

Haszard's Gazette.

VOL. 21. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1851. NO. 1124.

MAILS.

THE MAILS for the neighbouring Provinces, together with the correspondence for the United States, will be made up at this Office every Tuesday and Friday morning, at 9 o'clock precisely, after the 5th October.

The Mails for Newfoundland will be made up every Friday morning, at 9 o'clock; and the Mails for England, to be forwarded via Halifax, will be made up at 9 o'clock on the mornings of the days following:

Tuesday, October 14.
" " 28.
" November 11.
" " 25.
" December 9.

THOMAS OWEN,
Postmaster General.

General Post Office,
Charlottetown, Sept. 29, 1851.

THE NEW MAP

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,

JUST received and now ready for Sale, a MAP of PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, compiled from the latest Surveys by H. J. CUNDALL.

Dedicated by permission to Sir ALEXANDER BANNERMAN, Lieutenant Governor, shewing all the Harbours, Rivers, Settlements, Churches, School houses, Mills, &c.—Size 3 feet 4 inches—Price 6s. 3d. plain.

* Some copies will be coloured, mounted on Rollers, and made up in books for the pocket as soon as possible.

This MAP has been engraved by W. H. Lizars, Esq., Edinburgh in the first style.

Sold in Charlottetown by GEORGE T. HASZARD & HENRY STAMPER; Edinburgh, by Oliver and Boyd; London, S. Bagster & Son; Liverpool, Wilmer & Smith; Halifax, W. Gossip; New York, C. B. Norton; Boston, Phillips, Samson & Co. Charlottetown, Sept. 30.

NOTICE.

OWNERS of Farmsteadings or Proprietors of Land for Sale, and to Let or Lease, in Prince Edward Island, are solicited to communicate with the Subscriber, as to terms and particulars of same, for the information of intending settlers of small capital, and of the Scotch Agricultural class. An early notice, per Post (prepaid), will meet attention.

WILLIAM LA'MONT,
General Com. Agent.

2 Howard Street, Glasgow,
5th September, 1851.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE,

ON Halifax, at Sight, or at 30, 60 or 90 days, can be had of the Subscriber; who will purchase Bills of Exchange on any part of the world.

CHARLES YOUNG.

Charlottetown, September 30, 1851.

(R. Gaz. 4w.)

J. S. DEALBY,

Commission Merchant & Ship Broker,

BEGS to solicit the patronage of his friends and the public in the Island, and particularly calls their attention to the Sale of Produce of every kind, having made himself well acquainted with that market during his residence in New York.

National Loan Fund Life and Equitable Fire Insurance Companies of London.

Incorporated by Acts of Parliament.

BOARD of DIRECTORS of Fire Insurance for P. E. Island.

Hon. E. J. Jarvis, T. H. Haviland, Esq.,
Daniel Hodgson, Esq., F. Longworth, Esq.,
Robert Hutchinson, Esq.,

Forms of Application, and all other information, may be obtained from the Subscriber, at his Office, Charlottetown.

L. W. GALL, Agent.



Encourage the above Home Association.
Keep your Property Insured.
Keep your Money on the Island.

THE COMPANY has more than doubled its Capital in CASH within the last year. Each person insuring has a share in the Capital.

Policy holders will please take Notice, that all Policies expire on the 31st December, 1850.

DANIEL BRENNAN, President.

HENRY PALMER, Sec'y. & Treasurer.

Secretary's Office, Kent St. December 11, 1850.

Daguerrian Miniatures.

GEORGE P. TANTON,

BEGS to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Charlottetown and the Island in general, that he has commenced business as DAGUERRIAN ARTIST, at his dwelling in Great George-street, where no expense has been spared in fitting up his rooms with superior North and Sky Lights. Having every facility, he pledges himself to furnish his customers with the very best Daguerrian Likenesses that can be produced by the Art. No person is desired to purchase a likeness which is not satisfactory, and if returned, another will be given in its stead.

His prices will be low, therefore all will have an opportunity of procuring a perfect likeness, at the same price that an inferior one would cost.

Perfect likenesses of Children (over 6 months of age) warranted. Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine specimens.

