

South's Corner.

NO-LET-GO.

A passenger in a vessel, which touched at a missionary station in Africa, went to visit one of the schools kept by the missionaries, and gave much time to an examination of the scholars. He wished to know whether they were carefully taught, and knew the sense of the lessons they were reading. The word "tenacious" occurred in a passage which had just been read. "What do you mean by tenacious?" said the visitor. The scholars could not tell. The visitor looked at the school-master, who said: "Some of them know, I think." He then asked: "Suppose a boy have a tenacious memory; how that?" An answer was instantly given: "He no let go what he learn." The visitor was much pleased, and said to the master, yes, they did know, certainly.

This "no-let-go" is an excellent matter, if it is tacked on to the right sort of thing; but it brings ruin and destruction, if it comes to hang on to a thing that is wrong. Bob had a companion who took him home with him every evening after an hour's play on the green, and studied his lessons together with him, and did not part with him till they had said their lessons one to another, which the parents of both the boys liked very much. They always had a good character with the master, and they advanced rapidly in their learning, because they came to school so well prepared. When other boys tried to get Bob to stay with them on the green, and to let his companion go without him, they found him no-let-go his good habit of studying his lessons so thoroughly and pleasantly; and at last they did not so much as try to make him give up what he was so tenacious of.

But when Bob and his companion reasoned with the other boys upon their neglect of lessons, and told them how much pleasanter they would find their play if they had not so very much of it, and how easy their work at school would be, if they prepared for it at home every evening, it was all no-let-go their eagerness for play, and their dislike of learning; they were so tenacious of the bad habit of foolish indulgence.

The strangest thing with this no-let-go is, that very commonly the person who is tenacious of a bad habit thinks that it is he himself that will not let the habit go; when much rather it is the bad habit that will not let the person go. And the bad habit, in truth, is the wicked spirit that leads all men captive at his will, until Christ makes them free indeed. Judas Iscariot chose to be a follower of the Lord, thinking that he would become rich and great when the Lord's kingdom came. When he found out his mistake, then his covetousness would not let him go, that he might repent of his worldly thoughts, and become humble and contented. He thought he was free to do as he chose, when he went to the chief priests and covenanted to betray his master to them for thirty pieces of silver; but it was Satan, who had entered into him, that did not let him go into the way of repentance and faithfulness, but led him as a captive to run into his own perdition.

When Peter and the other apostles had received the Holy Ghost, then they found themselves strong, not to let go their choice of the Saviour's service, their obedience to his commands, their zeal for the salvation of souls. The enemies of the Gospel hated them, put them in prison, and sought to kill them. Most of them were put to a cruel death; but, in the fiery trial of pain and suffering, they did not let their trust in the Saviour's power and love, and in his promise that they should reign with him in his kingdom.

The apostle Paul teaches us the right sort of no-let-go, in the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, fifth chapter, twenty first verse, when he says: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

He won't buy them books.—I was sitting, near the close of the day, in the parlour of a hotel, in Broadway, when I came a couple of bright, intelligent-looking newsboys, one with the evening newspapers, and the other with an awful number of pamphlets, romances, and novels.

They had passed round the room, making an endeavour to make sales, and were just about leaving, when the one with the pamphlets turned to address a person not yet approached, and who was sitting by himself reading, at the end of a table. Prompt to his object, the boy had drawn out from his bundle one or two red and yellow covered pamphlets, and was just going from his companion to the stranger, when the former caught him by the arm, and in a quick, low tone, and yet loud enough to be heard, said, "come along, Jim; he won't buy them; he's reading the Bible." This seemed conclusive to the boy addressed. He stopped, cast a rapid glance at the gentleman, as if to be sure it was a Bible he was reading, and then, as soon as convinced, put up his pamphlets, and walked out of the room, evidently and fully satisfied that his intended sale was hopeless.

As the boys walked away, I could not but think that Bible-readers are not likely to be novel-readers.—American Messenger.

