"a consummation," which many of the respectable inhabitants think "devoutly to be wished." This age is less frivolous, in some respects, than the last, and even where pure religion has little influence, there is still a progress towards something higher and nobler than the pursuits that once satisfied society. The death of Mr. Asheton Smith, a noted fox-hunting *millionaire*, in Wales, has just called forth a well-written article in the *Times*, pointing out the folly and the unworthiness of the life led by one who, with numerous good and amiable qualities and immense material wealth, was content, till fourscore, to occupy a place among his fellow-men, without having seriously devoted himself to any one object in the world, save the pursuit of foxes. The *Times* expresses here, as it generally does, the public sentiment of the people of England.

Some children in Somersetshire were at play in a field, to whom a woman seemed to a passenger to be calling out violently. The passenger said to the children, "Do you not hear your mother calling to you?" and the answer was, "Her is'nt a calling of we; us dosn't belong to she."

GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

I was lately reading, in the late excellent Dr. Belknap's History of New Hampshire, an account of the intended invasion of New England by the French, in the year 1746, which brought to my recollection an anecdote of the Rev. Mr. Prince, pastor of the Old South church at that time, which was related to me by one of his parishioners.

In consequence of the success of the New England troops in the capture of Louisburg, in 1745, the French Government became exasperated, and determined on revenge. In the ensuing year, they fitted out an expedition against New England, consisting of a large fleet of men-of-war, and an army of veterans, commanded by officers of rank and experience; and Boston was supposed to be the principal object of attack. When this intelligence was received, the whole country was thrown into alarm, and in no period of our history is there any account when terror and dismay were so universal as on this occasion which was increased almost to despair when it was known that no succor could be afforded by the mother country. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed, which was the usual practice of our ancestors on all occasions of public distress, or apprehensions of danger. While Mr. Prince was officiating at the Old South church on this occasion, and praying most fervently to God to avert the dreaded calamity, a sudden gust of wind arose, so violent as to cause a loud clattering of the windows! The reverend pastor paused in his prayer, and looking around upon the congregation with a countenance of hope, again he commenced and with great devotional ardour, supplicated the Almighty to cause that wind to frustrate the object of our enemies, and save the country from conquest and Popery. A tempest ensued in which the greater part of the French fleet were wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia. The Duke D'Anville, the principal general, and the second in command, both committed suicide. Many died with disease, and thousands were consigned to a watery grave. The small number who remained alive returned to France without health and without spirits.

In whatever light we may view the circumstances of the gust of wind on Fast Day, it cannot but be considered as a wonderful coincidence with what followed. The amiable Belknap observes, "Never was the hand of Divine Providence more visible than on this occasion."

ONLY TRY.

Reader, there are many difficulties in a man's way if he takes up real, serious religion. I know that well. But do not let these difficulties stop you. Try to serve Christ. Only try.

There are difficulties, but God will give you grace to overcome. God is not a hard Master. He will not, like Pharaoh, ask you to make brick, and find you no straw. He never laid on man commands which he would not give men power to perform. Only try.

Reader, try to serve Christ. Resist the devil when he says it is impossible. Try, and Jesus will help you. He loves to meet those who strive to come to him, and he will meet you and give you the power that you feel you need. Be like the man whom Bunyan's pilgrim saw in the interpreter's house; go forward boldly, saying, "Set down my name." Those words of our Lord are true, although I often hear them repeated by heartless and unfeeling tongues; "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Matt. vii. 7. Difficulties, which seemed like mountains, shall melt away like snow in spring. Obstacles, which seem like giants in the mist of distance, shall dwindle into nothing when you fairly face them. The lion in the way which you fear, shall prove to be chained. If men believed the promises more, they would never be afraid of duties. But remember that little word I press upon you, and when Satan says, "You cannot be a Christian," answer him, "Get thee behind me, Satan; by God's help I will try."

Depend on it, with the help of God nothing is impossible. Where there is a will, there will always be a way. Take down your Bible and begin to read it. Seek God in prayer, and be in earnest about it. But try.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

REFUGES FOR POPISH PRIESTS RENOUNCING ROME.

Through the different European organizations of the Evangelical Allianee, something continues to be done steadily for the encouragement of Protestantism on the continent. I have already once and again alluded to the establishment, at Basle, in Switzerland, of a Protestant Refuge for priests who have become convinced and tired of the follies and sins of Romanism. This was meant, chiefly, for such ecclesiastics as were known to long for freedom in the Austrian empire, where the Concordat has made the position of the lower clergy almost intolerable. A movement of the same kind is now contemplated for France; and it is asserted that as soon as an asylum offers them shelter and security, many of the Gallican clergy, disgusted by the growing superstition and low trickery of the Romish system, will gladly flee to it, and throw off for ever all connection with Rome.

Jewish Longevity.—The modern Israelites, we are informed by Herr Gatters, have a longer life of it than modern Christians. During twenty-three years M. Gatters has been gathering statistics on this head in Wisselburg; and he finds that as infants, as boys, and as adults, Jews live longer than Christians. He attributes their longer life to some peculiarity of race; but it is probable their money has something to do with it. A pauper Jew is an unheard of thing, and poverty and short life have a well-known relation.—*Medical Times.*

Water Spouts in Hungary.—The late European papers state that quite recently a water spout broke near the village of Kossiad, in the district of Widdea, and killed four hundred horses and oxen, also several persons. They add that another water spout at Ternowa, in the same district, threw down houses and crushed as many as four thousand persons; and that a third at Plewna, drowned one hundred and eighty persons; but these two last statements, says the Breslau Gazette, require confirmation.

