

TRIUMPHANT DEPARTURES.

"Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."—[Stephen.]

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—[Paul.]

"I would rather die for Jesus Christ, than rule to the utmost ends of the earth."—[Ingatius.]

"I bless thee, O Lord, that thou hast thought me worthy to have part in the number of thy martyrs, in the cup of thy Christ. For this, I bless thee, I bless thee, I glorify thee."—[Polycarp.]

"O how I long for that blessed moment, when this poor, unworthy creature, the last and least of all my Master's servants, shall be called to put off this load of sin and corruption, and to mingle with that harmonious host above, doing homage with them in the blessed presence of my glorious Lord."—[Augustine.]

"O my heavenly Father thou hast revealed to me thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ—I have preached him, I have confessed him, I love him, and I worship him, as my dear Saviour and Redeemer. Into thy hands I commit my spirit; God of truth, thou hast redeemed me."—[Luther.]

"Rejoice with me; I am getting to the place of everlasting joy. In a short time I shall be with the Lord Jesus."—[Ecolampadius.]

"I long to be in heaven, praising and glorifying God, with the holy angels. 'Tis sweet to me to think of eternity. I am almost there. I long to be there."—[Brainard.]

"O, what prospects are before me in the blessed world whither I am going. Will you not share my joy, and help me to praise, that soon I shall leave this body of sin and death behind and enter on the perfection of my spiritual nature? Sweet affliction, now it worketh glory, glory."—[Samuel Pierce.]

"I have no more doubt of going to my Saviour than if I were already in his arms, my guilt it all transferred he has cancelled all I owed."—[Isabella Graham.]

"All is well, well forever. I see, wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory. I am cradled in the arms of love and mercy. I long to be at home."—[Lady Huntington.]

"There is nothing at all melancholy in the death of a Christian. I feel very happy in the prospect of death."—[Sarah Lannan Smith.]

"This is heaven begun. I have done with darkness forever. Nothing remains but light and joy forever."—[Thomas Scott.]

"Home, home—I see New Jerusalem—they praise him, they praise him."—[Norman Smith.]

"The celestial city is full in my view. Its glory beams upon me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike my ear, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. A single heart and single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants; I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion."—[Payson.]

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

"I see, indeed, no prospect of recovery; yet my heart rejoiceth in my God and Saviour. Such transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with as no words can express."—[Doddridge.]

"My heart is full, it is brimful; I can hold no more. I now know what that means, 'the peace of God which passes all understanding.' I cannot express what discoveries God hath made to me. How lovely is the sight of a smiling Jesus when one is dying!"—[Janeway.]

"I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul!"—[Topsday.]

"I am ready to die, through the grace of my Lord Jesus, and I look forward to the full enjoyment of holy men and angels, and the full vision of God for evermore."—[Cory.]

"All things are mine. God sustains me through wearisome days and tedious, painful nights. Simple faith in his word keeps my mind in peace, but He generously adds strong consolation. Death has no sting."—[David Abel.]

"If the Lord has no more for me to do I can cheerfully leave the world now. My trust is in the Lord. I have no fear to die, my faith is fixed on Jesus."—[G. S. Comstock.]

TREATMENT OF COLORED PASSENGERS ON BOARD THE CUNARD STEAMERS.—Our readers will remember the case of Mrs. Putnam a lady of color whose treatment on board the Europa Mail packet on her passage to England from America in November 1869, was the subject of correspondence in our columns. A letter, received within the last few days, from Mrs. Putnam, who appeared in our columns, on the return voyage by the Arabia, was admitted to all the rights and privileges of first-class passengers, without opposition on the part of any one, even though shareholders were on board, or any failure in that courteous treatment which was their due. She speaks also of the polite and kind attention of some of her fellow-passengers. It is possible therefore for the directors of the Cunard Company so to instruct the captains of their vessels as to insure to all persons the full enjoyment of their purchased accommodation, while under their care, and to preserve the official flag of her Majesty's mail packets from being dishonored by subservience to the unrighteous prejudices of foreigners.—*Daily News.*