JOURNEY FROM INNSPRUCK TO VERONA.

On leaving the gate of Trent, in the direction of Roveredo, we found ourselves again between two high garden-walls, as we had done on approaching Botzen, and this time some steep continued to the extent of more than a mile, till at length we emerged into the beautiful open country, where, at first sight, there seemed to be none but cheerful and elevating prospects; but on turning my eyes to the "royal side" on the left, a white stone with an inscription arrested my attention, and I found that it commemorated a murder committed by highway-men, only a few years ago. It was a sorry interruption of the beautiful scenery, which the splendid view of nature and cultivation was just about calling forth; and as we travelled on, we were re-

peatedly warned of the insecurity of the road, by similar remembrances: I counted six more between the gardens of Trent and the entrance of Roveredo.

We made a halt at this city, in order to rest ourselves and to take some dinner, but there was nothing else to obtain us, and soon we were on our way again, hastening on to get sight of the majestic Lago di Garda. We crossed the river Adige in a ferry, and entered into a rich and fertile country, where the people allowed us to help ourselves, as freely as we pleased, to the grapes which they were engaged in collecting. A rocky height had to be climbed, the fatigue of which was amply compensated by the view of the lake which we enjoyed from the top: the shining mirror, like an immense triangle with its point under our feet, seemed to stretch out into an ocean; for we stood at its northern extremity, and it extends some thirty miles southwards, steep rocks bordering it on both sides. We had a very rapid descent to the river's edge, where we found ourselves in the small town of Torbole, and made our first acquaintance with the olive-tree; an object deeply interesting to the classical scholar as well as the Bible-student. The fruit was not quite ripe, consequently it had not attained its deepest black; and if it did not hang on to a much longer stalk than the plum, I might have taken it for a dwarfish variety of a very old friend from my native orchards. To the tree itself I looked up with a feeling of reverence: a crowd of reflections gathered around it, and made me esteem it as one of the highest nobility in the vegetable kingdom.

But if the trees about Torbole had a solemnizing effect upon me, the inhabitants within, on the contrary, proved most provoking. It is a rare thing, I conclude, for foreigners to be seen in that harbour; our appearance, at least, excited not a little curiosity, and a wish to make as much gain of us as possible. We intended, if possible, to take our passage at once for the fortress of Peschiera, which lies at the southern extremity of the lake; but there was no passage-boat just then going; and the demands of the boatmen for an extra trip were exorbitant. Our inquiries, at the landing-place, brought a mob of people about us who had more the look of banditti than any assemblage I had ever beheld; ragged, barefooted, they betrayed the want of coat or jacket now and then by thrusting their arms out from under the brown cloaks which covered their shoulders. Here and there a boat's crew seemed so determined to make a bargain with us, that they seized our arms and pulled us towards their craft. Others advised us to return to Roveredo, which brought to our recollection the various monuments of travellers murdered on that road; we had no mind to follow such counsel. A dirty, uncomfortable inn offered us a sort of refuge, and we went in, mainly to escape from the crowd to which, really, we did not choose to trust ourselves any longer. We took some supper for which we were charged enormously; but the night's lodging, which was offered, we positively refused, desiring the landlord to let us know of any conveyance which might offer for a passage southwards. The night had set in, when information was given that we could embark in a boat which would land us at Torri, half-way down the length of the lake, on its eastern bank: our prospect for the night at the inn was so disheartening that we accepted the offer, though not quite to our mind; and in a few minutes we were gliding along, beautifully, under the silvery light of the moon, the rowers' oar-strokes and boat-songs inviting us to sleep, while the novelty of our situation kept us awake.

The only interruption that occurred was a visit from the frontier-guard at the little town of Malesina, which forms the division between the Tyrol and Lombardy. Here we had to exhibit our pass-ports, and as they were correct, we were suffered to proceed. About three in the morning we landed at Torri, and found better accommodation than at Torbole, so that we enjoyed a few hours' rest, after the fatigue of the last day's march, followed by almost a night's watching.

