

the liberty, the sovereignty, and majesty of Britain! We pray that this Bull will be as futile against England as that Armada; and that it may have the desired and blessed effect of kindling ten thousand fires—a fire in every pulpit, a fire in every school, a fire on every hearth—not to bombard, and to batter, and consume Rome to death, but in love to enlighten and illumine all her captives onward to spiritual and holy freedom, and to find victory over every deadly foe.

It has been wisely said by a Professor of Theology, lately a Romanist in the University of Breslau. THAT POPERY CAN NEVER BE REFORMED, BUT MUST BE DESTROYED. That is our opinion—our conviction—and we believe too the mind of God.

Popery is the wicked one "whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of His mouth." His Spirit by his word in the Gospel is now wasting the Sea of perdition, and shall finally "destroy him with the brightness of His coming." God's Holy Spirit and his Word are, therefore, the sovereign power for the annihilation of Popery, and the restoration of happiness of man. And why not, brethren, use it more constantly and prayerfully!

(Concluded in our next.)

[2 Thes. ii. 6.]

[From the Toronto Globe.]

### THE GREAT EXHIBITION

This great assemblage of nations has commenced most auspiciously under the eye of the British Sovereign, surrounded by thirty thousand of her faithful subjects and of strangers from every nation on the face of the earth. If the progress and termination of this great meeting be equally favourable, which there is every reason to expect, it will unquestionably mark an era in the world's history. It is a great tribute of respect for the British Empire, that her call on every nation of the world to send in to the great commercial metropolis, samples of their industry, and of their progress in every art and science, has been so frankly and freely responded to. Some visitors will doubtless envy the lofty position which this demonstration accords to Great Britain among the nations—we think the number will not be large, that it will decrease before the exhibition closes. This however is not the main consideration—for while it must be gratifying to all who love Great Britain and British Institutions, to contemplate the world pouring in their most choice productions, to be submitted to the skill of her men of science and art, we must view this exhibition from a more elevated station, and mark it as an omen of much good, in the world's destiny; for such occurrence has ever taken place, nor has the world been in a position to realize it. At what period of history would every nation in the world have not only sent their most valuable property, but sent their Statesmen, Noblemen, Merchants, Manufacturers, Farmers, Mechanics and Labourers, trooping in tens of thousands, at the call of a foreigner, and to many of them a hitherto rival nation? There are large facts, it is true, such as those of Frankfurt and Liespie, where the manufactures of Germany, Belgium, England, and France are sold, but these are merely mercantile affairs, and when accounts are balanced they are heard of no more.

Thirty-six years ago, there was an assemblage of Sovereigns in London after the Battle of Waterloo had terminated the bloody wars of a quarter of a century; and some visits of a friendly character, unknown to former ages, have since taken place between the Potentates of Europe. A great improvement were such events, on the practice of the middle ages, when Richard the Lion-hearted was kidnapped and imprisoned by the treacherous Austrian, and when the tournaments of that time were often marked by foul treachery and murder. The visit of the Allied Sovereigns in 1815, and the Continental progress of our own Sovereign, may be held as the *avant couriers* of what is now passing in London. May nothing occur to mar its success, and defeat the beneficial results of that great undertaking! The assemblage of so many men of enlightened minds from every quarter of the world, must be followed by good results. Hundreds come from Turkey and Persia; thousands from Russia, Austria, Spain and Italy; and tens of thousands from France and Germany. The Russian has got his leave of absence from his master, without whose consent he is a fixture of the soil. The Austrian and German and Frenchman have got their passports—telling their height, complexion, and the most minute particulars. When they land on the free soil of Britain, no questions are asked,—they are safe under the protection of British law, which allows all to come and go as they choose. Thousands will ask themselves, why is it that this can be done there and not in our own country. The shrewd and intelligent will see that the British Government does not fear the people, while their own does. They will revert to the history of 1848, when every European Government tumbled or tottered but that of Great Britain, which was sustained by the affections of her people, and after the shock, stands more powerful and erect than ever. He will anxiously examine into the political institutions which have produced such magnificent results, which give absolute liberty to every form of religious worship—protection to person and property—and foster every project for extending the arts and sciences, and the commerce of the world. The intelligent foreigner will mark the mighty machinery of her religious and moral associations, which stretch their arms to the utmost ends of the world. He will inquire what it is that has given birth to such lofty and generous love for the human race, and he will find it in that holy religion which animates so many hearts. He will not identify religion itself with the mere State Establishment, for he will see with amazement, that a people so intelligent and so sincere, still invest the one man power with the most important of all interests, and that on the very ground on which the Crystal Palace stands, the spiritual care of two millions of people is confided on a single person, who, for holding that most au-

surd of positions receives from £50,000 to £100,000 a year. He will remark that this shrewd people who would be horrified if one member of Parliament was returned without popular election, submit without murmur to have twelve thousand ministers of religion set over them by a few hundred patrons. If this strange anomaly should not present itself to his mind, great must be his admiration of British Institutions. While he inquires, why it is that a people confined to two small Islands has attained to the rank of chief among the nations, he will find, in every step of his progress, that much is owing to her indomitable industry and perseverance, ever sustained and invigorated by free institutions.

