

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Nov. 21, 1856.

[Concluded]

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

We read much of the rich old traders of Venice, Genoa, and Flanders—usurers, imperial tax-gatherers, and lordly in all. The greatest of them, however, would pale before the outlay, magnificence, and wealth of some of our merchant princes. But then railways were unknown, and steam hurried no goods from town to town. My Lord Mayor Salomons has completed his term of office: the Jew has ceased to be first magistrate of England's first city; and, though the proverbially persecuted Israelite is still driven from the House of Commons, our bankers, shipowners, traders, and citizens can honour an upright man, even though he be one of "the Gentile-trodden." So ex-Mayor Salomons received the congratulations of his constituents on laying down the government which he well and nobly wielded; and his successor is Alderman Finnis.

Who, born in England, has not seen the famous "show" of November 9? Our fathers and grandfathers told us of the Knights in armour, the carriages, soldiers, bewigged and bedecked authorities of the corporation and its adjuncts, the procession to Westminster, the mails and horse-shoes counted by his Lordship, and, last not least, the grand banquet.

This year the procession took water at London Bridge, to Westminster. There the customary naffs and shoes were counted in accordance with some old bond which requires such ceremony in order to retain a piece of Corporation property. The Judges of course approved of the choice the citizens had made: they bowed to the Mayor, the Mayor bowed to them, and the flunkies bowed to everybody. Duly were proclaimed the Lord Mayor's past history, and the services which his predecessor had performed during his office. And, again in accordance with old usage, that late City King was instructed to return a fair account of the revenues of his mayoralty to our sovereign lady the Queen, "and to behave himself while he did so." Curious fellows, must the Mayors of old have been, to heed such a reminder! The new Mayor's attention was also directed to the reform of the Corporation—a subject which has been much talked of lately, and is much wanted. The Thames alone is a notorious abuse, the revenues derived from its dues being enormous, while the river is a vast sink of impurity. As ships' keels, in long voyages, get covered with barnacles, so has the corporation allowed abuses to cling to it one after another till the whole fabric is rotten.

But, in past history, a glorious page is that of the Corporation of London. In the main, it has been right. Its sturdy spirit kept our old Kings in their places, took care of middle and lower-class liberties, and was ever ready to defend, with purse, sword, and quarter-staff, the rights of the people. London prentices remonstrated with the consort of Charles I. on her husband's conduct; and London burghers every one heard of. We must be careful, then, in reforming, only to lop off excrescences, and continue to respect such a worthy and time-honoured institution as London Municipal Government.

But to return to His Lordship, whom I left in Westminster Hall, while watermen, policemen, bannermen, hangers on in general, and killers in particular, swarmed outside, and the crowd contained its usual allowance of babies, mamma, and exhibition parties of juveniles, "for that day only."

After promising to "drop in during the evening," the Judges bade good-bye to my Lord, and he returned as he came. Reaping machines, an "endless railway," agricultural implements and native agriculturists, told cockneys that Mr. Mechi, (of razor-strop celebrity), one of the sheriffs, had brought part of his farm to the city. A ship fully rigged: some shivering young ladies in scanty and allegorical costume, as heathen figures that very few people know anything about: music, banners, and a great deal beside, accompanied his Lordship home, and soon afterwards the company began to arrive. Covers were laid for 1500. Each guest had six glasses, so that 9000 of these alone were required. Then the bill of fare! What ordinary man would not take the very next dish to his chair, in sheer desperation of knowing what to choose, as thick and fast one course succeeded another? Only fancy, ye poor ordinary

consumers of bread-and-cheese, the sight and taste of 250 turkeys (turtle, 5 pints each), 200 bottles sherbet, 6 dishes fish for top table, 30 entries, 4 boiled turkeys and oysters, 60 roast pullets, 60 dishes of fowls (2 on each dish), 46 dishes of capons, 50 French pies (game), 60 pigeon pies, 50 hams (ornamented), 50 tongues, ditto, 2 barons of beef, 2 quarters of lamb, 6 rounds of beef, 2 stewed rumps of beef, 5 sirloins of beef, 6 dishes asparagus, 60 dishes mashed potatoes, 50 dishes lobsters and prawns, 80 roast turkeys, 6 leverets, 100 dishes pheasants (2 in each dish), 50 dishes partridges (3 in each dish), 15 dishes wild fowl, 2 ditto peafowl, 130 jellies, 50 blanc manges, 40 dishes tinted creams, 30 dishes oranges and other fruits, 40 ditto almond pastry, 20 Chantilly baskets, 60 dishes mince pies, 60 ditto salad, cheese and butter, 100 pine-apples, 200 dishes hot-house grapes, 250 creams, 50 dishes apples, 100 dishes pears, 60 ornamented Savoy cakes, 75 plates walnuts, 80 ditto dried plums and preserves, 50 ditto preserved ginger, 60 ditto rout cakes and chips, 36 ditto brandy cherries.