THE CUNARD STEAMERS.—TREATMENT OF COLORED PERSONS.—The publicity which was given to the disgraceful exclusion of some coloured people from the cabins of the Cunard steamers has been the means of correcting the abuse. The party, including Mrs. Putnam and her friends, who were lately treated so scurvily by the Cunard captain on their passage to England, enjoyed their full rights on their voyage to America. It is to be hoped that a charge of this nature will never be made against Englishmen again. Of all American customs, the ineradicable dislike of coloured people is the last one Englishmen should imitate.—[London Freeman.]

THE WELSH AND THE GREAT EASTERN.—On Sunday evening last, when it became known that the ship had arrived at Midford Haven, those of the Midfordians who were at chapel seemed to be struck with a panic; they all rushed forth from the different places of worship, leaving the ministers to preach to empty seats. A very short time after the people had 'bolted' the preachers rose and followed, thus presenting the curious spectacle of the flocks guiding the shepherds in the way they should go.—*Plymouth Journal.*

SAND FOR BEDDING HORSES.—Mr. Small, Dundee, Scotland, a veterinary surgeon of considerable experience, states that sand is not only an excellent substitute for straw for horses' bed-

The Christian Visitor.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER 27, 1860.

THE CONTRAST.

Lately we introduced to the readers of the Visitor, a short article on the subject of *Spiritual Prosperity*. We now propose to consider *Worldly Prosperity* in contrast with *spiritual prosperity*. There is no subject oftener treated of than this in the Scriptures. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth; but lay up treasures in heaven—for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." The love of wealth is a universal propensity; and is common to all classes of men. Professors of religion are in danger of falling into this species of mental depravity; which is an evil which too frequently escapes the censure of the church as well as of the world.

The sacred writers do not so much blame men for the possession of wealth, as for the excessive love of it. Persons may have much of this world and yet not set their hearts upon it. While others who possess only a small portion of worldly goods or, have no property at all, may, nevertheless, make it the chief object of pursuit, and sacrifice every other interest to obtain it.

When God urges us to seek the things which are at God's right hand, rather than those which belong to earth, he has good reason for so doing; and we ought to seriously consider this sacred duty. Worldly prosperity, then, if we obtain it, will be found *unsatisfactory*. There will always be a void which neither honour nor wealth can supply. Haman spoke to his friends "of the glory of his riches, and of all the things wherein the king had promoted him, and how he had advanced him above the princes and servants of the King; yea, and Esther the Queen did let no man come in with the King unto the banquet which she had prepared but myself." But what would all this avail such a man as Haman, while Mordecai the Jew was sitting at the King's gate. Ahab was surrounded with riches, honors, and every luxury earth could afford. But was he satisfied? Was there nothing wanting to make up the sum total of his happiness? Yes; Naboth the Jezreelite, had a vineyard in the vicinity of his palace; and Ahab wanted that for a garden of herbs. And when this could not be had, all his riches and grandeur were nothing. "He came into his house heavy and displeased, and laid himself down upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread." Poor man. Naboth must be murdered, and his vineyard seized to gratify the ambition of a wicked King.

But worldly prosperity is uncertain. If we covet it, and labour night and day to obtain it, it may elude our grasp. "Riches," says Solomon, "take unto themselves wings and fly away towards heaven." And if we are for a while successful, no man is sure of retaining his accumulations. He may, like Job, be stripped of all in a day. With this dreadful uncertainty before our eyes, what folly to give up one's self to covetousness. It is at best, but like grasping a handful of wind. And how grievously the disappointment must be to him who has set his heart on riches, rather than on the living God.

"Were I possessor of the earth, and called the stars mine own, Without thy graces, and thyself, I were a wretch undone." But worldly prosperity is dangerous in its influence. God cautioned Israel that, "when he should bring them to Canaan, and give them great and good cities, and houses full of good things, and vineyards, and olive trees, and they had eaten and were full, to beware lest they should forget the Lord who had brought them out of the land of Egypt, and from the house of bondage." By an undue anxiety for worldly accumulations, thousands are said, by the Apostle, to have "fallen into divers temptations and a snare, which draw men in destruction and perdition." What terrible dangers, then, beset the man whose heart is set on worldly prosperity.