The Exhibition in the Crystal Palace is destined, it is to be hoped, to be a turning point in the world's progress, an anticipation of the time when every hostile feeling among nations will disappear. The rivalry of battle and carnage will now give place to that of increasing the necessities and comforts of the human family, which must lead to a mighty moral revolution. He who has caused an additional blade of grass to grow, has been pronounced a benefactor of the human race; and we conceive this amply describes the character of the London Exhibition. Who can venture to calculate the mighty improvements, and the new discoveries in arts and manufactures, when the most choice specimens of the world are submitted to the inspection of so many thousands of savans, and of skilful and practised workmen. It is not too much to anticipate that a single year will add greatly to our already vast powers of productive industry.

But who can estimate the softening and humanizing influence of such an assemblage of the human race?—What a mighty flood of historical recollections is called up by the thronged groups who walk in that Crystal Palace. In front we have the British nations, long since united in one. The ancient Briton, the Saxon, the Dane, the Scot, the Pict, and the Celt—have long since ceased their rivalry. The descendants of the conquerors and the vanquished of Flodden and Pinkie are there, and the vanquished and the conquerors of Bannockburn—the descendants of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, and of the Mootroopers and the Scotch Covenanters, of the brave Highland clans no longer opposed to the Revolution settlement. The descendants of the Celtic Kings of Munster and Connaught are there, and alongside of them are the Representatives of Strongbow, Leicester, and Cromwell.

A remnant of the men who fought the battles of last war are still to be seen, their faces marked with scars, and their heads grey with age. Few comparatively remain to witness this more noble triumph of their country,—but medals are seen floating through the ample range, which yet tell of Egypt and of Maida, of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo, or of Camperdown, the Nile, Copenhagen or Trafalgar. One man, bending under the weight of fourscore years, but still marked by the eagle eye which flashed from the heights of the Pyrenees and in the wood of Heugemont, enters, and all eyes are instantly turned on him. It was not to do homage to military men that this great assemblage has been called. But Arago, and Herschell, and Brewster, must for the moment give place to the Conqueror of Waterloo. Foremost to show courtesy to the Hero of a Hundred Fights are the French exhibitors, who press around the veteran with their cordial greetings, and invite his attention to the display of their skill and industry. Noble and generous conduct! which will be returned ten-fold by the grateful hearts of the English people. But noble and generous the French as a people ever are, when not misled by political or priestly charlatans. The best men of France grace the London Exhibition. The descendants of those who conquered at Verneuil and at Fontenay, now shake hands with the vanquished—while the conquerors of Cressy, Agincourt, of Blenheim, Trafalgar, and Waterloo, extend the same courtesy to the vanquished,—both parties, we trust, resolved to be enemies no longer. The turban'd Turk walks side by side with the whiskered Russian and the haughty Austrian. But the Turk has John Bull's heart, for he has refused to surrender Kossuth and his comrades,—and John knows how to estimate a noble action. Side by side with the Austrian and Russian may be seen groups of Polish and Hungarian Exiles, who justly receive a large share of English sympathy and admiration. But their oppressors are safe here, and even the woman-whipper would not be disturbed in this sanctuary of the world's industry.

But where are the ancient masters of the world?—where are the Romans? Other countries contribute largely of their industry, and send their most gifted men; but what does Rome send? Rome has a few representatives, but they are banished wanderers, who were bold enough to desire the renovation of their native land, and its deliverance from temporal and spiritual despotism.—They are warmly received by the English people. But Rome itself—the Rome of 1851—has only a few Cardinals, and has very little industry to send—unless old bones and winking pictures will be accepted by Prince Albert. Perhaps two or three Cardinals, of French and Italian origin, are there, and along with them probably the ignored of England. A few thousand French bayonets are for the time masters of the world's ancient capital—but that time must soon reach its end. The proud Castilian is here—no longer the master of two worlds; he has lost his power, but retains his pride. Side by side with him are the descendants of the Incas and the Caziques, whom he condemned to the mines for life, and forced to acknowledge a degraded Christianity, by the power of the cannon and the bayonet. Spain lost her power, because she abused it. She has sunk low in the scale of nations. But her recent struggles for freedom, again entitle her to the world's sympathy; and when she escapes from her spiritual thralldom, she will again resume her rank among the nations. Some brave mountaineers of Circassia, will doubtless be there without fear of their Russian masters, while the hardy and industrious Swis,

