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SABBATH READING.

The Jewish Pilgrim.

[The following, lines whether the production of Jew or Gentile are such as might be supposed to be elicited from one of the "wandering race" standing on "Zions holy hill," and viewing the ancient heritage of the chosen people:]

Are these the Ancient holy hills
Where angels walked of old?
Is this the land our story fills
With glory not yet cold?
For I have passed by many a shrine,
O'er many a land and sea;
But still, oh, promised Palestine,
My dreams have been of thee.

I see thy mountain cedars green,
Thy valleys fresh and fair,
With summers bright as they have been
When Israel's home was there;
The' o'er the sword and time have passed
And cross and crescent shone,
And heavily the chain hath pressed,
Oh, thou are still our own.

Thine are the wandering race that go
Unblest through every land,
Whose blood hath stain'd the polar snow,
And quench'd the desert sand;
And thine the home for hearts that turn
From all earth's shrines to thee,
With their lone faith to ages borne
In sleepless memory.

For thrones have fallen and nations gone
Before the march of time,
And where the ocean rolled alone
And forests in their prime, [brow
Since Gentile ploughshares marr'd the
Of Zion's holy hill;
Where are the Roman eagles now?
Yet Judah wanders still.

And hath she wandered thus in vain
A Pilgrim of the past?
No! long deferred her hope hath been,
But it shall come at last.
For in her wastes a voice I hear,
As from a prophet's urn,
It bids the nations build not there,
For Jacob shall return.

Oh, lost and loved Jerusalem,
Thy pilgrims may not stay
To see the glad earth's harvest home
In thy redeeming day.
But now resigned in faith and trust,
I seek a nameless tomb;
At least beneath thy hallowed dust,
Oh, give the wanderer room.

Enlarging their Sphere.

Women, mothers even talk, of enlarging their sphere. And how, we ask, by any possibility, can it be enlarged? They may step out of it into another; but when it embraces the noblest influences of a world how can it be extended? Has not the mother her hand upon every spring of being? Has she not the opportunity of moulding every living thing on this broad earth to her own taste and fashion? Take now man's acknowledged public superiority, and womans imperceptible but universal influence and which, O proud, aspiring, discontented woman, would you choose for extent or perpetuity? What true woman will not exalt? Though hampered, and driven, and cramped by ten thousand whirling, crushing opposing circumstances, would she exchange her post with any man? Name the pre-eminent for intellect, learning fame, and heroism, and he is but one and can do but the work of one. But let a mother—electrified with the same aspirations after true greatness, and laying her hand upon the heads of four, six, or eight children—impart the godlike influence to them, and send them forth into the world and she has by so many, multiplied her greatness. If she may not send forth men let her train her daughters, who, in their turn shall transmit inextinguishable fire of heaven and she has done more to bless and purify the world than any single individual can possibly accomplished. Take not of an enlarged and noble sphere. It is large and noble enough already. It overwhelms one who thinks of it at all with its inconceivable, unutterable vastness. Let us quietly, humbly, hopefully fall back into our retired unobstructive place, and patiently labor on, as the coral insects toil to build up the beautiful reefs of the Pacific. By and by, what we have builded will rise before the universe in one imposing view; and while angels and men adore, and our father graciously commends, we will fall and cry, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory."—*Mrs. Stowe.*

The way to Speak to Boys.

Many years ago a certain minister was going one Sunday morning from his house to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets and as he turned a corner he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys, playing at marbles. On seeing him approach they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this so soon; and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles the minister closed upon him, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. There they were face to face—the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? for that is what I want you to observe. he might have said to the boy? "What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath! Don't you deserve to be punished for breaking the command of God?" But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?" "No," said the little boy, "I have not." "Then" said the minister, "I will help you to find them." Whereupon he knelt down and helped to look for the marbles; as he did so he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles when a little boy very much, and I think I can beat you; but" added he, "I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. Then the minister said: "I am going to a place where I think you would like to be—will you come to me?" Said the boy, "Where do you live?" "Why, in such and such a place," "Why, that is the ministers house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and the minister of the Gospel could be the same person. "Why," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you come with me I can do you some good." Said the boy, "My hands are dirty; I cannot go." Said the Minister, "Here is a pump—why not wash?" Said the boy, "I am so little I can't wash and pump at the same time." Said the minister, "If you'll wash, I'll pump." He at once set to work and pumped, and pumped, and pumped; and as he pumped the little boy washed his hands and his face till they were quite clean. Said the boy, "My hands are ringing wet and I don't know how to dry them." The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean pocket-handkerchief and offered it to the boy. Said the little boy, "But it is clean." "Yes," was the reply, "but was made to be dirtied," The little boy dried his face and hands with the pocket-handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday school.

