

Religious Intelligence.

CANADA.—We are very happy to hear that a most interesting revival of religion is now in progress in St. Andrews, C. E. Twenty-six have been baptized, among whom were two Roman Catholics.—*C. Messenger.*

The Daily Morning Prayer-Meeting at Cincinnati, retains all the interest that has hitherto attached to it; and almost every morning strangers bear testimony to the happy influence it is exerting, not only in that city, but through the surrounding country, and in places far distant.

MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES.—In the island of Borneo, inhabited partly by Mohammedans and partly by heathen, a massacre has occurred, to which five missionaries, and three of their children, have fallen victims. Others have been dragged into captivity. The rest of the Mission, consisting of six missionaries and their families, fled to Banjermassing, where their situation at last accounts was precarious. The converted natives stood faithfully by their teachers, aiding them as much as was in their power, and several sealed their testimony with their blood.

TEXAS.—A letter to the *Presbyterian* states, that about forty persons have been added to the church at New-Danville, Texas, as the result of a special outpouring of God's Spirit, and that others are indulging in the hope that they have passed from death unto life.

A REVIVAL IN BOMBAY.—A revival seems to be springing up in Bombay and Poona. At these two places, daily prayer-meetings are held. The *Bombay Guardian* says:—"We are happy to state that we hear of greatly increased spirit of prayer at Poona. Some four or five or more meetings for prayer are held weekly among the soldiers and civilians. We know of four daily prayer meetings now held in Bombay, namely: One among the soldiers of the 28th, one of native Christians in Mathi (Free Church Institution), at 5 P. M.; one at the General Assembly's Institution, at 7 A. M., and another at St. Andrew's church, at 1 P. M." The Bishop of Bombay, Dr. Harding, has taken the movement in hand; and has issued a circular on the subject.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Colonial & Foreign News.

Canada.

A golden eagle was killed on the Lower St. Lawrence, and brought to Quebec, which was shot while endeavouring to carry off a child about three years of age. This is the only bird in America that will attack the human species. They breed in the North, following at this season the birds and animals that seek a milder climate.

VICTORIA BRIDGE.—The first train was to have passed over this bridge on the 24th inst.

Mr. James A. Davidson, is writing and lecturing on Temperance in Canada West. We perceive that he speaks very flatteringly of the reception he met with in Nova Scotia.

United States.

The Commissioner for the sale of pure liquors on behalf of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has been detected in adulteration to a large extent, rendering them poisonous to all consumers, especially to sick persons.

A few days since 170 negroes were shipped from St. Louis to the South. These negroes were all purchased in Missouri. The *St. Louis Democrat* says, that the frequency of these shipments is beginning to excite much attention and remark among our citizens. Scarcely a day passes but gangs of these unfortunate creatures are seen trailing in couples, with drivers in front and in the rear, down the principal streets leading to the river. Missouri undoubtedly is being rapidly depleted of her young and vigorous slaves. At present prices, they are entirely too valuable to hold, in this, for them, unhealthy climate, and in such precarious proximity to the Free States. The old and infirm remain to die, or watch the slow but irrepressible exodus of their children, and the gradual fading away of the system of slavery.

William L. McPhail, acting Mayor of the city of Baltimore, was shot on Sunday night in a melee, by J. Marshal Hanna, reporter for the *Baltimore Sun*, McPhail is not expected to recover.

Last Sunday week, at Lynchburg, Va., a crowd of a thousand negroes assembled to take leave of the negroes belonging to the estate of the late Francis B. Shackelford, of Amherst county, who, in accordance with the will of deceased, were about to depart for a free State. The whole number set free was forty-four—men, women and children.

NEWPORT, KY., Oct. 29.—The *Kentucky Free South*, a paper of Republican proclivities, was mobbed last night, and its forms scattered in the street.

A young lady of Edgefield, S. C., recently attended a family soiree as "The Evening News." One who was there describes her dress (made entirely of newspapers) as being unique and very beautiful. It is said to have presented by candlelight a resemblance of the richest brocade, so skillful was the arrangement of its columns.

The sale of Rufus Chrate's library, just completed by auction, will realize to his family about \$15,000.

European.

THE GALE. LOSS OF THE ROYAL CHARTER.

Though we have received accounts of shipwreck and death from almost every port, all losses are dwarfed beside that of the *Royal Charter*, which took place in Redwharf Bay, on the coast of Anglesea. This well-known vessel was fully rigged as a sailing ship, but fitted with an auxiliary screw. She traded between Liverpool and Australia, and had just completed a prosperous voyage from Port Phillip, with 498 persons and from five to eight hundred thousand pounds worth of gold on board. The ship was unhappily kept near a dangerous lee shore, in the hope of meeting with a pilot from Liverpool. With a northerly gale blowing, she let go two anchors a few miles to the eastward of Point Lynas.

