

CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE.

COUNTRY HARBOUR, Aug. 23, 1876.
DEAR MR. EDITOR.—"Killing two birds with one stone" was what we were doing at our Sabbath school picnic down here on Wednesday, Aug. 16.

After the goodly number which had collected (about 150) were tired of the amusements provided, and the ample supply of good things had been enjoyed by all, several of the children were sent about the grounds to solicit contributions for the purpose of aiding in the purchase of a Sabbath school library. The solicitations of the children were almost irresistible, and the result (about \$15.00) exceeded our highest expectations. The day's amusement was finished by a concert in the church, after which the company dispersed.

One noticeable feature about the whole was, that sectarianism seemed almost lost sight of for the time, our Baptist friends from Isaac's Harbor rendering most valuable assistance in singing at the concert. Taking into consideration the short time that the school has been in operation, the success of this our first picnic certainly reflects credit upon the teachers and those upon whom devolved the care and labour connected with this first Sabbath school picnic of Country Harbor. Thanking you for the insertion of this, I remain Yours, &c.,

H. P. DOANE.

St. JOHN'S, N. F.—Quite an interesting gathering took place on Thursday evening last in the Lecture room of Gowar Street Methodist Church of this city, when a number of Marines belonging to H. M. S. *Bellerophon*, *Eclipse*, *Bullfinch* and *Zephyr* were entertained at a sumptuous tea by the members and ladies of the congregation. Ample justice having been done to the good things provided, a public meeting was convened, and the friends of our gallant seamen met to offer them a cordial welcome. The chairman, Rev. T. Harris, Superintendent of St. John's circuit, in a kindly and characteristic address, expressed the great pleasure he felt in meeting the guests on that occasion, and after some suitable advice and encouragement he hoped that they would be able at some future time to give them a similar reception. Rev. S. B. Dunn reiterated the words of welcome already accorded them. He could wish for the enemies of the British flag no better fate than that which had befallen the winds so recently annihilated. He saw in the names of the men-of-war there represented, not so much a prophetic intimation of the future of the ships themselves, as a motto for the men. He hoped that the crew of the *Bellerophon* would emulate that fabulous prince in their fidelity to moral principle, in their valor and in their success; that the crew of the *Eclipse* would excel the music and beauty of that singing bird in the excellence and sweetness of their lives; and that the men of the *Zephyr* would be as gentle and genial as a summer breeze. Of the same hearty nature were the addresses of Rev. J. S. Peach, Rev. Thomas Fox, Hon. J. J. Rogerson, and of Messrs. J. Woods and Charles Downes. The Hon. J. J. Rogerson particularly hoped that the time was not far distant when a Sailor's and Fishermen's home would be established in this city for the accommodation and comfort of our seamen. Corporal Wragg of the *Eclipse*, gave a capital recitation. Mr. Swift of the same ship also gave a temperance recitation in a first-class style. Mr. Johnson, a colored youth belonging to the *Bellerophon*, interested the meeting by singing some of Sankey's pieces. Mr. Swift also sang a piece entitled *Heavenwards*.

Altogether the meeting was quite enjoyable, and great credit is due to the ladies for the admirable manner in which the arrangements were carried out. Meetings of this sort cannot fail to produce good effects in all concerned, especially in the minds of our hardy marines, who, though accustomed to scenes of stir, and storm and strife, are well able to appreciate the happier signs of peace and plenty and of mutual good-will.—Communicated to *North Star*, St. John's, N. F.

DEATH OF JOHN HUSS.

When John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, was brought out to be burnt they put on his head a triple crown of paper with painted devils on it. On seeing it he said:

"My Lord Jesus Christ for my sake wore a crown of thorns; why should not I, then, for his sake wear this light crown, be it ever so ignominious? Truly I will do it, and that willingly."

When it was set upon his head the Bishop said—

"Now, we commend thy soul to the devil."

"But I," said Huss, lifting his eyes to heaven, "do commit my spirit into thy hands; Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, to

thee I commend my spirit which thou hast redeemed."

When the fagots were piled up to his very neck the Duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure. "No," said Huss, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency, and what I have taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

AN OIL PIPE THREE HUNDRED MILES LONG.

