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IS, AGENT. iter, Dundas street Londs

3. Your letters furnish a nice illustration of an 'Twas near the close of that blest day, when with melodious To erowded mart and lonely vale, had spoke the Sabbath-And on a broad, unruffled stream, with bordering verdure

The westering sunbeam richly shed a tinge of crimson light. When lo! a solemn train appeared, by their loved pastor led, And sweetly rose the holy hymn, as toward that stream they And he its cleaving, crystal breast, with steps unfaltering

Then bending o'er his staff, approached that willow fringed A man of many weary years, with furrowed temples hoar; And faintly breathed his trembling lip-" Behold, I fain Baried in Baptism with my Losd, ere death shall summon

His stedfast eye upraised to seek communion with his God.

THE BAPTISM.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The pastor bore his tottering frame through that translucent And plunged him 'neath the shrouding wave and spake the And joy upon that withered face in wondering radiance came.

And then advanced a lordly frame, in manhood's towering In deep humility of soul, this faithful witness gave

Who next?-A fair and fragile form in snowy robe doth That tender beauty in her eye that wakes the vow of love-Yes, come, thou gentle one, and arm thy soul with strength This stern world hath a thousand darts to vex a breast like

Beneath its smile a traitor's kiss is oft in darkness bound-Cling to that Comforter, who holds a balm for every wound, Propitiate that Protector's care, who never will forsake, And thou shalt strike the harp of praise, e'en when thy ! heart-strings break.

Yet more! Yet more!-How muck they how to their Redeemer's rite. Then pass with music on their way, like joyous sons of light! Yet, lingering on those shores I staid, till every sound was

For hallowed musings o'er my soul like spring-swollen riv-ten letters to and about Kirwan, the large clumsy

CATHOLIC BISHOP OF NEW-YORK.

notice in the briefest way, those last and curious productions of your pen, your six letters to Kirwan. If your papal assumptions and papal logic, made your ten letters to "Dear Reader" and such a strong spice of Irish ill-humour, as to points to which I have solicited its and your atention ;-nor can you expect that I could, for a moment, descend to the low level along which remarks in reference to them. And this I will do, after the manner of some old preachers, un-

rally meet your promises? The facts certainly al consummation.

2 Your letters give us an interesting view of your moral courage. When you commenced facts form no argument against religion, or any your first series, we Protestants certainly felt. form of it; and that you have seen protestant day Thursday, you represent as possessing won- let me converse in cottages; may I but once and said, "Now we are going to have a tract for ministers in States' prison for worse sins than derful efficacy when rubbed on a dying sinner more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, the times, and worthy of the controversy." But the point of the statement is, the little spice of the first letter was not found that these drunken worthless wretches, whethin any other of the series, and they became ut- er deposed, or recti in ecclesia, were miracle and that your olive oil, under these circum- titles and perishing riches! what ke ye now significantly and they became utterly insipid, and died at the sight of Lent! workers, and were daily resorted to for miracu- stances, has not a whit greater efficacy than nify! what consolation, what relief can ve now When the second series commenced, we all said, lous cures both as to men and cattle, and for whale oil, or bear's oil or goose grease. And again give me? I have splendid passage to the grave; and the papers, political and religious, said, which they were paid in money and Irish whiskey! I will leave to you the selection of three out of I die in state, and languish under a gilded canodiscussion." Six letters are published without protestants minister deposed for drunkenness, or and these questions are settled, then we will make and am respectfully attended by my servants and touching a single topic in controversy, and again you retire! And almost before your quill was to by protestants for miraculous cures, and paid which you throw out to myself or Mr. Prime. now inquire after your Right Reverence, the on-ly reply we receive is, "He is gone to Halifax!" You say that you "know nothing Halifax? meet your convenience after your return from Land give in the point of your parallel? And so as to "St. In meet your convenience after your return from Land give in the point of your parallel? And so as to "St. Halifax? Land so as to "St. Land so as to for the General in command to flee to Halifax in Patrick's well in the County of Dawn, a fabrica- soul, and the soil in which virtue prospers. affair! I hope you can satisfy "the illustrious world? Are the Seven Stations at or near Ath-

LONDON, (CANADA WEST,) SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1848.