So violent, however, was the wind and sea that the chains parted, although the engines were working at full speed in order to lessen the strain. In spite of every effort the vessel was forced ashore, and struck the rocks stern first in four fathoms water. Up to about three a. m. not the slightest alarm was evinced among the passengers, a large portion of whom were women and children; the most perfect discipline and order prevailed. The masts and rigging were cut adrift, but caused no relief, as the ship continued to thump on the sharp-pointed rocks with fearful rapidity. Shortly after she struck, the ship was thrown broadside on, perfectly upright upon the shelving stony beach, the head and stern lying due east and west, the former not being more than twenty yards from a projecting rock. At this juncture one of the crew, a Portuguese, named Joseph Rogers, nobly volunteered to struggle through the heavy surf and convey a rope on shore. Though it was not believed by any one that danger was imminent, the captain gave the order, and Rogers ably fulfilled his duty. A strong hawser was then passed and secured on shore, and to this was rigged a boatswain's chair.

While this was going on a fearful scene was being enacted in the saloon. An attempt had been made by a Mr. Hooge, a clergyman, to perform a service; but the violent thumping of the vessel on the rocks, and the sea which poured into the cabin, rendered this impossible. The passengers were collected here, and Captain Withers and Captain Taylor were endeavouring to allay their fears by the assurance that there was at any rate no immediate danger, when a succession of tremendous waves struck the vessel and absolutely broke her in half midships. Shortly afterwards the foremost portion was again torn in half and the ship began to break up rapidly. Several of the crew saved themselves by means of the hawser, while the remainder were hurled upon the rocks by the waves; all the officers perished. Captain Taylor was the last man seen alive on board. He had lashed his body to a spar and was drowned.

A rescued passenger states that the vessel rode safely, burning blue lights and rockets, until her masts were cut away, when the screw ceased to work, and she went on the rocks at two a. m. on Wednesday, and broke up about seven. The *Times* Liverpool correspondent says:—"The probability is that the wreck fouled the screw. The survivors could not explain how they got ashore. The mate, Stephens, who was held in high estimation here, is said to have been killed. The first dead body came ashore about three p. m. A child was rescued from the waves still breathing, but only survived a short time. Most of the bodies had money in their clothing, and one wrecker picked up a bag containing 100 sovereigns. The boatswain's mate, who reached the shore alive, had 400l. about him. Very little could be seen of the wreck yesterday beyond her sides—which are being beaten to and fro by the waves—and a very small portion of the poop. Among the rocks were lying huge fragments of iron, twisted in various shapes. The main portion of the vessel lies close by the shore, and it is anticipated that the hull safe will be easily recoverable. She had no pilot on board. Mr. Smith, the energetic collector of customs at Beaumaris, was superintending the operations at the wreck. The bodies, as they were recovered from the waves, were conveyed to a field adjacent to the churchyard for recognition. There are very few houses in the neighbourhood.

The scene of the wreck is Moelfra, about nine miles from Beaumaris, and three or four miles from where the *Rothsay Castle* was lost many years ago.

After the ship struck all the passengers were directed to go aft until the hawser could be got properly out, so that as many as possible might be saved. Shortly after this the vessel parted amidships, and a large number of passengers, standing on the deck where she parted, were swept into the sea and drowned. The boats were smashed to pieces by the fury of the gale, and the others could not be lowered, so that none of them could be made available. The passengers saved were driven on shore by the force of the waves. Sixteen of the crew got ashore by the hawser. An endeavour was made to get a second hawser ashore to rescue the female passengers, but this could not be accomplished. Not a single female passenger was saved. In three hours after the vessel struck she began to go to pieces. Saw about seventy passengers on the port bow, all anxiously awaiting some means of getting them on shore; but a heavy sea which struck the starboard bow stove it in, the ship gave a lurch, and the people were all driven into the sea and drowned. Some of the passengers saved were thrown upon the rocks and picked up by the crew and others who came to render assistance.

Mr. James Russell, a passenger, belonging to

Scotland, who had been seven years in Australia and had acquired considerable wealth, was below in his berth when the vessel first struck. He had with him his wife and two children, one aged ten and the other two-and-a-half years. A surging sea carried away his wife and two children, and he never saw them more. Mr. Russell had a considerable sum of money on board, the produce of his enterprise and skill in Australia, and is now, comparatively speaking, penniless.