Let the Christian say, then, if soul prosperity is not infinitely preferable to anything this world can give? "Lift thou upon me the light of thy countenance, that shall put gladness into my heart more than when their corn and wine increase."

"One smile, one blessed smile of thine, my dearest Lord, out weighs them all." D. N.

For the Christian Visitor. NORTH LIVERMORE, Maine, Sept 19th, 1860. I learn, for the first time, from the Visitor, that several of our ministering brethren in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, have been called away by death. Brethren Bentley, McLearn, of N. S., I was well acquainted with; and highly esteemed them as faithful and able ministers of Jesus Christ. I well remember the time when our beloved brother McLearn was baptized in Rawdon, N.S., and united with the Baptist Church in that place, which was just organized. Brother McDonald, Brother M. Keith, I have also had some acquaintance with; and believe they have gone to receive that crown of glory which our blessed Saviour has promised to all his faithful followers. But our highly esteemed father Skinner, of Cambridge, N. B., also has been called away to his reward recently. It is over forty years now since I first made the acquaintance of this worthy disciple of Christ. He was then a pilgrim in Zion's ways; and well and long has he held on his course. He has fought a good fight, and finished his course, and kept the faith, and I have no doubt he has heard from the Redeemer's lips. "Well done thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." But what are the thoughts that should exercise our minds in connection with the death of so many of the herds of Christ in your Provinces? To us who are yet permitted to occupy a place on the walls of Zion, these events are a solemn admonition to be faithful in our stewardship as

pastors of your churches, are dead. Whatsoever, therefore, their hands findeth to do, they must do it with their might, for in the grave nothing can be done by them for God or for the world!

But the death of so many ministers of Christ speaks volumes to the churches. First, it asks them how they have received, and how they have used those whom God in his grace and mercy raised up and qualified to feed the flock of God? Did they receive them as the representatives of Christ, whose messengers they were, and have the members of these churches profited by their labours to the full extent of their privileges? Let every professor consider that where much is given much will be required; and, in the day of judgment, these departed ministers will meet the flocks they once tended, and be witnesses against the unfaithful members of our churches. "Who soever receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward."

But as hundreds will read these lines in the Visitor, members of christian families, who have attended the preaching of these departed servants of God, but, who are yet lovers of the world more than lovers of God; I would beseech such to consider the important relation in which they stand to these servants of the living God, who have proclaimed to them the way of salvation. I would say to such, "Remember, God sent these men to you in particular! Many a time have they said to you, 'Now then we are ambassadors for God; as though he did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled unto God.' Notice, my beloved young friends, that when some great king calls his ambassador from a foreign country, to which he has been sent, it indicates no good. It intimates that something is amiss. There is fearful foreboding that war will soon be proclaimed; and those who have slighted the ambassador and his mission are to be punished. So in your case. That man of God who came to you with words of grace and love from Jehovah, the Judge of all, will stand as a witness to testify against you, when you shall meet him whose salvation you have despised and spurned. Recall then those messages of grace, those tender invitations, those solemn warnings these men have uttered, and let them sink deep into your consciences, until you are brought to say, 'Lord save or I perish.'"

In privileges of religion, and in respect to preachers of the gospel, it is my solemn belief that no people on earth have been more highly favoured than the people of the British Provinces. "If the mighty works which have been done in your land had been in Sodom, it would have remained until this day." Nowhere on earth have I met with a more able, diligent, affectionate, and faithful ministry, than that with which God has blessed the people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Every yours, D. NUTTER.

