The Miners' Journal

POTTSVILLE, PA

Saturday Morning, July 22.

B. BANNAN, Editor and Proprietor.
C. LITTLE, Associate Editor.

WHIG STATE TICKET

FOR GOVERNOR
JAMES POLLOCK, of Northumberland.
FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER
GEORGE DARSIE, of Allegheny.
FOR SUPREME COURT
DANIEL M. SMYSER, of Montgomery.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET

FOR GOVERNOR
WILLIAM BIGLER, of Clearfield County.
FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER
HENRY S. MOTT, of Erie County.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE
JEREMIAH S. BLACK, of Somerset County.

FREE DEMOCRATIC TICKET

FOR GOVERNOR,
DAVID POTTS, of Chester.
CANAL COMMISSIONER
GEORGE R. RIDDLE, of Allegheny.
FOR SUPREME COURT,
WILM. STEPHENSON, of Mercer.

AMERICAN TICKET

FOR GOVERNOR,
BENJ. RUSH BRADFORD, of Beaver County.
CANAL COMMISSIONER,
BLOOMFIELD M. SPICER, of Bucks County.
JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
THOMAS H. BAIRD of Washington County.

THE REGISTER AND CLAN

It seems we have waked up some of the Popish patrons of the *Register* establishment, and last Saturday quite a squad of scribblers bore down upon us, at full tilt. We survive to tell the story!

FIRST LEADS OFF "CIVITIS"—and as that is a Greek compound it is not found in any lexicon of either ancient or modern language, that we have access to, an anxious friend desires us to ask if "Civitis" is any relation of *Deo Volente*.

The writer says—but it is too much to ask us to undertake a recapitulation. Suffice it on our part to assure our readers, that to blackguard the *Miners' Journal*, to denounce the Know Nothings, and to praise the Irish Catholics, and the Romish church in general, he has left very little unsaid.—We cannot afford either the *trouble* or the space to answer him, for the simple reason that there is nothing in him to answer—we have thoroughly scanned the whole *argument* of the subject before; and as to the personal abuse, that may go for what it is worth. Prominent throughout this column of words, the eye at a glance detects such sentences as these,—"scurrilous pages of that vile and filthy sheet;" "cold blooded calumniator who *sets* down;" she (the Romish church) will be beloved and respected when that fanatic and bigoted faction called Know-Nothingism will be buried in oblivion;" "that Cross, which the Know Nothings take delight in pulling down, and with demoniac yells trample under their feet;"—from which the general character of the article and the literary taste of the writer may be gathered. The age of Popery we have never disputed—it is old enough, everybody knows, to be a good deal better. It is an old establishment, very old—and is just now, according to the opinion of the best commentators, about on its last legs.

"Civitis" accuses us of stooping "to the meanness of traducing a society of virtuous and pious ladies who are devoted to acts of charity and benevolence, &c." But "Civitis" is mistaken. We did no such thing—we never dirty our natural gallantry would rebel *instantly*. Oh no, Mr. "Civitis," trust us for that—we will always be among the last to say aught against the ladies. It is true that, *appears* to the subject in hand, we *might* have introduced some of the testimony in the celebrated trial of Dr. Achilli, or quoted from the later publications of Rev. Pierce Conelly, relative to the character of convents and nunneries; but we have so far purposely laid them to one side.

He quarrels savagely with our extracts from Rev. Mr. Dill. We are not surprised at that. Mr. Dillas probed Irish Popery to its very core, and laid its festering corruptions bare to the light of Heaven. No wonder the "faithful" have Mr. Dill and his searching book.