Our intention to visit Peschiera having been frustrated by the want of a passage, we altered our plan so as to engage a sail-boat to take us as far as Bordolino, from which place there is a road, leaving the lake, towards the city of Verona which is situated on the Adige. We saw so much of Torri as to remark how much the inhabitants prefer the street to the inside of their houses. One man sat on a stool in front of the barber's shop, all lathered over, while the man of the razor was sharpening his tool for a shave; another was getting his hair braided; a third was sewing a patch on the elbow of his jacket; and there were other operations going on, as of a still less pleasing character. It looked as if the street were the habitation, and the house simply a refuge from the cold and rain and tempest.

A favourable breeze sped our sail-boat towards her port. The white walls of the city from which the lake has its name (Garda) present a striking view amidst the dark foliage of the cypress by which it is surrounded. Beyond it, we landed on the wharf of Bordolino, and here again, as at Torbole, we found an ill-looking and insolent mob to mark us as if for a prey, especially when I took out my purse to get change and settle with the boatmen. These men, I must do them the credit to say, had some regard for our safety; they seemed to look upon us as under their protection. The conduct of the people must have raised suspicions in them, for they kept entire silence upon the dinner which we had intended to take at this place; instead of that, one of them accompanied us away from the crowd, as if to direct us to one of the shops in the town, but in reality he showed us the direction of the road to Verona, and urged us on with the advice: "Amate presto i loco la strada." (Go quickly, I there's the road.) We did not neglect his counsel.

Our road, for some distance, lay between mountains; and before we emerged into an open plain, which relieved our sentiment of danger, we counted seven crosses, erected in memory of persons, within no great distance of time, murdered in these parts.

When at last the plain extended before us, we thought ourselves introduced into a vast garden, so rich and abundant was vegetation all around: rows of trees elevated their dark heads over the lighter green of the yellow of the fields, while the vine was seen clinging to the trunks of the trees, and forming festoons from the one to the other, as if for an uninterrupted festival. Passing between the last houses of a small village, we saw the towers and walls of Verona extending in a long line before us. In a short time, we passed one of its gates, and found ourselves in its narrow cheerless streets, inquiring for a suitable resting-place.

Verona was founded as a colony by Julius Cæsar. It is the birth-place of the elder Pliny, Vitruvius, Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, and other men of note. It is built on both banks of the Adige, and four stone bridges connect the two sections of the city together. Its population may be about sixty thousand. If the pure doctrines of the Gospel were preached in its ninety-four churches, the people might be expected to be scripturally enlightened, and zealous for the truth: it is lamentable to reflect upon the propagation of error to which this ample church-accommodation is made subservient, rather than the diffusion of evangelical doctrine.

Verona became a republic in the middle ages; but, as to real liberty, it had little of that, some powerful family or other exercising supreme authority, and keeping the rest in subjection whenever the commonwealth was not agitated by strife for the mastery. In the year 1105 it became part of the republic of Venice, and so remained till 1796, when it fell under French domination; afterwards it was added to the kingdom of Italy, under the French Emperor's sway. In 1814 it was assigned to Austria; and unwillingly see it enjoy the blessing of good government and national independence under a rule more agreeable to the popular taste than that of Austria, which the Italian provinces generally detest as forced upon them against their will; but it is wholly uncertain whether, if Austria were to relinquish its hold upon Verona and the other portions of Italy now subject to its sceptre, they would succeed in securing any more liberty to individuals, or any more prosperity to the nation. There is no freedom in which they are sadly deficient; and their deficiency in that respect seems to give them but little thought: the liberty which with Christ maketh his disciples free. When it shall please God to awaken them to a sense of their spiritual bondage, we may confidently hope that they will enter upon a warfare, not with weapons of man's invention; but with the armour of God, and under a CAPTAIN who cannot fail of giving them a mighty and an abiding deliverance.