easy way of getting out of a difficulty. You expected to make short work of Kirwan's Letters, when you commenced answering them without reading them. But as you read on, you found the nuts were a little harder to crack than you had anticipated : and you made the commencement of Lent an excuse for dropping them. But this displeased your priests and people, and, as the *Freeman's Journal* testifies, you were called

upon to give the letters of Kirwan a direct answer. This papists and protestants alike desired and demanded. As there was no way of evasion, in an evil hour you consented to comply with the demand; and hence those six unfortunate letters which have so widely excited a smile at your expense. In these it is obvious that you have read Kirwan. Your temper and your quotations are proof of this, Again you find the nuts too hard too crack: and seeing that instead of crushing them, you are covering your own fingers with blood and bruises, you ery at the close of the sixth letter, "You wish me to dispute with you on matters of controversy: I must beg leave to decline the proposed honour; I cannot consent to dis With brow benign, like him whose hand did wavering Peter | pute with any man for whom I feel no respect. And after bowing me " for the present, farewell" you are off for Halifax! That is, after labouring through three months of the last winter, and sweltering through six weeks of the present summer, to confute me, in vain, you find out that you have no respect for me, decline further controversy, and flee to Halifax! So that when a man is fairly worsted, he has only to find out Who from the gilded snares of earth had wisely turned aside, that he has no respect for his antagonist, and And following in His steps, who bowed to Jordan's startled then he can retire crowned with laurels from the controversy! How easily, according to this rule could the dastardly Santa Anna have gained a complete victory over the gallant Scott; and even after the Yankees were "revelling in the Halls

he had no respect for him!! Now, Sir, I shrewdly conjecture that this way of getting out of a difficulty is borrowed from old Ireland." Did you ever go to school in Ireland; or were those awful laws of which you speak in your last letter, in force, until after your emigration? Perhaps, if you did, you may remember that Irish boys are very fond of fighting after school. A very odd scene which was acted one evening after school, is now before my mind, Then with a firm, unshrinking step, the watery path she trod, as if it transpired but yesterday. There was a And gave, with woman's deathless trust, her being to her large clumsy fellow that by his boasting and violent gesticulations, kept all the boys for some And when all drooping, from the flood, she rose like lily's weeks in dread of him; and there was a thin but muscular boy, who at length resolved to meet Methought that spotless brow might wear an angel's dia- him in a fair boxing match. Those of us in the secret retired to a secluded spot and formed a ring; and the flight commenced. It was soon apparent, to the joy of us all, that the thin muscular boy was an over-match for his opponent. In every round he had signally the advantage. After nearly as many rounds as you have writpounded him to jelly, "You are a mean, dirty

My Dear Sir,—I wish the present epistle to tice in the briefest way, those last and curious of them as "possessing a sprightliness of style of them as "possessing a sprightli which renders them a pleasing contrast to the filthy volumes that have been written on the same side"—and not long afterwards you speak of ber the story of Diodorus about the Roman who logic, made your ten letters to "Dear Reader intolerably dull, you have east into these so much low personality, so much episcopal impertinence, and such a strong spice of Irish ill-humour, as to as regards the grammatical constructions of lace that they ran in frenzy to his house, and and such a strong spice of Irish ill-humour, as to make them quite interesting. They are certain-ly readable productions, and give us new revelations both as to your fine taste and wonderful of the country which produced a Dean Swift, or a Childwrith." This of a computent with which arms death with all its terrors; dodsmith." This of a competent critic would be high praise; and even from you, it shows that your myself, so as to divert the public mind from the points to which I have solicited its and your ata moment, descend to the low level along which in those letters you have seen fit to move. Yet I would respectfully call your attention to a few things, I know not, save on the ground that the you question a fabrication, by a formal investigation.