"EX-SUBSCRIBER" AND THE ASSISTANT EDITOR.—Another, on whose corks we have trod, assails us with a rapid twaddle over the signature of "Ex-subscriber of *Miners' Journal*." He tries to palm himself off for the gentleman whose discontinuance of our paper we humorously noticed week before last. But in that he *lies* (that's the plain Saxon for it, and we like to call things by their right names.) *That* person was from Minersville—this writer dates his communication "Pottsville"—and the former will doubtless at any time verify our statement, as the reasons he *personally* assigned us for stopping the *Journal*.—No, this is not *that*—Ex-subscriber, but like the silly ostrich, although he conceals his head in the sand to elude his pursuers, enough of him sticks out in this article to make his identity unmistakable.—We know him. He is one of the few—the very few Roman Catholics we still have on our books. His withdrawal did not at all surprise us—we expected as much; and if the others were to follow suit, it would not surprise us, nor hurt us—*one much*. That is about the kind of argument they mostly employ—it suits the mental capacity of "Ex-subscriber."

The reasons for discontinuing the paper, assayed to be put in the mouth of another, are, therefore, to be understood as his own. One is as follows:

"I have closely observed for a long period, particularly since the dissolution of its present assistant editor, that it was a short distance to downright treason to aid, by a single dollar, a paper that is so disposed to shield under the great republican shield, which is supposed to represent liberty, as a gangrene sneaker, its interests with more coloring of deceptive and tyrannic than there is in the heart of the Pope, the Catholic tyrant that ever belonged to this Country. I say that that sheet is most traitorous to the Constitution, to a man that wants to make the public believe he is a good citizen, and who is continually to apply to, and taking scandal—and doing every thing but what a citizen should do and say—is worse and less worthy the name of citizen than the lowest of those unfortunate people whom he so vented tongue-lashing day after day."

Now, except that the character of this effusion throughout betrays the writer's exceedingly small calibre, we should feel complimented to discover that our labors are appreciated. As it is, we fear ours has been "love's labor lost" upon such a case—"throwing pearls" where the scriptures say they ought not to be.

In a few days, we shall have been associated in the Editorial department of the *Journal* just four years. During that time, it is true, the course of the paper has been of a marked, unmistakable character, though justice to another has always forbidden us claiming more than a secondary part in its management. However, it to advocate Reform, social and political; to oppose the Church-and-State machinations of Popery and to stand by the sacred institutions of our glorious Republic, be "designed to do evil to this place", then we will simply plead guilty. But we have yet to see or hear of the land, where the diffusion of such principles has not brought peace and plenty, and shed a halo of glory around its national character; and until we do, and so long as this good *right hand* can make its mark, we shall be found battling for Truth and the rights of our country—"right or wrong, our country."

His next reason is somewhat richer, but about as senseless. "He thinks "the *Miners' Journal* is a tool of England!" Wonder *who* told him that—his noddle could never have divined such an idea. There is, nevertheless, some shadow of Catholic consistency in the charge. As England is regarded the great bulwark of Protestantism in Europe, and just Saturday quite a squad of scribblers bore down upon us, at full tilt. We survive to tell the story!

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THE PORTER CONTROVERSY.—If "E. W.," Mr. Porter's backer, were worth an answer, we would add a line or two for his especial benefit. But, like poor Dogberry, he has saved us the trouble of writing him a hard name.

QUERY.—The *Register* gives up a large portion of its space to *correspondents*, and extracts from other papers, on the Catholic question, *alias* Know-Nothingism, *alias* Americanism; why doesn't the Editor come out like a man, and tell the public what *he* thinks on that subject? Nobody cares particularly what "Civitis", or "Shuller", or X., Y. or Z., or even Mr. Angele says about it; but there are a great many who want to know where the *Register* stands *officially*. Let us have it—fish, flesh or, fowl"; or at least, good red herring—for, at present, it is about next to neither. When Mr. Angele published his famous Roman Catholic article in the *Register*, the Editor, not knowing exactly how it would take, very astutely begged the public to excuse him from endorsing Mr. A's sentiments, tho' he was willing to print them—but since that he has copied from other papers some of the bitterest denunciations against those who oppose the political wiles of the Romanists. Now, where *does* the *Register* stand?

CONCLUDING INJUNCTION.—Now, gentlemen, step up and help yourselves. Don't quarrel about your respective shares; and when occasion requires, only call, and hoping these few lines may do you good, we shall be happy to serve you again. One word more,—when you appear in print hereafter, don't *hurt* the Know Nothings—don't!