MASSACRE OF A MISSION FAMILY.

From a letter written by Josiah Osborn, dated 7th April 1848, published in the Ojagwaka Spectator.—The writer is a mechanic who first gives an account of his journeyings in the Oregon country, to the time of his engagement to work for two years at the Methodist Mission under Dr. Whitman. Sickness prevailed among the Indians who had gathered around the station. In the last company there was a half-breed came to the Doctor's, and hired to work through the winter.—One day he was at work for an Indian named Tamsieky, harvesting in wheat, and told him that the Doctor and Mrs. Whitman were scattering poison into the air, and would kill them all off; that he was not working for him but for the Doctor; that he (the Doctor) knew they would all die, and he would get their wheat and all they had. He then proposed that, if they would agree to it, he would help them to kill the Doctor and his wife, and all the Americans in their country. As they had a disposition to murder, and wanted satisfaction for the loss of women and children, it was no difficult matter to incite them against the Americans.

On the 29th day of November, the Indians convened for the purpose, apparently, of burying their dead, and continued coming in nearly all day. About one or two o'clock Margaret got up and went into the parlor to see the sick children—the first she had walked for three weeks. The Doctor and his wife were in the room, and an Indian came to the door and spoke to the Doctor, who went out into the kitchen. Mrs. W. now bolted the door, and the firing soon commenced. Kimble, Camfield and Huffman were dressing a beef in the yard, Saunders was in the school room, and the other men were at their work. I was in my room on the bed. The Indians commenced on all at nearly the same moment. They killed the Doctor and wounded the three men at the beef, and killed a young man in the room with the Doctor and Mr. Gillyean the tailor. Margaret came back into our own room; I asked her what was the matter; she answered that the Indians had risen to kill us. A constant firing was now kept up. Saunders was killed in attempting to get to his family; Kimble got into the house with his arm broke, and got up stairs with the children.

Mrs. Whitman, being informed that her husband was not yet dead, with the assistance of another woman, dragged him into the parlor. His head was badly mangled and his throat cut. She was shot in the breast, and Mr. Rogers got her up stairs, and he, by presenting a gun at the head of the stairs, kept the Indians down; but about sunset they promised that if Mr. R. and the rest would come down and go to the house where the emigrants were, they would not kill any more. Mr. R., with the assistance of an Indian, got Mrs. Whitman down, but no sooner had they got outside of the house than the Indians fired several balls into Mrs. Whitman, and killed her bleeding body into the mud. They shot Mr. Rogers three times, and left him to die. A few minutes before this last occurrence, I had lifted up the floor and we got under, with our three children, and put the boards back in their place. We lay there listening to the firing—the screams of women and children—the groans of the dying—not knowing how soon our turn would come. We were, however, not discovered.

When it had become dark, and all was quiet, we concluded to leave every thing, take our children, and start for the fort, which was twenty-five miles distant, knowing that if we remained until morning, death would be our portion. Taking John Law on my back, and A. Rogers in my arms, we started. The first step we made outside was in the blood of an orphan boy. Some of the murdered had their heads split open; some were lying in the mud dismembered. This night we travelled only two miles. We hid in the brush, about fifty feet from the road, where, all the next day, we heard the Indians passing and repassing. When dark came on we started for the fort, and got three miles farther. We then gave out, and again hid in the brush, and then spent another mournful day in the Indian country. When night came on, finding that Margaret was unable to travel, I took John Law on my back and started for Fort Wallawally, yet twenty miles distant. When I had arrived within six miles of the fort, I lay down in the wet grass till morning. About nine o'clock I reached the fort, where Mr. McBean met me, and told me he had reported me among the dead. He gave me about half a pint of tea, and two small biscuits. When we had got warm I asked for assistance to bring in my family, but was unable to procure any.

