### BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

As a young friend was standing with us noticing the pedestrians on the sidewalk, a very stylish and elegant girl passed us. "What beautiful hands Miss —— has!"' exclaimed our friend.

"What makes them beautiful?"

"Why, they are small, white, soft, and exquisitely shaped. The fingers taper down most delicately, and there is a roseate blush on the finger nails that no artist could imitate."

"Is that all that constitutes the beauty of the hand? Is not something more to be included in your catalogue of beauty which you have not enumerated, to make the hand desirable?"

"What more would you have?"

"Are they *charitable* hands? Have they ever fed the poor? Have they ever carried the necessities of life to the widow and the orphan? Has their soft touch ever smoothed the irritation of sickness and the agonies of pain? Do the poor bless those rosy-tipped fingers as their wants are supplied by them?"

"Are they *useful* hands? Have they been taught that the world is not a playground, or a theatre of display, or a mere lounging-place? Do those delicate hands ever labour? Are they ever employed about the domestic duties of life—the homely, ordinary employments of the household? Or does the owner leave all that to her mother, while she nourishes her delicate hands in idleness?

"Are they *modest* hands? Will they perform their charities or their duties without vanity? Or do they pander to the pride of their owner by their delicacy and beauty? Does she think more of their display than of the improvement of her intellect and character? Had she better be called 'the girl with the beautiful hand,' than receive any other praise for excellency of conduct or character?

"Are they *humble* hands? Will their owner extend to grasp the hand of that old schoolfellow, who sat at the same desk with her, and on the same recitation bench, but who now must earn her living by her labour? Or will they remain concealed, in their exclusiveness, in her aristocratic muff, as she sweeps by her former companions?

"Are they *religious* hands? Are they ever clasped in prayer, or elevated in praise? Does she remember the God who has made her to differ from so many of her sex, and devote her mind, her heart, her *hands* to his service? Does she try to imitate her Saviour by going about doing good? Or are her hands too delicate, too beautiful to be employed in good works?

"These are the qualities that make the hand a beautiful one in my estimation. There is an amaranthine loveliness in such hands, superior to the tapering slenderness of the fingers, or the roseate hue of nails."—*Life Illustrated.*

### THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.

A Bedouin, named Jabal, possessed a mare of great celebrity. Hassan Pasha, then Governor of Damascus, wished to buy the animal, and repeatedly made the owner the most liberal offers, which Jabel steadily refused. The pasha then had recourse to threats, but with no better success. At length, one Gafar, a Bedouin of another tribe, presented himself to the pasha, and asked him what he would give the man who should make him master of Jabal's mare? "I will fill his horse's nose-bag with gold," replied Hassan. The result of this interview having gone abroad, Jabal became more watchful than ever, and always secured his mare at night with an iron chain, one end fastened to his hind fetlock, whilst the other, after passing through the tent-cloth, was attached to a picket driven in the ground under the felt that served himself and his wife for a bed. But one midnight Gafar crept silently into the tent, and succeeded in loosening the chain. Just before starting off with his prize, he caught up Jabal's lance, and poking him with the butt end, cried out, "I am Gafar! I have stolen your noble mare, and will give you notice in time." This warning was in accordance with the customs of the desert, for to rob a hostile tribe is considered an honourable exploit, and the man who accomplishes it is desirous of all the glory that may flow from the deed. Poor Jabal, when he heard the words, rushed out of the tent and gave the alarm; then, mounting his brother's mare, accompanied by some of his tribe, he pursued the robber for four hours. The brother's mare was of the same stock as Jabal's but was not equal to her; nevertheless he outstripped those of all the other pursuers, and was even on the point of overtaking the robber, when Jabal shouted to him, "Pinch her right ear, and give her a touch of the heel." Gafar did so, and away went the mare like lightning, speedily rendering further pursuit hopeless.

