

Miscellaneous.

FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS.—Most of our modern critics have looked at the first of Genesis either with the eye of the sceptic or with the eye of the geologist. Taylor Lewis reads it with the eye of a Christian scholar. Professor Pierce reads it with the eye of the mechanician, to whom forces are greater than facts or words. Guyot looks at the creation as phenomena in Time, Pierce as the enunciation of the forces that produce the phenomena,—phenomena revealing themselves from the ideas of God, realized in forms by the word of His Power. The three views are not antagonistic, but separate views of the same divine utterance recorded in the first of Genesis; Pierce's being, we think, the truly central view, harmonising the other two.

It may be asked, "If this first chapter of Genesis is thus divine, why did Moses append to it the second account?" We answer, that the second account, antagonistic as it is to the first, if taken as an account of the creation, may have an entirely different purpose. It may need only the keen eye of a moral geologist or a moral mechanician to look at this second account, and read the moral table there given, to enable a Christian philologist to draw from it all the beauty and grandeur of the first chapter. But at all events, is it no proof of Moses' divine guidance, that he placed the first account in the first place? If scientific scoffers have stumbled so much over this glorious chapter, what would they have done over the second had the first been wanting? Taking it then as the account of creation, they would have found all the order of thought and time inverted,—the man made before the garden, and before the lower animals, while the woman was made afterwards. No exegesis could reconcile it with philosophy or science. But now, with this account of creation that does harmonize with science and philosophy standing first, the divine wisdom of Moses is vindicated; and we are forced to conclude that the second account is designed as an account of creation, but for some other purpose that may hereafter clear itself up to the eye of the devout and patient student.—*Christian Examiner.*

A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO FRIGHTEN A BRITISH ADMIRAL.—When, during the last war of the United States with Great Britain, an English fleet was cruising up and down Long Island Sound, and making prizes of the small craft of the fishermen and traders along shore, one of the British gunboats fell in with the smack Nancy, of and from Saybrook, bound to New Haven, with a lot of onions and other garden products.

It was quite a windfall for the men-o'-war's men; and the little cargo was served out to the ship's messes as "something fresh," which was not to be had every day.

The smack having been a fair prize, was dropped astern of the frigate, and the three persons who had been taken on board of her, though prisoners of war, were set on shore at Guilford.

On the day following, a little rough looking Yankee was seen by the officer of the British flagship's deck rowing alongside in a fisherman's skiff, who asked the privilege of stepping on board, and on leave being granted, he climbed up the side by a single rope, which had been thrown him by one of the boatswain's mates.

Instead of pulling off his old felt hat as he stepped upon the quarter-deck, and bowing respectfully, he raised his right hand above his head, and bringing it down forcibly on the top of his hat, crushed it even over his eyes, and throwing himself into the most independent attitude imaginable, desired to see "the skipper of this big craft."

The officer of the deck, after taking a good look at his visitor, and hesitating whether to humor the matter as a joke and report the visitor to the Admiral, or, to seize him up, give him a dozen, and put him in his skiff again, resolved to see how much sport would grow out of it, and reported to the Admiral that "a man from the shore desired to speak with him." The old chief looked out of the lattice of his cabin, and discovering a rare specimen of humanity standing there with his hat slouched down over his ears, and his arms a-kimbo, as though he cared less for George the Third than for his next door neighbour, came out and bade him good morning.

"Be you the skipper of this craft?" was the blunt response of the Yankee.

"This fleet is under my command," said the Admiral.

"Wall; you've got the Nancy astarn—she's my smack—and I've come to get her, and take her to hum."

"She is a fair prize, sir; and we had supposed what she belongs to His Majesty the King."

"Blast and d— His Majesty the King—she's

mine; and if you don't give her up to me you'll see trouble, I guess."

The Admiral was delighted with the consummate impudence of his visitor, and remarked, aside, to his first lieutenant, that such language was probably never before used concerning His Majesty upon that quarter-deck; and dispose to indulge the joke, he assured the Yankee that he would entertain the proposition, and if he would bring off a load of vegetables for the ship's use next day, they would be well paid for, and an answer should be given.

"If you think I am a-going to fetch off provisions to the enemies of my country, you're much mistaken—but I'll come off and see whether you're a-going to give up the Nancy without a fuss. And I'll tell you what it is, skipper, if you don't give me up that smack to-morrow, I'll see ye before Squire Daggett before the sun sets!"—*Nautical Magazine.*

A BIT OF GERMAN PLEASANTY.—A correspondent sends to the Daily Express the following translation from a German paper, relative to the position of the Russian fleet. It is as good as anything in *Punch*:—

"It is as pleased the Lord to call from this superficial existence to another unfathomable world our dearly beloved and tenderly nursed sister, the blooming flotta Rukinia (Black Sea Fleet). Her last excursion was the famous battle at Sinope, where she made many conquests without much trouble, and where everything was burning for her. Since that time she has been sickly and confined. Now and then something shot through her side, and from which she suffered much pain. At last she was seized by dropsy complicated with inflammation which put a quick end to her existence. Unfortunately, her sister, Baltica, staying at Cronstadt, is also badly disposed, and not allowed to leave her berth. A cruel fate would not allow the two sisters who had never seen one another, to assist one another, although they deeply longed for it. But the similarity of their situation made them feel for one another. Her descendants, staying at Nicolaieff, and who are not yet grown up, are anxiously recommended to the tender sympathy of all their friends in Russia, Prussia, and Germany."