Rooms open from 7 a. m., to 4 p. m.
Sept. 1. tf.

CERTIFICATE.

I do hereby certify that Mr. GEORGE P. TANTON has received instructions from me in the Daguerrotype art, and that I have kept nothing back from him; and do recommend him as a competent person to excel in the profession; and I have given him full authority to use my name as a reference in any way he may deem proper.

JOHN NELSON.

Charlottetown, July 22, 1851.

ROOM PAPER.

Ex Boston Packet, CAROLINE.

700 PIECES ROOM PAPER, in 32 different Patterns, just received at GEO. T. HASZARD'S, Book Store, and for Sale at various prices, from 9d upwards. Queen Square, July 1, 1851.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

(For the "Gazette.")

NEW YORK, 28th Aug. 1851.

J. D. HASZARD, Esq.,

DEAR SIR;

The current of men's lives very often runs more exclusively in mere business channels, than what, perhaps, is for their highest good. It is no more wise than agreeable, to be always bowed down with labour and care. Hours of recreation, tend to banish sorrows and disappointments, and inspire us with courage and perseverance to meet the difficulties which surround us amid the journey of life. Indeed, these occasional seasons of change from the plodding of every day pursuits, not only help to render more bearable the pathway of our existence, but they are absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of a healthy state of our physical organization.

Being allowed a short relaxation from the pursuit of my daily avocation, I joyfully began to prepare myself to prosecute a journey for a visit to the falls of Niagara. I have, for a long time, cherished a curiosity to see them. Accordingly I started in company with three gentlemen from New York, who were going there, on the 12th instant, at 6 o'clock, a.m. Crossing the Ferry to Jersey city, we arrived there, just as the Iron Horse was moving out of his stable screaming and panting to start on his journey. In a few minutes he was off, dragging the ponderous train with its hundreds of passengers, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, with perfect ease. This is the steam engine in its perfect state—it is a near approach to the spiritual and physical combination. How mighty is its power, of "fire and water born."

"Let the engineer put the steam on,
And he shakes the hill like a very demon."

We rapidly passed through some pretty villages in the State of New Jersey. Those most worthy of notice, however, are Patterson, an extensive manufacturing village situated in a beautiful valley, seventeen miles from New York; Goshen, a shire town of Orange County, which is similarly situated, seventy miles from New York. It is celebrated for the large quantities of milk and butter with which it furnishes the New York markets; and Middleton, a large and handsomely built village, containing five churches, an Academy, &c.

Nothing could exceed the combination of beauty and grandeur which the lofty mountains in the vicinity of the desolate Delaware, and the beautiful Susquehanna Rivers presented to our view, as we swept like lightning speed along their serpentine windings and graceful curves. Throughout our route to Elmira lofty mountains, gently undulating hills, cultivated fields and handsome villages and hamlets, alternately met our eye, bursting upon our sight like the startling scenes of a moving panorama. Among these, however, we have seen some three or four villages whose locations must decidedly be very unpleasant, in low damp swamps (for they could not be called valleys) where the inhabitants breathe miasma, as amid the gloomy regions where it is

"Tangled juniper, beds of weeds
With many a fen where the serpent feeds
And man ne'er trod before."

Arriving at Elmira at 5 o'clock, p.m., we exchanged cars for those of Chemung Railroad, which diverges here from the New York and Erie on which we had travelled thus far. Elmira is situated at the confluence of the Newton and Chemung Rivers. It has a favourable position for trade. By the Chemung and Susquehanna Rivers, it connects with the interior of Pennsylvania. Elmira is indeed a most beautiful town, and most beautifully situated; its streets are numerous and wide, shaded with young trees, and running regularly at right angles to each other. It counts about 6,000 inhabitants, and six very neat churches.