During the day Mr. Stanley came up from Fort Colville with two horses, which he offered me. At night we got a little more to eat, and an Indian being hired to go with me, I prepared for a start. Mr. McBean said I must go to the Bishop of the Umattila.—I refused; but he said I must, for if we came back we could not have a mouthful of food. I asked him for some bread to carry to my family, for they had had nothing but a little cold mush since Monday. He gave me none, but Mr. Stanley gave me some bread, sugar, tea and salt, and gave John Law a pair of socks and a fine silk handkerchief. The priest gave me a letter to the Bishop. All being ready we started, the Indian leading the way, and made all haste to get back to my wife and children. When we came near we commenced hunting, but could not find them, owing to the dark. We gave up the search until daylight; soon after we found them, almost perished with hunger and thirst. The Indian got water, and I gave them bread; and in about ten minutes we began to get ready to start; being so near the Indians that had committed the murders, our guide was anxious to return.

We started to go by the company's farm, and had not gone more than two miles, where we got off at a creek, before we saw an Indian coming towards us; he came up with speed, and spoke very friendly to me, but told my Indian that he would kill me, and put his hand on his pistol. My Indian asked him if he was an old woman, that he would kill an old man that was sick, with a sick wife and children. After they had talked for some time he replied that, as he never shed blood, he would not; but said, tell him to hurry and begone, for the murderers will follow and kill him before he gets to Umattila. My Indian told me to hurry; we started, and the Indian followed close behind for some distance, and then left, and we soon got to the farm where we were to change horses. We were directed to stop till night, but the Frenchman would not let us stay, for he said the Indians would be there before night. Here was the first fire that Margaret and two of the children had seen since Monday. We warned a few minutes, and started as though we could go to the Bishop's. When we were out of sight we turned, and thought we would risk going to the fort. We went on as fast as we could, but soon after dark Margaret gave out, and had to be tied to the Indian's back, but we got to the fort about 10 o'clock.

Mr. McBean helped us into an empty room, and we soon had a fire. We had hardly got warm before McBean came to me and wanted me to leave my family with him, and go down to the valley by myself; but I refused to leave the fort, and would not go; but God fed us here until Mr. Ogden came up from Fort Vancouver, and brought the women and children here.—We had to spend one month among Roman Catholics and Indians, and fed for some time on meat, having but little bread; we helped to eat one horse, which gave my wife the dysentery.

Mr. Ogden, one of the principal agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, took us down to Oregon city.—After we got to the city John Law died, and was buried in the same grave with Alexander Findley. I can say but little more about the massacre; we may say, however, that it was nothing but the hand of Almighty God that delivered us out of the hands of these cruel savages.

THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE FOR SCOTLAND.

On Tuesday, the Queen and Prince Albert left Buckingham Palace, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Princess Royal, in an open carriage and four, at twenty minutes past three o'clock in the afternoon, for Woolwich, to embark for Scotland. The Countess of Gainsborough and Viscountess Canning, Ladies in Waiting, followed in another carriage and four; and Lord Alfred Paget, and Captain the Hon. Alexander Card, Equerries in Waiting, occupied a third carriage. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness were conducted to their carriage by the Duchess of Norfolk, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Fitzteane, Lord Byron, Viscount Clifden, Major-General Bowles, Colonel the Honorable C. B. Phipps, Lieutenant Colonel the Hon. R. Boyle, Colonel Wylde, and Colonel Bouverie. The Boat Brigade was moored immediately under the wall of the quay close to the landing place, ready to fire the salute. At a quarter past four o'clock the report of a gun on the heights (Woolwich common) announced the approach of the Royal cortege. Soon afterwards an escort of the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) galloped into the yard, and took up a position on either side of the avenue. The Brigade-Major of the Royal Artillery immediately followed, ushering in the Royal carriage, drawn by four horses, and containing Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, and the Prince Alfred, and followed by two carriages and four, containing luggage. Her Majesty was