Twenty years after the minister was walking in the street of a large city, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said: "You don't remember me? "No," said the minister, "I don't," "Do you remember, twenty years ago finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boys being too dirty to go school, and your pump-

[illegible]

him, and taking him to the school?" "Oh," said the minister, I do remember." "Sir," said the ger tleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business, and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you and tell you that it is to your kindness and wisdom and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me lovingly, gently, and kindly, at the same time that you dealt with me aggressively. that I owe, under God all that I have attained and all that I am at the present day."—*J. C. Ryle.*

Some kinds of preaching.

One kind.—A bright, earnest, musical outgushing and rapturous thought clothed in that purity, and smoothness, and brilliancy of diet ion that is scarcely less enchanting than the thought itself; in the clouds; and the pendent rain-drops and the fragrance of the newly-baptized flowers; and the songs of birds; and the lulling murmur of the subsiding; and the strange wild melody of the water-falls; and the peculiar odor of freshness; and the light, and the life, and beauty, and gladness that glow all over the face of Nature when the storm is past and the thrice-welcome sunshine breaks out upon the dancing earths in splendors a hundred-fold more magnificant by contrast with the dark roar of the majestic, but slowly-retreating, mass of boiling, surging, roaring, blackness—the grand laboratory of the thunder and the lightning, and the tempest! This kind is too transcendently musical.

Another kind.—There is the ominous frown, the rushing roaring wind, the irresistable impetuosity, the boiling, surging commotion, the thundering crash; but there is neither rain or hail. The clouds expand and foam and charge, and counter charge, and then pass away. and the earth is still parched, and dried, and gaping; the flowers droop; the corn-leaves are rolled up; the trees look jaded and thirsty; the air is close and stifling and sickly.

The loud kind.—It is not the simple fact of loudness I complain of in the case before us, but emptiness. Men cannot be too earnest in preaching the Gospel, and if they choose, let them make themselves heard over the largest possible area; provided always, that, the thought should bear a due proportion to the quantity of sound. And yet I, for one, am far from the conviction that an exaggerated emphasis ought to to be taken as an unmistakeable mark of earnestness. On the other hand, in addition to the testimony of observations and experience, we have the authority of one who understood the subject as thoroughly as any man of his time, that

More nature oft' and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper than th' tempestous tone.

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A single look more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthened O!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts his meaning from the sparkling eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions all the soul is there.

But in spite of observation, and experience and common-sense, and the authority of poets and historic literature, M'Hadden is one who

Thunders every period o'er.
And almost cracks your ears with rant and roar.

For he is not simply loud, he is boisterous; nay, he is uproarious, and, withal, incoherent; and with striking propriety of correspondence all his muscular movements are in the highest degree uncouth, and angular, and vehement, and wild, and complicated. It is action in the extreme.

The spontaneous kind.—M'Hadden ought to know these things but it seems he does not. I am doubtful whether he regards them as legitimate subjects of ministerial study. "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," is the language of his lips, and I am willing to add of his heart also. And so he preaches. To use one of his own favorite phrases, it is as easy to preach as to breathe. I grant it. But it is not so easy to preach well. The process of thought—without which quality no sermon is in any wise worthy the name—is tedious, sometimes painful, always more or less difficult. And then it imposes certain restraints. It compels a man to a certain line of argument. It clips the superfluous feathers in the wings of his imagination, and imparts the excellent quality of somethingness to such excursions of fancy as he may choose to indulge in. There is where it bears upon M'Hadden. He wants no restraint, no lamantations, no specific line of argument. He will not be circumscribed. He believes in the utmost freedom. Expansion is his motto, and his practical exemplification of said motto is what it ought to be—thinness.

Handsomely Declined.

The late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was strongly opposed to temperence, and his side-board and tables were loaded with brandy, wine. etc.

On one occasion Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Sons of Temperance, dined with the bishop who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink with him.

"Can't do it, bishop: 'Wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then."

