EMBER 29.

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, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL
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OLD BY
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Agents for P. E. Island.

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ING A CERTIFICATE.
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A. A. HAYES.

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Messrs. Fellows & Co., and find
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Assayer to State of Mass.
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AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.—A FAMILY JOURNAL.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—PROV. XIV 34.

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NEW ARRANGEMENT.

The Mails for NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA and the UNITED STATES, on and after the 1st June, will be made up and forwarded, *via* Shediac, every *Tuesday* and *Friday* morning at 10 o'clock.

For NOVA SCOTIA, *via* Pictou, every *Monday* and *Thursday* evening at 5 o'clock.

For NEWFOUNDLAND every *Monday* evening at 5 o'clock

For ENGLAND and BERMUDA every alternate *Monday* evening at 5 o'clock, viz—

Monday evening,	June 14th	Monday evening,	September 16th
" "	" 28th	" "	" 20th
" "	July 12th	" "	October 4th
" "	" 26th	" "	" 18th
" "	August 9th	" "	November 1st
" "	" 23d	" "	" 15th
		" "	" 29th

Letters to be registered and Newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time specified for closing.

THOMAS OWEN, P. M G.

General Post Office, May 27, 1858.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS,

ON THE TENTH AND ELEVENTH CHAPS. OF GENESIS.

165. Why may the tenth chapter be regarded as one of the most valuable records of antiquity?

166. Mention some of the principal countries in which the descendants of the sons of Noah are said to have settled?

167. Who was the first Monarch, and what was the name of his kingdon?

168. When was it supposed to have been founded?

169. In whose days was the earth divided?

170. Who was the Progenitor of the Hebrews,—who of the Canaanites?

171. What gave rise to the building of Babel?

172. Who were engaged in building it?

173. How old was Noah at the confusion of tongues?

174. What occasioned a diversity of tongues among the children of men?

175. How long before the confusion was the building of Babel commenced?

176 What time elapsed from the deluge to the dispersion of mankind?

177. Which of the Patriarchs born after the flood was the longest lived?

178. When was Abram born?

179. Which of the sons of Noah lived almost all the time of Abram?

180. To whom was Abram married, and what was the relationship that existed between him and his wife?

181. Where was Abram living, and how old was he, when he was first called to leave his own country?

182. What time elapsed from the flood to the calling of Abram?

183. In what way may we claim kindred to Abram?

CHRIST FOUND IN THE PARLOR.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVIVAL IN NEW YORK.

A young man of fashion—of wealth and education—of high social position in one of the fashionable avenues in this great city found out in the progress of this revival that he was a sinner—that he had a soul to be saved or lost. He felt himself on the verge of ruin and the brink of eternal despair. He was bowed down under the load of his sins as a grievous burden. He sought relief and found it not. The requirements of the law stared him in the face, and he felt justly condemned. His heart was filled with sorrow. His countenance bore the marks of woe. Day after day he went about with his head bowed down like a bulrush, and day after day the burden became more and more insupportable. What should he do? Whither should he fly? He had at home a young wife whom he loved as he did his own life—and more than his own life. She was like him—devoted to the pleasures of the world, knew not what religion was—cared not. He had a sister living with him. They had been all well mated in the love of fashionable life—the gaieties and worldly amusements commonly enjoyed by persons in their position in life. The wife and sister looked on this husband and brother with mute astonishment at the great change that had come over him.

One day, in one of our meetings, that burdened young man found his burden removed, faith in Christ sprang up in his soul—found his repentings kindled together—felt in himself the hope that maketh not ashamed—realized a Saviour precious to his soul. He believed that God for Christ's sake had forgiven his sins. He determined that he would never be ashamed of Christ. He would acknowledge and honor him everywhere.

The opportunity—the time and place soon came. He was returning to his home in the evening "Now," said he "I must honor and obey God in my family. I must set up family worship."

"Oh, no," said the tempter, "not yet. Don't be in a hurry. Take time Get a little stronger, and then you can go on better."