MISSIONS IN IRELAND.

PLANS OF OPERATION AND THE GOOD EFFECTED.

Mr. Angele in one of his articles, incidentally objects to the sending of Protestant Missionaries to Roman Catholics—we cannot just now lay our hand upon the number of the paper in which it occurs. Although extensively applied to this County, where so far as we knew, no Protestant Missionary has ever been sent among the Catholics exclusively, we nevertheless waive that consideration, and meet his objection upon general grounds. One would think that Mr Angele, a Protestant minister, would be among the last to find fault with this plan of converting from error, and ameliorating the condition of, a large body of people, which has been proved so effectual toward that desirable end. We annex from Rev. Mr. Dill again, a lengthy extract showing the plan of the various missionary operations in Ireland, and the happy results:

For the reader's information, we shall notice the principal organizations, 1st, *The Independent Hosts*, composed of the members of the Congregational Union and the Irish Evangelical Society, and consisting of 24 ministers and missionaries, actively employed in various parts of the country. 2d, *Lady Huntingdon's Connection*, employing a number of Scripture readers, under the direction of ministers of various denominations. 3d, *The Ladies' Hibernian Female School Society*, which annually expends about £2000 in the religious and general instruction of female children. 4th, *The Irish Society*, for instructing the native Irish through the medium of their own tongue, established in the year 1826, supported by members of the Church of England, and at present employing 27 readers and 719 teachers. 5th, *The Scripture Reader Society*, established in 1822, and at present employing 81 readers, and expending upwards of £2000 a year. 6th, *The Irish Island Society*, connected with the Established Church, which employs about 25 readers and teachers on the islands and coasts, and has brought the gospel within reach of about 13,000 souls. 7th, *The Sunday School Society for Ireland*, which, since its establishment in 1809, has disseminated 951,432 copies of the scriptures, with 114,288 portions, and 1,400,935 Scripture reading-books, &c. This admirable society numbers at present about 3000 schools and 236,000 scholars. 8th *The Hibernian Bible Society*, which, from its commencement in 1806, has issued 1,913,857 Bibles, Testaments, and portions. 9th, *The Religious Tract Society for Ireland*, which, since 1817, has issued near 10,000 books and tracts, and established 1,162 depositories and reading libraries. 10th, *The Primitive Wesleyan Connection*, which has at present near 50 circuit preachers, and 40 missionary agents in Ireland.—11th, *The Hibernian Tract Society*, containing 158 preachers, 25 missionaries, and 62 schoolmasters. With the labors of both these societies, we are intimately acquainted; and find it impossible to speak of them in terms of sufficient praise.—We have traced them through almost every part of the country, and found them penetrating its wildest regions, and holding up the light of truth in its darkest corners, regardless alike of persecution and opposition. 12th, *The Irish Evangelical Society*, containing at present about 24 ministers and missionaries, who are actively laboring in various parts of the country. 13th, *The Church Education Society for Ireland*, which, in 1834, had 1882 schools, and 108,140 scholars on the roll, with an average attendance of 64,637. 14th, *The Home Mission of the Irish Presbyterian Church*. This church presents a roll of 25 synods, 50 presbyteries, 622 ministers, 483 congregational and mission stations, and about 750,000 souls. Within the last 16 years, it has planted about 160 new churches in destitute localities, established a number of mission stations in the south and west, supplied from 300 to 400 Irish and English missionaries, in which upwards of 20,000 Roman Catholics have been taught to read the Scriptures; and established large numbers of Bibles and tracts in Popish districts. There are, besides, 25 Reformed Presbyterian ministers in Ireland, and 15 or 20 distributed by the same of Seceders.

