THE MISSING STEAMER PACIFIC.

Our belief in the safety of the missing steamship Pacific has become extinct. Two steamers despacthed specially to make search have returned, reporting their errand a fruitless one. Intelligence from the Western Islands has been received, down to the 18th of February, but it makes no mention of the object of our solicitude. With reluctance and pain, we are at last compelled to admit to our mind the conviction that the Pacific is now drifting in the cavernous depths of the ocean, a shattered, shapeless wreck. Four weeks ago we wrote hopefully, giving reasons for the hope that was within us; and we now feel it incumbant to assign the causes which have blanched the ruddy features of Hope into the paleness of Despair.

The winter has been one of extraordinary severity, both on sea and land. Tempests have desolated the ocean in latitudes most frequented by European traders, while the frigidity of the temperature has at the same time impaired the ability of the mariner so to manage his bark as to defy the storm. But winds and waves had before exhausted their power upon the good ship Pacific, and by her panting engines she dashed, scornfully, from her lofty and massive sides the foaming seas. It was not these that she perished. In the month of January a vast portion of the Atlantic ocean, always open to navigation at that season of the year, was taken possession of by an icy continent, with its mountains and plains. We believe that she ran against this icy barrier, in impetuous speed, and that destruction was the result.

We cannot resist the conclusion that the cabin wreck seen on the 7th of February by the steamship Edinburgh, was all that will ever be seen of the missing steamship. The Pacific sailed from Liverpool on the 23d of January, before any ice had been reported, and with the winds that then prevailed she would have reached in due course lat. 47 ° lon. 56 ° on about the 28th of January, and would then most certainly have encountered the ice. The Persia sailed three days after the Pacific, and running probably a degree further south struck the ice on the 31st of January in lat 46 ° longitude 46 °.

That encounter was not without peril. The steamship Edinburgh reported that "on the 7th of Feb., in lat. 46 37, lon. 45 43, at 4 P M., passed two oak doors, the knobs of which appeared to be white; also two windows with Venetian blinds, and a work box; and at the same time saw several pieces of wrecked stuff." Bearing in mind that the Pacific would have steered for a point of latitude and longitude not more than thirty or forty miles distant from the place in which this wreck was seen, and that she probably reached that desired point ten days prior to the 7th of February, that she then certainly and unexpectedly encountered masses of ice, and it leaves scarcely a doubt that the Pacific was lost on or about the 28th of January, between the parallels of 46 and 47 of latitude, and 45 and 46 of longitude. The fate of the ship may not, necessarily, have become the fate of her passengers and crew. We have not the heart to dissipate the hope which still lingers in many a stricken breast. With lifeboats more than sufficient to accommodate every soul on board, there are chances that some, or many, or all, may have been rescued by a passing vessel.

Whether living or dead we cast no word of reproach against Captain Asa Eldridge, the the commander of the Pacific. If, in a spirit of emulation, he exposed his ship and his life to hazard, he only did as they have done who in his profession are everywhere regarded as patterns of prudence and ability. Capt. Judkins of the Persia, escaped narrowly. Captain Lines of the Arago struck heavily on ice. Captain Stone of the Arabia was exposed to imminent peril from contact with ice. While Capt. Comstock of the Baltic, and Capt. West of the Atlantic were in positions which caused them grave apprehensions.

On the 11th of March 1841, the steamship President sailed from New York with thirty passengers, and never was again heard of. In that year ice was several times reported, and the belief is general that she was destroyed by an encounter with ice. On the 19th of March 1854, the steamship City of Glasgow sailed from Liverpool for Philadelphia, with more than four hundred souls on board, and has never been heard of. She too, is believed to have been destroyed by ice, for in that year there were more vessels that report ice, than had ever been known before. Ice is the great enemy which ships propelled by steam have to fear and no form of construction seems to afford security. The President was without compartments, the Pacific was partially provided with bulkheads, while the City Glasgow was perfectly divided by water-tight bulkheads.