"I must begin to night I do not know what my wife and sister will say—but it is a duty, and I am resolved to do it, and trust God for the rest. I must pray in my family."

"Not to-night," said the tempter, "you don't know how to pray. You have never prayed much. You are unacquainted with the language of prayer. Wait and learn how first."

"No, no, I must pray to-night, and I will pray to-night. Get thee behind me Satan"

He passed into his dwelling, and into his library, and there before God, his heavenly Father and in the name of the Lord Jesus, he poured out his heart and asked for strength forever from on high to assist him in his duty

When he met his wife that evening, she saw at once that a great change was come over him, and she saw it with awe, but said nothing. At length he said,

"My dear wife, would you have any objections to our having family worship?"

After a moment's surprise and hesitation, she said with true politeness,

"Certainly not, if it is your pleasure."

"Bring me a Bible then, please, and draw up under the gas-light, and let us read and pray."

He read a chapter and then kneeled down, but his wife and sister sat bolt upright in their seats, and he felt that he was alone on his knees. He lifted up his eyes to God, and cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And gathering strength he went on in his prayer, pouring out his most earnest cry and supplication that God would have mercy on his beloved wife and sister. So earnest, so importunate was that prayer that God would show his converting grace and power on the spot, that the heart of his wife was melted and overcome, and she slipped from her seat upon her knees beside him, and putting her arms around his neck, ere she was aware, she burst out into one agonising cry to the Lord Jesus for mercy on her soul; and then the sister knelt down by his other side, and she, too, put her arms around him and burst into a flood of tears.

He continued to pray; he devoted himself and those with him to God. He confessed and bewailed his and their manner of life hitherto; he pleaded the promises of God to all those that seek him, and with unspeakable joy he made mention of the amazing grace of God in the pardon of his sins, and he besought that they all might find and obtain together peace and forgiveness through a crucified Saviour.

The submission was complete; the surrender was fully made; repentance and faith sprang up together in the hearts of all the three, and as they rose from their knees, it was to acknowledge each to the other what new determinations and resolutions and consecration they each had made during the progress of *that first prayer in the family* in *that parlor*, of all they were and all they would be, or should be to Christ.

Since that first prayer in the parlor, God has been daily acknowledged in the same place by the same circle.

Then from out that circle they go from day to day in their walks of usefulness, and on their errands of mercy in this great city, seeking out the perishing, ten thousand times happier than they ever were before. Now they scatter blessings all around them; and as long as eternity endures will they remember that first prayer-meeting in the parlor.—*Evangelist.*

TERRIFIC ADVENTURE IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark and deep, and terrible, known as the Maelstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe, whilst Bengal lights were thrown down it to make its fearful depths visible, but none ever had the daring to explore it. The celebrated guide Stephen, who was deemed insensible to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the cave if he would descend to the bottom of it; but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago a Tennessee professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared do, and, making his arrangements with great care and precaution he had himself lowered down by a strong rope a hundred feet, but at that point his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville, whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth Cave with Professor Wright, of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the dangers and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Maelstrom. Mr. Proctor, the enterprising proprietor of the Cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope of great strength, expressly for the purpose. The rope and some necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of proposed exploration. The arrangements having been soon completed, the rope, with a heavy fragment of rock affixed to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch. Several were thus dislodged and the long continued reverberations, rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head to protect it, as far as possible, against any masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and the rope fastened around his body, took his place over the awful pit and directed the half dozen men who held the end of the rope to let him down into the Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard from his own lips an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him Thirty or forty feet from the top, he saw a ledge, from which as he judged by appearances, two or three avenues led off in different directions. About a hundred feet from the top, a cataract from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and as he descended by the side of the falling water and in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehensions that his light would be extinguished; but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about 18 feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of black silex, of immense size, vastly larger than were ever discovered in any other part of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations, as pure and white as virgin snow. Making himself heard, with great effort, by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop on the way and explore a cave that he had observed, opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit. Reaching the mouth of that cave, he swung himself, with much exertion, into it, and, holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out, apparantly beyond his reach.

The situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in securing the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards to a point where he found it blocked by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth. Returning to the mouth of this avenue, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but, not being able to swing himself into it, he refastened the rope around his body, suspended himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top.

The pull was an exceedingly severe one, and the rope, being ill adjusted around his body, gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril. When he was 90 feet from the mouth of the pit and 100 from the bottom, swaying and swinging in mid-air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him below, ensued. To them and him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable. But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted by their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and as self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all of his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend, Professor Wright, from over exertion and excitement, fainted, and remained for a time insensible.

The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Maelstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries.—*Louisville Journal.*

THE TELEGRAPHIC PLATEAU.

The Washington *National Intelligencer* contains a very interesting paper from Lieutenant M. F. Maury, addressed to Hon Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, upon the subject of "Ocean Currents and Soundings—The Telegraphic Plateau and the Atlantic Telegraph." A subsequent article in the *Intelligencer*, having reference to a previous paper of Lieutenant Maury, says:

"Some persons are surprised at the statement that the water upon the telegraphic plateau between Trinity and Valentia Bays is from two to three miles deep in its deepest parts, having been told that there it is comparatively shallow. A comparison of deep-sea soundings will show that the idea of its shallowness is correct, when measured by the almost incredible abysses to which the plummet has been sent. Lieutenent Berryman, in 1853, made a sounding in the Atlantic ocean 39,600 feet in depth, equal to a little over 7½ miles; and Captain Denham, of the British Navy, has obtained soundings at the vast tepth of 46,236 feet, or about 8¾ English miles. The highest mountains upon the globe might be hurled into these immense chasms and still leave a vast ocean above their tallest peaks. The giant Himalayas, that overtop all other mountains, would be swallowed as easily as the Alps. The highest peak of the chain is only 28,178 feet above the sea level, and its summit might be submerged about three miles at the point of Captain Denham's deepest soundings!"

Concluding this article, Lieutenant Maury says:—"The investigation of this officer go further and warrant other conclusions of much importance touching the future progress of submarine telegraphy They satisfy me that no sea is so deep or so stormy but that an electric cord may be safely planted in the still water of the bottom; that the currents and storms which agitate the surface do not reach far down into the depths below; that under the pressure of the deep sea there is no decay; even those mites of little animals that inhabited when alive those microscopic shells which Brooke's reel brought up from the bottom for us, are, there is ground to conjecture, preserved for ages down there; hence submarine cables will last lifetimes at the bottom of the deep sea; that henceforward wrappings of iron wire about submarine cables for the deep sea may be dispensed with; that, except for shoal water, no future cable need be larger than the gutta-percha cord which encases and insulate the conducting wire of the Atlantic Telegraph; and that submarine lines of telegraph, though the prime cost may be little, but not much more than that over other lines, will henceforth prove the cheaper in the end; for, being once down, they will require no repairs in the deep sea. Only as they come from the depths of the ocean to the land will they be liable to injury.

STROLL IN CANADA.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Presbyterian.]

OTTAWA CITY, Canada West, Sept., 1858.