Of course it is impossible to give full details of the operations of so many societies. We must confine ourselves to those of the two chief Protestant Churches of Ireland, and let these serve as samples of the labors of the remainder. One of the principal agencies of the Established Churches, *the Irish Society*. Before the famine of 1846, there were supposed to be 5,000,000 of Irish-speaking Roman Catholics in the country. And the society addressing itself of their proverbial attachment to their own simple and beautiful language, has extended its operations through many parts of the country, and been blessed with much success. The wonderful power of the Irish tongue on the Irish heart, and hence the influence of this agency, may be judged of by the following anecdote. Some years ago, when one of its most active members was preaching in the court house of Athlone four priests stationed themselves at the door, and commenced raising down the names of those Roman Catholics who entered. The priests then pointed back for a list. But having collected in force, they made a run to the door, and the priests were not only hunted down, but carried before them into the hall. The case was tried, and just dismissed, and one of the priests coolly resumed the task of noting the names of the people. This being observed by one of them, he called out "Mr. Gregg, can you preach in the dark as well as in the light?" "I can," was the reply. In a moment every candle was put out, and the people were enabled, in spite of the priest, to hear the glad tidings of salvation.—We can only now find space for one instance of this society's success. Amongst the leading personages of its teachers at Kingscourt, some years ago, was Mr. Nolan, the young coadjutor of the parish priest. His inflammatory harangues having murdered to the murder of one or two people, he was obliged to remove to a neighboring village; and there he commenced to study the Scriptures, the better to fit himself for the defence of Home. The result was, that instead of the persecutor, he soon found himself one of the errors of Popery, and that furious bigot became one of the most devoted servants of God.

Two of the most interesting colonies in Ireland are *Dawsie*, in county Kerry, and the *island of Achill*, in the county Mayo; both connected with the Established Church. In the year 1831, the Rev. George Gibbins was appointed curate of Dingle. At the time, there was in the district neither churchmen's school house; and this excellent man began in a cabin at low shilling per week; and had stated services in the private dwellings around. In about a year after, the district was visited and heartily ravaged by the cholera. There being no physician to apply to, Mr. Gubbins became physician-general to the poor; and his kindness during a crisis so awful won the people's affections, and prepared the way for the harvest which soon followed. In 1835, the Rev. Charles Gayer arrived in the district; the following year several of the inhabitants, including two English priests, renounced the Romish faith, upwards of 150 families have since followed their example. Some time ago, the colony consisted of 800 converts; and notwithstanding the brutal persecution to which its present excellent missionary, Mr. Lewis, has been subjected, and the extensive emigration of the people of that district, it now consists of 1200. Amongst the many cheering instances of the Divine blessings on the labors of these missionaries, we may mention that at Mr. Moriarty, the present curate of Ventry, who was once a bigoted Romanist, and went on one occasion into a congregation *on purpose to disturb them in their devotions*; and who, while waiting for the moment when he should commence his interruptions, received such impressions from the truth he heard, as ultimately led to his conversion.

Achill is the largest island on the coast of Ireland. It stands on the extreme west of Mayo, is washed by the billows of the Atlantic, and consists of mountain and bog, interspersed with small patches of cultivated land. Being visited with famine in 1831, the Rev. Edward Nangle took charge, and a large of potatoes sent to its relief. Having found the people willing to listen to the truth, he conceived the design of founding amongst them a colony on the Moravian plan; and, with the full countenance of the principal proprietor of the island, and the cordial aid of numerous Christian friends, he soon after founded the Colony of Achill." A wild tract of moor has now been reclaimed, and a number of cottages have been erected upon it for the colonists; a neat church and school-house stand on the interesting little village; several families and individuals have renounced the errors of Popery; the young generation are growing up a different class of beings from what their progenitors were; the sides of the once barren mountain are now adorned with cultivated fields and gardens; most of the island has lately been purchased by the friends of the colony, at a cost of £17,000; and thus the gospel will in future have "free course and be glorified" in a spot which, for ages have slumbered in the midnight of Popery!