The money value of the Pacific and her cargo was about two millions of dollars, and the loss will fall heavily on the underwriters. It would seem to be proper that they should now assume some control over the routes which steamers may take between the months of January and August. The owners of the Pacific have decided to keep their steamers below 42° of latitude until they reach 46° of longitude. The log of the Persia on her last voyage out shows that her commander followed a southern, and consequently safe, route. But it is not unreasonable that the underwriters should establish a rule which none may be at liberty to violate. The time which may be saved by pursuing the northern and hazardous route does not exceed from four to eight hours.—This trifling difference is not only effected at a posisive and tremendous risk of life and property, but in almost every case this winter, steamers taking that route have lost from a day and a half to three days by hindrance from ice—a loss on one voyage for each ship equal to the entire loss of time on her voyage for a year by a more southerly route.—*From the New York Courierand Enquirer, March* 22.

SOCIAL AFFIRS IN TURKEY.

The subjoined extracts of a letter received from a correspondent in Constantinople, by his friend in New Brunswick, will be found very interesting. The letter is dated 2d March:—

"The *on dit* is, the Sultan intends giving a Ball and Concert at Easter, in return for the hospitality shown by the Allies. The affair is to take place at his present residence on the Bosphorus, a most enchanting spot such as you may have read of in the "Arabian Nights." The ladies of the Harem will be present, but out of view of the many longing eyes. In fact, it will be a sight worth coming all the way from New Brunswick to see.

This place (Constantinople) is at present thronged with strangers of all nations—from the Indian Prince to the lowest London Blackleg—one continued scene of gambling, drinking and rioting. Notwithstanding the strong military Police Force both we and the French have murders, and assaults prevail to a great extent. * * * We have an Opera three times a week and a French Vandeville the other four. * * * The truth is, if the War continues, the Country will be quite civilized. As it is, many privileges have lately been granted to the Christian, such as the right of holding property and marrying with Turkish women. * * * Some of the rides about Constantinople are very beautiful.

SINGULAR LIFE RESTORING—A recent and highly respectable English paper relates a circumstance of an extraordinary character, which occured a short time since in one of the flourishing towns of the middle counties. A clergyman died, and his wife and daughters, on the third day after his decease, recollecting that no likeness remained of the once cherished son and brother, it was agreed, ere the grave closed over him, that the body should be unshrouded and a portrait taken. A young lady of some professional celebrity was engaged for the task. She, with the assistance of the attendant took off the shroud, and placed the body in the requisite posture; but other duties requiring the artist's attention, the sketch was deferred till noon. About 12 o'clock at the foot of the bed the lady commenced and went through an hour's work on this image of death.

At this stage of the proceedings, by some unaccountable motion, the head of the deathlike figure fell on one side. Nothing daunted, the artist carefully took hold of the head to replace it, when lo! the eyes opened, and staring her full in the face, the "dead" inquired; "Who are you;" The young "professional," without trepidation, took the bandage from the head and rubbed his neck. He immediately saw the shroud and laughed immoderately. The artist quietly called the family, their joy may be imagined but cannot be described. That evening, he who had lain three days in his shroud, bemoaned by mothers and sisters with agonizing tears, gladdened their hearts by taking his accustomed place at their tea-table, and at this moment is making an excursion in North Wales.

IMPROVEMENT IN GARMENTS. Amasa S. Thompson of Springfield, Pennsylvania, has invented a method of making a seamless sack coat out of a single piece of cloth. By a few changes in the loops and buttons the garment may be converted into a cloak, and then into another formed garment called a talma. These changes are all made with rapidity. One piece of cloth is thus caused to serve several different purposes. The expense is no greater than for a common sack coat.—*Scientific American.*

CURIOUS COMBINATION.—The New York Jews have introduced choral singing into their worship, and among other pieces give part of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," from the oratorio of the Messiah.—*Boston D. Adv.*

SADLY BEAUTIFUL.—There is a young lady so dazzlingly beautiful that her gaurdians do not dare to allow her to go out of the house. She remains shut up at home, and is only visible to female visitors. What a blessing the small pox would be to this imprisoned belle! It should be added that, with the "fatal gift of beauty," the young lady possesses other charms, amounting to about $300,000!—*N. Y. Mirror.*

SUFFRAGE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Massachusetts House of Delegates has adopted the new amendment to the State Constitution, which provides that voters in that commonwealth must be able to read and write. The amendment originated in the Senate.