I wonder, Messrs. Editors, that tourists have not oftener, and with more prominence, made mention of this place and its surroundings. I hugely suspect that its former name, Bytown, had something to do with the impression that it was an out-of-the-way sort of place, where lumber-men and merchants met, and from which one made his escape as soon as possible. This was certainly my idea of Ottawa, until, in a desperate attempt to see something new in my favourite haunts around the St. Lawrence, I took the cars at Prescott, and in two hours found myself in the midst of a large and flourishing city of some eleven thousand inhabitants, and just now aspiring to be the future capital of the Canadas. In this new aspect of things, it has wisely cast off its former title, in which it has rejoiced, ever since Colonel By superintended the construction of the Rideau Canal, and gave his name to the little hamlet just rising on the banks of the Ottawa. Passing up from the depot, in the lower town, we walk through broad streets, in which fine looking structures of gray limestone (the great building material of the country) are strangely contrasted with the miserable and tumble-down shanties of a former generation, and which a good rousing fire would evidently improve. A slight eminence towards the centre of the city divides the upper town from the lower, passing which we find ourselves still moving on amid increasing evidences of business and wealth. A walk of about two miles brings us to the Suspension bridge, which spans one of the channels of the Ottawa river, and affords a fine view of the Chaudier Falls. Far above the point where the river makes its final plunge into the waters below, are to be seen the rapids, in the midst of which stand a long series of piers, built to assist the rafts which are descending the river to enter the government shutes, through which they pass in safety by avoiding the falls. The river varies in width from half a mile to a mile. Here it is somewhat compressed; and most of its waters find their way over the rocks immediately above the Suspension bridge, assuming in their passage a shape somewhat resembling the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara. Here an immense volume of dark and angry waters rush down a chasm some forty feet in descent, with a roar that is heard all over the city. To my own mind, however, this is the least interesting portion of the scene. For while the largest part of the river descends here in a compass of less perhaps than one-third of its width, the rest of its waters make their way over a vast plain of rock, and, waiting to make their final plunge just above the islands on which you are standing, then fall in beautiful cascades into deep and narrow chasms, which have been hollowed out by the action of the waters, and into which, as the sun shines, you may see bright rainbows encircling its clouds of mist and spray. One might spend hours in watching the ever varying beauties of this scene.

The water has worn its way through several channels, thus forming a number of islands, which are connected with each other by bridges, and so form a thoroughfare to the town of Hull, on the opposite side of the river. Here is seen one of the greatest curiosities of the falls, known by various names, but best described as the lost Chaudier. It is a chasm into which the water rushes from one of the cascades, and from which there is no visible outlet. A large volume of water thus mysteriously disappears, and where it again comes forth from its subterranean passage no one has yet satisfactorily determined. Upon either side of the river, and upon some of the islands, are immense lumber establishments, using the almost illimitable power here obtained in preparing millions of timber for the market of the world Huge piles of boards and plank, vast rafts of lumber, and fabulous quantities of shavings and sawdust, which have grown up into hills in the accumulation of years, give one some general idea of the business carried on at this point. Returning from the falls, we pass through the upper town, and come to the Sappers and Miners' bridge, a substantial stone arch thrown over the Rideau Canal, and affording a fine view of eight locks, through which the boats make their way to and from the Ottawa. The locks are built through a valley or ravine about two hundred feet deep, lying between two almost precipitous elevations, one of which is called Barrack Hill, and which, if Parliament is henceforth to hold its sessions in Ottawa, will be the site for the Government buildings.

Next to the heights of Quebec I have seen no situation in Canada so well adapted as this to the purpose. Ascending the summit by a romantic path leading from the canal, we have a magnificent view of river and plain, and mountains and forest almost unequalled. The falls, the islands, and the river lie at your feet, or stretch away in the distance, while on every hand, and at every turn, some new beauty is disclosed which holds you spell-bound. Truly, the Queen has shown most excellent taste in the selection of the future Capital of Canada, if Quebec is to be abandoned. It would be worth while being Governor of that province if one was to live in sight of such surpassing beauty. It requires an effort to tear yourself away from the spot. You find yourself turning back again and again to have one more look. And yet as you pass down the ravine and cross to the opposite hill you find new beauties unfolding themselves, which cause you still to linger, and which press themselves upon your mind with a distinctness that causes them ever after to be remembered. Passing through the lower town we come to the Rideau river, which pours its tribute of waters into the Ottawa over a beautiful fall resembling a curtain, which gives its name to the river. The best view of the fall may be had from the gallery of a woollen factory which stands near, and to whose gentlemanly proprietor we were indebted for the courtesy of showing us the sheet of water from that point A rocky island divides the stream: and the river, as it descends, passes over a table rock, beneath which one may safely walk on a projecting ledge. The drapery of water, as it lifts in the wind and scatters its showers of mist and spray in the sunlight, presents a scene of beauty that one cannot soon forget. On either side of the falls are immense lumbering establishments, which are well worth a visit. It was a matter of no little pride in looking through them to see how much they were indebted to Yankee ingenuity for their labour-saving machines.