The Home Mission of the Irish Presbyterian Church has two departments of operation—the one is entirely devoted to the evangelization of Roman Catholics; while the other aims to supply the spiritual wants of the Protestant population generally, and the Presbyterian especially. The mission to Roman Catholics is again divided into two branches, one to the *English-speaking*, and the other to the *Irish-speaking Romanist*. The *Birmingham* is an example of the former. It was commenced in 1840; and owed its existence to the singular circumstance of a conversion of a Roman Catholic priest, who, after a long and bitter controversy with a Presbyterian minister, sought connection with the Irish Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. Messrs. Crotty, the priests of Birr or Parsonstown, King's County, had long entertained doubts of the soundness of their system, and their final renunciation of it was brought about by the following circumstances:—The "holy oil" with which extreme unction is performed, must always come through the hands of the bishop. But the Messrs. Crotty having had some dispute with their diocesan, in order to avoid the necessity of applying to him for oil, began to study the Scriptures in quest of some other channel through which to obtain it. There they found that *bishop* and *presbyter* were terms to signify the same office. This discovery led them to search the divine volume with redoubled eagerness, and the result may be easily guessed. They soon got rid of "holy oil" altogether—the "holy water" shortly followed—the "candles" by and by disappeared—the confessional came to be closed—and the "mass" itself was finally abolished. Thus did these two cousins grope their way, step by step, out of the delusions of Popery, with the lamp of truth their only guide, until its last enclosure was passed. But being unable to lead their people out of error as fast as they themselves felt bound to travel, every new reform caused a new secession; until, from a large congregation with which they set out from Rome, they could only muster about a hundred followers when they arrived at the end of their toilsome journey! In 1829, William Crotty, with the congregation, joined the Presbyterian Church; and in the following year, Dr. Carlisle of Dublin, undertook the superintendence of the "*Birr Mission*." It now consists of a congregation of converts, with an average Sabbath attendance of about 70 individuals; flourishing Sabbath Schools of about 127 children, with 130 scholars in the daily schools. About 500 Roman Catholic families are visited by the readers, and so promising is this field of labor, that Dr. Wallace, a young Scotch physician, has for some time been laboring as medical missionary in the neighborhood.

The principal agencies of our mission to the Irish-speaking Roman Catholics, are the *Dublin Mission*, the *Irish Scripture reader*, and the *Irish school*. The latter consists, not of children assembled in a school-house during certain fixed hours, but of persons of all ages and both sexes, assembled to learn the Irish Scriptures in each other's houses, generally after the toils of the day.—And you might see *these* little groups of mountain peasants during the long winter nights around their blazing bogwood fires, reading in their own tongue the Wonderful works of God! A better proof of the blessed fruits of these schools it is impossible to furnish, than what is found in the following anecdote. About 14 years ago, there dwelt a young zealous Romanist on the mountains of Tyrone.—Being a youth of talent, he held frequent discussions with the Irish teachers of the district; and that he might be thoroughly furnished for the controversy, he commenced to study the Scriptures. The more he studied, the more he doubted, and such were his mental struggles, that he would spend hours at a time on the solitary mountains lying behind his father's house, in such agony of thought and prayer, that the cold sweat would break on his temples. At length he resolved to go to Stewartstown to hear the Reverend Robert Allen preach. His text on that occasion was, "And the Spirit and the bride say come," &c., and little did he dream the results that were to follow that sermon. He drew the bow at a venture—the Most High directed the arrow—and the young man left the church a Protestant, and we trust a Christian. He was taken up by a few Christian ladies, educated, and at length ordained. And that young peasant is now the Rev. Michael Brannigan, one of the most honored instruments in the great missionary movement at present going on in the province of Ulster—naught, and of which we now proceed to give a brief account.