The pinch in the ear and the touch with the heel where the secret signs by which Jabal had been used to urge his mare to her utmost speed. Jabal's companions were amazed and indignant at his strange conduct. "O thou father of a jackass!" they cried, "thou hast enabled the thief to rob thee of thy jewel." But he silenced their upbraidings by saying, "I would rather lose her than sully her reputation. Would you have me suffer it to be said among the tribes that another mare had proved fleeter than mine? I have at least this comfort left me, that I can say she never met with her match."—*Rarey's Art of Taming Horses.*

### THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION.

The *Cape Argus* gives the following particulars respecting the progress of the expedition under Dr. Livingstone:—

Her Majesty's steamer Hermes, Captain Gordon, which was dispatched from Simon's-bay some time ago to accompany the Livingstone expedition to the mouth of the Zambesi River, has returned. She arrived in Algoa-bay on the 8th inst., and has brought intelligence from Dr. Livingstone and the members of his exploring expedition. Dr. Livingstone, in a private letter, dated Zambesi River, the 26th of June, 1858, addressed to Sir George Grey, states that the expedition had safely reached the Zambesi, and, having parted company with the Pearl, were about to proceed to Tete in the small steam launch Ma Robert. Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining an entrance for the Pearl into the main stream of the Zambesi. Dr. Livingstone says:—

"We first attempted the branch which was described by Lieutenant Hoskins as the most southern and most navigable branch, and though it did not lead us into the Zambesi, we found some 60 or 70 miles of navigable river. After searching some time at the bar of Luabo—which Mr. Skead sounded in the Hermes' cutter—we failed to find a passage; but trying, by the advice of Captain Gordon, the river Kongone, the bar of which also Mr. Skead sounded, we entered, and soon reached the main stream. We then let the Pearl go on her voyage to Ceylon, and trust to getting up to Tete by the Ma Robert. We have had no fever yet. Captain Bedingfield has had hard work of it, but he, too, continues well, and we all look forward with interest to meeting with my Makololo, who are still at Tete, though several have died during their stay by smallpox. We shall leave our heavy baggage at Senna."

A member of the expedition writing from the Zambesi on the 2nd of July, gives the following additional particulars:—

"The weather has been delightful; no signs of fever; in fact, nothing can be more delusive than the belief that this is the region of death. We found ourselves off the Great Zambesi, in the Pearl, on May 14, but, the river being rough and the wind fresh, we did not attempt to land until the next day, when the Hermes hove in sight; and, as it had been decided by the expeditionists that the great river would be more easily reached by the West Luabo and less risk run than by entering the Zambesi at once, where the bar is shallow and the surf heavy, we decided for West Luabo, accompanied by the Hermes. It was low water when we reached the mouth of the river, with the sea in a state of fury right across its mouth; so we waited till three p.m., when the water having risen six feet, we made a run for it in the Pearl (her captain showing much pluck), and got over the bar (which just broke) 2¼ fathoms being the least water we found. Upon entering the points of the river, a fine sheet of water opened out, the shores of which are densely clad with mangrove and other tropical trees, but the river's banks were quite level, and elevated only two or three feet above the spring tide level. This feature is universal throughout the delta. We anchored for the night, and at day-dawn on Sunday, the 10th, the operation of hoisting out the steam-launch was commenced. I started off with two Kroomen and three of the members of the expedition to survey the estuary, and get astronomical observations, Capt. Bedingfield and myself acting as leadsmen. We did our work by 5 p.m., and returned to the Pearl just as the centre and heaviest part of the launch, weighing five or six tons, was going out. All went well, and at sunset we gave three cheers, and joined the fore part of the launch to the middle, and so ended the first day. We found a group of eight hippopotami living in a creek just at our observation spot, and they by no means approved of our intrusion. We fired at them, heard the bullets strike their heads, but they only grunted, sank down and rose again, again to receive another leaden salute with the like indifference. I measured the footprints of these animals on the stiff clayey bank of the river, and found them 15 to 16 inches and 12 inches. Dr. Livingstone declares their flesh to be delicious, and very similar in flavour and delicacy to sucking-pig. I have made arrangements for a hippopotamus ham. Having got all ready for forward work, such as trying the launch, testing the compass, &c., we left our first anchorage on the 20th of May, with the launch ahead, to lead the way. We soon got aground about seven miles up the river, but did not remain long there, and by six p m had advanced a good many miles from the sea, where we anchored in six fathoms for the night. We found the river more than anticipation had pictured it to be—broad, deep, and flowing with riverly strength, which raised our hopes far beyond what they had formerly been for success with ease and rapidity. Vain hopes, too soon to be confronted with reality, in the shape of reeds and bulrushes right across the river! The mosquitoes began to be very troublesome. I saw and closely examined six different species, all venomous and brutally ferocious; but we found that by keeping in the middle of the river our sufferings were somewhat alleviated.