1. Your letters give us an amusing view of 5. They reveal a great dishonesty in evading tiate a little wafer into the real body and blood geance I have often defied the manner in which you keep yout promises.—
the point of statement. The Editor of the Obof Christ, and that you do it whenever and wherlin your first series you say, "I propose to pubserver has already exposed your miserable and ever you say mass. Now "I am willing to go to human nature to reach! What extravagance is lish a series of letters on the same great topics which Kirwan has discussed." These letters sional, and as you well know, drawn by me to the if either you or any other bishop or pricst have to sport with eternal chains, and recreate a jovial drew "their slow length along," until they reached No. 10, and "the great topics which Kirwan ough to brand you for life as an unfair man. I —This will incur but little expense—it can be Were there no implety in this kind of mirth it mine will be to review those reasons." And yet questioned by me, that any priest ever decides hands, then we will submit to be branded as uncertain duration. A condemned wretch may to a want of memory, or to a want of ability?

Or is it a sample of the way in which you gene-

which Paul pronounces a doctrine of devils ?-My object is to show the absurdity of your rule, and the crosier. ples! So as to the text, "he that eateth this If that rule be true, then all that you have to do to give your wafer to the poor famishing Irish, and they hunger no more. This you pronounce "a horrible pun on the words of the Saviour;"
you mistake—it is a horrible blow a your rid; ulous interpretation of "this my body." cause the blow is so heavy, it is immediately g with "impiety and humanity." Now, Sir, the way for you to get rid of all that kind of argument is, to withdraw the premises on which is built; or when you see that your premises lead to such absurd consequences, to reject them. It will do you no good to get vexed about of the Montezumas" he had only to find out that

gent proofs of my infidelity. True, all we proproofs of my infidelity are extra, and are furnishfifth is that I do not believe that Mary was the portant even mother of God The sixth is, I do not sufficientit is as acceptable an act to God to worship the haps only to light me to perdition? head of Balaam's ass, as a human skull said to be although ingenious, is not new. And both you ricature to empty upon the monster their quiver TO THE RIGHT REV. JOHN HUGHES, D. D., ROMAN and the public know it is not the true reason. of arrows. There are some things too absurd to

show that you are a most promising young man. So you evade the point of the facts as to the done in a day, and I will agree to pay the bill. turn, ye lost neglected moments! How should Now we are going to have a racy and manly That, Sir, is the point. Have you ever seen a five judges. When these offers are accepted, py: I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, dry you were off for Halifax! And when we for them in money or whiskey? if not, where is May I hope to hear from you as soon as will and grief: my lovely wife, pale and silent, con-

yearly performed which cast into the shade those they be right as to me? If I were all you say of the Hindoo fakirs? It is no wonder you are of me, and as much beyond that as that is beyond stately monument, inscribed with ashamed and vexed when the deep degradation | the truth, that would not prove true the absur-

to which popery has reduced our unhappy coundities of Romanism—that would not prove that But could the pale carcase speak, it would seen try is exposed to the indignant scorn of free and you can create God, and forgive sin, -or that intelligent citizens :- it is no wonder when you your religion is any thing else but a peacock seek, in any way, to escape from the obloquy to which the upholding of such a system subjects about it save its glittering plumage. 3. Remember that what you write may pos-

6. Your letters exhibit a great dislike for the sibly live after you are dead; and that your office reductio ad absurdum. And no wonder, when as a bishop gives not the weight of a feather to your system offers so many and such strong tempt- your weak arguments, whilst it renders your your system offers so many and such strong tempt-tations to use it. And yet, you know, that it is a legitimate way of reasoning. I hope you can-lute mercy, through the atoning sacrifice of the Redeemer of lost mankind! Adieu, till we meet not say of this, as of St. John's well, that you it, he disgraces himself. The person who raises know nothing about. I am striving to show the himself to station, name and influence, is worthy absurdity of literal interpretation as you use it to of double honor; but in case such a person should prove certain papal tenets; and ask how by your rise from a cabbage garden to a mitre he ought rule you escape the inference of being a devil to know that the line of conduct which would not whilst uphelding the doctrines of clerical celibacy particularly dishonor the hoe or the spade, would reflect no enduring reputation upon the crook

and yet you seem as vexed about it as if the bud- Adherence to this advice, if it correct not your ding horns had already appeared upon your tem- principles, will have at least a benign influence tivated minds, and with souls to appreciate the on your manners. Farewell. May you be bread shall never hunger." The object is to brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is show the unspeakable absurdity of your rule.— in Jesus. Your's, &c. Kirwan.

IMPORTANCE OF CONSIDERATION

LETTER FROM A NOBLEMAN.