The Pennsylvania Transportation Company, of which Mr. Henry Harley is President, has been chartered by the State of Pennsylvania for the purpose of transporting oil from the oil regions to the principal Atlantic seaboard cities. The proposal is to run the oil through a four inch pipe laid on the surface, the forcing power will be nine hundred lbs. to the square inch; there are to be stations at distances of fifteen miles, at each end of which an engine of 100 horse power will be erected to work a pump to continue the flow from point to point. The company having decided upon the construction of the work, the president sought the services of General Herman Haupt. He pronounced the scheme, after a thorough examination, to be entirely practical, and is now acting as engineer-in-chief. In view of the enormous product of oil in this country—30,000 barrels per day—and the rank it now holds among the leading articles of export, coupled with the extortionate charges for railroad carriage from the wells to the seaboard, by the completion of the enterprise and its successful operation, a complete revolution will be accomplished in the handling of this article. As a proof of how valuable this traffic has been to the several railroads over which the oil has been borne, it is only necessary to say that up to the present time the railroad charges aggregate \$79,000,000. The minimum cost of transporting oil by rail is 50 cents per barrel, and the minimum cost by the pipe process is 16 cents. The average charge by rail is \$1.25.

The estimated cost of the entire work, including fixtures, etc., is \$1,250,000, and considering the difference in cost between this method and that by rail, upon the hypothesis that the company will discount at least 25 cents a barrel on rail rates, it will readily be seen that with all the expenses of operating, the first year's earnings will pay the first cost of the work. The Pennsylvania company is the parent company, but there is also the Baltimore transportation company, chartered by the State of Maryland, and some five other companies are expecting to unite. The first objective point or terminus will be Baltimore, as being the most feasible and direct route for the pipes. Following which other termini will be established in Philadelphia, New York, etc.

The pipes being laid on the surface, and there being no obstacle in the way of forcing the oil to any height, the line will literally be an air line, and the distance from the oil regions to Baltimore is 300 miles. The oil will be distributed from the pipes into immense reservoirs, with refining establishments adjacent. Of course the whole railroad system will oppose it, for it is taking from them a traffic from the very nature of which there could be no competition; but the advantage to the oil producers, who will have the entire control, will be immense, and the advantages which will accrue from such facilities to this important branch of our export commerce will be incalculable.

The feasibility of this enterprise, so far as the passage of the oil through pipes is concerned, has been fully established by the present system in operation in the oil regions, where the aggregate length of the pipes conveying the oil from the several wells to the reservoirs is nearly 250 miles.—*Boston Traveller*.

MASTER ROBERT.

On a certain occasion the late General Lee was in the cars going to Richmond. He had a seat at the extreme end of the car. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman of humble appearance entered at one of the stations, and, finding no seat, and none having been offered her, she approached the General. He immediately arose and gave her his seat. At once there was a general rising and proffering of seats to the General. But he calmly said, "No, gentlemen, if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me." The effect was remarkable. One after another got out of the car, as if the seats were too hot in that particular car to sit on, and very soon both the General and the old lady had plenty of seats.

THE MANUFACTURE OF DOCTORS.

It is becoming notorious that a Harvard diploma in medicine is the most valuable diploma procurable in this country. The consequence is that the better class of students will seek it, until the other schools adopt the same plan, and do away forever with the present cheap and inefficient one. A Harvard medical diploma means something; the ordinary diploma means very little, even to those who get it. A Harvard diploma means work, achievement, scholarship, honor, success; and the best material in preparation for the profession will try for it at any sacrifice. The medical schools of New York and Philadelphia must wheel into line with Boston, or be left behind, where they ought to be left. Nothing will be gained to the profession or the world by any other course, or, in the long run to the schools themselves.

These matters of health and sickness, life and death, are very serious ones, and there are few things more sad, more horrible, indeed—than to see a sick or an injured man in hands utterly incompetent to treat him. The truth is that a physician should be always a first class man—first-class in his moralities, his character, his acquirements, his skill. No course of education can be too thorough for him, no preparation for the stupendous work of his life too exacting. Medical students are not apt to think so. By becoming familiar with disease and death they are far too apt to grow thoughtless, and to forget the preciousness of that possession which they are to be called upon to protect. They certainly will not think of it if their instructors make it easy for them to acquire their profession. The commission of a single unworthy man to practice the profession of medicine is a direct means of demoralization, of which no faculty can afford to be guilty. Let us manufacture no more doctors: let us educate them.—*Dr. J. G. Holland; Scribner for August*.

THE GIRL AND THE SKEPTIC.

There was once a very clever and learned gentleman, but an infidel, who was travelling among the mountains and valleys of Wales. He came to a roadside cottage in a lonely, lovely spot, and as he was very tired and thirsty stopped to ask for a drink of water. It was a little girl he spoke to, sitting at the cottage door with a book on her knee.—She instantly rose up and said: "Will you not have a cup of milk, sir, for you are hot and the cold water would hurt you?"