(For the Christian Visitor.) MESSRS. EDITORS,

The business of the Association being over, and having performed some extra services, at the request of the good brethren in your noble city, we left on Friday the 21st inst. for home. Arriving at Indian Town precisely at 9 o'clock, A. M., we found ourselves comfortably seated in the neat cabin of the Steamer "St. John" in the midst of a goodly number of real friends of the "social order," whose cheerful, happy countenances indicated, not only the entire satisfaction which they had enjoyed during the meetings of the Association, but that they were disposed to make the best of a trip which, otherwise would have been rendered exceedingly unpleasant, owing to the heavy rain which fell during the greater part of the day.

The importance of agreeable travelling companions, whether in Steamboats or Rail cars, is best known to travellers themselves; and the painful inconvenience so often experienced on such occasions, owing to the formal stiffness, or rigid austerity of fellow-passengers, has called forth many a bitter remark in newspaper articles. As for ourselves, however, we have but little to say on the subject, more than to express our decided opinion, that individuals, as a general thing, have it in their power to make a trip or a voyage pleasant or otherwise, just as they are disposed, and that the stiffness so often attributed to others, exists in a great measure in themselves. Exceptions to this rule, may and doubtless do often occur, and persons, however well disposed, may occasionally be subjected to grievous annoyance from the intrusiveness or absolute impudence of certain ill-bred mortals, whose only ambition seems to be to infringe upon the rights, or mar the happiness of others.

An amusing incident of this kind occurred during our trip up the river on Friday last. Colonel H—, a gentleman of rank, occupying a very prominent position in our little metropolitan city, quietly seated himself on one of the sofas in the cabin to while away the tedium of the occasion by "devouring" the contents of a late magazine. He had not indulged long in his favourite recreation, when a tall, gruff-looking, and profusely bearded son of the forest swarmed into the cabin, threw off his boots, and stretched himself on the other end of the sofa, hoisting his booted feet into the most provokingly intimate proximity to the Colonel's nose. The nauseous effluvia which arose from these precious appendages of our forest hero, attacked the olfactory of the poor Colonel with such violence as to cause him considerable agitation, if not actual alarm. He is, doubtless, naturally a brave man and not disposed to give up at trifles but being evidently unaccustomed to contend against the peculiar weapons of his antagonist, he determined to save himself by flight. Our hero, taking advantage of this singular triumph, now stretched himself as full length, and unconscious of the indignation which his gross outrage upon all decency had incurred, began to stare out of countenance the columns of a newspaper, an article with which he had evidently held but little intercourse during the former period of his life.

Beyond this, nothing of interest occurred during the trip. We arrived home in due time, found all well, and are now once more engaged

tend the Soiree at Upper Kingsclear, an account of which, with other matters of interest will probably be furnished for your columns in due time. Meanwhile we remain

Very truly Yours,
PRO BONO PUBLICO.
REDERICTON, Sep. 24th, 1860.

News of the Week.

THE PRINCE IN CANADA.

[From the Toronto Globe.]

London, C. W., Sept. 12. The Prince left Toronto this morning at about 11 o'clock, starting from the same Amphitheatre where he arrived in the city, in which on this occasion likewise a large crowd had gathered together, who cheered and waved their hats as the train moved away. Groups of people had assembled for some distance along the track, anxious to have another look at His Royal Highness. The Royal Canadian Rifles, too, were drawn up in line in front of their barracks. Soon, however, the cars, running rapidly along the smooth track, passed the city limits and whirled their Royal freight into the open country, where well tilled fields and noble forests again diversified the scenery. At each station—almost in fact at every crossing—there were numbers of farmers and their wives determined to see the Prince's carriage, if they could not see the Prince; but it being too long to mention the names of all those places, those only where some remarkable display occurred can be recorded here.

At Brampton, the first noteworthy turnout was made. A Company of Militia were drawn up in line, and a thousand people were assembled. At the non bridge over the Credit, near Georgetown, the train stopped, and the Royal party went down the steep slope to have a good look at the beautiful structure, which is 945 feet long, and is supported by seven stone piers, at a height of 126 feet above the river below. The scenery in the neighborhood is also very picturesque.