The inquest on the bodies was commenced on Friday afternoon at Llanallgo Church, Moelfra. It was an impressive sight, when the coroner, standing at the communion-table, surrounded by the group of dead and mangled corpses, amid the audible sobs of those who had recognised their friends, commenced his melancholy task.

THE CONSERVATIVE DEMONSTRATION AT LIVERPOOL.

Saturday Oct. 29, was a grand field day for the Derbyites. Not fewer than 7,000 of this political denomination had signed a laureate address to their leader, to present and receive which was the business of the grand banquet at Liverpool. Six hundred of the *élite* of Lancashire Conservatives thronged the tables; and the fair of a state party, naturally attractive to the more impressive and sentimental sex, thronged like approving angels the boxes and galleries of the Philharmonic Hall. Lord DERBY was, of course, himself the conductor, but the performers comprehended all the more important members of the late Cabinet. The building was appropriately selected, for all was harmony, or rather we should say, unison; for the only defect—one indeed inseparable from such gatherings—was that all the harping was on one string—the praises of the DERBY; with many variations, indeed, of the one part, and but the slightest possible advertence to aught besides.

Lord DERBY and his lieutenant acted their parts, however, exceedingly well; so did also the subordinates, when one remembers that, besides the two leaders, the Conservatives have not more than a man or two among them whom one would cross the street to hear on a rainy evening, and hardly on a fine one. The meeting was intended for the grand autumn Conservative and Opposition demonstration, and it was an imposing one. It may be questioned whether the Whigs could get up as good a one to the honour of Lords PALMERSTON and RUSSELL. Lord DERBY was in his local home, and on the scene of the great South Lancashire Conservative triumph—a triumph which he urged them to complete by ousting the Liberal member for Liverpool.

Mr. DISRAELI, indeed, hit off the characteristics of the Whig Administrations capitally, when he observed that, while they claimed a "monopoly of Liberalism," and after "pledging themselves to changes and alterations when they were in power, they expended all their resources in inventing evasions, by which they might extricate themselves from the fulfilment of their previous promises." We must think with him that such conduct has greatly contributed to generate a belief of the "insincerity of public life."—*Freeman.*

GARIBALDI.

What a marvellous man is this GARIBALDI! We are not about to recount the now well-known incidents of his eventful life, but none can fail to observe how completely the Italian revolution has found in him the man for the occasion. VICTOR EMMANUEL has done nobly, and would probably do yet more nobly, as the Italian monarch, were his power equal to his wishes. Count CAVOUR has done ably, and his counsels probably still have no little weight, though he declined to be a party to the miserable work of Villafranca—miserable as regards the Duchies and Venetia. Count AZEGLIO and General FANTI are highly competent Italian patriots in their respective parts; but GARIBALDI is the terror of Austria, of priests, of Popes, of despot dukes, and of the King of NAPLES too. What would they not give to get the noble man stabbed, or poisoned, or shot, if only his blood would not bring on them a universal execration more terrible than his military genius and unquenchable Italian patriotism!

GARIBALDI is no visionary—he knows that the battle may yet be long and fierce; he reminds Italians that America fought fourteen years, and Greece six, for their independence; yet they have brighter hopes; for, after a struggle of but a few months all Europe sympathises with their cause. Still it is on themselves they must rely, and he accepts the honorary presidency of the Italian National Society, whose chief business is the raising of volunteers, in which it has been eminently successful. "There has not been," he says, "an example of an Austrian prisoner, a wounded man, not being religiously respected by us, whilst our enemies have at all times shot our prisoners and massacred our unfortunate wounded." Even the Swiss he has a kind word for; "he knows that they have been deceived and kept under the dishonoured flags of the priests by vain illusions." He is confident that their sympathies must be with those who are fighting in the same cause as WILLIAM TELL and their own forefathers; he expects them, instead of marching against them, to join their ranks. "Italians will be 'proud of such fellow-warriors, and will not fail to reward them, when, full of gratitude, Italy will add their names to the sacred ones of her liberators.'"