"Very few natives were seen, and they were shy, not daring to approach us, as far as we have yet seen.

"Next day, May 21, we started at daylight, and ran aground at 8. At 10 got afloat and went on, passing a wide branch of the river, several miles from the sea. We continued to proceed, the river getting narrower, until 5 p.m. On the 22nd of May we reached a short, sharp turn in the river, and in trying to turn, by putting her bows against the river's bank, she stuck fast, and at 9 p. m. she was dry as far aft as the foremast, her stern being in four fathoms water and not 20 yards from the other bank. No fewer, nor anything that I know of, can be worst than the mosquitoes that night. The spot is called the Mosquito Bend, and the beasts, as if conscious that our onward progress was at an end, feasted with savage prey upon us, curtains, clothing, boots even, proving unavailing against their savage onslaughts.

"On the 23rd of May at day dawn I left the Pearl in the launch with Captain Bedingfield, to feel for the expected channel to the Zambesi, the fog from the river barely allowing us to see our way, and the river fast becoming narrower and shallower, the middle not exceeding 20 yards. At 8 45 we got aground (the launch floats in two feet,) and then we left in a gig to try if a passage at north-west to the Zambesi existed for the launch. The tide being out we did not get far, and as there was not enough water for the gig to turn we backed out and returned to the launch, having floated. At noon we returned for the Pearl, reaching her at 2 p.m.

"May 24th.—Again left in the launch to try for some channel to the Zambesi. We again got aground, when I left in a gig with the geologist and 10 Kroomen, and after pulling, sculling, and poling the boat many miles from the sea, we were fairly stopped by reeds and bulrushes in two feet water in every direction. All hope this way was then at an end, and we turned our thoughts to the other branch of the river, from 'No Whither Island,' and our prow towards the launch."

Will the Atlantic Telegraph Cable Last?—The cable having been laid, questions which have for a time been set aside again become prominent. Among the chief of these is the probability of its continuance. Is it likely to last for any considerable time now it is laid? The considerations affecting this question divide themselves into two classes—those which affect the shore ends of the cable, and those which relate to the deep-sea portion. The former of these needs no discussion, because we have already had sufficient experience to prove that, with ordinary precautions, submarine cables run but little risk of injury near the shore; and at Valentia there are even fewer sources of danger, we believe, than at any other place, in consequence of the absence of shipping from that part of the coast. We are unacquainted with the nature of the Newfoundland coast at the point where the cable is landed, but there is no ground for believing it other than well selected With regard to the deep-sea portion of the cable we see no reason for apprehending its destruction. It has already existed for two weeks, and this affords excellent ground for confidence in its durability, at least for a considerable period. It is, of course, impossible to predict how long the insulation of the wires may remain intact, after the many forces and novel circumstances to which the cable has been subjected. There are good reasons for believing that the conditions of water low down in deep seas are highly favourable to the durability of a cable. We may confidently believe that the greater part of the Atlantic cable is now surrounded by water which is so still and so low in temperature as to retain it in security for a long time to come.—*The Engineer.*

The Sultan's Extravagance.—The murmurs of the Turks at the extravagance of Abdul Medjid are growing louder and more general. The Sultan receives, out of a revenue of less than £8,000,000, a civil list of £1,200,000; but, not content with that, he has contracted debts to the amount of £4,000,000, and such is his mania for building palaces for himself and the different members of his family, that he has now in course of construction eight palaces and five kiosks or smaller buildings, which are estimated to cost from £8,000,000 to £10,000,000. The present Ministry seem desirous to bring about a financial reform in the palace. They first asked for the reduction of the pay of divers functionaries, and for the abolition of certain offices which are absolutely unnecessary. A gracious answer was returned, but the hint was not taken; the extravagance of his Imperial Highness continued, so that the Ministers, finding more direct measures necessary, at last found courage to send in a new representation, signed by them all, giving a deplorable picture of the financial condition of the country, and pointing out the impossibility of going on any longer at the present rate. What the effect will be remains to be seen. If, as is feared, some self-seeking members of the Ministry try to gain favour by pleading that they were secretly opposed to such a bold and irreverent proceeding, there will be a change, not of the system, but of the Ministry.