At Georgetown a large number of people, with bands and flags, were gathered together. At Guelph there was a delightful scene. A long carpeted platform, on each side of which lines of Militia were posted, thus ensuring perfect order, led from the cars to a pretty pavilion nearly in front of the handsome new Town Hall. Around this pavilion was an Amphitheatre of seats, occupied by about 6,000 people, while 4,000 or 5,000 more were closely packed together all around on the Market Square, and on the house roofs even.

A Royal Salute was fired by the local battery of Artillery as the train drew up and as it moved away again. As the Prince walked to the centre of this assembly the people cheered enthusiastically, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs.

A thousand school children sang the national Anthem in capital style, and the Prince and the people seemed alike delighted. Several of the Royal party thought the reception the prettiest they had seen at any town.

At Berlin, where the train stopped for wood and water, there were about 1,000 people assembled.

At Petersburg, a German settlement, an address in German was handed in, and His Royal Highness having no written reply, answered it verbally in the German language, telling them he thanked them—was delighted to hear of their prosperity, and hoped it would continue.

At Stratford the Prince went to the front of the railway station and received and replied to an address presented by the Mayor, John McCulloch, Esq. Here there were at least 1,000 spectators and a company of rifles. In default of artillery the people had bored holes in logs and stumps and fired them with powder, and were shooting in every direction.

At St. Mary's there was a somewhat similar demonstration.

Near London, Mr. Christie, the Superintendent of the Western District of the Grand Trunk, was presented to the Prince by the Earl St. Germain. The road was certainly in such fine order as to render the compliment deserved.

The royal train arrived at London at 4 o'clock. In spite of the biting cold wind, some 10,000 people had congregated around the platform on the common, to which, as it was a hundred yards or more from the train, the Prince was driven in a carriage, escorted, as also subsequently, by Captain Rivers' fine troop of cavalry. At the platform he stood under the pavilion, while J. Moffat, Esq., the Mayor, and the Warden of the County presented their respective addresses. The ceremony was pushed through as much as possible, owing to the cold, and a procession was formed, which accompanied the Prince through the principal streets of the city to the Tecumseh Hotel, where he is stopping.

Dundas street is almost roofed in with bands of colored calico stretched across it, and being ornamented with several arches, looks very well indeed. Some of the other streets are also prettily decorated, especially Richmond street, where the Freemasons have erected a rather striking arch. In all, there are at least a dozen arches in various parts of the city.

The procession was the most orderly there has been in any place, and in some respects the best. The first feature in it was the procession of freemen. There were five companies from Port Huron, Sarnia, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, St. Mary's, and Stratford, and numbering, in addition to the London companies, at least one thousand men, uniformed chiefly in scarlet, some, however, in pink, some in blue, and some in invisible green. There was also a fine array of Indians, be-feathered and be-painted; some of them being magnificent specimens of their race, though the greater part of the weak constitution and woe-begone look of the semi-Christianized red men.

SARNIA, Sept. 12. The Prince left London at nine o'clock this morning for Sarnia. The train stopped nowhere on the route, and as it thus almost entirely 'threw' the woods, he saw no crowds of people from the time he left London until he reached his destination. The day was charming, and the fine forest was seen to great advantage. Arrived at Sarnia, the Prince left the cars, and walking along the scarlet cloth which covered the platform for a hundred yards or so, he reached one of the prettiest pavilions he has yet seen. Around it, on the slopes of the railway cutting, and in the station grounds, some 5,000 people were seated; and the strangest sight of all, some 200 Indians from the Manitoulin Islands, sat on long straight benches in front. Behind, was the beautiful green St. Clair River, the white houses of Port Huron on the other side, glittering in the sun; several steamers, crowded with people, lying at the wharf. The first part of the ceremonial was the least interesting, consisting, as it did, of the presentation of addresses in the routine manner. The Mayor, Thomas W. Johnson, Esq., presented his, and then the Councilors, standing in a semi-circle around the Prince, were severally introduced. The Warden of Lambton next came forward with the County Council's address, and the Councilors were then presented as their brethren from the town had been. A third address was then delivered by the St. Andrew's Society, and the President and Officers—beholders also had the honor of an introduction. Now commenced one of the most interesting proceedings which has yet taken place.