Such was the feast, set out on jewelled ornaments and plate, valued at from £30,000 to £40,000! And yet, to reverse the picture—a poor woman with four children, in a garret not far off, were starving, stark naked! True, friendly hands would have aided her, had they known: but she would not ask their help, and died alone in her misery!

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

CRIMES OF VIOLENCE AND FRAUD.

It was thought that, with new police, gas, and other improvements, the old insecurity of our streets was done away with, and honest men were generally safe. But of late, most startlingly has this been disproved. Gangs of known thieves exist, who, in groups of two or four, attack pedestrians at night, in most cases, garrote them (that is nearly strangle them, by a handkerchief round the throat—on the victim from behind) rob, and nearly murder them. Many of these scoundrels are convicts who have been released on a ticket-of-leave, and take advantage of it to thus pursue their old propensities. Recently a man was murdered in a jeweller's shop in Parliament Street at 8 in the evening, persons passing in the street meanwhile. The murderer went in for robbery, and beat his victim on the head with a life preserver. Sometimes women are the decoys; male accomplices being near, and maltreating the simpletons while held by the women. Notting Hill and other suburban districts are infested with burglars, who make little scruple to add wounds to robbery. The police effect captures, but still the thing goes on, and even increases.

There seems a peculiarity in great crimes of the same nature following one another. Sir Dean Paul, Saddler, Palmer, formed a series which has been continued since. A clerk named Robson, in the employ of the Crystal Palace Company, at a salary of £300 a year, has been discovered in embezzling and forging to the amount of £30,000. He lived in first style and kept his carriage, mistresses, opera box, and suite of servants. A short time since, he was penniless; but his sudden outburst of expenditure seems to have been unnoticed by the company till the secret came out. He absconded to Denmark, was apprehended, and is sentenced to 21 years transportation.

This man had a friend and fellow-cheat named Lionel Redpath, in the service of the great Northern Railway Company. He too lived in the highest style; had a country seat, furnished more magnificently than many noblemen's: ate grapes at 10s. per pound, bought up valuable articles of *virtu* and antiquity, paid £100 at a time for a public dinner, and largely patronised religious and charitable institutions. His friend when apprehended, did not betray his participation in his frauds; and only on an accidental examination of the Railway accounts was a deficiency found of £150,000! He surrendered, and "will help Robson" in another class of duties.

In May last the South-Eastern Railway Company was transporting some gold dust in boxes. On arrival at their destination, £15,000 worth was missed; and in the place where it had been were shot of equal weight. Till now all endeavours to discover it proved futile. But "when rogues fall out," honest men if they do not get their own again, at least know how it went. The robbery was alike daring in idea, and skilful in execution.

It appears that a Railway guard who knew where the boxes were to be sent found means to give two accomplices an impression of the box locks. They came to the train with carpet bags, and one rode in a first-class carriage,

while the other by connivance of the guard, secreted himself in the van containing the gold. On the journey, he removed gold into his carpet-bag, and substituted the shot in its place, cleaning up the floor so that none remained. At Dover he left with the first-class gentlemen, and did not forget the carpet bag, which of course excited no suspicion, as we may be sure no porter was asked to carry the heavy load. The guard was unsuspected, or nothing could be proved against him, and people marvelled in helpless wonder. Now for the old moral of thieves falling out among themselves. One of the parties for some other offence, was imprisoned, but still kept the secret. Another went to Australia; and left with the third a large sum of money for the support of a female with whom he had cohabited, but left behind. This person, in living with her paramour, gained some idea of the secret of his wealth. After he had gone, however, the one left refused to pay the young woman her money, doubtless being ignorant of her knowledge of the affair. In revenge she went to the Directors of the Company and told all she knew. They went to the prison; the thief being made aware of his companion's course, and probably incited by the hope of advantage to himself, turned Queen's evidence, and exposed the whole affair. The young woman also appeared to give evidence, which in spite of her character, could not be shaken. Most of the money, however, was gone; they had melted it down, in the kitchen of the house where they lived; the secrecy maintained served to excite curiosity in the young woman's mind, and she managed secretly to worm out the hidden transaction. In our school-boy days we were taught that "honesty is the best policy;" and it is rare that any infraction of morality, though long escaping detection, does not curse its possessor even while undiscovered, and recoils on his own head in this world before the judgment of the next sets its seal to the unity of God's harmonious laws.

YOUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

For the Christian Messenger.

Missionary Journey in P. E. Island.

DEAR BROTHER,

On the 5th Nov. I left home in company with bro. John McDonald, of Pinette, and after a fatiguing journey of 25 miles, (the roads being in some places almost impassable), we reached his father's house by 7 p. m., where I met with a most cordial reception.