Dear Sir, -Before you receive this, my final state will be determined by the Judge of all the earth. In a few days, at most, perhaps in a few hours, the inevitable sentence will be passed that shall raise me to the heights of happiness, or sink me to the depths of misery. While you read these lines. I shall be either groaning under

7. Your letters also exhibit wonderfully cogent proofs of my infidelity. True, all we progent proofs of my infidelity. True, all we produce disposition of my soul—the vast uncertainty I disposition of my soul—the vast uncertainty I no words can paint the we are unable "to make an act of faith;" but the am struggling with! No words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions. Every ed by my letters. The first is, I appeal to "com-mon sense" very often. The second is I eat meat doubt wears the face of horror, and would per-fectly overwhelm me but for some faint beams of on Friday, and think it neither injures the bodies hope which dart across the tremendous gloom! or the souls of men. The third is, I believe that What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul susintelligent worship is only acceptable to God or beneficial to me. The fourth is I do not believe ternal misery? I am throwing my last stake that you can make God out of a flour wafer. The for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the im-

ly reverence Mary, only speaping of her as "good what enchantment hath led me? In what dewoman." The seventh is, I do not highly enough lirium hath my life been past? What have I value the lubrication of an old sinner, when dybeen doing, while the sun in its race, and the ing, with olive oil. The eighth is, that I believe stars in their courses, have lent their beams per-

cations are melted down and moulded into one this instant I had a wrong apprehension of every

4. Your letters reveal what may be regarded waste reason upon; there is a point beyond which it is not the true reason.

4. Your letters reveal what may be regarded waste reason upon; there is a point beyond which nity of the part I am to act until now. I have often met death insulting on the hostile plain, and, with a stupid boast, defied his terrors: with a courage as brutal as that of the warlike horse, I have rushed into the field of battle, laughed at the glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of yond the grave, nor the great tribunal to which terday, and the boy this morning. Do you see,

"Where all my secret guilt had been revealed.

is the thought at which I shrink: it is the terrisations of your Irish heart. But then you speak found reverence was unpardonable profanity !! ble hereafter, the something beyond the grave, of them afterwards as written in the "true wind- I accept, Sir, most cheerfully the offer which at which I recoil. Those great realities, which "wind-bag" is yours and that Kirwan's Letters tion, on one condition, which I hope you will beings; these start forth, and dure me now in have pricked it, until it has fallen into a state of collapse beyond the power of a new inflation. How the sense and courage to grant. The condition is this. You say that you do transubstanded conscience feels something of that eternal venders.

has discussed" were left untouched. Feeling that you could not write such letters upon fish and eggs, you dropped them at the commencement of Lent; they have never since been resumed. In your second series you say, "Your such a list is read, and that unless the priest is it through all the required liftings and bowings ation, man excepted, is serious: man, who has letters purport to explain the reasons why you paid he drops the names? That is the point of needful to transbustantiate it, and if it is not the the highest reason to be so, while his affairs of left the Roman Catholic church;—the object of the statement. The fact you deny is a fact not identical wafer it was when we put it into your infinite consequence are depending on this short in your six letters there is not the most remote allusion to "those reasons!" Is this owing, sir, leaves purgatory! I have no blasphemers; but if it is we will let you off with with as good grace go dancing to his execution, out any brand, simply as an impostor. The offer as the greatest part of mankind go on with such

would lead to some expense; but this can be of vanity which we have wasted together! Re-