attired in a black visite, and wore a light bonnet trimmed with crimson velvet, and a black lace veil. Prince Albert was plainly attired in a light drab coat and black hat. Her Majesty and the Prince immediately descended from the carriage and entered the state barge, which was steered by Lord Adolphus Fitz Clarence. The barge was pushed off from the stairs amidst the cheers of the assembled multitude, and at the same moment the bands of the Royal Marines and Dockyard Brigade struck up "God save the Queen," and the Boat Brigade opened up the Royal salute. Her Majesty first ascended the ladder of the Royal yacht, and prince Albert waited till the Royal children, whom he lifted from the barge, were safe on board. Her Majesty, after walking about the after deck for a few moments, sat down on the quarter-deck, and did not move till the vessel was nearly under weigh. A display of nearly half an hour took place, owing to the time occupied in shipping the luggage, during which the Royal yacht was surrounded by a crowd of small boats, whose living cargoes occasionally raised loud cheers. At length the necessary preparations were complete, and the Royal yacht in the charge of Mr. Stuart, the pilot, slipped her moorings, and proceeded slowly down the river. The steamers were off Yarmouth on Wednesday evening, and were expected to reach Aberdeen on Thursday evening.

Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the royal children, and some, reached Balmoral at a quarter to three o'clock on Friday afternoon. In the course of twenty minutes after the arrival of Her Majesty, the detachment of the 93rd Highlanders, who were present to receive her Majesty, were on their way to their present quarters, the old Castle of Balmoral; and except the servants, and a few London policemen, to warn off over-inquisitive intruders, there was nobody left to disturb the privacy which the royal party wish to enjoy. The seclusion of Balmoral is the better insured, as the Decade traffic is on the other bank of the river. If it be allowable to judge from the pleased expression of her Majesty and Prince Albert, it may be said that their whole progress was highly gratifying to them. The weather for the journey from Aberdeen to Balmoral was, on the whole, highly favourable. Two or three passing showers that occurred were neither heavy nor lasting enough to cause any serious annoyance.

The forest of Balmoral, which is about fifty-four miles from Aberdeen, affords a rare combination of mountain, wood, field, and flood. The deer forests extend to the summit of the far-famed poetical Loch-na-gair. The masses of this district abound with grouse, and the beautiful mountain rises in the resort of abundance of partridge and the white hare. The whole forest includes an area of from fifteen to twenty miles. The castle, which has been recently built, is most felicitously situated on a rich platform, on a winding of the River Dee, possessing in its immediate neighbourhood a most charming contrast to the noble and rugged scenery with which the forest abounds.

THE GERMAN ASSEMBLY.

Perhaps, after all, the most remarkable phenomenon of the Assembly, and the one which attracts the closest and most often renewed attention, is that which is seen in the President's seat. For firmness, thoughtfulness, and benevolence of expression, Baron Gæzern's face is of all those we have been seeing, the one we should most wish to see placed there. It bears a guarantee for order, patience, and sense upon it, or there is no truth in the testimony of human expression—with no beauty, however, of feature, but that of a close, compact, reflective face, with over-arching brows and mild eyes, and one of those ebbs which cover all around them. His manner, too, is perfectly plain and unpretending, with no dignity, real or assumed, but rather the reverse, especially when he brings his bell for order, and jots it down again emphatically when he finds it makes no impression.