We soon arrived at Jefferson, a large village situated on the southern extremity of Lake Seneca, whence we took the Steamboat "Ben Loder," to Geneva, near the northern extremity of the Lake. Lake Geneva is about 40 miles long, and about two in average breadth. The sun sank behind a gorgeous cloud, as we commenced gliding down on its unrippled bosom. The sky was tinted with mingled rose colour and purple, fading to a pale blue; and then the moon rose in her "unclouded majesty," throwing her silvery light on this chaste body of water, "calm as a sleeping child," revealing to our sight on either side, gently sloping hills, on whose sides and summits we could trace the habitations of men in the midst of tall trees. The scenery was indeed, enchantingly lovely. We arrived at Geneva at 8 o'clock, where we remained for the night, with hearts full of the calm and holy feelings with which the contemplation of Nature's varied beauties inspired us. Geneva is quite a flourishing town, has a Bank of \$100,000 capital, and College of high standing. From Geneva to Buffalo the distance is 127 miles, for which we started at 4 o'clock, a.m., and although rather tedious, it is nevertheless a beautiful ride. Rochester, famous for "spirit rappings," seventy-six miles from Buffalo encloses a large space of ground. Its houses are tall and numerous.

Arriving at Buffalo at 9 a.m., we hastened on board the steamer "Emerald," which runs between that city and Chippewa near to the Niagara Falls. We had a very pleasant trip on the lake. I liked the appearance of the American much better than that of the Canada side of it. The former is studded all along with handsome farms and farm-houses and pretty villages, while the latter is comparatively thinly inhabited, and its villages of less pleasing appearance; yet still it may boast of some very fine looking places. The land on this side is more level and apparently of better quality.

The first indication of our proximity to the falls, as we neared to Chippewa, on the Canada side, was a hoarse rumbling, which was scarcely audible at the distance of four or five miles, but which opened on the ear as we advanced, with increasing roar, until at the distance of two miles, it became loud as "the voice of many waters." But the column of mist that now ascended, as smoke from a pit, marked more definitely than sound could do, the exact position of this scene of wonders.

With respect to the impression made on me by the first view of the Falls on our way to the Clifton House, I must say, that I was somewhat disappointed, not taking into consideration that I had been viewing them from a giddy height, but my anticipation of their magnificence, was more than fully realized, on viewing them at a point close to where

"Leaps the torrent in its wild career,
While shake its barriers as in fear."

One may read tones of books descriptive of the falls, and yet have no adequate idea of the emotions of terror, wonder and delight with which they fill the mind of the beholder.

From Table Rock we had one broad and imposing view of the entire Falls. Near it, there is an establishment at which dresses are provided, and guides furnished to conduct travellers under the rock, and thence under the sheet of water. Wishing to see all that was to be seen, I arrayed myself with a canvass jacket and a tarpaulin slouched cap, &c., and descended the winding stairs to the rocky path. In front was the sheet of water below at the left is the river, white with foam; and on the shore large bodies of rocks that have tumbled from the arch under which the travellers are wending their way.

"And now we behold
The glittering stream with rainbow bound,
The dizzy height, the roar, the gulf profound."

I must confess, that I was somewhat frightened, looking above my head and beholding the mighty mass divided into thousands of fissures, and rocks hanging equivoqually ready to crush the traveller through this dangerous pass. I vainly would have retraced my steps when about half way under the sheet, but the stout sinewy arm of the guide held me fast, and my only consolation was the old proverb, "What has been done." I therefore followed the guide to the extremity of the path, and then returned as hastily as possible. I cannot but look upon this passing under the sheet of water, as a useless exposure of life. A much better view of the Falls may be had from the steamer "Maid of the Mist," running four times a day, and passing along the American and the Great Horse Shoe Falls, so close, that the spray dashes over the boat. The view thus afforded, is in the highest degree sublime, and perfectly safe. A few years since, a young couple with a Parson, took passage in the "Maid of the Mist," and when enveloped in the spray

of the Cataract, were united in wedlock. What an altar before which to make nuptial vows!

We next visited Drummondville, a flourishing place, standing on the ground where was fought the famous battle of Lund's Lane. Near it there is a tower erected, overlooking the battle ground and the surrounding country as far as Queenston heights. An aged soldier is always to be found at the tower who is ready to give visitors a complete history of the battle.