SCENE IN A POLICE COURT.—The prisoner in this case, whose name was Dicky Swivil, alias "Stove Pipe Pete" was placed at the bar, and questioned by the judge to the following effect.

"Bring the prisoner into court," said the judge.

"Here I is, bound to blaze, as the spirits turpentine said when it was all afire," answered Pete.

"We will take a little of the fire out of you."—

How do you live?

"I aint particular, as the oyster said when they axed him if he'd be fried or roasted."

"We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the turpentine either. What do you follow?"

"Anything that comes in my way as the locomotive said when it run over the littenigger."

"We don't care anything about the locomotive. What's your business?"

"That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the plate."

"That comes nearer th line, I suppose."

"Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was choking the pirate."

"If I hear any more absurd comparisons I will give twelve months."

"I am done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

"Now, sir, your punishment shall depend on the shortness and correctness of your answers."

"I suppose you live by going round the docks?"

"No, sir I can't go round the docks without a boat, and I aint got none."

"Answer me, how do you get your bread?"

"Sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes I eat tater."

"No more of your stupid insolence. How do you support yourself?"

"Sometimes on my leg, and sometimes on a chair."

"I order you now to answer this question correctly. How do you do?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, judge, how do you do?"

"I shall have to commit."

"Vel you've commit yourself, fust, that's some consolation."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A young man having attended a Quaker meeting was asked how he liked it. "Like it," said he, "it's enough to kill the devil to attend such meetings!" "That is just what we want," retorted a leading Quaker.

A friend, just returned from abroad, says once he found two Austrian Customs officers endeavouring to make out his name from his traveling trunk. One called while the other wrote. They had got "Mr Noranti Solezer." The trunk was marked "Warranted sole leather."

THE DEATH BLOW OF BARBARISM.—The London *Christian Times*, thus discourses:—Russia has inherited the dowry of that mysterious dread with which, in all ages, the dreary northern regions have clothed their children, in the eyes of the luxurious and enervated dwellers in soft southern climes.—The great battle of need and wealth, of those who want and those who have, which has to be fought out in every community, is fought also through the ages, on the grandest scale, on the arena of the world. Scythians, Gauls, Teutons, Huns, and Normans have successively been the dread of the nations who have made good their lodgement in the fertile sunny regions which border the Mediterranean Sea. The force of their invading armies has always been magnified by terrors, and by the vastness and grandeur of the inhospitable lands which were their native homes. The barbarism of their manners, and the ferocity of their courage have never failed to deepen the fears inspired by their name. For the last ten centuries, the mantle of this northern mystery has fallen upon Russia, and she has employed it with no little skill in extending her influences and establishing her supremacy over the nations of the East. Her power always formidable, has been magnified by the idea of her vast dominions and barbaric force. From the day when Oleg first swept, with his flotilla down the cataracts of the Dnieper on his way to Constantinople, her encroachments have been steady and persevering. The yellow haired race, under the successors of Burik, hung around the dying Byzantine Emperor like a Fate. In the fourteenth century, this dread clothed itself in prophecy, and ghost-like has haunted Europe for the last 400 years. Two years ago the prophecy seemed on the eve of its accomplishment. The toils of Russia which the great Peter made strong and sure, had been closing for generations around the European empire of Mahomed, and the mission of Prince Menschikoff seemed destined to strike the final blow.

Two years have sufficed to frustrate the prophecy and to dissipate the dread of Europe for ever. Two campaigns have proved the essential weakness of the barbaric power when measured against the compact force, and sustained courage of nations which wield the resources of civilization and represent the rights of humanity. In two years the veil has been rent, behind which Russia loomed so giant-like before the enervated Greek and Moslem, and men have learned with strange joy and sense of deliverance, that the force of the world is henceforth not with barbarism, but with order and law. The victories which we have gained are great, as vindicating the rights of nations, and adjusting the balance of power, but greater far, in that they have demonstrated the weakness of barbarism, and delivered Europe from a paralysing dread.

The Russians have fought with desperate resolution, but without a shadow of a chance of victory far from revealing, when the veil was lifted, that form before whose shadow not the East only, but Europe, had trembled, they have been beaten in every battle, and driven from every stronghold in which they have been assailed. For months past the extent of their endurance has been the unknown quantity on which Europe has been speculating, not the chance and possibility of their final success. For the first time in history, they were matched single-handed, with the army of civilization, and their strength wasted, and their prestige vanished like a dream. Be the end near or far, the vague terror of Russian resources, which has been the bugbear of Europe, is dissipated for ever. The sure, invincible spirit of Russian progress, which acts like a fascination on Eastern fatalism, has been so broken down and trampled, before all the world, that the East can never be bound by that spell again. The nakedness of Russia has been uncovered—her impregnable fortresses are in ruins—her shallow seas have been swept by our flotillas—and her stores, the accumulation of generations, destroyed. Were peace signed to-morrow, the war would leave her so broken in men, money, and spirit, that the work of generations would hardly restore her loss.