as to their heads; with silver spoons in their noses, moccasins on their feet, and many of them ignorant of English, came forward, and one of them, a magnificent man named Kungwahshi, or the great Bear of the North, advancing to the front, stretching out his right hand, yelled out an Indian address to the Prince, which was translated to him by the Indian interpreter, who, as the red man finished each phrase and folded his arms, gave the meaning of what was said. The whole harangue was as follows:—

"BROTHER—GREAT BROTHER.—The sky is beautiful. It was the wish of the Great Spirit that we should meet in this place. My heart is glad that the Queen has sent her eldest son to see her Indian subjects. I am happy to see you here this day. I hope the sky will continue to look fine, to give happiness both to the whites and the Indians."

"Great Brother.—When you were a little child your parents told you that there were such people as Indians in Canada, and now since you have come to Canada yourself, you see them. I am one of the 'Jibbeway' Chiefs, and represent the tribe here assembled to welcome their great Brother."

"Great Brother.—You see the Indians who are around: they have heard that at some future day you will put on the British Crown and sit on the British throne. It is their earnest desire that you will always remember them."

The Prince replied verbally that he was grateful for the address—that he hoped the sky would always be beautiful, and that he should never forget his red brethren. As each phrase was interpreted to the Indians, they yelled their approbation—the sound they uttered seeming like 'nee mugh.' Then the name of each was called out by the interpreter, and each one advanced in turn. Some had buffalo horns upon their heads; some had snake-skins tied around their waists; most of them were feathered on their legs like many bantam cocks. Almost all had bands around their waists, embroidered with colored grass or porcupine quills. The Chiefs shook hands with the Prince and the Governor—the others bowed, and to each his Royal Highness gave a medal, with the likeness of her Majesty on one side—the Royal arms on the other. The Chiefs' medals were as large as the palm of your hand; the other Indians received smaller ones, the size perhaps of half-crowns. Then the red men brought forward a box and gave it to the Prince. It contained a tomahawk, bows and arrows, wampums, pipes of peace, and other Indian curiosities. His Royal Highness graciously received the present.

This interesting ceremony over the Prince went through the town of Sarnia, passing under three very fine arches, and was drawn in a carriage by four bay horses, attended by a cavalcade of gentlemen and ladies on horseback to Point Edward, where the Grand Trunk Railroad station and elevators are. Here a splendid lunch was prepared, and the Royal party partook of it. After the three usual toasts which were given with great enthusiasm, the Prince proposed—"Prosperity to the Grand Trunk Railroad," which was enthusiastically toasted. Then the Prince went to the balcony of the depot, whence a fine view of the St. Clair was obtained, and, barking on the Grand Trunk steamer Michigan, ran up the river into Lake Huron, which was studied with sailing craft, and returned at a rapid rate to the Great Western Railway station, where he embarked for London again.

On the arrival of the Prince at London from Sarnia, an immense concourse of people were gathered at the station, completely blocking up the broad street in front of the Tecumseh Hotel. There must have been 80,000 people. Shortly after alighting a path was cleared, and the Prince having put on his uniform, went to the City Hall to hold a levee. It was very numerously attended.

Addresses were presented from the national societies, and, among them, from the Welchen of the city and neighborhood. A rifle manufactured by Mr. Philo Soper of this city, was also presented to the Prince by a committee of citizens, as specimen of the perfection which the mechanical arts have attained in so youthful a city. This evening the Prince is attending a ball in the building erected for the purpose in rear of the hotel where he is staying. Everything is passing off very pleasantly. There is also a ball given by the Firemen in the City Hall, which was beautifully decorated for the levee. At the Firemen's Tournament to-day, the Phoenix Company of this place took the prize. The city is partially illuminated again to-night. The Prince will leave to-morrow early for Brantford, Port Erie, and Niagara Falls.