## UNITED STATES.

### ARRIVAL OF THE UNITED STATES BRIG DOLPHIN.

From the New York Tribune's Special Reporter.

Quarantine, Sept. 6—2 p. m.

The United States brig Dolphin arrived last night and anchored in the bay off this point. I immediately proceeded to her, and had an interview with Commander J. N. Maffitt. I learned from him that the Dolphin has been ten days coming from Key West, having experienced a succession of gales and calms. She came to this port supposing that Lieut. Bradford, of the Dolphin, with the prize crew of the slave brig Echo, captured by the Dolphin, was awaiting her arrival in accordance with orders. The order, however, had been countermanded by Mr. Lee of the Navy, who ordered the crew to proceed to Boston.

The Dolphin had on board Capt. Townsend, the commander of the Echo, as a prisoner. He will be kept in the custody of the frigate Sabine to await the requisition of Mr. Hamilton, the United States Marshal of South Carolina, who has the Echo in custody for adjudication, and the Dolphin will proceed to-morrow to Boston, to be fitted, it is said for the expedition to Paraguay.

Capt. Townsend is a native of Rhode Island, and has a wife and three children residing in Providence. He is about 33 years of age, and a man of superior address and education. He is tall and well formed and has prepossessing features. He has light hair, large sandy whiskers, and is scrupulously exact in his dress. He speaks freely upon the affairs of the voyage of the Echo, and states that he was driven to engage in the slave-trade because of ill success in his voyages in legitimate commerce. After the Echo left New Orleans, he states that he called the crew aft and said to them that he purposed to go into slave-trade, and promised them $900 each if they would continue on the voyage. The Portuguese and Spaniards were probably aware of the nature of the voyage before it was projected. All the crew acceded to the proposition. Instead of proceeding to St. Thomas, for which port she had shipped, the Echo shaped her course for the Coast of Africa. When she reached Congo River she landed two Spaniards, the slave agents, who went to look after the cargo, and the Echo proceeded to an island on the coast for water and provisions. They were chased from the island by a French brig-of-war, from which they escaped in a fog.

Returning thence to the Coast, they took 470 slaves on board, 160 of whom died on the passage. Captain Townsend then gave up the command of the vessel to a Spaniard, and shipped as a passenger in the brig. This is the frequent ruse in the slave-trade to avoid the responsibility in case of capture. The Spanish captain having calculated his reckoning incorrectly, the brig ran ashore in the night at Abaco, in the Bahama Islands. Floating off at high water, she proceeded on her voyage, and at day-light passed Saguala Grande, when she mistook the Dolphin for a Spanish brig, which had hoisted British colours for a ruse, not supposing that there was any American vessel of war cruising among the West Indies, or if there was, that any American vessel would take sufficient interest in the matter to interfere. When it became evident that the Dolphin was gaining on her, the crew of the slaver knocked out the hedges from her masts and sawed down and cast overboard her bulwarks, to increase her speed. At the same time the liquor-closets were opened, and the excitement of the chase was heightened by the general intoxication of the crew. No less exciting was the scene on board of the Dolphin, though the artificial stimuli were not resorted to there. The Dolphin's men were confident of a capture, and this confidence was increased when it became evident that they were rapidly gaining on the slaver. Already the negroes were observed on the deck of the Echo. After a chase of nearly nine hours the Dolphin fired two blank cartridges at the Echo to make her show her colors. This was not regarded, and Capt. Maffit ordered a shot to be fired, which passed a few feet from her stern. The Echo then ran up American colors, and the Dolphin immediately hauled down the British flag and ran up the stars and stripes. The next shot fired passed between the masts of the slaver, and seeing that she was entirely at the mercy of the Dolphin, the Echo then hauled down the American colors. Capt Maffit dispatched Lieut. Bradford, two other officers, and sixteen men aboard the slaver who took possession of her Capt. Maffit himself subsequently visited the Echo. He states that although presenting a sad spectacle, the condition of the Echo and the slaves was much better than that of most slavers and cargoes. Capt. Townsend states that they had been allowed extra rations to improve their appearance and enhance their value in market. They were the captives of warlike tribes brought to the Coast and placed in barracoons. While awaiting the arrival of the slave ship they were fed on roots and esculents, and scantily fed at that, and their close confinement was terrible. On the Echo, Capt. Townsend states, they were fed on rice, beans, slivers of pork, and a quart of water, and a small quantity of whisky each day. Tobacco was also given them, and they were exceedingly fond of it.