COST OF WAR.—The Chancellor of the British Exchequer, in a statement made to Parliament, estimates the cost of the two years war with Russia at £43,564,000, or about $200,000,000! Add to this sum equal amounts for France, Russia, and Turkey, and we have a total of $800,000,000! It will take, prehaps, one thousand millions of dollars to pay all the expenses of the war.

CALIFORNIA.—A San Francisco letter in the New York Commercial Advertiser says, that California is now more prosperous than ever. Her agricultural prospects are excellent, and her exports of wheat will this year be very large. Those best qualified to judge, estimate the yield of gold in 1856 at $60,000,000, of which total it is subposed at least $20,000,000 will be retained in the State.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—The joint British, French, and Sardinian Submarine Telegraph Company has completed its arrangements for continuing the line from the coast of Africa by way of Alexandria, Jerusalem, Damascus, &c., to Calcutta, where it must ere long be extended to Melbourne, the British capital of Australia, altogether a distance of 12,500 miles.

THE DISCOVERER OF GUTTA-PERCHA.—The President of the India Board, Mr. Vernon Smith, has placed on his list of military nominations for November next, the son of the discoverer of this inspissated sap of an Indian tree, without the help of which we should not be able, as we now are, to know in five minutes' time what transpires in Crim Tartary, 3000 miles off. The discoverer was Dr. William Montgomerie, of the Indian medical service, and this only in the year 1846, although many of the countries producing the article have been in European occupation for above three hundred years. The mode in which the discovery was made is worth mentioning. Dr. Montgomerie observing certain Malay knife and kris handles, inquired the nature of the material from which they were made, and from the crude native manufacture, inferred at once the extensive uses to which the gutta-percha might be put in the arts of Europe. He purchased a quantity of the raw material, sending, from Singapore, part of it to Bengal and part to Europe, and suggesting some of the uses to which he fancied it might be applied. The quantity sent to England secured to him at once, as the discoverer, the gold medal of the Society of Arts, his sole reward, until the President of the India Board, on no other ground whatsoever than his discovery, liberally bestowed his patronage on his son—*London paper.*

TALK.

(*From the Halifax Acadian Recorder.*)

The late European news has caused no small talk—no. much small talk—among the ladies about town. About that dear little cherub of a "King of Algiers"—*born* a King, only think of that—does it look like its great papa, or is it a beauty like the Empress, i's lovely mamma? Happy the woman who will be "churched" about the same time as that Empress, so she can always say "the King of Algiers is just the same age as our Bill, or Tommy!" Then those darling, dear, cunning, sweet, lovely, little baby clothes—what a privilege so many of the Parisian and English ladies enjoyed of being able to feast their eyes upon the long clothes and short clothes, the pinafores, blankets, and unexpressibles of a sucking Emperor! Will the Emperor that is to be, wear caps? Why don't the horrid newspaper people give us more particulars about these important matters? Why don't somebody have enterprise enough to get hold of one, or two, of the little duds, and bring them out here so we could see them too, and dress our babies just like the little King of What-d' ye-call-it?

Talk among the younger ladies is, so the young Prince of Prussia is coming to England again, in May, *a-sparkin'* the Princess Royal. Wonder if he has written her any love-letters since he was in England, last Autumn, and if he sent her a Valentine, last February? Would like to see it, if he did. Wonder how he will act when he comes to make up to her? Wonder if he will ask her to come and take a walk round the Point—no, not round the Point, but in the garden, or somewhere—just the same way that somebody that I know of does with no-matter-who, and then if he will smile, and sigh, and say ever so many things, and look so handsome, and beat round the bush a long time, and then pop the question, just as—and—and—did to no-matter-who; or if he will throw himself on his knees before her, whenever he sees her, just as the Knights in the old novels do, and offer to conquer all Europe for her, and swear that he will die if she won't have him; or if they will just make a bargain about it, like buying a pony, or a canary bird. And the dear Princess Vickey what *will* she do and what will she say? Will she be frighteued by the *Times*, and will she send Young Prussia off with a flea in his ear? Can't one find out all the particulars some way? Oh, how pleasant it *would* be to know!