The day following deacon McDonald took me in his carriage to his son's at Belfast; and in the evening I preached to an attentive congregation at Portage School-house—the reason of occupying the school-house, was, the chapel was not fixed for winter. Notice had been given that I would preach the following evening at Point Prim School-house; after notice was given the Trustees called a meeting of the proprietors, and the majority being members of the Rev. Donald McDonald's church, they came to the conclusion not to admit a Baptist in the School-room. I believe the disappointment was overruled for good. Our esteemed friend and brother Mr. McRae, opened his house, we had a large gathering, both rooms were full, and every attention was paid to the services of the evening. The next day brother McDonald's son drove me to the Uigg settlement. Notice having been given for me to preach in the evening. By one o'clock we reached the dwelling of our excellent Bro. Elder Samuel McLeod. I can assure you we met with a hearty reception, both from him, his wife and family. These recollections of the past frequently inspire fresh hope in the prosecution of the future. In the evening I preached in their neat Meeting-house, and taking into consideration the state of the roads and the distance many came, and on foot, I could not but help drawing a contrast as it regards our town congregations; if a cloud appears it is sufficient for some to absent themselves, and a dark evening is a guarantee against a week-day service, this is too generally the case. I felt sorry I had not a knowledge of the Gaelic. The elderly portion of my congregation could understand but imperfectly the message to them, the rising generations have a fair knowledge of the English language. Notwithstanding this barrier, our meetings were attended with deep solemnity of spirit. Brother McLeod concluded in their native tongue, and it was then I witnessed the deep feeling on the minds of some, although his language was equally strange to myself. On the Saturday morning, I parted from these kind and affectionate people who did not forget that the missionary could not prosecute his way without means.

They are expecting brother Ross that way this winter. I hope he will be enabled to visit them. Brother Shaw's labor has been attended with good effects; and if his time would allow I have no doubt he would feel himself well repaid for preaching to them "the word of life." You must excuse the length of this epistle, and for trespassing on your patience. I send you the name of a new subscriber for the Christian Messenger.

Believe me, yours truly,

C. I. BURNETT.

Charlottetown, Dec. 3rd, 1856.

Translated for the Christian Messenger.

Niagara Falls.

Though we are frequently favoured with a description of this magnificent scene of nature, the following will well repay our reading, and needs no apology for its presentation. I have often wished, to see some of the rich articles of that ably conducted, anti-papistical, evangelical paper, *Le Semeur Canadien*, enriching the columns of our invaluable Denominational Gazette, the *Christian Messenger*.

If you will accept our aid, and the communications of correspondents of elite be not too abundant, this lacune may be occasionally supplied by

Tusket, Nov. 25, 1856.

VISIT OF M. AMFÈRE TO THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

[From the *Le Semeur Canadien*.]

I arrived very early at Niagara, and immediately proceeded towards the Cataract.

The first effect was sublime; beheld in the pale light of the morning; and through the mist, the river seemed to fall from the clouds. I was in the presence of something extraordinary, miraculous; it was not a spectacle, it was a vision. M. de Chateaubriand has formed the only expression which can describe what I experienced, when he says, "It is a column of water of the flood." After this first commingled and sublime impression, I began to examine in its various aspects, the scene before me. I distinguished the two falls, the one at the bottom of the horse-shoe, pouring forth its sheet of emerald and snow as into a vast quaffing-bowl; the other not so broad falling on both sides of a rock which divides its waters into two rivers; and both with a continued and immense roar, are lost in the gulf below, from whence arises unceasingly, concealing the bottom, a cloud like the white vapor arising from a gigantic boiler. A double rainbow is seen like a fantastic two staged bridge cast above the resounding, foaming gulf. This *bruit*, the greatest the ear of man can hear, is like the rolling of many thunders. A tower has been placed upon the rock between the two falls. From the summit of this tower, which incessantly shakes from the commotion of the ground, the eye at once falls upon the sheet of water which leaps into the void beneath your feet, and upon that which flows a little further on, along the semi-circular wall of rocks, and upon the inverted cone of vapor which arises from the resounding, invisible depth of waters. It is impossible not to be fascinated by this incomparable view. There is at the same time in those masses of falling water, something simple and uniform, which elevates and tranquilizes the soul. Below, it is the regular and majestic movement of a world.

Do you leave this terrible scene to make the circuit of the isle which divides the waters of the Niagara; soon the noise behind you becomes only a heavy rumbling. You walk along beneath beautiful trees on the margin of a rapid current which murmurs through the slightly agitated grass, you then return; you stop at one point of view, then at another; you pass a bridge of planks cast over a small arm of the river, a stream flowing among flowers, and which should you put your feet thereon, would carry you irresistibly away into the abyss. You ascend, you descend, you sit upon a bench, you lean against a tree, and the same picture presents itself to you incessantly in a different light. At the extremity of the isle the rapids are seen to boil. How great the difference between this irregular disorderly boiling and the uniform rolling of the cataract; between the tumult on the surface of the river, and the violent agitation at the bottom of the gulf. The one is a superficial perturbation, the other a profound passion.

That expression, *hell of waters*, which Byron applied to the cascade of Terni, would better become the cataract of Niagara. The poets see nature through their soul. Petrarch found only smiling pictures in the midst of the rude and gloomy heights which surround the valley of Vaulcuse. Lord Byron saw a hell in the majestic cascade of Terni, which becomes extinct beneath the orange trees.

This evening the moon-light was magnificent