But then he rises; and let the Deputies rage ever so furiously together, his manner at once damps them, and his voice, which is splendidly heard above them all. If there is a presage of good for Germany to be seen in the whole array of discursive oratorical, it is solely and entirely in the outward bearing of this man. There is a firmness and quiet about him which comes only to be met from equal consciousness of power and of rectitude. No anxiety, of fear, or self-importance is visible. He sits there with a placid expression, much like a teacher overlooking his boys, or a master at the head of his workmen, patient and forbearing with their follies and imperfections, because he feels them to be completely within his own control. Not but what we fear Gæzern may deceive himself, still more than his expression deceives us. As a speaker, too, he preserves the same character. His words are few and prompt, with a simplicity and clearness which, in German, sounds strange upon the ear. But the Assembly bids fair to work a reform in the German language, if they do in nothing else. The majority of those that mount the tribune express themselves not only with an ease and readiness perfectly surprising in men totally unpractised in the art of public oratory, but many of them speak altogether a new language. There are no longer such heart-rending suspenses for the little monosyllabic that is to tell you whether a question is to be or not to be. They no longer cram their sentences so unmercifully full, before they clap on the lid of the final verb; though, of course, a regular long-winded set still survives, especially among the professors, who wander at will in the labyrinth of pure grammatical construction, and keep you waiting for the end of the sentence till you have forgotten the beginning; while at a like, whether prompt or prosy, ring the regular changes upon those much-abused words of the day, patriotism, rightness, justice, and nationalität.—Fraser's Magazine for September.

THE CHOLERA.

Accounts from Trebisond of the 15th of August state, that the disease appeared to be on the decline, but it had carried off 600 out of 1200 attacked. Amongst the deaths are those of Mrs. Studdart, wife of an American Missionary, and a Capuchin friar. At Constantinople, on the 19th ult., the disease continued much the same; but at Smyrna the attacked were some thirty per diem. Scarcely any attacked survived, and death had ensued after, in some cases, only a few minutes, and in most cases only a few hours. Unlike the general character of the disease, it has manifested itself more among the higher than the lower orders, and a greater proportion of Europeans have been attacked than at Constantinople. At Magnesia, eight hours distant from Smyrna, the deaths numbered thirty-five daily. Nearly two-thirds of the town population of Smyrna have fled to Bourmahat and Boudia. Accounts from Cairo to the 19th ult., give the following returns:—202 cases on the 15th, 203 on the 16th, 184 on the 17th, 143 on the 18th, and 174 on the 19th. From Alexandria, 97 on the 19th, 75 on the 20th, and 100 on the 21st. At Ricca, the number of persons who have been seized with the cholera, from the time it broke out to the 18th of August, amounts to 6926, of whom 3480 recovered, 1914 died, and 692 are still under treatment. The epidemic has been more fatal at Blitain; of 789 persons

who were attacked up to the 31st of August, 303 have died, and only 54 have recovered. Since the beginning of July, the cholera has also broken out in Siberia, where it had not penetrated in former years. At Stettin, where it broke out on the 10th, there have been 201 victims up to the 30th. During the 21st hour from noon on the 30th to noon on the 31st, the police received intelligence of 38 fresh cases—a far higher number than during any preceding day when the number did not exceed 25. During the next 24 hours the number of cases amounted to 50. During the same lapse of time the number of fresh cases at Magdeburg was 11, which also shows an increase. On the 23rd of August there were at St. Petersburg 42 new cases, 37 recoveries, and 15 deaths.

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NOTICE. THE Subscriber, having leased one-half of that large and extensive LUMBERING ESTABLISHMENT, known as HEBERNA COVE, is prepared to make advances on Timber, Deals and Staves placed therein for sale. FRANCIS BOWEN, BARRISTER, St. Peter Street, Quebec 4th May, 1848.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

THE Subscriber begs to thank the Military and Gentry of Quebec and the public generally, for their very liberal support with which he has been favoured since he commenced business, and he confidently hopes by a constant attention to his business, to meet with a continuance of their patronage. The Subscriber also invites an inspection of his stock of Double Milled West of England KERSEY CLOTHS, BEAVERS, DOES, KINS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., &c., having just received per "DOUGLAS," from London, a general assortment of shawl articles, all of the very best quality and latest fashion, which he will make up in his usual style, at moderate charge. H. KNIGHT, 12, Palace Street, Quebec, Oct. 13th 1847.

The Berean,

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