He was very much pleased with her kindness, and thought he would like a little chat with her; so when she came out with the milk, he said—

"I see you are getting your lesson there, my dear."

"No sir," she answered, "I am only reading."

"Why, what book?"

"The Bible, sir."

"What," said he, half smiling to himself as he gave back the cup, "do you like that book, then?"

For a moment the little maiden did not answer for surprise, then lifting her bright eyes to his face she said—

"Why sir! I thought that everybody loved the Bible."

The gentleman bade the child goodbye, and rode slowly along. No one knew what he was thinking of then, but years after, when he had become a true and humble Christian, he used to tell of the little Welsh girl, and say—

"And I too, now that I understand what the Bible is, am almost as ready to wonder at my question as she was; for every one who really knows it must surely love it too."

"Me, father wants to borrow your paper. He says he only wants to read it." "Well, go back and ask your father to send me his supper. Tell him I only want to eat it."

An Atkinson girl ate four pounds of wedding cake in order that she might dream of her future husband. And now she says money wouldn't hire her to marry the man she saw in that dream.

A QUEER old gentleman being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin."

THEY have a curious way of deciding law-suits in North Siam; both parties are put under cold water, and the one staying the longest wins the suit. In this country both parties are thrust into hot water, and then kept there as long as possible.

ADVENT—HE IS COMING.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

He is coming; and the tidings
Are rolling wide and far,
As light flows out in gladness
From yon fair morning star.

He is coming; and the tidings
Sweep through the willing air,
With hope that ends forever
Time's ages of despair.

Old earth from dreams and slumber
Wakes up and says, Amen:
Land and ocean bid him welcome,
Flood and forest join the strain.

He is coming; and the mountains
Of Judea ring again;
Jerusalem awakens,
And shout her glad Amen.

He is coming wastes of Horeb,
Awaken and rejoice!
Hills of Moab, cliffs of Edom,
Lift the long silent voice?

He is coming blighted Carmel,
To restore thy olive powers;
He is coming faded Sharon,
To give the back thy flowers.

Sons of Gentile-trodden Judah,
Awake, behold, He comes!
Landless and kingless exiles,
Re-seek your long lost homes.

Back to your ancient valleys,
Which your fathers loved so well,
In their now crumbled cities
Let their children's children dwell.

Drink the last drop of worm-wood
From your nation's bitter cup.
The bitterest but the latest,
Make haste and drink it up.

For He thy true Messiah,
Thine own anointed King,
He comes in love and glory,
Thy endless joy to bring.

Yes, He, thy king is coming
To end thy woes and wrongs,
To give thee joy for mourning,
To turn thy sighs to songs.

To dry the tears of ages:
To give thee, as of old,
The diadem of beauty,
The crown of purged gold;

To lift thee from thy sadness,
To set thee on the throne,
Messiah's chosen nation,
His best beloved one;

The strain and dust of exile
To wipe from weary feet;
With songs of glorious triumph
Thy glad return to greet.

A PIRATE AT LARGE IN AFRICA.

The recent letter of Stanley, the ravager of Africa, sent there by the playful editor of the *Herald*, give evidence, under his own name, that he is pursuing a career of piracy and extermination which should be brought to an end in some way. He himself, without a blush of shame, tells the tale of his hideous operations in those regions of central Africa that skirt Victoria and Albert Lakes, which he is exploring in a fashion that would have maddened the soul of the gentle Livingstone. He tells how he and his gang of piratical followers make war upon peaceable people, ravish their country, ravish their innocence, plunder their villages, and butcher them without cause. He writes of such things as though they reflected glory upon his career, and as though they were deeds of heroism, which would place his name far above the names of Speke, Burton, Livingstone, and Schweinfurth; above even that of the intrepid Cameron, who recently crossed the entire continent of Africa without ever firing a shot against an enemy.

In the letter of Stanley to Mr. Edward King, published in the *Boston Journal*, he describes his piratical force, which is divided into eight squads of twenty men each, all armed with Snyders and percussion lock muskets, and some of them with a brace of revolvers besides. He alleges that he has had four battles up to the time of writing. The first battle took place in Ituru; it lasted three days, and the loss was "thirty-five killed and some hundred or so wounded." "Twice," he adds, "we made a clean sweep through their country, burning and destroying everything we came across, and would have liked to exterminate the wretches, had not my mission required my duty in another direction."