"Can't do it, bishop: 'Strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the bishop, becoming somewhat restive and excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins:

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentle man next to you."

"No, bishop, I can't do that: 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'"

When you are in doubt concerning the exact truth of anything which favours receives, let silence have the benefit of that doubt.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Strength of the Rebel Army.

The Fortress Monroe correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* gives some particulars obtained from the officers just returned from Richmond, as to the strength of the rebels. He says:—

Through means of numerous Union sympathizers, our officers in Richmond were kept thoroughly versed in all facts known to the public there, and through casual remarks of rebel officers, could form satisfactory conclusions. Jackson's army has been immensely reinforced lately, and now numbers probably 150,000 men. A demolition of Pope is confidently counted on and a subsequent attack on Washington. and a march into Maryland are considered a certainty. Troops have lately poured through Richmond in surprising numbers. Over 40,000 passed through there, toward Gordonsville,

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issippi alone. One hundred additional pieces of artillery were sent in that direction on Monday night.

About 150,000 men are now in and around Richmond; 350,000 men, are in Virginia alone, and from 200,000 to 300,000 in other portions of the South. An additional draft of 150,000 is soon expected to be raised. These men are by no means all disciplined, but are splendid and hardy fighting material. They do not always make an attack in good order, but come plunging along in enormous masses upon batteries, regardless of gaps opened in their ranks by storms of shot, and often gain their point through sheer force of numbers and dead weight.

Confederate soldiers, as has been hitherto represented, are almost invariably found either without uniforms or very incompletely equipped. They arrive in Richmond from conscription, with their ordinary clothes and a blanket. If they have a musket, they bring it; if not, one of some kind is found for them, together with a cartridge box, and they are ready. Discipline is very slack in many regiments, and soldiers often do not salute officers. This however is not exacted. They will fight when needed, and obey orders with docility in battle. They are banded together firmly in a common cause, and of gaining a separation from the North, and perpetuating slavery. They know what they fight for and are determined.

McClellan's Retreat.

Harrison's Landing was evacuated without out a struggle, without a blow, without even the loss of a single man. The immense army evacuated Harrison's Landing, leaving it a deserted and desolate plain. All agree that the whole affair was admirably well planned and executed.

This movement had been in contemplation some time, but the first intimation of it took place on Monday last, when McCall's division received orders to strike their tents provide six days' rations and be ready to move at a moment's notice. At 9 o'clock at night the whole division arrived at the wharf embarked quickly on steamers, and left the landing some time during the night for Acquia Creek, as supposed, via Monroe. An order was next issued that no more vessels loaded with supplies should proceed farther than Fort Monroe; and on Wednesday ten days rations were served to the army, which was required to be in readiness to move in an hour's notice. On Thursday the army commenced evacuating in earnest. All the siege guns were removed from the front and safely embarked on Thursday and yesterday on board barges and schooners. Porter's corps led the van of the overland portion of the army on Thursday night. On Friday morning every tent was struck, and then for the first time was it generally known that the whole army was about evacuating Harrison's Landing.

On Thursday night fifty sail vessels left the different wharves loaded with stores, and yesterday the remainder of the stores were placed on boats and steamers by the contrabands. All the cavalry that remained before the final departure of the land forces acted as pickets, and a strong rear guard of infantry and artillery was placed to protect the baggage trains. Gen. McClellan and most of his staff went by land, and yesterday afternoon Col. Ingalls and Capt. Rankin started across the peninsula on horseback. Capt. Sawtelle remained to direct the operations at the landing, and great praise is due to him for his energetic and indefatigable exertions and excellent management throughout.

Lord Monck.

His Lordship is a little above the middle height, of vigorous build, in the prime of life. His face is one that even at the first sight, would create a prepossession in the mind of the observer. The features are manly and regular; he wears a heavy beard of brownish hue, and hair of the same color. His countenance gives the key to his bearing, which is frank, open and straitforward, The manner in which he received the Mayor and the tone in which he answered the address, showed the man rather than the representative of the Queen, in her Greatest colony. He shook hands with a heartiness in which there was not the slightest trace of official reserve or aristocratic coldness. He is evidently a man of keen perception; he uses both eyes and ears, and can see his own pretty clearly without much external assistance. His manner is easy, affable, thorough; and leaves the impression of good nature, and a genial as well as refined disposition. His Lordship, when he landed, was dressed unpretendingly; he wore a reddish cravat, and close-buttoned plain black coat, which display of simplicity and good taste should not be lost sight of by those who are inclined to pay more attention to their dress than their intellect.