Large Castings.—Twelve cast iron columns, said to be the largest in the United States, are now in process of construction at Cincinnatti. They are each 50 feet in height, four feet two inches in diamiter, weight between 200 and 300 tons, and will cost about $30,000. They are designed for the State House, Madison, Wisconsin.

Polished Steel Frigates.—An order has been given by the French Government for six new screw-frigates, of 900 horsepower each, two to be built at Rochefort, two at l'Orient, and two at some other port, each to be blinche or cuirasse, as the term now goes, with plates of polished steel, each weighing 22 hundred weight, 5 feet in length, 2½ feet in breadth, at a cost of $285 each plate. The plates are to be inserted between the planks of every part of the frigates above high water mark, and will render them impervious to shot and shell. Steel shot have been fired at the plates from short and long ranges, in the Polygon and Vincennes, without injuring them. The French Government, however, is compelled to apply to an English iron-master, Mr. Howard, to furnish the plates. The samples are 1 metre 70 centimetres in length, 75 centimetres broad, 10 centimetres thick; each will weigh 1248 kilogrammes, and will cost 1420 francs; and, as the entire vessel above water-mark will be covered with these stupendous shields, the cost will be prodigious.

Steam-Carriage in London.—On Thursday, July 29, an experiment made on the Westminster road, was witnessed by thousands of spectators, who seemed much interested and astonished on seeing a steam-engine traversing the streets of London. The machine was steered by a person who stood in front, and handled a wheel about the size and appearance of those used on our river steamboats, but made of metal. Two other men were at the end of the engine, one acting as stoker, and his companion assisting as a kind of brake when it was necessary to turn. This was all the manual aid required for its progress. Attached was a truck or platform on wheels, loaded with packages of several tons weight. It proceeded from the manufactory of Maudslay & Field, along the Westminster road to their wharf, close to the Westminster bridge, and here it was guided round with the utmost ease, and without a moment's delay. The engine is the invention of a Mr. Bray, who has obtained a patent. It is adapted to travel up hills or down, and its speed may be increased at pleasure. On this occasion it went through the throng of carriages and people at walking pace, and it was several times stopped and then got in motion, showing it to be perfectly safe and easy of control.

The extent to which this new application of steam power may be made available, cannot at present be determined; but in the case of the engineers who have matured its construction, its use has been practically demonstrated. Those immense masses of iron-work produced at the workshop of Maudslay & Field, gigantic boilers and other machinery, weighing many tons, when removed, had to be drawn by ten, twelve, and sometimes sixteen horses. Now here is a motive power occupying no more room than a van, or an omnibus, performing the same work with an economy of space most desirable in crowded thoroughfares, and doubtless with a great saving.

The time may soon arrive when the invention may be used for carrying passengers in our streets, for drawing heavily laden carts or waggons on the highway, or dragging ploughs in the field, or for performing other necessary and important services which no animal force could accomplish.—*London Illustrated News.*

What England Pays in One Year for Manure.—It is estimated that England pays annually three hundred millions of dollars for manure, more than the entire commerce of that country. The total value of a year's crop has been reported to Parliament, some time ago, as being about three thousand millions of dollars—the crop includes the animal as well as the vegetable. The turnip crop has been estimated in that kingdom to be worth fifteen hundred millions of dollars.

The Atlantic Cable.—The New York *Times* states that the workmen employed in cutting up the cable in the machine shop at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, found a break a short time since in the communicating copper wire about three-eighths of an inch long, through which the saw passed in the solid gutta percha, showing that the disconnection must have occurred during the process of manufacture, and therefore leading to the very great probability that other similar lessons may have occurred in other parts of the cable.

First Cotton Factory.—The first cotton factory in the United States was established at Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1787. It continued in operation until 1802, and then stopped, 90 per cent. of the capital having been sunk in the enterprise.

Rich Englishmen.—There are forty-six persons in England who have incomes of £150,000 a-year, equal to two millions and a quarter of dollars.

Bundle of Pope's Manuscripts Recovered.—We read in the Table Talk of the Illustrated London News:—"This week has recovered a large bundle of manuscripts in Pope's own handwriting, preserved by the pious care of the two Richardsons, father and son. The Pope was a laborious corrector of his writings, that he arrived at excellence only by repeated alterations with the pen, we know before, from the manuscript of the Iliad, most fortunately preserved in the British Museum; but to what extent he carried his alterations and corrections, no one who has not seen the newly recovered manuscripts to which we call attention could have the faintest conception of. What the manuscripts are worth, the reader will readily imagine when he learns that this precious bundle (casket shall we call it?) contains the Essay on Criticism, Windsor Forest, the Rape of the Lock, the Essay on Man, the Moral Epistles, the Epistle to Arbuthnot, the Epistle to Fortescue, and suppressed editions of the Dunciad, with notes upon them that might supply matter to 'Notes and Queries' for the next six months. Part of the Epistle to Fortescue is written roughly on the reverse of pieces of paper transmitting nauseous 'draughts' for Mr. Pope to take night and morning."

Making Money out of the Telegraph.—Messrs. Taffany & Co., the Broadway jewelers, who purchased some eighty miles of the Atlantic Cable, are likely to make a fortune out of this venture. We learn that they have received orders for as many as seventy-five thousand finger lengths in a single day. They are manufacturing it into every shape which ingenuity can devise, for ornament or use. We have seen specimens of the Cable worked into watch-chains and keys, cane-handles, paper weights, handles to butter knives, etc., etc., and one huge piece wrought into a breast-pin for some enthusiastic individual, suggesting the doubt whether the man was attached to the pin or the pin to the man. Even the interior wire is transformed into ear-rings, and other ornaments, with the addition of gald setting.

There is a married lady in Salem, in good health, whose weight when in full dress is only seventy three pounds.