Stanley, with his armed gang, had invaded in turn, where he fell upon the people in the way thus described; and because he and his men were armed with weapons far more deadly than those of the natives, he lived to write the account of his exploits, which is probably as full of falsehood as it is of brag. "We were as successful on water as on land," he says; and he tells how, when in a boat, a company of natives came to the beach, and he "emptied his elephant rifle, double-barrelled shot gun, and revolvers at them." He says they had come to attack him; but it appears, from his own account, that they did not make any attack at all.

In his letters to the *Herald*, Stanley gives more detailed accounts of some of his battles, which were all fought by himself, with hardly ever a show of defence or resistance on the part of the helpless or

confounded Africans. The most remarkable of his exploits were at the two battles of Bumbireh, which is an inhabited island in Lake Victoria. He visited this island, was received by the chief, and a crowd of curious natives were attracted by his presence; but, though they neither assailed nor injured any of his party, they indulged in some playful pranks which he took to be menaces and proofs of treachery. Thereupon, says he, "I discharged my elephant rifle, with its two large conical balls, into their midst. My double-barrelled shot gun, loaded with buckshot, was next discharged with terrible effect; for, without drawing a single bow or launching a single spear, they retreated up the slope of the hill." "I was left," he adds, "to single out with my rifles the most prominent and boldest of the enemy"—who had not shown the least sign of fight during Stanley's bloody and cowardly attack. Among these he singled out was a sub-chief. "I took deliberate aim with my elephant rifle at him. That bullet," as I have since been told, killed the chief and his wife and infant, who happened to be standing a few paces behind him, and the extraordinary result had more effect on the superstitious minds of the natives than all previous or subsequent shots." Stanley now saw two canoes, "and this time I used the elephant rifle with explosive balls. Four shots killed five men and sank the canoes. This decisive affair disheartened the enemy, and we were left to pursue our way unmolested. When the savages counted their losses they were fourteen dead and eight wounded with buckshot."

Let it be remembered that the people had not attacked him when he began, did not resist him in any way from first to last, and only cursed him as he made his way off.

After perpetrating this massacre at Bumbireh, Stanley left the island, but some time afterward determined to resume the work of slaughter, which he found himself able to prosecute there without resistance. So, advancing upon Bumbireh, after a few days' rest, he sent a message to the people that if they would deliver their kine into his hands he would spare them; and then to deceive all parties, he invited a neighboring king to visit him. "To save his people from the horrors of war," says Stanley, "this king very willingly came with three of his chiefs, all of whom I put in chains," and then by stratagem, and through their assistance, he secured the person of the King of Bumbireh, "who was at once chained heavily." Stanley was now ready for the business of butchery, which made up the second "battle" of Bumbireh. He put his armed force of nearly 300 men into eighteen canoes, and anchored each canoe so as to turn its broadside to the island. He then ordered a volley to be fired into a group of natives on shore, the result of which was ten killed and thirty wounded. The natives began to throw stones as they fled up the hill slopes exposed to the bullets; and when at last a crowd of them got their spears and returned to the shore, Stanley cunningly led them to suppose they were in safety, and then, according to his account, another volley was poured into them with such disastrous effect that they fled in dismay, and "our work of punishment was consummated." Forty-two of them had been killed and over a hundred wounded, while but two of Stanley's pirates had been slightly hurt by the stones thrown at them.

Stanley got his advantage out of his Bumbireh deviltry. He so terrified the people of the surrounding regions that they attempted to placate him by furnishing his gang with gratuitous supplies of all kinds in great quantities. The inhabitants of an adjacent island sent him a "propitiatory offering," as he calls it, consisting of five cattle and four goats, with honey, milk, eggs, and bananas; and another chief sent word that he had ordered his people to give him everything he desired, even to 100 head of cattle. The pirate thus secured his plunder as the reward of his bloodshed, and he had at last to complain of the "intrusive hospitality" of the natives whom he had spared.

Stanley tells of still other "battles" in which all the killing and wounding was on one side. Finally, one African King assisted him in a piratical expedition toward Lake Albert, by giving him a force of two thousand men; and with this force he invaded a peaceful region, where he behaved in an infamous manner; but during he would rouse resistance, he retreated. There he alleges that the same king offered him a force of 60,000 men with which he could butcher, and savage to his hearts content; but, for some reason or other, he declined the offer.

Now, what right has this bloody-handed pirate to carry on these murderous and plunderous operations against the innocent and helpless natives of Central Africa under the pretext of exploring the sources of the Nile? Mr. James Gordon Bennett sent him there and pays his expenses there; but is this the kind of work for which he was employed?—*N. Y. Sun*.

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