as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves If you compare my desertion of the Catholic about it," and thus you pronounced the story a In case you should resume this controversy, me to his secret grief. But, oh! who of these Church when a boy to the desertion of our flag by some of our soldiers in Mexico, to what can have you to say it is untrue when millions of give you a few words of advice, Church when a boy to the desertion of our hag by some of our soldiers in Mexico, to what can we liken your desertion of her in her present exigencies? For a mere stripling recruit to run away in a time of peace is a small matter; but away in a time of peace is a small matter; but away in a time of peace is a small matter; but the desertion of our hag between the desertion of our hag by our the desertion of our hag give you a few words of advice, what the dead, and turbule sign of a large and generous away in a time of peace is a small matter; but the few words of advice, will answer my summons at the high tribunal? Who of them will bail me from the arrests of death? Who will descend into the dead, and turbule will answer my summons at the high tribunal? Who of them will bail me from the arrests of death? Who will descend into the dead, and turbule will answer my summons at the high tribunal? Who of them will be dead, and turbule solution to the dead, and turbule solution to the dead, and turbule less slumber of the dead, and turbule less slumber of the dead, and turbule solution to the tribunal? Who of them will be a solution to the dead of a solution to the time that different in the first time that the high tribunal? Who of them will be solution to the dead of a solution to the dead of the statement, when the dead of the dead, and turbule solution to the dead of the dead of the statement in the summons at the high tribunal? Who of them will be dead of the dead, and turbule solution to the dead of the dead of the dead of the dead of the statement in the summons at the high tribunal? Who will descend in the dead of the dea less clay, which perhaps may lie disposed in state the very midst of the battle is a very different tion, whose orgies are a disgrace to the civilized 2. Remember that rude assults upon an op- while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand

great solemnity will lay the senseless corpse in a honored and mingled in that horrible gulf of

False marble where ! Nothing but sordid dust lies here!

While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may perhaps be hearing my just condemnation at a superior tribunal, where an uncering verdict may sentence me to everin the world of spirits.

NIAGARA.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

I will attempt the account of one day's excur-

sions. We had in our party ladies of highly culgrandeur of the scenes they were exploring. Immediately after breakfast, we took a carriage and rode down to the Suspension Bridge, which | cases in which the circling eddies have swept the bodies so near the shore that by means of a cord we had before visited, but which we were still more anxious to visit a second time. We ascend- with a weight attached to it, it has been reached ed the towers. Clinging to the vibrating wires, and drawn in. we tottered along the loose and trembling planks, looking down 230 feet upon the terrible torrent below. We examined the works, as they advanced under the hands of the mechanics, and sauntered along the cliffs, where every sight and every sound thrilled upon the soul in the deepest tones of sublimity. We passed an hour there, and then most reluctantly tore ourselves away, and rode perhaps half a mile farther down the river, where we entered a gate which led to a long one. Among the distinguished gentlemen view of the Whirlpool. Advancing through a present in the House of Lords during the cereserpentine road, under the shade of majestic mony of prorogation, were the representative of trees, we come to a rough table rock, from which the new Republic of France, Mr. Beaumont. we looked down about 300 feet, upon a pool or | Count Andrian the ambassador from the Central circular basin of the river, apparently not many rods in diameter, where the water was boiling and foaming and whirling around in great agitation .- There seemed to be many sticks, and fragments of boards, tossed about violently upon the

worth coming to see!" But as we stood and gazed, the phenomenon | the throne. expanded under our view. We found that the pool was, more than a mile in breadth-that these | two or three weeks, and has put a new face upon sticks were enormous logs, many of them fifty the prospect of the crops. The cry of short crops feet in length. The vast cauldron resembled and of the potatoe disease has been nearly hush-Hulgate in its most violent agitation, only far ed. The effect has been to bring back the prices more terrific. It was full of whirlpools, contin- of grain and breadstuffs to the level they were at ually forming and disappearing, and each from | previous to the late rise. The state of trade has I never awakened till now. I have but just 50 to 100 feet in diameter. In all these circle improved. that of the Apostle Paul. And all these specificammenced the dignity of a rational being. Till ing eddies, the logs and other accumulated rub. Ireland continues in a state of profound transcription of the Apostle Paul. And all these specificammenced the dignity of a rational being. Till ing eddies, the logs and other accumulated rub. ten letters to and about Kirwan, the large clumsy fellow, with his eyes swelled up, and his nose and mouth streaming blood, and scarcely able to stand up, thus addressed the boy that had almost ten letters to and about Kirwan, the large clumsy fellow, with his eyes swelled up, and his nose and mouth streaming blood, and scarcely able to stand up, thus addressed the boy that had almost ten letters to and about Kirwan, the large clumsy find a rational being. This instant I had a wrong apprehension of every thing in nature. I have been with fremness and resolution in re-Than sell this fleeting life for gold, which Death shall prove but dross, Far better when you shrivelled skies are like a banner furled, To share in Christ's reproach, than gain the glory of the world.