On the 15th the Prince arrived at Niagara Falls, and would remain there until the 18th, when he would leave for Hamilton. The correspondent of the New York Herald says the Prince did not enjoy the performances of Blondin on the rope over the Falls, and is reported to have said at the conclusion—"Thank God, it's all over."

The Prince made the dangerous passage under the Falls on Saturday evening, in spite of the remonstrance of his suit, who afterwards accompanied him. He wrote his name in the traveler's book as Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE "ARABIA" ON THE COAST OF IRELAND.—THRILLING NARRATION.

Dr. Smith of Springfield Mass., furnishes to the Republican of that city, the following graphic account of the narrow escape of the steamship Arabia from sudden and terrible wreck on Fannet Rock, Cape Clear.

Steamship Arabia—11 A. M., Friday, August 3d, 1860.

In the midst of life we are in death. Just half an hour ago, while standing on the bows, the ship running 14 knots an hour under steam and sails in a thick fog, I heard a loud shout "Land ahead!" I turned towards the captain, or rather had my eye on him at that moment. His face could not have expressed more horror if he had seen hell's gates opened. He sprang to the engine bell, at the same time shouting "hard a port your helm." A counter order of "starboard" was given. The Captain started from his footing, shouting, so that his voice was heard above the escaping steam, "hard a port in God's name!" His order was obeyed—Then turning forward among a hubbub of voices shouting "we are lost," "God have mercy on us," &c., &c., I saw the rocks not twenty feet from the ship's bows. On their top was a light-house.

As we swung around, it seemed as if we should every moment feel the shock of striking. The huge swell of the Atlantic was reverberating and the spray flying all around us. The sails stood back, keeling us over so that the deck stood up like the roof of a house. Women were screaming, seamen running to and fro, and above all the captain and lieutenants shouting so as to be heard above the shrill escaping steam, "hard a port, hard, hard!" "Brace around the foreyard!" "Let fly the jalyards and sheets fore and aft!" I stepped about the foremast, to be out of the way of its fall, and waited for the shock. But

"There's a sweet little cherub! wiggle up aloft And look after the life of poor Jack."

We approached, as all agree within ten feet of the rock, and then began to recede. Just realize that there was only ten feet between us and eternity. It is the opinion of seafaring men on board that ship, if she had struck, would have sunk in five minutes, for it is a sharp ledge of rocks, six or seven miles from any shore, and up water all round. The boat

into a raging sea, where, six or seven miles from land, in a dense fog, few of us would have escaped. We should have all perished as miserably as did those in the Hungarian.

Three seconds more would have tolled the death knell of most if not all of us, for we were so enveloped in fog and far from land, and also no boat at the light house, that if we had seized fragments of the wreck, they would have been torn from our grasp by the sea boiling "as in a cauldron over the sunken reefs, hours before our fate could have been known. I knew there was no time to run below for life preservers—which are hung up at each berth—and so contented myself with just straining up my nerves for a buffet with the waves. For three minutes, I can assure you, man showed what he is when expecting the "King of Terrors." Two or three ladies took it heroically and seemed to draw in strength from the scenes around them. It was a terrible moment for the captain—Captain Stans of the Royal Navy—for as we swung around, the sailing taking aback, and heeling us over, everybody expected to hear the grinding crash beneath our feet. I felt for him, for all his great rashness, and gladly say that to his decision in our hour of need we owe our lives. The rock is called Fannet Rock, and upon it is the Cape Clear Light House. A subscription is now being taken up among the passengers for the seaman who first shouted "breakers ahead."

From a recent circular issued by Messrs. Cudlip & Buidler, of this city, we learn that the shipments from the port of St. John, from January 1st to 21st August for 1859 and 1860, which shows a falling off this year, to Liverpool 1469 tons Birch 14,237 tons Pine and 7,721 Standard Deals; and to other ports of 1,732 tons Birch, 12,746 tons Pine, and 19,140 Standard of Deals. It also shows that during this period last year there cleared 320 ships, a tonnage of 309,531, while this year during that period the clearances have been only 191 ships 120,700 tons being a falling off of 129 ships, 88,931 tons.