MR. MACAULAY'S HISTORY.

The *Edinburgh* Witness has been publishing a series of articles on Mr. Macauley's misrepresentation of Scotland and the Scottish Presbyterian Church. Some striking proofs not only of gross exaggeration, but of dishonourable unfairness, are adduced, and are traced by a very strong induction of evidence to the historian's "antipathy to what may be called the *Evangelical*, in distinction from the *ritual* element in religion, which characterizes alike the non-religious and superstitious portion of our community." The articles to which we allude are obviously the productions of the celebrated Hugh Miller, and he thus sums up:—"Such travesties of his history cannot survive the age in which they are written. No literary excellence, no airs of philosophic impartiality, no sneering pretensions to more than ordinary research and much more than common sagacity, no silver-tongued press or golden-tongued exchequer can long save them from the fate that awaits the ill-omened productions of learning supplying the lack of principle, of eloquence leaning on fables, and of talent in league with error. Say what you will, people will distrust the whole representations of an historian who has been convicted of wilful and studied exaggeration. We have heard, though we cannot vouch for the truth of the story, that Thomas Carlyle, when exhorting a friend to amuse himself, after hard study, with light reading, and being asked what works he would recommend, replied, 'Why, Thackeray's last novel, or Macaulay's last volume, or *any other* of the best works of fiction!'"

EFFECTS OF THE WAR ON THE JEWS IN PALESTINE.

Your readers will rejoice to learn that the war has already given promise of great results in favour of liberty. Nothing, however, is likely to interest them more than the news from the Holy Land, Sir Moses Montefiore, an enlightened and benevolent, though not Christian Jew, is diligently occupied in carrying out measures for establishing his despised race in numbers over the face of their own land. Under the protection of a firman obtained a few months since from the sultan, the Jews are now entitled to settle there as farmers and husbandmen, and already several colonies are planted with good prospects of success. Can this be the first decided movement towards the accomplishment of prophecy relative to the later history of this wondrous people? We will watch its progress with intense interest.

It is said that the widow of Admiral Bruat has been designated for the high position of governess to the infant of France; and that Madame de Brancion, a widow of the Colonel killed before Sebastopol, is to be sub-governess.

All the ladies desire, and yet none dare ask for, a letter, said to be in the Philadelphia Post-office, addressed "To the finest lady in Pennsylvania."

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

A Treasure of a Husband.—Carries the baby.

A Treasure of a Wife.—Never asks for money.

A Treasure of a Son.—Has money in the funds.

A Treasure of a Daughter—Looks the same age as her mother—if anything, a trifle older.

A Treasure of a Servant.—Runs to the post in less than half an hour.

A Treasure of a Cook.—Is not hysterical whenever there is company to dinner.

A Treasure of a Baby.—Doesn't disturb its dear papa in the middle of the night.—*Punch.*

WHEN his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach," Smith asked, "Upon whose?"

A CELEBRATED poet at one time advertised that he would supply "Lines for any occasion." A fisherman sought him shortly after and wanted "a line strong enough to catch a porpoise."

WHY does a man with his sweetheart on a wet day look brighter than on any other occasion?—Because he has all the appearrnce of the rainbow (rain beau).

NEW READING OF AN OLD SIGN.—"I'll take two children, if I can have 'em cheap," said a tall Yankee, on entering a milk-shop the other day. "Two children—what two children? "Why, I ain't got any myself, and your sign reads *Families supplied*, don't it?"

Holloway's Pills the most certain cure for Liver and Stomach Complaints.—Mr. Charles Bingley, of Guysborough, Nova Scotia, was a severe sufferer for upwards of eight years with a diseased liver, the faculty informed him, that one part of it was entirely gone, and it was only by the most abstemious living and retirement, that he could hope to remain long in the land of the living. He went to England for the purpose of consulting the most famous physicians, when he was told the same thing by several of the faculty there. A friend, however, to whom Mr. Bingley mentioned the circumstance in confidence, recommended him to give Holloway's Pills a fair trial, which he did, the result was, that by persevering with them for two months, he was completely cured, and has since resumed his duties enjoying he best of health.