To share in Christ's reproach, than gain the glory of the world.

KIRWAN'S REPLY TO BISHOP HUGHES.

No. 1x.

It has a sell this fleeting life for gold, which Death shall prove but dross, and pounded him to jelly, "You are a mean, dirty blackguard for whom I have no respect, and I draw a distinction between Bible and papal mystries;—the first 1 receive as inscrutable and adorable; the second I reject as the mysteries of iniquity. Perhaps my letters are too much pervaded by what you are pleased to call "a silvery thread of wit which is an object to each of the winged inhabitants in the woods, to much better pleased to call "a silvery thread of wit which is an object. The continuity of the winged inhabitants in the woods, to much better pleased to call "a silvery thread of wit which is an object. The continuity of guilt and infamy, it is all a will fight no more with you."

Feeling this an additional insult, his antagonist the beast of the woods, to much pervaded by what you are pleased to call "a silvery thread of wit which is one object vacance! I might have grazed to have been for the purpose of having a full will be beasts of the tield, or sung with the winged inhabitants in the woods, to much better pleased to call "a silvery thread of wit which is an object. The continuity of guilt and infamy, it is all a will be beast on resistless power was of memorials of guilt and infamy, it is all a will be beast on the tield, or sung with the beasts of the tield, or sung with the winged inhabitants in the woods, to much better pleased to call "a silvery thread of wit which is an additional lisult, his antagonist to be dead on appliancy to the will be and on the pleased to call "a silvery thread of wit which is an object. The continuity of guilt and infamy, it is all a will have grazed to call "a silvery thread of wit wh the cliff, looking down upon this stupend as eight, became quite spell-bound by the view. We had no words to express our feelings. In silent won-der we sat and gazed. I said to the guide, "I have heard that sometimes the bodies of drowned men come into this whirlpool, and circle around here for many days." "Yes!" he replied, "there are two bodies in the pool now; one of a man, and the other of a boy. The man came in yeshe continued, "that little white speck of foam, in the range of that rock on the Canadian shore; that is the body of the man." I looked and saw the white spot; apparently not much larger than

from one's elbow to the wrist. He then put a good telescope in my hand, and with it I could distinctly see the form of the body. The head fell back and hung as if the neck were dislocated. The arms were floating loosely about, swayed by the billows. The lower limbs, much mangled. hung down from the knee, in the form of one kneeling. The clothes were entirely washed from the body. As my eyes were rivetted upon this melancholy spectacle, the gyrations of a whirlpool began to form in its vicinity, increasing each moment in size and velocity. The body, boards and logs were all drawn together towards the vortex, whirled madly about, and down they all disappeared, in the agitated depths. Soon, at quite a distance, they were thrown up again upon the surface of the water, the mutilated orpse tossed to and fro, as if the whirlpool were wreaking upon it its relentless vengeance. It was a horrible sight ; -- so horrible that I cannot even now think of it but with the deepest emotion. What a burial! to be whirled about in those insatiate billows until the crushed bones and mangled flesh are ground and washed into nothingness. It may matter little what becomes of this frail tabernacle when life's fitful dream is over. But I envy not that mind which can regard contemptuously its associated body, and has no respect for its honourable entombment. One can think, even with pleasurable emotions,

of the slumber of this way-worn frame in the village church-yard, which his childish feet have green grass waves, and the blooming violet diffuses its fragrance, and the robin welcomes the dawn of morning, and makes the twilight vocal with his rich melody; there where the sun beams warmly upon the grave, and the moon shines calmly in the stilly night, the heart, weary of the strife of life, may long even to repose. We can cherish certain sublimities of emotion in reflecting upon a sepulchre in the bosom of the great deep, far, far down in the purity of that crystal abyss, which no ray of light can ever penetrate, which no storm can ever agitate, whose silence no earthly thunders can ever dis turb. There one may love to repose till the sea shall give up the dead that are in it. Even in Robert Peel. the thronged city, where ten thousand footfalls echo, by night and by day, over your silent tomb, and all the torrent of impetuous life is ever rush-

The storms of life shall beat."

There may the sorrowing and the world-weary Pope Pius IX." as to all this."