Capt. Townsend is at no loss to find excuse for his act. He states that the slave-trade is humanity to the prisoners taken by the warlike tribes in Africa; that before they were sold to the traders they were put to death in cold blood, and that the captives in the Echo would prefer a life in a plantation to the sufferings they endured at the hands of their enemies in the barracoons. He says that the horrors of the slave trade, as depicted by writers, are based upon the imagination, and are only true as regards the trade carried on by the Spanish and Portuguese.

Capt. Townsend is connected with an honorable family in Rhode Island. He distinguished himself in bravery. His last exploit will bring disgrace upon an honorable name, and tarnish the luster of his previous achievements. He is somewhat dejected and melancholy, but is confident of escaping the extreme penalty of his crime by the verdict of a South Carolina jury. He expresses his gratification at being captured by an American vessel of war, and is grateful to Lieut. Maffit for the kind treatment he has received at his hands while a prisoner. He has not at any time been placed in irons, but has been confined below decks, guarded by a sentry.

The Dolphin presents the appearance of having passed through hard service. This being the first cargo of slaves ever recaptured by an American vessel and brought to an American port, the position of the Dolphin and her officers is now one of peculiar interest.

A comet is now attracting much attention in the North West quarter of the heavens. It is visible immediately after sunset, in the constellation Canes Venatici, which is contiguous to Ursa Major. This is probably the eccentric celestial visitor that appeared in 1264 and 1556, and whose re-appearance at its perihelion has been expected, by Astronomers, for some months past. In 1556, its nucleus was said to have equalled in magnitude one half of the full moon, but its tail to have been short and variable, extending no more at its greatest length than 4°. Viewed now with a telescope, its nucleus is very bright, and approaches the size mentioned, and its tail no longer. It will probably continue in sight for some weeks, and give Astronomers a good opportunity of calculating its elements.

Since the above was written we observe the following paragraph in a New York paper of Saturday:—

Donati's comet can be distinctly seen with the naked eye about ten degrees above the horizon in the north-west, about 7½ p. m. It shows a tail of two degrees in length, and is rapidly increasing in brightness and rising higher above the horizon at that hour. There are now visible in the heavens three comets, two of them seen only through a telescope.

The Atlantic Telegraph has so far proved of very little service to the world. No communications, it is understood, have been transmitted through it lately which has given rise to a report that the cable had parted. Mr. DeSanty, the electrician at Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, denies this report, but refuses to make any statement relative to the cable beyond the positive assurance that only temporary difficulties of an electrical nature had occurred. It is stated that a company is in course of formation in Liverpool, England, to lay down a new line from the North of Ireland to Bellisle, and thence along the coast of Labrador to Quebec, with ultimate prospect of continuing the communication over land through British Territory to Vancouvers Island.

A Protestant alliance has been organized for the County of Pictou on the basis of the London Protestant alliance. "Its objects are to maintain and defend against all encroachments of Popery the Scriptural doctrines of the Reformation and the principal of religious liberty, and to revive and propagate the same, as the best security, under God, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Province, as an integral portion of the British Empire."