ESCAPE OF A WESLEYAN MINISTER IN AUSTRALIA FROM STARVATION.—A marvellous escape from imminently impending death has

been experienced by the Rev. W. Vanderkiste. This gentleman was formerly in connection with the London City Mission, for which he wrote, ere leaving London to join the Wesleyan Mission in Australia, a work which attained very considerable celebrity, entitled, "The Dens of London." During his residence in New South Wales he has been connected with the Sydney, Goulburn, and Bathurst circuits, and lastly, his circuit was a sole charge, Dungog Maitland. "Lost in the bush," it appears, is a far from uncommon occurrence in the Colonies, and annually a number of persons lose their lives thus. Mr. Vanderkiste existed for six days and six nights, eating only one very slight meal previous to leaving home, and in the midst of almost incessant rivers, and entirely destitute of artificial warmth from fire, as well as destitute of any other shelter than that afforded by a hollow log which covered parts of his body. In the northern portion of New South Wales, a great leading range system of mountains piled on mountains, interspersed with fearful ravines, extends through an entirely uninhabited district from the head of the Williams River for nearly one hundred miles. Mr. Vanderkiste became entangled in this labyrinth after nightfall, and somewhat incautiously travelled on in the darkness, and was afterwards unable to extricate himself from the tortuous mazes and tremendous acclivities and declivities which lay wreathed in every direction around him. Incessant rains, or nearly such, had flooded the rivers which lay everywhere between him and the haunts of man; and the day of his discovery was the first day these rivers could be crossed: the floods having only then commenced subsiding. It appears that Providence influenced the minds of parties residing very many miles distant to attempt a search that day for cattle, and the condition of the land from the rains rendering such equine operations impracticable as were necessary to secure the bees of which they were in search, they met with an accident which occasioned the loss one of one her, and wandered, directed by an unseen hand, to where the Methodist minister was lying half perished with exhaustion and cold. Mr. Vanderkiste, being for several months unequal to the discharge of the various duties of his sacred office, employed the time in writing a work which he has entitled, "Lost, but not for ever." The case has excited a very large amount of interest in the colony.

A POET IN TROUBLE.—The following is a report of a scene which occurred in the Mayor's office, Clonmel. A man named Alfred Sheill was brought up, charged by Sub-constable Maguire with being drunk, and collecting a crowd in the public streets. He laid aside a hat that, like himself, was considerably the worse of the wear; his garments were ragged, but he folded his arms policemanally.—Mayor: Now you hear what the policeman has sworn. Have you anything to say to the charge? Prisoner: Yes, I hear, please your worship, what this man has sworn; but I am before you, forsaken, forlorn. My years, I assure you, are nearly three score, but if pardoned just now I'll offend you no more.—Mayor: Oh! I see you are a poet.—Prisoner: I am a man who has suffered the world's hard knocks. My living consists in a very small box—a box which I carry beneath my left arm; it puts rags on my back, and keeps my stomach warm.—Mayor: That's all very well, but you know I cannot suffer you to obstruct the passage of the streets, or be at large when intoxicated.—Prisoner: We oft put in our mouths what bemuddles our brains, and to-day, please your worship, amid the great rain, I humbly confess that I did take a drop, and perhaps on the streets much too long I did stop. But forgive me, I pray, man of power and love; in pity owe wide gentle mercy's sweet floor. I'm sorry I've transgressed, and now I have done, ah! shut me not out from the light of the sun.—Mayor: Are we to understand that this is the lay of the minstrel?—Prisoner: Good gentleman, pray ye for me intercede. I am hungry, for all day I missed of my feed. Allow me to say that the air of your cell agreed with my system anything but well. I'm a Briton by birth, and I'd have you to know that I once was well off, though I'm now rather low. Resto, e me to freedom!—but give me relief from my bonds, and I'll bless you, oh! most worthy chief. If you fine me, it may be supposed very fine, but you never shall handle one silver of mine. Cause why, I've not got one; my person pray try. So fining, you see, will be all in my eye.—Mayor: Well, really, I cannot send to prison one who pleads his cause so eloquently. The constable tells me you came quietly, so you are discharged; but mind, don't come here again.—Prisoner: Most potent, I thank you. Oh! long may you rule. I'll frankly confess that I've been a fool; but never again will I ever offend; so my path to my lodging directly I'll bend. No more I'll be shipwrecked on whisky's sharp rocks; but, magistrate, tell 'em to give me my box.—Mayor: Certainly.—Prisoner: Gramercy! your worship. And now fare thee well. Elsewhere to all people your kindness I'll tell. Good gentlemen all, I will bid you good night; with your leave gentle sir, I'll now vanish from sight.—Here the prisoner made a low bow, and, grasping his box, vanished. The above account of the case presents but a feeble outline of the reality, and of the rhyming of the "poet in trouble," who for some twenty minutes kept the court and all present in roars of laughter.

PRINCELY PRESENT TO HER MAJESTY.—There is now on the way to this country, from the Maharajah of Cashmere, as a present to her Majesty, a most costly shawl tent, which will contain, moreover, a bedstead of solid gold. The value of this regal offering is said to exceed fifteen lacs of rupees (150,000l.) *Morning Post.*