One of the noblest works of art around Ottawa is the Rideau Canal. It was built by the British Government for the transport of troops and stores inland. Where it was possible, the river has been made navigable; in other places a canal has been dug. Thus it connects the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence at Kingston. This great work has been donated to the Provinces, and is now used chiefly by a small class of steamers and tow boats. Since the building of the St. Lawrence canals its business has declined, though it will always be a useful thoroughfare for the commerce of Canada.

Business men of that Province take a most hopeful view of its future. Whether their visions of the commercial greatness of that country are all to be realized, is a question. They will not fail, however, for lack of interest and energy. But the beauty and grandeur of their scenery must ever prove an attraction to thousands who love to see nature in all her wildness, and who prefer her haunts to all the splendour and tinsel of the summer resorts of fashion and folly.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.—For a long time we have heard nothing stranger than the story we are about to relate. When Thomas Galloway was 24 years of age he married a lady of about the same age, in a village down in the State of Vermont. This lady had a daughter Mary by her first husband, who, at the time of her second marriage, was two years of age. Just one year after Galloway's marriage his wife died Little Mary was sent to live with a family by the name of Plunkett, in a neighboring village, and Galloway left upon a whaling expedition. He cruised and wandered from place to place, and finally settled in Dearborn County, Indiana, 20 years having elapsed since the death of his wife. He afterwards thought of visiting his old Vermont home, but he had heard from good report that his only brother John had left the place soon after his departure, and that little Mary had grown up to womanhood, married and emigrated, he could not ascertain where. Having no other ties of affection to draw him to the place, he scarcely ever gave it a passing thought.

Shortly after settling in his new Indiana home, he became acquainted with a young widow, and notwithstanding the disparity in their age, married her. Some three weeks after his marriage, he discovered, by his wife's account of her early life, that she was no other than his step-child Mary. She had married five years before, and her husband James Lacklan, met with a violent death in clearing, two years afterward.

About three years after Galloway's second marriage, he happened one day to be in Lawrenceburg on the Ohio River, six miles from his residence, when a man by the name of Galloway was drowned off a steamer at the wharf. The body was recovered in Galloway's presence, and from the appearance of the features and corresponding name, he began to entertain a vague idea that he might be his only brother John. Information gained from the captain of the boat strengthened the suspicion he had formed, and ascertaining that the unfortunate man had a family in this vicinity, and at the time of his death was on his way to the West to enter land, Galloway resolved to return with the captain and find out the truth He did so, and found his suspicion correct. His brother had left a tract of land, a large family of children, for the most part girls, and a wife in ill health. After consulting with his deceased brother's wife, he concluded to take charge of the farm. Accordingly he went to Indiana, sold his effects there, and in company with his young wife returned, and has been living within six miles of this city for a length of time now going on ten years. This story is literally true with the exception of the names. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction.—[Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer.

THE GRASSHOPPERS ALL DROWNED IN THE RED RIVER OF THE NORTH.—The following grasshopper story we find in *The St. Paul Minnesotian* of Sept 14.

"By the last train from Selkirk settlement we learn that the previous reports of the destruction of the crops and herbage by the grasshoppers are entirely unfounded.

"Judge Johnstone, the recorder of Rupert's Land, who came down by arrival, states that the crops were most plentiful, and that in the respect of supplies of provisions, the colony was never better off.

"The reports of the destruction by the grasshoppers originated in this wise. When the Red River trains left Selkirk, about the 14th of June, the whole country was filled with young grasshoppers just hatched, and the fear and supposition was that another such devastation by them as formerly created a famine in the colony would be again experienced.