We believe that her internal condition could we but see it, would be found to correspond with the condition of her coasts. Without another victory or the destruction of another fortress, our blockade and the consumption of stores and men, would probably complete our work. Russia is no unity, and has but the barest skeleton of internal organization. Every fresh effort and strain loosens the joints and bands of her ill-compacted frame. The probable issue of this war, for Russia, is an internal revolution.

The pressure on our countrymen and on our allies, is a heavy one; but it is a feather weight, compared with the pressure on our foes. No nation can long endure the burden of such a war, without large external ministries of sympathy and succor; and Russia has none to help her—none to say to her, heartily, "God speed." It is unwise to pro-

phesy "times," or reckon too closely how much misery an enslaved and fanatical population can endure. But we believe that the fall of Sebastopol was the beginning of the end, and that each success of the Allies on the coasts of the Euxine, brings the end visibly more near. But be it near or far two brief campaigns have effected for Europe a deliverance whose magnitude none can measure, and have proved that the forces of civilization have a clear advantage over the mightiest armaments which barbarism can bring into the field. The conquest of the Allies assure more than the limitation of Russian ambition; they assure to the West the possession of the fruits of long ages of painful development not without strife and blood. Of old, the fairest and brightest homes of civilization and religion rarely remained many ages undevastated by resistless barbaric hosts. Let us thank God that dark tragedy can be enacted no longer; barbarism, as a force, is dead.

TORONTO—ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.—Nothing is more remarkable than the rapid rise and progress of the Western cities on this Continent. That those of Canada are not exceptions to the general rule, will be apparent from the subjoined brief notice of Toronto, now the seat of government for all British North America. In 1818, Talbot tells us that Toronto was then the most western town in Upper Canada. Dr. Howison, writing in 1825, says that then Toronto contained 1,335 inhabitants with about 250 houses, many of which exhibit a very neat appearance. Its public buildings are a Protestant Episcopal Church, of plain timber and tolerable size, with a steeple of the same material; a Catholic Chapel, partly completed, built of brick and intended to be very magnificent; a Presbyterian and a Methodist meeting house. The Hospital, described as the most extensive public building in the province, had also a very respectable external appearance; the Parliament House, and the residence of the Lieutenant General. The streets, although regular and intersecting each other at right angles, were even worse than those of Kingston.

In 1843 Buckingham, who wrote upon Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, gave the population of Toronto at 13,000, with over 200 brick buildings, and nine newspapers, chiefly weekly, some twice and some thrice a week, but none daily. Tremere, in 1851, put down the number of inhabitants of Toronto as 30,763. The estimate population in July, 1855, was 50,000. The annual value for the present is, per Assessors' Rolls, £3,455,941 5s, representing an actual value, real and personal, of £5,793,200. The churches of the city now number twenty-four—many of them fine specimens of architecture—besides two very handsome cathedrals (one Church of England and one Roman Catholic)—irrespective of Yorkville, a handsome suburb, which contains four very handsome sacred edifices. Besides several magazines—among them Maclear's, and the Canadian Journal—somewhere about twenty newspapers (four of them daily), are now published in Toronto. The Provincial Lunatic Asylum, Trinity College, the Normal School, the two Cathedrals, the Banks, the new Mechanic's Institute, and the Ward Schools recently erected, reflect credit on the country, and will compare favourably with any public buildings abroad. So do the long lines of splendid stores, and the elegant villas which abound on every hand.

The extraordinary progressive increase of the population of Toronto may be gathered from the following statistics. Instead of being an exception Toronto is but a specimen of what is going on throughout Upper Canada:—

Toronto contained, in 1791, two families of Mississauga Indians; 1801, 226 Inhabitants; 1817, 1,200; 1826, 1,677; 1830, 2,950; 1832, 3,000; 1842, 15,336; 1845, 19,706; 1850, 25,166; 1853 30,764; now, in 1855, it is supposed to contain, as already noticed, 50,000.—*Nova Scotian.*

We have heard of cool things, but never anything cooler than the following:—The landlord of a hotel at Whitehall called a boarder to him one day, and said:—"Look 'a here! I want you to pay your board-bill—and you must. I've asked you often enough; and I tell you now, that you don't leave my house till you pay it!" "Good!" said the lodger; "just put that in writing; make a regular agreement of it; I'll stop with you as long as I live!"

Parson D—liked a joke amazingly; and so, for that matter, did parson A—, who was a Baptist. The latter being near the house of the former when a shower came up, called on Parson D—, and requested the loan of an umbrella:

"I thought," said Parson D—, "that you liked water?"

"So I do," responded the Baptist; "but I wish to avoid sprinkling?"