### FRASER RIVER.

The latest intelligence from the new gold fields on Fraser River, is not conclusive either in regard to their richness or extent. In some places the River had fallen and miners were extracting small quantities of the precious metal; in others, after waiting patiently for several weeks, with the delusive expectation that the waters would subside, the prospect of this event seemed as remote as ever. The San Francisco papers generally, while acknowledging that there is abundant evidence of the existence of gold on Fraser River, consider that mining operations cannot be carried on in those high latitudes with advantage. Governor Douglas, of Vancouver, whose competency to judge of the facts cannot be questioned, believes that gold exists on Fraser River in the greatest abundance. In addressing the miners at victoria, he says:— Now, I know, men what you wish me to tell you. You wish me to say there are lots of gold in Fraser River, But that I will not say, because I am not certain of the fact myself. But this I will tell you, as my own settled opinion, that I think the country is full of gold, and that east and north and south of Fraser River, there is a gold field of incalculable value and extent.

I have told our graeious Queen so; and I now tell you so, and, if I mistake not, you are the men who can prove by your energy and enterprise whether my opinion be right or wrong.

Remember, I do not give you that statement as an established fact; but simply as an opinion, founded on what I have actually seen myself, and heard from others who know the country.

The Governor, however, makes one remark which is worthy of the attention of all who are now settled, and who feel a desire to try their fortunes at this modern El Dorado:—

Had you sent to ask my opinion about Fraser River, before you left California, I would have told you, one and all, not to leave your quiet home; not to give up the substance for a shadow, and wait patiently until something more definite was known about the country.

The first Governor of British Columbia, is Colonel Moody, at present commonding the Royal Engineers in Scotland.

The Protector & Christian Witness

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22, 1858.

### ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Wonders follow each other in rapid succession. Who would have thought, at one time, that the force of steam would one day be made available for the propelling of our vessels over the liquid element? This, however, we have been privileged to witness. And not only are we enabled, through the instrumentality of this wonderful agent, to navigate our coasts, and bays, and rivers, and harbors; but to traverse the mighty ocean, and visit the remotest lands. And to what valuable purposes may steam navigation be made subservient? A regular and speedy transit from one country to another is secured; commerce is thus promoted, general intelligence is rapidly transmitted, and the Bible and the Missionary, carrying the seeds of civilization and the hope of immortality, are wafted to those lands which, hitherto, had been the abodes of ignorance and horrid cruelties—without God, and without Christ, and without hope.

But the power of steam has not only been made available for the purposes of intercourse by sea, but also by land. This is still more wonderful—a still more distinguished achievement of science. Our former tedious methods of travelling have been superseded by the speed of the railway car. We are enabled to fly over the land with the eagle's swiftness. Distance is annihilated. Remote cities are brought into close vicinity. Our facilities of intercourse are greatly increased. Our opportunities of good or evil are greatly multiplied. Let us hope and endeavor that these more abundant means of communication may be made subservient to our progress in virtue. But, as the editor of the *Beacon* observes, "The Electric Telegraph is beyond all doubt the greatest achievement of our age. It has clothed men with a new faculty. As far as the surface of this little planet extends, every civilized man, when the system is fully developed, will be gifted with omnipresence. Even now, whilst we are writing these lines, if we should be envious to know how the Empress of Austria is progressing in her recovery, we can be told all about it in a few minutes, by sending a messenger from the *Beacon* office to Charing-cross. What was the price of cotton half-an-hour ago at New Orleans? Is the weather showery this morning in the Gulf of Mexico? Did the Sultan rise without a head-ache to-day at Constantinople, and Is His Highness's humor good?" We can now converse with one another across the Atlantic, as two friends from the windows of neighboring houses. True, indeed, the mighty ocean, deeply agitated by the tempest, with surface ruffled by the boisterous wind, rolls between us; but this presents no obstacle to our intercourse. A path is opened for the transmission of thought, with the lightning's speed, by means of the mysterious cable in the bosom of the deep. The wish of the poet is realized:

O! that in unfettered union,
Spirit could with spirit blend;
O! that in unseen communion,
Thought could hold the distant friend!