Until the period of the late famine, our church mission to Irish Romanists was like all its sister institutions, progressing steadily but slowly, and experiencing the peculiar difficulties of this field of labor. But mine that fearful calamity was sweeping thousands to the grave, it only remained the brighter beam to take place in the minds and conduct of many of the people; mainly owing, under God, to the softening influence of affliction on their hearts, and the kindness shown them by Protestants during their trials. Not only were our missionaries admitted to the cabins of those who before would have shut their doors against them, but so anxious for instruction had they apparently become, that wherever a new school or preaching station was opened, it was crowded by young and old. The result has been that, for the last six years, the mission has flourished so wonderfully, that, in the district of Mayo alone, extending over an extent of 50 square miles, many thousands of young and old have been gladly receiving the Word; and by the united testimony of all our missionaries, the glorious work seems to be capable of an almost indefinite extension. While almost all our mission districts have been favored as the scenes of more or less awakening, three have attracted peculiar attention. The first and largest is in Mayo and Sligo, the second in Roscommon, and the third in Kerry, in the province of Munster. And nothing can be more interesting to the friends of Ireland than a brief sketch of the plan of operation adopted in these districts. The old missionary system has proved in Ireland has long been left to be beset with difficulties. It has been found that the minds of the adult population are so strongly ingrained in ignorance and vice, that little can be done to expand or elevate them; that, besides, they are usually so poor as to need relief, and that this often tempts them to hypocrisy, and exposes us to the charge of bribery; that the presence of Bible readers, and agents for getting employment, have often forced them to apostatize or to emigrate, and thus have sometimes scattered to the winds our latest missionary fruits; and, moreover, that the people are usually so degraded as not to see the advantages of a mere literary education, and so bigoted as to be hostile to a Scriptural one. It was therefore conceived that our chief attention should be turned to the young, while yet their minds were soft and plastic, especially *young females*, on whom, as the future mothers of the race, its destinies under God, so much depended; and that by the introduction of Scriptural education, were added such *industrial training* as would enable them to *earn their own bread*, we could multiply our schools to any extent amongst that starving people, and not only defy the persecutions of the priest, but obviate the necessity for gratuitous relief, with all its evil consequences, and finally, that we could thus eradicate the worst habits of the Irish, as *idleness, begging, &c.*, and implant instead the principles of *independence, self-reliance*, and *self-support*.

Accordingly, in the above districts, nearly 100 *Scriptural and industrial schools* have, within the last six years, been established. About one-half of these belong to the "Belfast Ladies' Committee," whose president is Dr. Edgar; and the remainder are supported by congregations and individuals of various denominations throughout the United Kingdom, and superintended by the Rev. Robert Allen, Rev. T. Armstrong, Ballina, Rev. William Chestnut, Tralee, and 12 more missionaries of the Irish Presbyterian Church. They contain about 5,000 scholars in all, some of whom are boys engaged in farming operations, &c., but the great majority are girls, employed in knitting, netting, crochet, sewed muslin, &c.; And it is the unanimous testimony of numerous friends from England and Scotland, who have visited them, that they are *just such an agency* as suits the present condition of the Irish; meeting at once their temporal and spiritual wants, and carrying the advantages of the *educational, industrial and Scriptural* schemes, which we have noticed in a previous chapter. Indeed, the transformation they have already wrought on these creatures is almost incredible; and all that seems necessary to enable them the whole country in 20 years, is to bring its rising generation under their benign influence. Those children who, some time ago, were in rags, with their faces often swollen from hunger, and their entire condition little better than that of savages, are now earning near £5,000 a-year; some of them receive 4s and 5s a-week; many are the sole support of their parents and brothers; and Dr. Edgar's last report of the Belfast Ladies' schools in Connaught, entitled, "Woman's Work and Woman's Worth," abounds with instances of the beneficial results of the system. In one of the Belfast schools, superintended by the author, three little girls are at present earning more than their father and two brothers, though these are in constant employment; and the cleanliness, diligence, and general improvement of the scholars, is the theme of admiring wonder. But if the reader would see the full effects of this *admirable* system, let him pay a visit to Ballinglen, county Mayo, under the able superintendence of Mr. Gibbins, and Mr. Gayer's district. On one side of the romantic glen he will see a large model farm, supported by kind friends in Scotland, on which boys, who were lately running wild through the mountains, are now receiving their Scriptural, literary and agricultural education; on the other side stands a female industrial school, in which girls, who, some time ago, were in a state of wretchedness scarcely conceivable, are practising the most elegant specimens of embroidery, &c.; in the centre stands a neat new church, weekly filled by a congregation, who, six years since, were degraded Papists, and had never seen a Bible; the romantic district which was then a scene of utter misery, has undergone the most marvellous transformation; and we are rejoiced to add, that means are now being taken to purchase the whole glen and found therein an extensive Model Industrial Institute for the province.