Incre may the sorrowing and the world-weary John Russell's visit to Du find congenial rest. But to be tossed and dis-

raging, tortured waters, is too dreadful a doom for the mind to contemplate. It were enough to drive one frantic to think that the body of a loved friend was to be devoued by the demoniac elements of that enraged sepulchre. There is, constituting this fearful whirlpool, one general gyration, circling around its circumference of three miles, in about twenty miuntes; while the whole surface is boiling like a cauldron and is filled with vortice of verious magnitudes, ever forming, sweeping along for a few rod with great velocity, and then disappearing, to give place to others. The movement of the current is such, that few substances which enter the pool ever escape, till ground to powder by the action of the water and the attrition of the ponderous timber, ever retained there in restless bondage. A human body, under this crushing process, in a few days disappears. It is always entirely stripped of clothing before it enters the pool, either by passing over the Falls or by the resistless ferocity of the rapids. No one can venture with a boat to rescue the corpse of the drowned, then the large sums of money have at times been offered to induce the attempt. There have been

NUMBER 41.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Acadia arrived at this port on Sabbath

The Queen prorogued Parliament on Tuesday, the 5th. Her speech contains nothing of importance. The session has been an unusually Government of Frankfort, and the envoys from the various courts of Europe, together with Mr. Bancroft, the American ambassador, who came from Scotland for that purpose. It was, says the European Times, a spectacle of unexampled surface of innumerable eddies. "Is that all?" interest, heightened by the presence of the Prince said one of our party. "Why, this is hardly de Joinville and the Duke de Nemours, who stood between the diplomatic tribune and the foot of

The weather has been delightful for the last

ENGLAND.

The Ocean Monarch. - The fate of this noble ship, and the dreadful end to which so many of her passengers have been subjected, continued to engross much public sympathy; and as it must be interesting to our American renders to know what is passing respecting the survivors, we sub-

In the latter part of last week a very excellent crayon sketch of the burning of Ocean Monarch, drawn by the Prince de Joinville, was exhibited in the Fxchange-rooms, and disposed of by lottery, on Saturday last, for the relief of the sufferers. It would not have discredited a professional artist, and the liveliness of its execution was much admired. The subscription was 5s. each and the names of not less than 491 members were put down, The picture was won by a lady Mr. Hulton, of Hulton-park, near Bolton, in this

A very excellent tinted lithograph has been got up from the original and sells at 6d. Others, at 2s. 6d. and 1s. are also in course of preparation, and the proceeds arising from the latter are to be devoted to the funds for the relief of the

A correspondence has been published, which passed between the Mayor of Liverpool and the several distinguished persons who were on board the Affonso. The Mayor lost no time in transmitting letters of thanks on his own behalf and that of the public of Liverpool, to the Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale, and the ladies of the Princes.

The committee have been actively engaged in affording relief to the survivors of the unfortunate vessel. On Wednesday they paid the fares home of such as had determined not to proceed to Boston, and presented each with a sum of money on a graduated scale. The Mayor has received a communication from

Lord John Russell, informing him that her Majesty has directed that the sum of £50 should be aid to Frederick Jerome from the royal Bounty Fund, in consequence of his gallant conduct in trod. Beneath that verdant mound, where the saving the lives of so many of the passengers. Subsequently the Mayor received a further communication, informing him that her Majesty and Prince Albert have been graciously pleased to contribute the sum of £100 as a joint subscription in aid of the sufferers, on behalf of whom it is said her Majesty has expressed the deepest interest.

The subscriptions now amount to about £6000. About £1500 were collected at the Exchange News Room, by Mr. Thomas Warburton, the active and obliging master of the Room, who has exerted himself in the most praiseworthy manner in this benevolent object. Mr. Warburton, on the 4th instant, received a subscription of £5 from Sir

IRELAND.

Public attention is drawn to the approaching trials, which are to be held at the Special Com-mission in Clonmel. Mr John O'Connell, not willing to give up political agitation, has made an appeal to the people of Ireland for funds to re-open Conciliation Hall. The Society for holding periodical sittings of the Imperial Parliament are trying to rivet attention to their scheme. Lord John Russell's visit to Dublin has been a tame