"Under this belief, pork, flour, and provisions were ordered from here both by the Hudson's Bay and by private traders, and the returning carts were loaded more or less with provisions.

"It seems, however, that about the 20th June the grasshoppers rose in the air, and in a body attempted to emigrate east of Red River; but lo! and behold! their ambition exceeded their ability, and down they all fell and were all drowned in the Red River, whose surface they covered to the depth of three or four inches. This has improved the fisheries on Red River, and the fish now caught, it is said are gloriously fat! The drowning of the grasshoppers, therefore, not only rejoiced the hearts of all the people of the Red River of the North, but even the fish thereof must have shouted with gladness at the plentiful feast spread before their maws. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good.'"

CANADA'S INVITATION TO THE QUEEN.—Mr. Norris, the Canadian envoy for the purpose of soliciting a royal opening of the Canadian Great Exhibition, has proceeded to Osborne on his mission. We need not say that the request made received the most gracious consideration from her Majesty, but there is little doubt that ministers will advise the Queen that the Prince of Wales is not yet old enough to take part in a public ceremonial of this kind. Mr. Norris was in the Isle of Wight at the time of the Privy Council, when the Queen would readily refer the subject to the ministry.—*Court Journal.*

LETTER FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The subjoined is an extract of a letter from Dr. Livingstone. It is dated "Zambesi, 25th of June, 1858," and was received by the gentleman to whom it is addressed (Charles L. Braithwaite, Esq., of Kendal), on Saturday last:—

"We reached the southernmost branch of the Zambesi on the 14th (of May), and found the bar much smoother than we anticipated. The breakers were rather boisterous on each side of us, but we entered safely, making signals for Her Majesty's ship Hermes as to the depth of the water, till she was out of sight on her way to Kilimane, to deliver our credentials to the Portuguese. As we were now in the midst of mangrove swamps, we took quinine, and believing it to be a work of necessity to get away as quickly as possible, the launch was put together. Two days were required to get her into working trim, and we are now threading our way up among the swamps, the launch piloting the Pearl. Saw but one native.

"25TH JUNE, ZAMBESI.—I add a few lines to say that after exploring different mouths of the Zambesi, we have at last found a good bar and harbour which leads us into the main stream. The water was falling fast, and as we were ordered not to risk the detention of the Peril in the river, we thought it most prudent to let her depart, and landing our house on an island, we put our things there, and now trust to the launch to take us up the country. Captains Gordon and Bedingfield are delighted with the river. The latter says it is quite unlike the rivers on the west coast. We have had no fever, and have ascertained one great fact, if this is to be a highway into the heart of Africa: this time of the year is perfectly safe to Europeans; not a single man of the Peril or Hermes, or of the expedition, has been attacked by the disease. You are aware that I left the river at Mazaro (in coming from the interior in 1856), and that we have been indebted for our knowledge of the parts below that to Captain Parker. We went up to Mazaro, and I looked with a thrilling sensation of gratitude on the smooth spot on which I made my last astronomical observation on the Zambesi, and the identical little hut in which I slept. The hippopotamia can't bear the steamer at all, the crustiest old bachelor among them goes off pell-mell as soon as we come near. We are on good terms with the natives. Will go to Tete next week. No fever yet."

In another letter addressed to Mr. Turner, M. P., and dated 10th June, Dr. Livingstone says:—"For seventy miles a navigable river flows through extensive plains, where Sea Island cotton could be cultivated, and would be invaluable were it in the Cape colony. . . . . Near the mouth of the branch Kongone, my brother stumbled on cotton growing in a deserted native garden, which does not adhere to the seed as that I saw up the river, and the pile is longer than the Angola cotton. I enclose a specimen."

Mr. Turner remarks that the specimen forwarded is "very beautiful clean cotton, value about 8d per pound."