General Butler has levied an assessment of $312,716 upon ninety-six business firms and bankers of New Orleans, for the relief of the poor of that city, as a punishment for being subscribers to a loan for the defence of city while under Confederate authority. The assessment is twenty-five per cent of the subscription; Messrs. Abat, Genera & Co. are assessed $52,500; McDonough Trustees, $85,000; Citizen's Bank, 76,000 He has also levied $29,300 on a number of Cotton Brokers, who in October last published a card advising the planters not to send produce to New Orleans. In default of of these sums the property of the parties is to be seized and sold.

On entering St. Catherines, the performing elephants, lately in that city, demolished three sign on Yale street. The Journal wishes the corporation would hire them to travel round town a few days.

Capitalists of New York.

The great capitalists of New York are chiefly identified with its real estate and their wealth has generally arisen from its advance in value. Few great fortunes have lasted long when left to the caprices of trade and the sons of our merchant princes generally turn out poor men. The great estates of the city are of a very limited number, and are mainly included in the names of Whitney, Coenties, Lorrillard, Rhinelander, Stuyvesant, Astor, and Astor.

STEPHEN WHITNEY.

The first of these was so long a *habitue* of Wall street, Fort street, and Coenties Slip, that even now when wandering alone those throughfares, we almost momentarily expect to meet him, his office was held for years in the second story of a warehouse in Front street, a spot in whose vicinity he had passed nearly three-score years, thither he had come in his boyhood, a poor friendless [illegible] Jersey lad, and, [illegible] ployment, had at last got to be a grocer, and had gradually accumulated a large capital by the closest economy. At this time the war of 1812 broke out, and cotton became very low in consequence of the difficulty of shipping it to England. Mr. Whitney had at that time a vast amount of outstanding accounts in the Southern States, and his debtors were glad to pay him in this depreciated article. We have been informed that Jackson's cotton defences of New Orleans were of his property. As neutral ships were permitted to sail between the belligerent ports Mr. Whitney, exported large quantities of cotton to England, and held the balance of his stock until the close of the war, when it advanced enormously. This advance together with the proceeds of his exports, at once made him a millionaire, and the capital thus acquired never lost a chance of increase. Mr. Whitney's bills receivable falling due in Wall street must have been at the rate of thirty thousand dollars per day, and his purchases of paper, of course, were about the same rate. Mr. Whitney's charities were on a very limited scale. When the congregation of which he was a member were building a mission house, he was applied to, to head the subscription, which he did with a trifling sum, the gift was refused, and a larger one demanded, as in better keeping with his position. "Sir," was the reply, "if you go on this way there will not be a rich man left in the city of New York." It is also said that on a certain occasion he was called on to aid a political movement with his subscription. "Sir" was his reply, "I have no money to spare, but I'll come and sit up all night to fold ballots for you."

THE STUARTS.

Messrs. Stuart are two brothers, who are largely engaged in refining sugars, and who in this business made large sums. The concern originated in a small shop, where some fifty years ago a Scotchwoman sold candy, with her two boys as clerks. Instead of that little candy shop, there stands on the same spot an enormous refinery, whose operations employ hundreds of hands, and whose purchases are by cargoes. What would the worthy mother say to this transformation of her shop, as by some act of magic? But is the magic of industry an interprize. The Stuarts use their wealth with judicious liberality, and eventually mean that the world shall be better for their living in it. Their contributions are large, and their opportunities are great, for be it remembered such men are under incessant solicitation.

JAMES LENOX.

The name of Lenox appears among some of the early Scotch emigrants, such as the Irvings, Masons, Douglases, Grahams, &c. Robert Lenox became a distinguished New York merchant. His profits were wisely invested in land, and this became very valuable. His only son James inherited the larger portion of this estate, whose increasing value made him a millionare, and in its use he had exhibited a remarkable benevolence.

In his benefactions, Mr. Lenox exercises close discrimination, and for this purpose has for years refused personal applications. The measure indeed, was necessary, in order to escape a perpetual seige, which would have soon driven any man distracted. He has been in the habit of considering written applications, and of selecting such as seemed worthy of his patronage. Mr. Lenox annually disburses an enormous sum in a most useful as well as a most quiet manner. Indeed, his mansion is one of the benevolent institutions of the day, and to all intents and purposes, its occupant is but an actuary driven by perpetual duties and working with assiduity to fulfill an important trust. He is a thoroughly practical man, posted on all the details of business and inheriting the peculiar abilities and energy of his father, puts them to the best of use.