It is said, that after the battle, the American dead were thrown in a heap and burnt; and the Indians carried some of the wounded, who were yet alive, to share the same fate, but were stayed in their inhuman conduct by the exertions of the British soldiers—of one it is related, that seeing an Indian dragging a wounded American to the flames, who was begging for his life, he despatched the Indian, threw his body into the heap and saved the American. This was the greatest battle which took place on the frontier. From the battle ground we visited the Burning Spring, which is half a mile from the Falls, within a short distance of the Rapids in the Niagara River. This Spring, I look upon as one of the greatest curiosities to be seen here. The water which is warm, is surcharged with sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which on introducing a light, immediately takes fire and burns with a clear steady flame.

We next visited the suspension Bridge, which, as you are aware, spans the narrow gorge of the Niagara River, between the Cataract and the Whirlpool, is the most wonderful piece of workmanship in the world. It is 800 feet long, eight wide and 230 above the water. Its cost was \$190,000. It looks from the bank of the river like thread hung high in the heavens.

Leaving the Bridge, we passed through the Cataract Village on the American side, which comprises a fine plot of ground on the height above the Ferry. Crossing the Bridge which connects Bath and Goat Islands with the main land, I stood for some time beholding the mighty rushing waters as they hastened on with tremendous velocity towards the fearful abyss. Wending our way across Goat Island, we crossed the Terrapin Bridge and ascended the tower, from the top of which, we had a splendid view of the Horse Shoe Falls. We next descended the Biddle Staircase, and followed the path leading to the Eolus Cave or Cave of the Winds. The Cave is about 120 feet across, 50 feet wide, and 100 high, and is situated directly behind the centre Fall or Cascade, which at the bottom is more than 100 feet wide. This scene is terrific indeed. Here

"The weeping rocks distil with constant dews,
The gushing waters pensive thoughts infuse."

We next crossed the bridge to Prospect Island. Here we had a fine view of the American Falls. Crossing the ferry about half a mile below the Falls, we repaired to the Clifton House, situated on the first rise of the hill on the Canada side, filled with wonder and delight at our first visit to the great Falls of Niagara. The Clifton House is a beautiful and well-regulated House. Its gentlemanly Proprietor, conducts it entirely on the English system. It had about 400 guests, among whom was Jenny Lind, the celebrated Cantatrice.

But Time's wings which are silvery and noiseless, soon stole away the fleeting hours of day; and the sun was already descending below the hills in the West, as we re-crossed the ferry, to take the Cars for Buffalo. Buffalo, where we remained all night, is situated on the side of Lake Erie, and is 22 miles from the Falls, and three hundred and twenty-eight from Albany, the Capital of the "Empire State." Though Buffalo is but a few years growth, it is already a very important City, and promises to be the finest and largest in this part of the New York State. Its Streets are long, wide and regular and well paved; and many of its houses tall and elegant. It is situated in a favourable position for Trade with the interior of New York by the Erie Canal, and with the Western States by the Lakes, Erie, Huron, and Ontario.

Leaving Buffalo, after a pleasant journey, via Schenectady, we arrived at Saratoga at 7 o'clock p.m. This place may be called the "Jerusalem whether the tribes go up to the feast," appointed by fashion and folly. It is the Lethé, into whose waves must sink all the thousand cares and vexations attendant on city life, the great cauldron of fashion and politics, during the reign of the Dog Star.

Notwithstanding the ridiculous displays of gaudy dress, costly equipages, absurd rivalries, and dissipating amusements which characterize society at Saratoga, it is, nevertheless, a delightful and healthy retreat for one who seeks real comfort and relaxation from active life.

A concourse of people—young and old, male and female—invalids and robust and hearty manhood, may be seen as early as 5 o'clock wending their way towards its many springs to drink of their waters. Their medicinal virtue is allowed by competent judges, to be very great. "Congress Spring," which is the best, is composed of Carbonate of Lime, Sulphate of Soda, Bromide of Potassium, &c. There are any quantities of Hotels; but the best are the United States, Union and Congress Hall.

After a pleasant visit of two days here, we started in the morning express train for the "City of Notions." On this route we passed through the celebrated Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. I shall not attempt to describe the sublime and magnificent scenery of

"Those Peaks of earth o'er gazing mountains."