The English papers contain some indignant comments on the disloyal behavior of a large body of Romish ecclesiastics at a public gathering, which recently took place at Ballinasloe, in Ireland. It appears that Cardinal Wiseman is making a tour of Ireland with the object—so it is confidentially asserted—of uniting English and Irish Romanists for political purposes. On his arrival at Ballinasloe, a banquet was given; upon which occasion upwards of 150 prelates and clergy of all degrees, and one layman, met to do him honour. At all public entertainments it is usual, and both right and proper, that the health of her majesty the Queen should be first proposed, but these Romish bishops and priests, by way of showing their disloyalty, passed it over entirely, while first and foremost was given that of their "Holy Father the Pope." "We shall hardly be blamed (says the *Times*) when we say, that not only was the first toast of this priestly banquet dedicated to 'Our Most Holy Father the Pope,' but the name of the Queen was absolutely omitted altogether; and, if to define more unmistakably the nature of the union and allegiance in favour of Ballinasloe, the Cardinal ventured to speak of the Catholics of England and Ireland as subjects of the same Sovereign, but still more closely allied as members of the same church. We have no doubt (adds our contemporary), that this is genuine Popery—that is to say, the ambition of its rulers, organised through its priesthood, and culminating in the Pope, elevated above other authority and title, while all temporal government and all national claims are depressed to a subordinate rank.

"It was in the face of these significant facts—in the fresh and indignant recollection of these disloyal and digusting proceedings—that Lord Eglington and the Irish Lord Chancellor, with the other high officials of the Irish Government deemed it imperatively due to the insulted majesty of England, as well as to themselves, and to their own self-respect, as the highest representatives there of the Sovereign of the British Empire, to refuse to meet Cardinal Wiseman, at a municipal banquet in the metropolis of Ireland. All honour to the Viceroy and to the Irish Executive! They felt constrained to recall their otherwise cordial acceptance of the invitation of the Roman Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin, to commemorate the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, so soon as it transpired that this law-denying and disloyalty-patronising Cardinal was to be one of the foremost guests."

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH DEMONSTRATION IN DUBLIN.—On Wednesday evening the Lord Mayor of Dublin gave a congratulatory banquet to Mr. Bright, the engineer under whose superintendence the great cable has been laid. The presence of Dr. Wiseman at the banquet, arrayed in the scarlet costume of the Cardinalate, had the effect of turning it into a mere Roman Catholic gathering The Lord Lieutenant, the Chancellor, the Lord Justice of Appeal, and other great functionaries declined the invitations addressed to them. This is the more remarkable, as the Lord Lieutenant had himself fixed the time; but how could he attend after the disloyal proceedings at Ballinasloe? The speech of Mr. Bright, in reply to the toast of his health, was modest and instructive. He stated, as one remarkable fact, that the message about the Europa had saved £50,000 in the way of insurance payments, which would have had to be paid in consequence of the delay of the ship in her arrival.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—In the September number of the Journal of the American Temperance Union, is a very excellent article on that great enterprize of the age, the laying of the Atlantic Cable, in which Dr. Marsh undertakes to show how much it is indebted to teetotalism. He says:—

And here let us say, to Temperance is the world not a little indebted for this mighty achievement.

Who brought the lightning from the skies? Franklin, the teetotaler.

Who made it the ready communicator of thought? Morse, the teetotaller.

Who sunk it in the ocean deeps, and made one of distant peoples? Field, the teetotaller.

And who stood at the helm of the noble Niagara which bore the cable to our shore? It was Capt. William Hudson, one of our oldest and firmest teetotallers, a Vice President of the American Temperance Union; one who is ever inculcating the great principles of our reform; one who fears God and honors his law.

GOLD IN OREGON.—The St. Joseph (Missouri) *Gazette* learns from Mr. S. Tennent, that gold has been found in large quantities about seventy-five miles from Fort Laramie's Peak. A young gentleman, William Bryan, formerly of St. Joseph, has written a letter to his father, living in Kansas, urging him to leave everything there and go to these mines He writes that he was shown one lump that weighed four pounds, and was assured by those who made the discovery that these mines equal the richest of California placers.