Mr. Lennox is a man of fine taste, and finds recreation in gathering rare books, of which he has a valuable collection, and he possesses in addition, a splendid gallery of pictures. Among them are two of Turners's landscapes and we know of no other in America. We might say more of this estimable man, but will not too soon anticipate the voice of fame. Our statements are made mainly to correct some false impressions about one who, with all his reticence, is one of the public men of his day, and who fulfils the idea of the poet.

"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Such a man was George Douglas, one of the same circle of wealthy citizens of Scotch descent, who though in a pecuniary view, hardly in the same rank with Mr. Lenox, was still very rich. Mr. Douglas preserved a studied retirement, and, passed much of his time on his noble farm, but was still active in philanthrophy. His estate cannot be far from half a million, yet it was used humbly in the service of his race.

THE ASTORS.

But among all American capitalists, the name of Astor looms up in unapproachable solitude, and stands as it has stood for nearly 40 years.

Among the emigrants who landed in New York, about the close of the French Revolution, was a rude German from Baden, whose life in the New World was commenced as a laborer. He afterwards became a pedlar of fancy goods, and eventually a dealer in furs. In 1791 there appeared at 40 little Dock Street, the unpretending name of John Jacob Astor, and here the foundation of his estate was laid. Astor soon took fair rank among business men. He was prompt and easy in his dealing, honest and straightforward, and besides this carried a great weight of character in its countenance. No man could be much with him without being struck with his depth of character and the stability of his views. At that time the fur dealers had posts along the Mohawk, and the patriots, after having passed through the hands of frontier dealers, generally found their way into Astor's warehouse in Liberty street. Here they were sorted by his own hands, and prepared for foreign markets. An octogenarian merchant informed me that calling once at Mr. Astor's store he found him in a loft, clad in a long coarse wrapper, and engaged among his furs—'I shall get for this,' said he, holding up the skin of a splendid silver fox, 'forty dollars. in St. Petersburg.' It probably cost him less than five dollars.

Mr. Astor commenced at an early day to buy real estate, and the habit grew upon him, until it became a passion. He was for years a leading character at sheriff and other sales, and it was the commonest thing at that place to hear the closing words of the auctioneer, "Last call—going, going gone—to John Jacob Astor." At that time many large estates were broken up, and among others, that of Aaron Burr was put into the market, and speedily became the [illegible] suburban, principally, whose mansion, "Richmond Hill," was Burr's country seat. The whole property is now in the heart of the city, and is worth millions, where once it brought thousands. Mr. Astor boldly bought those lands including swamps, rocky knolls, and barren commons, which lay at waste from Canal-street onward to Bloomingdale, and while others affected to laugh at his judgement, the correctness of that judgment is now quite apparent.

Mr. Astor lived to old age, and his life was one of few changes. From his humble shop in Little Dock Street (now Water street, near Coenties Slip) he removed his place of business to Liberty street, (Number 71,) and subsequently to Broadway. His longest place of abode was No. 223 Broadway, now a part of the site of the Astor House, whence, after a residence in Hoboken, he removed uptown to a block in Broadway, near Prince street. Here he remained until death, but he lived long enough to see the progress of the city covering his lands with dwellings, and bequeathed to his son the largest estate in America. Mr. Astor had a literary taste, and was fond of bookmen. He gave Fitz-Green Halleck a snug and profitable clerkship, and on the death of the capitalist, William B. Astor presented to the poet the sum of ten thousand dollars. Mr. Astor also sought the acquaintance of Washington Irving, on the return of that distinguished gentleman from Europe, and it was at his special request that the Astoria was written. The friendship between these two distinguished men continued until death, when it was found Mr Irving had been appointed one of the executors of the will. The fees connected with this office could not have been less than one hundred thousand dollars, and the executors (six in number) at one time received ten thousand dollars specie.

Four Persons Drowned.