☞ PROSECUTION UNDER NEW LIQUOR LAW.—We find the following case reported in the Philadelphia papers:

A man named Rainer, the proprietor of a tavern at the corner of New Market and Coates streets, was before Mayor Conrad on Monday, on the charge of selling liquor to a person of intemperate habits after having been notified by the family of the inebriate to sell him no more liquor. The suit was brought under the act of the Legislature passed at its last session, which authorises the friends of an intemperate person to serve such notice on an innkeeper, and, which inflicts fine and imprisonment on conviction of selling the party liquor after such notice has been given.

Mary Andress, Sophia Andress and Christiana Andress, the wife, mother and daughter of the intemperate person were examined and testified to notice having been given the defendant some three weeks since, and to the fact that Andress had visited the house of Rainer frequently since the notification, and to his having become drunk there on several occasions.

The Mayor declared his intention to carry out the law in all such cases, so far as it lay in his power to do so. The defendant was required to find bail in the sum of $1000 to answer at the Court of Quarter Sessions.

A few prosecutions under this law, in this County, and equal promptness manifested on the part of our public officers, would have a most beneficial effect.

☞ SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.—Monday's New York letter to the Philadelphia *Sun* says:

"The Sunday law was very generally observed yesterday, and of course we had fewer rows and fights than usual. The houses on the "European plan," however, did a *smashing* business. Every toper who could buy a beef steak was looked upon in "accordance with the law" as a boarder, and was therefore privileged to drink as much as he saw proper to pay for."

The evasion, in this instance, goes to prove the propriety and necessity of closing up the *rating* as well as drinking establishments, to complete the intention of the law.

☞ *The* hippopotamus at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, has become so furious, that for its safe keeping, a new building is considered necessary, and will be erected.

Local Affairs.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

[illegible]

SCRAPS OF A SUMMER RAMBLE

FROM OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.

Ogdensburg—River Boats—Dangerous Navigation—Course of Fashion—Prescott—Lake Scott—St. Regis—Lost Daughter of Eve—Romance of a Bell—Lake St. Francis—Beauties of the Lake—The Colors—Scenery Passing—Lake St. Louis—Nature of Islands—Lake Rapids—Cataract—M. Shipley.

SIR, LAWRENCE HALL,
Montreal, June 21, 1854.

DEAR JOURNAL:—We parted last week after having entered Ogdensburg, where we were about to spend the night. At this place we take our leave of the fine steamer that has conducted us thus far, and at early dawn are prepared to spend the day on the steamer, which is to land us in Montreal.

These boats are necessarily small, both on account of the dangerous passages they are forced to make, and especially on account of the locks through which they are obliged to pass in returning up the river. Before these Canals were built there was no steamer navigation upon these waters, the voyage being made in flat boats, called batteaux, which were towed around the rapids by horse power. Whoever first conceived the idea of steaming this river, and especially those who first carried a steamboat down the rapids, must have been men of more than ordinary nerve, and even now it requires some considerable nerve to stand on deck and see a boat traversing such waters, look on, a passive spectator of the exciting scene.

From the town of Ogdensburg to Montreal, we consider decidedly the gem of what is known as the "American Lakes" and especially those who are fond of fashion to make it one of the most fascinating, as it is one of the most beautiful that our country (such as it is in glorious scenery, can afford. This impetus it is fast receiving, and just now there are two well equipped boats, with countless thousands will draw upon the scenes which a few years since were left to rude Indian sport. The steam stillness of the landscape, broken only by the whirs of the steamer—the antiquated villages, some of the oldest on the continent, their foreign air, and the mingled grandeur of the rapids, all conspire to make the trip of the great Northwest to the tourist

After leaving Ogdensburg and stopping at the village of Prescott, immediately opposite, we pass down the river, in full view of several places rendered famous by battles between the Canadian patriots and the English forces, and longer ago by skirmishes between our own troops and those of the mother country.