It is scarcely possible duly to estimate the important results which will follow this new connection between Britain and the great American Republic. It cannot fail to unite these two countries—the natural allies of each other—more closely in the bonds of amity. They will be friends, too intimate to quarrel. In vain would any chiefs, for the purpose of serving their own ambitious ends, endeavor to incite them to hostile encounter. Such will be the nature of their relations, that they will no more contend than contiguous cities with each other. It will be necessary, however, that we have more submarine cables. It will not do to trust to a solitary metal thread, which, by some untoward event, might be deprived of its magic power. Besides, it will be inadequate to the amount of communication required—conveying words only at the rate of five or six in a minute. Long-winded correspondents would require also to study brevity, unless they have a heavy purse, as every word costs a shilling, and every comma a six-pence.

Among the first news transmitted by the Ocean Telegraph, was the intelligence of peace—"the cessation of hostilities with China—of the opening of that country to the trade of foreign powers, and of the allowance of the Christian religion in all parts of the country." And the Electric Telegraph will yet be the bearer of glorious tidings. It will convey, with its wonted speed, the intelligence of those happy changes by which our world will be yet distinguished. It will tell us of the fall of the cruel despotisms by which so many of our fellow-men are oppressed; of the overthrow of those false systems which oppose the spread of the Gospel,—of anti-christian superstition, Mohammedan delusion, pagan idolatry; of the triumphs of the Cross—of the victories of Messiah—that "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

### ROMANISM IN TURKEY.

It is scarcely possible to form an adequate idea of the efforts made by Romanists, to gain possession of Turkey. Whether you travel to the East, or to the West, or penetrate into the interior, you find the ground occupied by busy agents of the Pope. In Constantinople and Smyrna, and other seaport towns, priests and nuns abound. Churches, and hospitals, and schools rise everywhere, as if by magic. Circumstances are auspicious to the spread of popery. The French Consuls have great influence; and they are the willing tools of the Jesuits. It is, no doubt, through their agency that bodies of Turkish soldiers, with bands of music, are called out to do honor to the papal processions and masses. "I hardly expect to be believed," says a correspondent of the *Beacon*, "and yet I am telling what is strictly and literally true. In the village of Bebek, on the shores of the Bosphorus, is a famous so-called French—*alias* Jesuit—*alias* Lazarist—College, under the superintendence of Monsieur Boré, a man celebrated for several things here in the East, and for none more than for the wonderful facility with which he can transform himself into any shape in which he thinks he can serve his master best. This college is patronized first of all by the French and other merchants and shopkeepers of Pera and Galata, who send their sons to it for education. It is also a propaganda institution, and always has more or less pupils, from Armenian, Greek, Bulgarian, and even Turkish races."

Bebek is a very quiet village, inhabited chiefly by Mohammedans and Greeks. Once a year, at what I believe is called by papists the "Feast of God," there is now a public procession here of a very imposing kind, and mass is said in the open air. There is in the village a public square, on one side of which is a small summer palace of the Sultan; and on the other, some very large and beautiful shade trees. Here, under these trees, M. Boré had an altar erected, and to this place they marched in procession, carrying the host, accompanied by a military band of the Turks, and also by a body of the Turkish soldiers! Banners of different colors, and with different devices, were hung on the trees or carried in procession How remarkable the impudence that should lead them to ask for the use of a public square—the great thoroughfare of the village—for such a purpose! and how still more remarkable the servile obsequiousness of the Turkish police, that should yield quietly to such a demand! But certainly the most remarkable thing of all is that the Turkish military authorities should send a body of troops and a band of music to do honor to an idolatrous papal religious ceremony! The facts are simply these, however they may be accounted for; but I have not yet told the whole story. The banners had mottoes inscribed upon them in the different languages of the country. One was in the Armenian tongue, which is read only by the Armenians themselves and the American missionaries—none else, either of the natives or foreigners, finding it any object to acquire this language. This inscription attracted the special attention of some Protestant Armenians who were passing by; and so shocked were they at the sentiment, that they naturally judged that they had wrongly read it. A closer and more careful inspection, however, shewed them that they were right. It was as follows: Asdooadz "Mer e Mariam," which is, literally translated—Our "God is Mary!!" Why should any wonder at such unblushing blasphemy, when they think of the strides made by the Roman Church in this direction during the last quarter of a century."