We have the melancholy duty of recording an accident which took place on the river about eight o'clock last night, and which resulted in the death of three women and one man. The facts are as follows:—

William Cox and his wife, and a woman named Mrs. Pickering, and her sister, of Bonsecours Market, were by some means or other left behind on St. Helen's Island last evening, having spent the day there at the pic-nic. About eight o'clock Mr. Cox took an old boat, which had been lying unused all the summer, and having got his wife and the two other women into it, he determined to row to the city. A soldier volunteered to help him, and also took a seat in the boat. When about half way over, Mrs. Cox became alarmed, and requested her husband to row back to the Island, saying if he failed to do so, they would be all drowned before reaching the city. Hereupon, Mr. Cox left his place to come nearer his wife, for the purpose of reassuring her, as she had become exceedingly nervous. Unfortunately, however, in stepping across, the boat upset, and the five persons were thrown into the river.

The soldier clung to the keel of the boat, and his cries reached the picket at the Quebec gate, who proceeded at once to the rescue. The other four sunk never to rise again. We understand that none of the bodies have yet been recovered.

Since writing the above, we learn that Mr. Cox went over in a boat in the evening to bring back his party, who, it thus appears, did not intend to return in the steamer. It is not certain whether the ladies went over with the pic-nic party; but it is certain that they did not intend to return with it.—*Montreal Witness.*

The late Sir Allan McNab.

The Hamilton *Times*, in copying an article from the *Leader* of Tuesday in reference to the deathbed of Sir Allan McNab, says it "is worthy of a careful perusal and is evidently the product of much thought." The London *Free Press*, in an article on the same subject, says:—

"Pope—we do not mean him of Rome—has said, 'He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right,' and if Sir Allan's days were passed in the services of his country and the fear of the Almighty, how shall his title to a happy hereafter be affected by Mr. Geddes on the one hand, or Bishop Farrell on the other? Would the success of the one or other enthusiast in a death-bed squabble; would the triumphant possession of the dying man's room, during five mortal hours of his last agony, or the interment of his cold, unconscious remains at last in this or that consecrated field, affect his future, or guide his soul to Heaven or Hell? The question need scarcely be asked, and therefore it is that the conduct of Mr. Geddes seems to have been prompted by a species of credulity which ill accords with the enlightenment of the age.

"No wonder that one who acted as though he believed that to keep out Bishop Farrell from the solemn chamber, was to secure the safety of Sir Allan's soul, would find that twenty-seven years of religious instruction ended in the communicant of his church, lapsing from the faith as taught in Hamilton, and gliding gently into the fold of a church whose doors are ever open, whose eyes are ever watchful to secure to stray sheep of the fold. The death-bed scene at Dundurn Castle is not without its moral."

His Lordship the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal, is lying dangerously ill at the Hotel Dieu, from bleeding at the lungs, with little prospect of recovery.

Various old and rare books are being reproduced in London, by means of the new process of photolithography, which produces every character, every flaw in the type, every peculiarity of punctuation or division in the arrangement of letters.

Brockville and Ottawa Railway.

We learn from the prospectus of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Land and Railway Company, just issued, that it is now proposed, under the agreement entered into with the Brockville and Ottawa Company, to raise a capital of £300,000 for the completion of the line from its present terminus at Almonte to Pembroke, a distance of 66 miles upon three classes—A, B, and C—all the holders of which will participate *pro rata* in the land grant. The A class composing the capital of £300,000, will entitle the holders to a preferential dividend of seven per cent., in addition to a free land certificate representing an interest in a proportion of the Free Progressive grant of 6 acres of land for every six shares. The class B shares into which the debentures in the Brockville and Ottawa Company are to be converted, will represent a portion of the capital not exceeding £140,000, and entitle their holders, after the payment of the preferential dividend, to a participation in the nett profits until these amount to or exceed 6 per cent. The Class C, into which the existing shares in the Brockville and Ottawa Company (not more than £60,000 in nominal money value) are to be converted, will have the residue of the profits divided amongst them; and the division will continue until the profits amount to 6 per cent. After providing for the above three charges, the surplus profits will be equally divided amongst the A, B, and C share holders, together with the periodical sales of the land. A sum not exceeding 60,000 pounds is to be paid to the Brockville and Ottawa Company, in full discharge of its liabilities; and the railway, plant, and land will be conveyed to the present company, free from all liabilities, except those represented by the B and C shares and an annual interest of £4,500 payable to the municipalities. The railway, commencing at Brockville on the St. Lawrence and passing through or near the village and port of Arnprior, Castleford, Renfrew, and other valuable settlements, will terminate at Pembroke, the well-known emporium of the lumber trade. The main line, 119 miles in length, is united by a branch 11 miles long with Perth, the capital town of the united counties of Lanark and Renfrew. Connecting the river Ottawa with the St. Lawrence, it forms an important medium of railway communication between the north-west and the southern and eastern districts; and, by its junction with the Grand Trunk Railway at Brockville, a direct route is obtained from either extremity of the province and to all parts of the United States.