will dread no interference with their independence. The hundred millions of British India, and the two or three hundred millions of China, will doubtless be well represented, and we know that British America, Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific are not behind. The Germans and their vast collections of industry, will be there in force. The descendants of Abraham, will not be afraid to bring out their most choice treasures, for they will no more be plundered as in the medieval ages, and they can there stand or walk alongside of their ancient taskmasters from Egypt, who are also rising into national importance. The descendants of the Saladin, and of the Crusaders—the descendants of the Waldenses and of their persecutors will be there, no longer enemies, but mingling as actors in the joyous scene. And Brother Jonathan has put his best foot foremost, in this race of merit, and will beyond all doubt send much entitled to praise. But it is nearly certain that unless he gets all the prizes as well as praise, he will go home in dudgeon. If it is otherwise we shall be happy.

Africa, and the Islands once peopled with slaves—now with freemen,—will be represented, and our American neighbours will be shocked with the spectacle of the most noble and learned men of England, making no distinction between the men of sable hue, and the men of the red and white skin. The example of England, we doubt not, will be followed by the people of other nations. These Africans will anxiously enquire after their leading friends in London, and their first thoughts will be turned to the family of Wilberforce. But the sons of that eminent and worthy man are engaged in forging the chains of spiritual despotism for their countrymen—an occupation inconsistent with genuine love to any section of the human family. Let them go to the younger Buxton, who inherits his father's humane and enlightened benevolence.

The assemblage will be felt in its consequences many days hence. Would that it were possible for every nation to imitate whatever is estimable in the British system, and not unsuitable to the state of their own population. The extreme of despotic power, and the extreme of levelling mobocracy will be there. The truth is undoubtedly in the medium—and Britain has found it. She sought a reality and has not been disappointed. France has pursued a phantom and it has eluded her grasp. In France Universal Suffrage chose a Chamber which sent an army to subdue the Romans, destroyed the liberty of the press, and then attacked the electors from whom their own existence was derived, cutting off two millions of them, thus affording the strongest possible testimony to the danger of that movement. In the neighbouring Republic we need not say what unchecked democracy has done, for the cries of the enslaved and unrequited labourer are for ever reaching the most distant parts of the earth, and these complaints must be redressed before any moral effects of the London Exhibition can be realized in that quarter. But although America may remain impervious to the truth, this great demonstration must tell beneficially in a hundred different quarters of the world, and do much towards the accomplishment of that great change, when no man will be heard to say "Am I my brother's keeper?"

## COMMUNICATION.

[FOR THE CARLETON SENTINEL.]

MR. EDITOR.—In your last paper you intimate to the parties who have had private Acts passed at the last Session of the Legislature, that it is necessary to have them printed. With regard to the Act incorporating the Farmer and Mechanics' Library Society, I have the pleasure to inform you that immediately on its passage, J. Simpson, Esq., Queen's Printer, printed the required number of copies, and in a most liberal and public spirited manner, made a donation of the cost—£1 6s. 8d.—to the Society, for which they returned him their most grateful thanks. I send you a copy of the Act; it should have been sent before, but was overlooked.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES EDGAR.

Secretary.

Woodstock, May 28, 1851.

An Act to incorporate the Woodstock Farmers and Mechanics' Library Society. Passed 15th March, 1851. Be it enacted by the Lieutenant Governor, Legislative Council and Assembly, that the Farmers and Mechanics' Library Society now established and located at the Upper Village of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, for the purpose of procuring books on Agricultural, Mechanical, Historical, and other subjects, to form a Library for the use of the members of the said Society, be incorporated; and that Joseph Harvey, Senior, James H. Brodriek, William Wiley, Ralph Ketchum, James Edgar, Asahel M. Brodriek, Anthony Kearney, Wingate Weeks, L. P. Fisher, David Munro, and such other persons as are or may become Members of the said Society, shall be and are hereby constituted a body corporate for that and no other purpose, by the name aforesaid, with all the general powers and privileges incident to Corporations by Act of Assembly of this Province; provided always, that the real estate which the said Corporation may at any time hold shall not exceed in value one thousand pounds.

VOTE BY BALLOT.—This system, about which there have been so many discussions of late, was tried at the recent election of a Mayor for the City of Fredericton, and it worked very satisfactorily. We presume, therefore, that before long it will be fully introduced in the general election throughout the Province, as it has been found of much advantage in the United States and other places, where it has been in operation for some time. We believe there is little doubt that it in a great measure prevents intimidation or coercion, and, in some cases, bribery, where the candidate cannot have an opportunity of ascertaining who the parties were that voted them.—St. John Courier.