"I presume," says the same correspondent, "that most of your readers will be astonished to learn that, while Romanists have scores of churches here, there is not at this moment in the whole of Constantinople and its suburbs a single Protestant church edifice for the native Protestants of the country! All their services are still held in some hall or room fitted up for the purpose in a private house! And, I am sorry to say, the foreign Protestant residents here are not much better off. The Dutch embassy has a small chapel buried up within the walls of its ministerial palace, the existence of which is hardly known outside of the Protestant community. The English are in a still worse condition—for a miserable little chapel, similarly buried, has been standing for years half-finished; the regular services being held in a room in the palace. The Prussian legation has a chaplain, but no chapel. The only Protestant place of worship erected expressly for the purpose outside of the premises of a foreign embassy, is a small wooden building on the Bosphorus, at Orta Keny, which is hardly thirty feet square."

Such are the efforts of Romanists in Turkey. They are making strenuous efforts to grasp the whole country. Should Protestants sleep while the enemy is sowing tares? We can at all events send up our prayers to God that the labors of the heralds of the Cross may not be frustrated by the efforts of the Man of Sin. We may contribute of our property for the propagation of the Gospel in the land of the Moslem; and although it may be but a small amount that each individual may be able to give, yet, as the ocean is composed of drops, so the largest sums are made up of small ones. Let all give—each according to his ability. Let contributions be general, and their amount will be considerable. We ought not to forget Turkey in our efforts for the advancement of Christ's cause in the world.

### NEW ZEALAND.

In our last issue, we promised to give our readers an extract from a letter, giving a description of the most suitable vessels for the New Zealand market.—it will be found below; also part of a letter addressed to Mr. C. Bell, from Mr. Thomas Williams, late of this town, but now a resident of Auckland.

"Believing that your instructions may reach you in time to be available for the fall, we lose no time in addressing you with reference to the class of vessel which would be most suitable for you to despatch to Auckland, viz., either a brig or barque, of about 200 to 250 tons, in good repair, and a fast sailer; or a small clipper schooner, under 90 tons. These are the two classes of vessels most saleable here—for which we can always find a market. No vessel can be profitably sold here, unless she is a fast sailer, well found, sheathed with yellow metal, and has good accommodation for passengers. The trade of N. Zealand requires these requisites, and when they are provided, any vessel possessing them always commands a ready and a profitable sale. Dull sailers and second-hand vessels hang on hand.

"For immigrants from your colony to this, there is a fine opening at present,—the feeling here is entirely in favor of them; and if it is equally strong in favor of this colony with you, now is the time to avail of it."

Auckland, May 17, 1858.

Dear Friend,—I wrote to you some time since in reference to the New Zealand Government giving land to every emigrant intending to settle in the province of Auckland. I have much pleasure to inform you the Act has passed through the Provincial Council, and it now stands the Law of the Province of Auckland; and I also have the satisfaction to inform you that you have been appointed agent under the Waste Land Act, as it is termed, for Prince Edward Island, in accordance with the above. I feel assured you will discharge the duties imposed upon you to the best of your ability—with credit to yourself, satisfaction to intending emigrants, and with faithfulness to those who had the pleasure of nominating you. There are some fees attached to the office, which will enable you to devote some portion of your time to the object. Mr. Mucklejohn has had several interviews with the superintendent himself, and I can assure you that Prince Edward Island people stand very high in the estimation of the Provincial Government of New Zealand; and they are very anxious to get as many as possible here from the Island, and Nova Scotia or Cape Breton; and further, the Superintendent told Mucklejohn that he would give the Islanders land in any part of the Province that Mucklejohn or any one interested would think proper to select and *reserve* it for them, if he (Mucklejohn) thought they would come. I might state that Mucklejohn has bought 960 acres of Land from a private individual for the sum of £500,— about one-third is wood land, the rest is fern land, about 55 miles from Auckland by water, and I believe there is a good harbor there. His wife and family are all well, and they have gone down there to-day in a small vessel, with the intention of lumbering, farming, and ship building. There is a Block of Government land adjoining that of Mucklejohn, about 20 miles square, I believe it is good land,—the Surveyor that measured it off, told Mucklejohn that it was as good as any in the Province. The Superintendent, I am sure, would give the Islanders their land altogether in that Block, if they