For thirty miles we steam along through a number of smaller rapids, until we arrive at the "Long Sault." This rapid is nine miles in length, and is divided in the centre by an island. The North Channel is known as "Long Channel," on account of the firm belief of the boatmen that it any vessel is drawn therein, inevitable destruction is the fate. The passage down these rapids is very exciting, as the foot wheels along at the rate of forty miles an hour, through waves of white as snow, and spray dashes high above the upper deck. The present is, in many places, over one hundred feet to the mile, being far greater than the descent in the rapids at Niagara, and they are in fact much more of a looking water to navigate

At the foot of this rapid we cross the boundary line between the States and Canada, and pass the Indian village, St. Regis, noted as being the residence of the missionary, Rev. Eleazer Williams, the lost Dauphin of France, and now to be known. There is a Catholic church in this village, built in the year 1700, whose foot can be distinctly seen from the steamer

There is quite a little romance connected with this village, and as it is quite interesting, we shall have it. When the village was about completed, the priest informed the Indians that a bell was necessary, and ordered them to contribute sufficient to purchase one. The poor Indians, in the simplicity of their hearts, sent to France where a bell was procured and put on board a vessel for the Canadas.—The English and French were then at war, and it so happened that this very vessel was captured by a privateer. The bell was taken and hung in the steeple of the church at Deerfield, a town on the Connecticut river. The priest soon learned the fate of his bell, and shortly after, when passing through Montreal, he seized upon the first vessel he could hire, and made the Indians to get the bell if possible. The town of Deerfield was accordingly attacked at dead of night, forty seven of the inhabitants massacred, and one hundred and twelve carried into captivity. The bell was taken down and borne off to where Burlington now stands, on Lake Champlain, where it was buried until Spring, and then conveyed to St. Regis, where it remained many years, and served as silvery tones as they wave over the waters of the river.

At his point the river widens into an immense lake, extending for forty miles, known as Lake St. Francis, and noted for the beauty of the islands which dot its bosom

At the other extremity of Lake St. Francis, we arrive at the village of Coteau du Lac, and enter upon the Cascade rapids, which are so much like that we have just passed, and after leaving them, pass through those known as the Cedars. It was in those rapids that a detachment of three hundred soldiers, on their way to attack Montreal, were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and many of their dead bodies, floating past the city, first notified the French of the intended attack.

The passage through this set of rapids is probably the most exciting of any on the river. The rapid descent of the steamer can be felt in a peculiar sinking feeling, as she goes down from rock to rock. The extra ordinary transparency of the water causes the rocks to appear much nearer as you rush over them, and you are certain of instant destruction. At one moment the steamer is lying directly upon an enormous rock, when the helmsman put hard down, and she glides by within a few feet, so close to the rock that with a cane you may touch it. One second miscalculated, and she would strike with a power that would send her to pieces.

The boat now again wilens into what is called Lake St. Louis, where the attention of the traveller is sure to be taken by a sharp and distant bend of river at the water. This is the water on the Canada side, which has been so much talked of by the people of the North, and its dark colored water can be easily noticed with the pure St. Lawrence for many miles, presenting a singular appearance

We now pass numerous Islands, belonging to the Indian village of St. Regis, noted as being the residence of Mr. Williams, referred to above. Some of these are cultivated, and contain some of the finest farms on the river. We also pass numerous Islands, belonging to the Indian village, St. Regis, noted as being the residence of the missionary, Rev. Eleazer Williams, the lost Dauphin of France, and now to be known. There is a Catholic church in this village, built in the year 1700, whose foot can be distinctly seen from the steamer

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