They estimate the falling off this year in the value of lumber exported as follows: Birch \$4,000, Pine \$225,000, Deals \$52,000, in all \$111,000 Sterling or £138,000 currency.—*N. B.*

FIRES.—We regret to learn that Mr. Robert Townsend's house, situated about 16 miles from this city, on the post road, between here and Hampton Ferry, was totally destroyed by fire on Monday 17th inst. The fire is supposed to have originated from a spark falling among some dry material which is convenient to the cooking stove, which smouldered for some hours before bursting into flames. The family retired at the usual hour on Sunday night, and the first intimation any of them got of the catastrophe was the flame bursting into the room in which Mr. Townsend slept. He immediately alarmed the other inmates, who had barely time to escape with their lives, saving nothing, not even any portion of their wearing apparel. The house was a large and expensive one, well furnished, and will prove a great loss, as there was no insurance on either the building or furniture. Mr. Townsend sent got considerably burned and otherwise injured during his attempts to save his property, but all his efforts were of no avail.—[Globe.]

The Yarmouth fishing vessels are bringing in pretty good fares, both cod and mackerel. Two thousand and sixty-three barrels of mackerel have arrived at Gloucester during the past week, six hundred and forty of which were taken in the bay. Most of the vessels now in the Bay are to remain there, and make one trip.—[News.]

THE BEACON.—Mr. Lane, the keeper of the Beacon, informs us that during the last fortnight he has used Albertine instead of Seal Oil, at the Beacon, and the result is greatly increased brilliancy of light, and a diminution in the quantity of oil consumed. Two quarts and a gill of common oil was the quantity formerly used for lighting; one quart and a gill of Albertine now is quite sufficient.—*News.*

Mr. J. G. Taylor, of London, one of the largest shareholders of the Great Eastern writes to the London "Morning Star" along letter concerning her. Mr. Taylor is in favour of Halifax, as being, as he says, the safest harbour on this continent; and he suggests the running of smaller steamers as feeders for the Great Eastern at Halifax to Boston, Portland, to St. John, N. B., and the St. Lawrence, until the Great Canadian Line of Railway to Halifax is completed. This plan was suggested to us at the time the "Great Eastern" visited our harbour, and an article on the subject appeared in our paper of the 24th of August.—[Halifax Journal.]

THE LAND COMMISSION.—The Commissioners appointed by the Home Government, to investigate the exceedingly knotty land question, commenced their session in town on Wednesday last, at the Colonial Buildings. We are astonished at the apathy shown by all parties interested, in not coming forward and laying everything before the Commission bearing upon the subject. The three gentlemen composing the board, have a wide reputation, as men of intelligence, statesmanship, and integrity; and they have been called by the people of their respective Provinces, to fill the highest offices within their gift, and being selected by the Imperial Government as the best suitable persons to fulfill the arduous duties which now devolve upon them, it cannot be doubted but that a fair, impartial, and just decision will be arrived at; therefore let the inhabitants of P. E. Island come forward at once and give the Commission that help and information necessary to a final adjustment of the question.

It seems that the powers vested in the Commission, is much greater than has been supposed, and has taken by surprise those whom we thought were fully cognizant of all the minutiae connected with this much vexed affair. The Commissioners have the power and will, it appears, go back to the original grants, and have the whole matter thoroughly sifted from that time to the present. That the report of the Board will cause a final settlement of the differences between tenantry and proprietors, is not disputed by persons of intelligence in the community.—*News Weekly*, Sept. 6, 1860.

TO BE COURT-MARTIALED.—Gen. Harney, notoriously the funder of the difficulties at San Juan, between the British and Americans, has reported himself in person to the Secretary of War at Washington. His recall is consequent upon the investigations of Lieut. Gen. Scott, who ascertained that the complications and difficulties were entirely attributable to his turbulent disposition. So much does this seem to have been the case, that his being court-m