British Columbia.

Newspapers from Victoria, V. I., lately received, to July 12th, report a stampede for the Stickeen mines. The news from Cariboo showed that great numbers of fortune hunters there were disappointed and were returning to Victoria. The holders, however, of valuable claims were making large sums. The *British Colonist* of the 10th of July gives the following summary of news from Carriboo and other portions of British Columbia:—"The steamer Caledonia arrived from New Westminster yesterday morning with 100 passengers and a small amount of treasure. The passengers relate doleful tales of their experience at the diggings, and say that not over forty claims in the whole country are paying "grub," but about twenty of that number are fabulously rich. But few of the passengers had ever been in a mining country before, and seem greatly disheartened at the general aspect of affairs. It is reported that Steele & Co. have struck the lead again. About fifteen companies have got to work on the Antier, and all are doing well. The creek, it is believed, will pay uniformly well for years. The principal diggings are found in the flats, with paydirt 12 or 15 feet below the surface."

Miscellaneous Items.

The British naval forces on the North American and West India stations now number 33 vessels, carrying 821 guns and manned by 10,052 sailors.

The works of the Isthmus of Suez, are being urged most energetically. More than twenty-five thousand men are at present employed in cutting the canal.

Some one called Richard Steele the vilest of mankind. He retorted with proud humility, it would be a glorious world if I were.

The latest census reports, state that there are in England fifty-seven suicides to every million of inhabitants; in Scotland, thirty-four; in Sweden, forty-one, and in Prussia one hundred and four.

Twenty seven deaths occurred by sunstroke in New York on Saturday the heat of the day had been extreme, and the fatal cases were chiefly among laboring men exposed to the rays of the sun.

The steamer *Maple Leaf*, which has so long run between Rochester and Port Hope, has been sold as a transport to the American government. She left on Wednesday, via the St. Lawrence, for her destination.

Lord Chancellor Northington suffered much from gout; and once, after painful waddling between the woolsack and the bar, in the House of Lords he was heard to mutter: "If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad."

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—Baptise Rock, of St. Valentine, being out in the hay field on Tuesday last, when the sudden shower came up he ran to the fence and crouched down beside the rails and pickets, hoping to avoid the rain. Whilst in that position he was killed dead by lightning; his son had taken a similar position a little way from the father, and strange to say, escaped any injury whatever.

The Montreal *Gazette* says that Ellen McGillick, has been carefully examined by the authorities here with reference to their statement, on being arrested a few weeks ago, that her evidence, on which Brown was convicted of murder and executed in Toronto, was all false. She deposed on this occasion that her testimony on the Brown case was every word true. What are we to believe?

A new target, for rifle and fancy shots has been contrived in England. A model of a deer is mounted on a curved railway, and made to descend swiftly from behind one shield to another. The target is a bell's eye placed on the deer's shoulder. If hit in the haunch a fine is levied for a miss, if the bell's eye is hit a prize is won by the shot.

Minutes of Lanark Council.

Town Hall, Lanark, 15th Aug.

Pursuant to adjournment the Reeve and Councillors Campbell and Ireton met this day; and the two Councillors elect, Mathie and Affleck, having appeared and made the requisite declarations, and taken their seats at the Council table, the minutes of last session were read, approved, and signed, when the following documents were presented and read.

Petition from William Dick and others, complaining of the transference of William Dick from the 2nd Division to the 3rd road Division of the 8th line, and praying the Council to restore him to the 2nd Division.

Circular from the Governor General inviting the Council to co operate in the measures adopted to erect a suitable memorial to the memory of the late illustrious Prince Consort of Her Majesty.

Petition from William Given, praying the Council to transfer him from S. S. No. 7 to No. 9, there being at present no School open in the former and no hope of any in future.

Petitions from Pathmasters McCallum, Wilson, Reid, Watt, Hammond, and Tennant, praying the Council to grant Road Scrapers for the use of their several road div.