It is indescribable. Even, Irving in his "Rip Van Winkle," Cooper in his "Pioneers," and other graphic writers, have fallen short of an ample description of it. It is almost enough to stagger human faith to believe, that a Railroad track could ever have been projected on this route, and to see the rocks that have been cleft asunder, the mountains of dirt thrown up—now through caverns, and anon over massive bridges of mason work, and to see the fire horse with long trains of cars, careering through the air, in like lightning speed. The undertaking of which, would be enough to appal any other but an American.

We were struck with the beauty, elegance and neatness of the farm-houses and villages in these sections of the States of New England, through which we travelled on this splendid route to Boston, where we arrived at 7 o'clock in the evening. Having visited the usual places of interest in and around Boston the next day, we found ourselves comfortably seated in one of the many cars attached to the thundering locomotive at the Worcester Depot, snorting and puffing, anxious to start on his Jehu race. Like lightning on its heaven-sent mission, we hurried along, through green fields, and passed beautiful villages with their neat white churches, with sharp spires pointing into the sky, for an hour and a half, when we arrived at Worcester, 44 miles from Boston, and 194 from New York. Worcester is a large and flourishing town, situated in the "heart of the Commonwealth," and is the centre of a great inland trade. In 1849, the population was 16,950, being a gain since 1841 of 9,804. It is the centre of an important Railroad communication, which makes it one of the greatest thoroughfares in the country. The Blackstone Canal extends from Worcester to Providence on both sides of the Blackstone River, 45 miles. The streets are, most of them, regularly laid out, and ornamented with beautiful shade trees. It is abundantly supplied with water, brought through an aqueduct from the neighbouring hills. The American Antiquarian Society at this place, founded by Dr. J. Thomas, is a place of considerable interest, as well as the State Lunatic Asylum established in 1832.

Our next stopping-place was Springfield, the most important of the towns on this route. Lying upon a bank of the Connecticut River, 98 miles from Boston and 142 from New York, it is the centre of a large inland river trade, while its natural as well as its artificial advantages, render it one of the most important commercial depots on the Connecticut River. It has railroads diverging from it on the North to Greenfield, East to Boston, West to Albany, and South to Hartford and New Haven.

We tarried not long here; but hastened on through Hartford, with its excellent edifices and beautiful streets. New Haven—the beautiful "City of Elms," Bridgeport, Fairfield, Norwalk, Stamford, New Rochelle, William's Bridge and Harlem to New York, where we found ourselves at half-past 7 o'clock, p.m.

One writer has truly remarked, that "pleasures, however transporting, unhappily cannot last. No chain—be it of gold or pearls or flowers—can bind the stubborn wings of time, and bid him loiter on his way. He spurns the fetters, and darkly, sternly rushes on, and bright indeed must be the joys, which fade not beneath his step." Thus it is with this pleasant Summer tour of mine, which ended here.

In bringing the above erratic sketches to a close, I take the opportunity to remark, that Brother Jonathan truly possesses a "great

Country." While the prominent features of the Counties, Cities and Villages of the Old World remain unchanged, in his there is a ceaseless and strong tide of progress, which sweeps away old landmarks, and is marked by new monuments. His mind is always in agitation in relation to some new railroad or canal or highway which will bring lands into request or afford the approach to new markets. Besides civil institutions are to be established. Churches, Court-houses, School-houses, spring up as if by magic by his political and social activity.

In his cities, changes are still greater. Buildings and storehouses once thought to be vast, are continually toppled down and removed to give place to vaster and more elegant establishments. Streets are run out for miles into the contiguous country, and a ceaseless rush of population and roar of steamboats and vehicles, are the signs and sounds of his "go-ahead" activity. In short, every man under Brother Jonathan's aggregate address of "We the people" is more or less anxious to better his fortune by every exertion of industry and ingenuity, in shaping the plastic elements by which he is surrounded. None feels that he is necessarily confined to any limited circle. Every tendency is towards expansion.

Perhaps I have extended my letter longer than I should have done, but excuses would only, by lengthening it, add to my offence. