as a pious and exemplary Christian, and as an instructive and useful preacher, advanced steadily. His praise is in all the Churches. In the year 1815, I succeeded him in the Union charge, Philadelphia. The condition of this Church was precisely what might have been anticipated. On either hand was abundant proof that everything had been done decently and in order."

We find in a postcript to the same letter, an account of the following exciting scene. It is so remarkable and comes so well authenticated, that we insert it, although usually not much disposed to lend a listening ear to the marvellous. It must have been a startling and brilliant phenomenon. It will be admitted too, that there was sometimes a good deal of fire about our brother's preaching in the days of his Methodism. Mr. Sheets says:—

"In the allusion to the camp-meeting, I do not know whether there would have been any impropriety in mentioning a circumstance which occurred during the same. It was certainly made an instrument of producing a great effect at the time. Three of us had been appointed to preach morning, noon and night. On Sunday it became my duty to perform the evening service. The camp was in a dense pine woods, the ground illuminated by the burning of pine knots on several small scaffolds prepared for the occasion. The brilliancy of these lights was such that a candle was seldom used, even in a tent. A pocket Bible I know, could be read in those pretty near. It so happened that during preaching there was a considerable rustling in the tops of the lofty pines, attracting my attention at times; but there was no apprehension of a storm, no sound of thunder or appearance of lightning. The congregation was immense, and as still as death, while the certainty and solemnity of the day of judgment were expatiated upon. The doctrinal part of the discourse had been gone through, and an application about being commenced, when my attention and that of the audience was arrested by the appearance of a luminous body descending amidst the trees, which in an instant after, having arrived at apparently half-way from the tops of the trees to the ground, exploded with a most tremenduous roar of thunder. Flashes of lightning seemed to pervade the entire camp. The lights were struck to atoms, and extinguished. The deepest midnight darkness succeeded. But the scene which followed beggars description. Hundreds no doubt were fully confident that the day of judgment had indeed arrived, and conscious of their being unprepared for the solemnities of that dread day, were shrieking for mercy as though hell itself was gaping to receive them; and others (perhaps I might say, without exaggeration, hundreds,) were shouting aloud in the greatest possible triumph, as though the Lord Jesus had indeed just invited them as the blessed of His Father, to come and inherit the kingdom prepared for them. I question much whether such another scene has ever been witnessed. The concussion of the atmosphere seemed to me so powerful as almost to cast me from the stand. I however supported myself by holding to the fixtures for supporting the books; and felt disposed to thank God for making such an application of my sermon as it was not in my power, nor that of mortal man to make. A dog was found dead next day under a bed, in a tent back of the stand, on which a person was lying, but not a human creature on the ground was injured. The results of that night will be developed in the eternal world."—*Episcopal Recorder*.

Despair of None.

"Despair of none," said a man who had laboured long and successfully in the work of winning souls to Christ, to one who was entering with zeal upon that blessed work.

Men are more easily discouraged in their efforts to do good, than in efforts for other objects. They are also prone to pass by some cases as hopeless; and with respect to others, they desist after a single unsuccessful effort. If they acted thus in regard to the affairs of this life, they would accomplish but very little.

Those who have laboured to save souls have met with many cases which illustrate the wisdom of the advice, *Despair of none*. In a revival which took place many years since, a young man, who was at work by the month for a Universalist, was awakened. A Christian friend, feeling that he was in perilous circumstances in consequence of his connexion with a noted opposer of religion, sought frequent opportunities of conversing with him, and of endeavouring to direct him to the Saviour. He learned from him that his employer ridiculed his anxiety, and endeavoured to induce him to rest in the doctrine that the wicked shall not be turned into hell. This account, together with the known character of the opposer, led Mr. C. to avoid him; or rather, he sought no opportunity to address him on the concerns of eternity. One day, as he was conversing with the anxious young man, the Universalist joined them. Supposing he came to oppose, Mr. C. brought the conversation to a close, and was about to take his leave, when the opposer said, "Mr. C., have you nothing to say to me?"

Mr. C. could scarce speak for astonishment; for the tone in which the question was asked showed plainly that he was in earnest.

"I have to say to you," said Mr. C., "that God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whomsoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The opposer was visibly affected, and after a moment's silence, invited Mr. C to enter the house. He did so. The result was a long conversation, in which the host confessed that he had never felt satisfied of the truth of the creed he had professed, and intimated his purpose of seeking for the better way. After a long season of darkness and distress, he was brought to the knowledge of the truth, and became an active and efficient member of the Church of Christ. The incident impressed deeply on the mind of Mr. C. the truth contained in our motto, "Despair of none."

On a certain occasion, the members of a small country Church appointed, in view of the low state of religion among them, a day of fasting and prayer; and, at the close of the public services of the day, designated some of the brethren as committees to visit the different portions of the parish. They met a day or two after, and gave some account of their visits.

"Has any one visited old B.?" it was asked. Old B. was such a degraded, drunken wretch, that no one ever thought of calling him *Mister* B.

"I saw him standing in the door as I passed," said one, who was appointed to visit in that portion of the parish in which B.'s hut stood, "but he appeared to have been drinking, and so I thought it would be time wasted to call on him."

"He used to make it his boast that he never allowed any one to talk to him on the subject of religion," said another.

"He is a poor, miserable wretch," said another.

Nothing more was said about him. It seemed to be admitted that he was beyond the reach of hope. There was one present, however, whose compassion was moved toward poor B. He resolved to go and see him. He thought it probable he could not get a hearing, but then he would discharge a duty, and deliver his own soul from blood-guiltiness.

He went to Mr. B.'s hut and found him surrounded by his half-naked children. He was perfectly sober, and somewhat sad. The visitor addressed him in a tone of sympathy, spoke of the children and their prospects.—The drunkard's heart was touched, and he permitted his visitor to urge him to sign the pledge. He could not induce him to promise, but the results of a number of visits was that he joined the Temperance Society. The people were taken by surprise. Some said he was drunk when he put down his name, and none thought he would hold out many days. He did hold out for weeks and even months. A protracted meeting was then held by the Methodists. He was led to attend the meeting, his conscience was awakened, and in the judgment of charity he became a converted man.

He afterwards united with the Baptist Church, and maintained a reputable Christian walk to the end of his days.

To all appearance, his salvation was owing to the fact that the Christian brother who induced him to break off his cups, did not despair. But for the change in his habits, in regard to drinking, it is in nowise probable that he would have placed himself within reach of the gospel.

Let those who care for souls despair of none. The power is of God. Nothing is too hard for Omnipotence. If he bless our labours, the most hopeless cases may be reached. Let us despair of none whom God continues in life and in the exercise of reason. Many who, to human appearance, were beyond hope, have been made brilliant trophies of redeeming grace. Let us rouse ourselves to persevering action in behalf of all who are out of hell.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1853.

The Riot in Quebec.

The Press, with few exceptions, has in no measured terms, condemned the outrageous attack on Gavazzi recently made in Quebec.—The actors in this riotous scene, have obtained for themselves an unenviable notoriety—a spirit of indignation has been excited in the breasts of millions, which will continue to spread far and wide wherever this violent assault becomes known.

We should like to see a repudiation on the part of Roman Catholic Bishops and Priests of the dastardly conduct of the zealots who incited, led on, and consummated this murderous assault upon a comparatively defenceless man. Unless this be done, it will not be enough to say, the Roman Catholic *people* deplore the outbreak, in order to remove the impression, that the tenets of the Papal Church sanction and justify resort to physical force, as the best *argumentum ad hominem* against those who call her scriptural character in question. This repudiation is due to themselves, and to the feelings of Protestant communities which have been thoroughly outraged by this wanton and malicious invasion of human rights. If liberty of speech is to be forcibly put down *vi et armis*, the earth will in a short time present the spectacle of a vast battle-field, on which the strongest and best disciplined will be sure to triumph, but only at the great sacrifice of human life. The case of the Canada rioters requires prompt and firm dealing. The majesty of the law should be vindicated and upheld.—Timidity will only invite the repetition of similarly illegal and diabolical acts. The sooner such outbreaks are arrested the better for all concerned.

We give below Gavazzi's own account of the assault, which will show, that, in more senses than one, he belongs to the Church *militant*. It is given in a letter to the Editor of the New York *L'Eco D'Italia*, dated Quebec, June 8th, 1853:

G. F. Secchi de Casali—

Dear Friend:—

I only write a few particulars of the shocking case which happened the day before yesterday; you will perceive it more amply described in the papers I send you. I will begin by saying that the appearance of the assailants was most despicable, for they came dirty, torn, and in their shirt sleeves, the better to show their origin. It was their aim to secure me alive, in order to murder me without the Church; but not having succeeded, they attempted to kill me within the Church. Many were led to believe it when they had by repeated blows felled Paoli to the ground; for believing him to be me, they said one to another, "this is the very man." Another scheme of theirs was to blow out the lights, by turning the gas keys, for by so doing, from their concerted plan, they would have more easily succeeded in getting possession of me, seizing at the time every one present, mostly ladies and children! But man proposes, and God disposes. It was not possible to turn the gas key, nor so easily capture me.—Having rid myself of my first assailant by throwing him over the pulpit, I took off my cloak, and brandishing the chair which had served me as an orator, I defended my post as a true Italian crusader. I think that many of this gang will remember for some time this passage of the Italian missionary's lecture. Having a pulpit about twelve feet wide, with the stairs exposed, facing the church, and compelled to defend it against more than sixty savages, was rather a difficult task. An artillery sergeant—who now enjoys the sympathy of all parties—to the great shame of the policemen, (who were standing by as idle spectators), leaped from these stairs, and succeeded in defending with me my citadel. After the first attack, Paoli, who was at the church door, was enabled to reach the stairs, and having snatched a stick from one of the assailant's hands, used it in every direction, and we were enabled to retain the liberty of our platform for more than twenty-five minutes.

But again a gang of the outward assailants, to the number of more than six or seven hundred, rushed into the church. This is owing to another unpardonable mistake of the police; the stairs and parapet were assaulted with renewed violence. The Artillery sergeant feeling his equilibrium fail clung to Paoli, who, amid the great throng of assailants, could no longer manœuvre his stick, meanwhile two of the savages had seized Paoli to overthrow him from the stairs, he cried out to me "Gavazzi help me." I abandoned the front of the pulpit and with a desperate blow of the bench which I held in my hands, fell upon the head of one of the two assassins, which caused him to bound from the stairs. I was returning to the front, while some other assassins gained the ground I had abandoned to save my friend, lifted me from my feet and precipitated me headlong out of the pulpit, from a height of more than fifteen feet.

This was to have been the hour of my death, and could have been. The falling with such violence might have sufficed to crush my skull; but God was there to protect his poor, but confiding servant. I fell on a floor of enemies' heads and shoulders, and it was afterwards said that as I was of iron disposition, I weighed also as iron itself; but I sustained no wound from my fall.—The crowd then dispersing, I found myself stretched out on the ground, with a legion of savages over me, enjoyed at being able to slay me. I then received a kick on my chin, which had produced a slight wound, and a contusion on the jaw, as the great crowd prevented the use of sticks, they endeavoured to supply it with their feet. I perceived that nothing but a gigantic effort could save me, and I employed it accordingly. I rose in spite of them, and by blows opened a passage to the staircase which leads to the subterraneous place where the Sunday schools are and having met assassins on the stairs I overcame them; the last who from his size impeded my passage as it were a barricade, and threatened me with his large stick, calling me by the vilest names, I very coolly rolled down the stairs, and jumping over him reached the entry of the Sunday school.

Fortunately the school was dark, having examined it in the morning I became acquainted with its structure. I took the left path, among an innumerable quantity of benches, while the savages, who were still pursuing me, were obliged to delay before they could reach the door. It was then I heard the cry of Paoli, 'God help me,' which led me to believe that he was assaulted and beaten again by the assassins. Being left half dead, he would have been killed by the people had not an unforseen hand conveyed him to the subterraneous school, where he found himself, as it were, miraculously saved from a certain death. After five or six minutes of fatal suspense, some one of the police came. The lights were again lit, but this did not prevent the assailants from breaking all the windows of the school, by throwing large stones, one of which hit Paoli on the breast while Dr. Douglas was examining his wounds. But fortunately the military arrived, and the assassins were dispersed. Paoli was the first to be led home. I followed him in a coach, with the Mayor of the city, and all the street was protected by strong patrols.—On examining our bodies, it was discovered that poor Paoli had received eight wounds from sticks one of which is six inches long. I was found to have a wound on my head from a stone, and another on the occiput, from the blow of a club. They, however, gave me no pain, as I contrived to let them bleed as much as possible. However I have suffered nothing, and am as well now as on my setting out from New York.

But the sensation experienced from this brutal assault results now contrary to what the assailants had expected. There is no Catholic Canadian but disapproves of this outrage. It is to be observed that the assault had been organized; and consequently premeditated murder. The most aggravating circumstances are of having attacked a church, in which women and children were assembled and to which the men had hastened unarmed. But who, then, could have conceived, organised, and led so infamous a scheme?

* * * * * *

Sunday, please God, we will gather together at our Italian service in New York, and I shall feel overjoyed in seeing anew my brethren, after having escaped death from my assassins.

Meanwhile remember me to them all, and believe me to be your very affectionate friend,

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

Letter from Albany, N. Y.

New York Legislature. Its Session. Charter for a Pacific Railroad. Appropriation by Congress to survey the routes, and description of them. Great work may soon be accomplished.

The Legislature of this State is holding an extra session at the present moment. By the Constitution the Body can only sit 100 days at the public expense. The members receive $3 per day and mileage, and if they continue longer than this period, they have no pay, and hence are sure to adjourn. They can, however, when called by the Governor's Proclamation, hold an extra session, which is the case now. Among other Bills passed is one to charter a Pacific Rail Road Company, a corporation ready to take hold of that vast work when the proper time arrives. You may wish to know what has been done towards this gigantic undertaking. If ever accomplished, it will certainly be, if not the *eighth*, among the wonders of our world.

The U. S. Congress at its last session, appropriated $150,000 to survey a route, and under the direction of the War Department. This branch of our Government is well calculated for such an exploration, and could not be better employed. I hope the day for rifle balls, cannon, powder, swords, and bayonets is passing away from among us!

The surveys are to be made:—

I. By a party from Fond du Lac, through Minesota to Pugent Sound, lat. 47, 48, and also over the new territory of Washington. This survey will be chiefly confined to the regions North of 46° of latitude.

II. Capt. Gunnison, U. S. Army, leaves Fort Leavenworth with a second party in July.—They take the central route so called. Commencing near Kansas in Missouri, they will follow up this stream, and hence through the "gate of the Rocky Mountains," or Coochretope Pass, near the point where Col. Freemont and men lost their way in the winter of 1848—9, thence the expedition proceed to the valley of the Colorado, Vegas de Santa Clara, Lake Tulare and San Joaquim River, to San Francisco. The lowest point they propose to reach is lat. 35°. This body was to assemble on the 7th inst., at St. Louis, several U. S. Military officers, and civilians, mounted, and escorted by a guard of U. S. troops. From St. Louis they took steam to Fort Leavenworth, where their observations begin.

III. Lieut. Whipple will leave Fort Smith on the Arkansaw River, and the Western limits of that State, with a part of his expedition. The other section proposes to connect the general line of survey with the S. W. terminus of the contemplated Pacific Railroad in Missouri.—These two divisions will unite on the Canadian river, lon. 24° ' and proceeding onwards through Santa Fe, lat. 35°, to Sierra Nevada, where they will likely meet with the second party under Capt. Gunnison of the Central route.

IV. The fourth expedition under Lieut. Wilkinson starts from San Francisco to examine a route in a S. Easterly direction from that place to Wilkie's Pass with other localities in that region.

I have tried to give you a concise and intelligible view of this immense proposed undertaking. What a magnificent idea! To realize it seems incredible. This whole western hemisphere and its millions of people are interested in the work to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, by banding a Continent with the iron road and bringing them rapidly together by the self-moving power of steam—what a triumph of civilization and art! It really seems as if Bishop Barkley's beautiful idea is soon to be realised:

"Westward the Star of Empire rolls."

Yankees and Nova Scotians may yet take a trip, in a short time, to the Celestial Empire, and all the way by steam.

Yours, &c.

Albany, N.Y., June 20, 1853.

Late accounts from England state that two more volumes of Macaulay's History of England may be expected soon, but add that the author's health is irrevocably shattered, and that fears are entertained that he will never be able to complete the work which he has projected. This will be sad indeed.

Religious Items.

Liberality of Romanism!—The Austrian Government have prohibited the evangelical clergy of Bohemia from calling themselves pastors, and their districts from being called dioceses. It demands that converts to Romanism educate their children in the Roman Catholic faith; but will not allow converts to Protestantism to educate their children as Protestants. In cases of mixed marriage—one party being Protestant and the other Roman Catholic—if the father is Catholic, all the children must be so; but if the father is Protestant, only the boys can be educated in the Protestant faith. The circulation of Protestant tracts is forbidden, though it has been customary for the past twenty years. All of the above regulations are either new or enforced with new rigour. The number of the Roman Catholic clergy in Austria, including monks and nuns, is 47,052; the Protestants number 4,509; the Greek United Church, 4,041.

Methodism in New Orleans.—A new Methodist church has been erected in the Crescent city, at a cost of $50,000. The material is brick, and its dimensions one hundred and fifteen by seventy feet. It is entirely free from debt—$19,500 being raised at the time of its dedication. Mr. R. H. W. Hill gave *ten thousand dollars* for this Church! We have many pleasant hills about Richmond, but we have never met with such a golden hill as that.—*Richmond Ch. Advocate.*

The entire Bible in Chinese.—Rev. Dr. Medhurst, the veteran missionary of the London Society in China, who has been engaged in company with Dr. Bridgman and others, many years translating the Scriptures into the Chinese language, has announced the final accomplishment of the great task. The moral value of this event transcends all estimate. It opens the divine word to the access of millions of readers, and the beginning of the Christianization of one-third of the human race. Dr. Medhurst's letters concludes with this striking reference to existing troubles:—"We cannot help considering it a remarkable providence that our Translation Committee should have brought their labours to a close just at the time when either we may be called to "take up our carriages" and remove to a place of safety; or to enter upon the wider fields of missionary labour opening before us, far exceeding the most earnest expectations and warmest wishes of the friends of China."

The Madiai.—The Madiai have been residing at Hyeres for three weeks, with a devoted friend. They live in the strictest seclusion, seeing only three or four Christians of the Reformed faith, who had been passing the winter in this town, and seeking in solitude and repose to recover that health and strength which their long detention and mental sufferings greatly injured.

For Oregon and California.—The following ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church were to sail on the 20th inst., in the Illinois, for the Pacific:—The Rev. J. F. Devoe and Rev. J. W. Hines, for Oregon, who will be accompanied by their families; and the Rev. N. B. Heath and wife, for California.

There were in Prussia, in 1846, 123,837 Jews; in 1849, 318,998. About one hundred are converted and baptized annually; in the last 21 years, there have been 1,542 baptisms.

It is said that of the 15,000 Jewish converts to Christianity now in the world, about one in every sixty is a preacher.

In Spain there are now 2,386 cloisters of nuns in full operation.

Literary and Scientific.

Machine for Separating Ores.—An important apparatus for separating ores and other substances of different specific gravities and of different magnitudes into their constituent parts, has been invented by Victory Simon of Nerviers, in the Kingdom of Belgium; the inventor, Mr. S., accomplishes the desired object by passing a current of air through a long trunk or tube placed horizontally or nearly so, with a series of recesses arranged in the bottom of the tube for the reception of the ores, or other substances; these substances, after being pulverized, are fed to one end of the tube from a hopper placed above it, and are subjected to the uniform current of air above the recesses, the heaviest particles fall immediately to the bottom of the tube to the receiver prepared for its reception, and those lighter to the adjoining recesses, and so on, in proportion to their specific gravities, the lighest being found in the receiver farthest from the feed opening. The particles of matter received in any one receiver of the series will have a specific gravity so much greater, compared with that of the other particles, as their volumn is less, and vice versa. When thus classified, the perfect separation of the different substances may be easily effected, and, at the same time, the removal of any impurities which may exist in the pulverized material. This easy and simple classification and separation of particles of matter is a most desirable result, and will very much facilitate the analysis of ores and other substances submitted to its action. The improvement has been already tested in Belgium, and is believed to be one of utility.—*N. Y. Artizan.*

New Invention for Blasting Rocks.—A correspondent of *The Transcript*, well qualified to judge, sends an account of a new invention for blasting rocks. He writes, after an examination of the process:—"The apparatus is the invention of Mr. A. Stickney, of Norwich, Vermont. It is a platinum tube, about ten inches in length, with holes in its side. Connected with this is an iron tube of any required length. This is the apparatus, and now for the operation:—A hole is drilled in the rock to any required depth; this tube is filled with charcoal and ignited in the platinum, and inserted in the drill hole. A blacksmith's bellows is applied to the upper end of the tube, and the most intense heart is forced through the small holes upon the sides of the rocks, scalding it off in fine powder at a rapid rate. When the heat is sufficient the tube is withdrawn, and water poured in, which enlarges the hole at the bottom. The effect of powder on a rock when confined in such a way must be tremendous. The experiment has been tried with the most perfect success.

Mr. Stickney intends to use the oxhydrogen blow-pipe in connection with it; and, without doubt, its introduction will greatly facilitate and economise the construction of great works."

Steam.—The following items are taken from *Hunt's Magazine*:—

About 280 years B. C, Hero, of Alexandria, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 450, Athemius, an architect, arranged several cauldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leathern tube, which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of an adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the cauldrons and the house was shaken by the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17th, Blasco de Garoy tried a steamboat of 209 tons, with tolerable success at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a cauldron of boiling water, and a moveable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garoy.

The first idea of a steam engine in England was in the Marquis of Worcester's "History of Inventions," A. D. 1663.

In 1764, James Watt made the first perfect steam engine in England.

In 1789, John Fitch, of Philadelphia navigated a boat by a steam engine on the Delaware.

In 1793, Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1793, Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a locomotive steam engine to travel on a turnpike road.

The first steam vessel that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in the month of June, 1818, from Charleston to Liverpool.

Prof. Argelander communicates through Mr. C. S. Venable, the discovery of another planet, on the 5th of May, by Mr. Luther, of the Observatory at Bilk. The Bonn observation is the mean of four comparisons with the ring micrometer. The planet is of the 10.11 magnitude. This is probably the 26th of the group of small planets between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. The 24th was discovered by Prof. Gasparis, of Naples, on the 5th of April; the 25th by Mr. Chacornac at Marseilles, on the 6th of April of the present year.

Another Wonderful Invention.—The Memphis *Enquirer* contains a communication from Dr. Land, who says "his claim to the invention of the Atmospheric Telegraph is antecedent to either Richardson or Seibert; yet Richardson has procured a patent, which goes far to sustain him, short of a protracted lawsuit, and Seibert's diction in reference to the matter, is somewhat pneumatic." Dr. Land also states that he is "engaged in arranging a systematic Theorem, and in drafting a sketch of a line of communication, by which the sound of words may be delivered in remote cities, in less time than it would take to write them." He calls it a Verbal Telegraph, and says the day is not far distant when the Editor of the *Enquirer* can sit in his sanctum, at Memphis, and utter words of which the sounds thereof can be delivered in New Orleans in less time than he can write a dozen words. This Verbal Telegraph, says the Doctor, will answer the ends for which it is designed, beyond a doubt.

Dr. Tyng and the Bible.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng gave utterance to the following sentiments, in an address at the May anniversary meeting of the Church Missionary Society, held in Exeter Hall, London:—

He had often thought of the singular illustration given in one of the Royal appointments after the reformation—a big Bible, called the Bishop's Bible, to be chained in every parish church, to teach all ages the worthlessness of a bishop without a Bible, and the wretchedness of a church in which no Bible was. Episcopacy without the Bible was the shell without the kernel.

And he would sooner come to the lowest standard of radicalism in Protestant truth, holding communion with the living head, and seeking the teaching and power of the living spirit, and make his bed with the poorest shoemaker in the land thus believing in a Divine teaching, than he would take his part on the throne of a soulless Episcopacy, and amidst the grandeur of a twice withered and a dead church. The glory of England has been since the reformation in the tenacity of the church for the Scriptures. How beautiful was the petition to Queen Elizabeth, of the four prisoners who asked for liberation—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. The Queen did liberate them, and no living King or Queen would ever catch them again. They had gone forth from England to the very end of the globe, and it would puzzle all England to put the chain again round these four wandering men, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

The good Bishop Hooper said he would leave every controversy in Christendom to be decided by four impartial and infallible judges—the Hebrew Bible, the Bible in the Greek version, the Latin Bible, and the Bible in the vernacular tongue of every land. They did not hold their assize in England only, they did not hold their assize in America only. The time had come when men had got the Bible, and it would be impossible ultimately to palm upon any man that which the Bible would not sustain.

He chained himself to the Bible. Sink or swim he would never maintain principles that did not seem to him to be perfectly patent upon the face of that holy book That was the position of the American Church. They might have to fight through a sea of baptismal regeneration, but there was a vast continent beyond, and they would stand with the Bible in their hands on an everlasting and glorious shore.

Remarkable Physical Phenomenon—A Sleeping Giant.

Our attention was called yesterday to a most extraordinary phenomenon. A full grown man, six feet and two inches tall, 37 years of age, has slept for nearly five years, with only occasional and brief intervals of wakefulness. The name of this man, subject to so remarkable a suspension of the ordinary faculties of the race, is Cornelius Broomer. He is the son of a farmer living in the town of Clarkson, in this county, in whose family only this single and singular instance of prolonged somnolency has ever occurred. The subject of notice first fell into this long sleep on the 19th of June, 1848, and since that time has been awake at different periods, from a few hours to four months at a time. It is remarkable that when he comes out of this catalepsy, he appears to have no knowledge of the lapse of time, or of circumstances taking place while he sleeps.

The fit comes upon him instantly, without, so far as is known, any warning. His eyes are closed, his jaws are set, his muscles contract, and his whole form is rigid, so that if standing, he continues in that attitude, partly bent over, and it is not easy to pull him down. He has continued in this condition for months together unable to speak or move. Various experiments have been tried to restore him to consciousness without effect. A seton has been inserted in the back of his neck, without producing any apparent effect, and on one occasion cayenne pepper, moistened with spirits of turpentine, was put into his mouth, and no visible emotion was caused by the caustic dose. Physicians have seen and wondered, theorized and experimented in vain.

The man sleeps on, lives, eats, retains perfect health, with a pulse at 80, and without variation. When asleep, he may be placed upon his feet, and he will stand for days together, as he has been known to do for three days and nights in succession. In order to feed him, it is necessary to pry open his firmly set jaws; and in that manner, but little food is introduced into his stomach. He is not, however, much emaciated, keeps his natural color, and appears entirely without disease, except that which produces his strange sleep. When he awakes, he comes out of his trance suddenly, his rigid muscles relax at once, he asks for meat or drink, and falls to voraciously. If asked why he sleeps so much, he appears to regard it as an imposition, just as any active man would receive an intimation that he was considered sluggish. The last time he was awake was about five or six weeks since.—He was left nearly alone at home; and on coming out of sleep, he got up and went to the Lake shore, where his brothers were; going into a grocery he called for liquor, and asked the company to drink with him.

On such occasions he is not violent or angry; appears strong and in the full possession of his mental faculties. A slight indication that he is not entirely unaware of what is transpiring about him, was given recently, by his asking his father if he intended to allow him to be taken to New York? Several parties had been endeavoring to get permission to exhibit him, and he appears to have become aware of it by some means, perhaps by hearing conversation about him. This was the only instance of the kind, we believe.—The fact that his eye-lids are in a constant tremor, favors the idea of his semi-consciousness.—Many of our physicians have visited the man.—Efforts have been made to awaken him, recently, so that the faculty, who are deeply interested in the matter, may see him in his wakeful mood.—It is a little singular that whiskey will have the desired effect, if it is possible to get enough down his throat. But he resists the introduction of the liquor, and it is very difficult to get it down in any quantity.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A Youthful Cuvier.

We call attention to the fact that Cincinnati is to furnish to the scientific world one of the most accomplished naturalists of the day.

We have for some time past been much interested in a young man, a native of this city, named W. H. B. Thomas. There is nothing prepossessing in his appearance. On the contrary, excepting a good eye, he carries an external that might tempt one *de jure* to indicate Dame Nature for libel. Meeting him, perhaps among the brilliant throng on Fourth street, with an *outre* gait, a verdant physiognomy, in a partial eclipse from an incipient beard, a slouched hat drawn close over the forehead, the pockets of his seedy coat distended by a score of botanical preservations, fossil ferns, and geological specimens, the sombre hue of his linen advertising the death of his washerwoman—he would most likely be taken for a country lad from the hoop-pole region, who had ventured a trip on the canal in search of the *terra incognita* "town."

We first knew Thomas as a newspaper carrier in 1848; his unusual knowledge of botany, geology, and zoology was then the remark of all.—Soon after this he obtained employment as an assistant teacher in one of our schools, at a salary that barely sufficed to buy meat and coals for his aged mother. We met him again in the Spring of 1851, at the Cincinnati meeting of the American Association for the advancement of Science. In the proceedings of this body he took an interest that surprised all whose observation was drawn by his eager listening, and his large collection of minerals, plants and fossils. Here he attracted the attention of Professor Beard and Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute. We afterward met him on Mount street, in the shop of Mr. McKinley, another humble but enthusiastic devotee of science, of whom the world will yet take note, who had just finished, with his own hands and rude tools, a powerful telescope that Thomas was criticising.

For some months past we had seldom met with our eccentric friend, but we encountered him late last evening at the Little Miami Railroad depot—a huge blank book, labelled "Notes on Fossil Infusoria" under one arm and a shirt and a pair of socks under the other. He had just arrived from Washington, and had in his pocket his commission as a naturalist to the Kane Arctic Exploring Expedition, which sails from New York next week. He had applied to Professor Henry for some appointment to work in the U. S. Coast Survey, and that gentleman had procured his appointment to the honourable post in the polar expedition, where he will have the rarest opportunity to pursue his favourite studies, and to place his name among those distinguished scientific discoverers.

Mr. T. leaves this evening for New York, where he joins his ship. We heartily wish him what he eminently deserves—the highest success. —*Cincinnati Commercial, May 20.*

Interesting Letter from the Duke of Wellington.

During the first occupation of Paris by the allies in 1814, Lord Wellington wrote many important letters to the Home Government, part of one of which, addressed to Lord Liverpool, refers to the proposal then made to send him to America:—

"I have already told you and Lord Bathurst that I feel no objection to going to America, though I don't promise to myself much success there. I believe there are troops enough there for the defence of Canada for ever, and even for the accomplishment of any reasonable offensive plan that could be formed from the Canadian frontier. I am quite sure that all the American armies of which I have ever read would not beat out of a field of battle the troops that went from Bordeaux last Summer, if common precautions and care were taken of them.

"That which appears to me to be wanting in America is not a general, or general officers and troops, but a naval superiority on the lakes; till that superiority is acquired, it is impossible, according to my notion, to maintain an army in such a situation as to keep an enemy out of the whole frontier, much less to make any conquest from the enemy, which with those superior means, might, with reasonable hopes of success be undertaken. I may be wrong in this opinion, but I think the whole history of the war proves its truth; and I suspect that you will find that Provost will justify his misfortunes (which, by the bye, I am quite certain, are not what the Americans have represented them to be) by stating that the navy were defeated; and even if he had taken Fort Moreau, he must have retired.

"The question is, whether we can obtain this naval superiority on the lakes. If we cannot, I shall do you but little good in America, and I shall go there only to prove the truth of Provost's defence, and to sign a peace which might as well be signed now. There will always, however, remain this advantage, that the confidence which I have acquired will reconcile both the army and people in England to terms of which they would not now approve.

"In regard to your present negotiations, I confess that I think you have no right, from the state of the war, to demand any concession of territory from America. Considering every thing, it is my opinion that the war has been a most successful one, and highly honourable to the British arms; but, from particular circumstances, such as the want of naval superiority on the lakes, you have not been able to carry it into the enemy's territory, notwithstanding your military success and now undoubted military superiority, and have not even cleared your own territory of the enemy on the point of attack. You cannot on any principle of equality in negotiation, claim a cession of territory, excepting in exchange for other advantages which you have in your power."

Journey from Cairo to Jerusalem.

While our camels were loading, I walked again to the Arab burial place. Even in this desert is felt the instinct which prompts us to beautify the resting-places of the dead. The region produces a liliaceous plant, with a large bulb and large thick leaves of a deep green color. Bunches of these were planted at the head and foot of many of the graves. A singular custom prevails here, of laying the garments of the dead on the ground above them. At the head of one of the graves lay a woman's blue cotton dress, as fresh, almost, in appearance, as if it had just come from the loom. I remarked several articles of male attire, some of them much decayed by the length of time they had remained on the ground. On one poor fellow's grave lay only his thrum-cap, probably the sole part of his raiment which was thought in a fit condition to serve as his monument. The grave of a child fixed my attention, at each end of which a branch of the plant I have already mentioned was growing freshly, and between them lay a little garment of blue cotton, and another of white with a crimson stripe running through it.

Near by, and probably dragged away by the jackals, was the skin of a lamb with a soft silky fleece, which had formed the child's outer garment in Winter. I replaced it on the grave, and could not help thinking, how tenderly, to judge by these tokens, that child must have been cherished, and that when it was carried out dead from the humble abode of its parents, their low brown tent pitched on the greensward, the heart of its mother must have been pierced by a sorrow as sharp as it felt at such a loss in the most civilized country.

One of the entertainments of our journey through the desert was reading books of travels relating to the country through which we were passing.—Sometimes as we sat on our camels we read aloud for the benefit of the rest, and in the evening, before we became drowsy, which was early enough. For these evening readings, we frequently took parts of the Scriptures to which scenes around us gave a new interest—narratives of the journeys of the early Hebrews to the land of Egypt, their abode in the country, their passage out of it, and wandering in the desert, which once brought them to the very region in which we were travelling.—*Bryant's Letters.*

Madeira.

A correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*; speaking of Madeira says:—

It is one of the finished places of earth, which seems to be the case, with every Portuguese possession I have ever visited. The Island of Madeira is about 57 miles long, and 7 in breadth—a mass of basaltic rock. The population of the Island is estimated at 112,000. The highest peak, "Pico Ruivo," is 6056 feet in height, and there are five other peaks of nearly equal altitude clustered about it.

The legend of the discovery of Madeira by an English gentleman or mariner named Mecham, is so well known as to hardly bear repetition. Fleeing from England to avoid the consequences of an illicit amour, he is said to have been driven by a storm, and his mistress, a French lady, dying, he made a canoe, and carried the tidings of his discovery to Pedro, the King of Arragon, which occasioned another tradition, that the island was discovered by the Portugese in 1345. It is said, however, that the Portugese did not visit the island until 1419, nor did they colonize it until 1431. It has been twice since then in the possession of the English—first in 1801, and a second time in 1807, when it was retained in trust for the royal family of Portugal, who had emigrated to the Brazils. It was subsequently restored to Portugal, and it sovereignty is still retained by that nation.

Funchal, the only place of note or importance, is situated on the Southeast side of the island, and streatches nearly a mile along the margin of a bay. It is irregular and meanly built, with narrow, crooked, steep and dirty streets. Many of those that run up the hill sides have streams coursing down them to the sea, in which the inhabitants wash clothes and rid themselves of filth and offal. The grape, though wine is the chief and almost only product exported, is not indigenous to the island—the first plants having been brought from Crete and planted by order of Prince Henry, of Portugal, under whose patronage the island was settled in 1431. The island received its name of Madeira from its woods, as the name implies. At the present time wood is worth $80 a cord or thereabouts.

Japanese Manufactures.

The King of Holland has sent to the Dublin Exhibition a number of specimens of Japan manufacture.

Among other things specimens of silks and velvets said to be equal to any of European manufacture; also silken cords of various thickness, painted wax candles, toilette cabinets, and parasols; of these latter articles, the part that is made of silk with us is of paper, creased into many folds; the ribs are of thin spliced bamboo, they open and close with great ease, and are a much better defence from the sun than shades of semi-translucent silk. Specimens of coins of gold and silver are found in the collection; the largest gold coin is worth two hundred and fifty dollars, of an oblong shape, with rounded corners.

But more interesting than these are the printing types, which are of wood, the body of the type being cylindrical, with the letter at one end. The warlike instruments are not very formidable; the fire arms are long and heavy; the swords are short, with daggers attached, the whole enclosed in clumsy cylindrical sheaths; the armor is a woven fabric. sufficiently thick to resist the thrust of an arrow or spear: there is also a highly finished Japanned shield, which projects in the centre, from which an arrow or any hand missile would glance aside. The Japan ware is more hardly finished than that which we ever find in commerce; in the collection is a tea-set of this ware and other articles to be used in contact with hot water; from the uses to which many of these articles are to be applied, it is evident their varnish must be of a superior quality and unaffected by liquids.

A Hint to the Young.—To the question, what had been the studies by which his style was formed, Daniel Webster once remarked, "When I was a young man, a student in college, I delivered a Fourth of July oration. My friends thought so well of it that they requested a copy for the press. It was printed, and I have a copy of it now, the only copy in existence. (In this he was mistaken.) Joseph Dennie, a writer of great reputation at that time, wrote a review in a literary paper which he then edited. He praised parts of the oration as vigorous and eloquent; but other parts he criticized severely, and said that they were mere *emptiness. I thought his criticism was just;* and I resolved that whatever else should be said of my style, from that time forth there should be no *emptiness* in it. I read such English writers as fell in my way