Petition from the Trustees of S. S. Nos. 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and No. 3, Darling and Lanark, Union, praying the Council to levy certain sums for special purposes on the rateable property of their sections.

Petition from James Lamont, praying the Council to substitute the valued sum of his personal property in lieu of that of the late John Dick, on the Assessment Roll, the latter being of much larger value than that of the petitioner, who has leased Dick's farm and has engaged to pay taxes.

Report of Road Commissioners Wilson and Gilles of the letting and execution of two contracts on the 3rd line, and certifying to the faithful completion thereof. Amount $80.

Report of Road Commissioner McCallum of the expenditure of $17 under his direction.

Petition from David Barrie, declaring his intention to open an Inn at Middleville, and praying for a reduction in the price of a license, on account of the time elapsed since the usual season of granting licenses.

Report of Bridge Commissioners Robertson and Campbell, of the repairs of Gallinger's bridge, together with an account for lumber used in said repair and commission. Amount $65.44.

Account of John Tennant, Assessor, and order to pay the same to Mr. Ireton.

Petition from Thomas Kelso, Jr., complaining of being over-assessed for Real estate and likewise being assessed for personal property, he having none of the latter and living in the family of his father.

On the petition of Wm. Dick, moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Mathie,—That it be reserved for future consideration. Carried.

On the account of John Tennant, moved by Mr. Ireton, seconded by Mr. Campbell,—That on account of the imperfect manner in which he has discharged the duties of the office, that the sum of $4 be deducted from the sum provided for as salary of Assessor. Carried.

On the report of Commissioner McCallum, moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Mathie,—That an order be granted for payment. Carried.

On the report of Commissioners Robertson and Campbell, moved by Mr. Mathie, seconded by Mr. Affleck,—That an order be granted for payment. Carried.

On the petition of the various Pathmasters, praying for grants of Road Scrapers moved by Mr. Mathie, seconded by Mr. Campbell,—That they be reserved for future consideration, with a view to an equitable distribution of the Scrapers among the road divisions of the Township. Carried.

On the petition of James Lamont, moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Affleck,—That the Assessment of the late John Dick be not interfered with, as it appears to be a condition of the lease that James Lamont is bound to pay the assessed taxes for the present year. Carried.

On the petition of the Trustees of Schools at present before the Council, moved by Mr. Ireton, seconded by Mr. Campbell,—That the Clerk is hereby instructed to compute and place upon the Collector's Roll, against rateable property of the several School Sections from which petitions have been presented, rates corresponding in proportion to the sums petitioned for. Carried.

On the petition of Thomas Kelso moved by Mr. Affleck, seconded by Mr. Campbell,—That the Clerk alter the Assessment so as to correspond with his assessment for the year 1861. Carried.

On the report of Commissioners Wilson and Gilles, moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Mathie,—That as the report wants the signature of Mr. Gilles, an order for the amount be placed in the hands of the Clerk, to be by him handed over to the Commissioners upon the report being signed by Mr. Gilles. Carried.

On the petition of David Barrie, moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Ireton, That upon his producing the certificate of the Inspectors of Taverns and furnishing satisfactory sureties, a certificate to the Inspector of Revenue for the County of Lanark, upon his paying $12.50 therefor. Car.

James Drysdale's account for repairing window blinds of Town Hall presented; ordered to be paid. Amount $5.50.

WILLIAM SCOTT,
Town Clerk.

Lanark, 10th Aug., 1862.

A professor of the Berlin University has been making curious researches respecting the population of the globe. The following is the result:—Population of Europe, 372,000,000; of Asia, 720,000,000; of America, 200,000,000; of Africa, 80,000,000; of Australia, 2,000,000—total population of the globe, 1,382,000,000. The average number of deaths per annum in certain places where records are kept is about one to every forty inhabitants. At the present time the number of deaths in a year would be about 32,000,000, which is more than the entire present population of the United States. At this rate the average number of deaths per day is about 87,861; the average per hour, 3,653; the average per minute, 61. Thus, at least, every second a human life is ended. As the births considerably exceed the deaths, there are probably seventy or eighty human beings born per minute.

The Chicago Tribune publishes an official list of names of Illinois soldiers absent from their regiments, and who are notified to return or be reported as deserters. It occupies seven columns and a half! Only seventeen regiments are included.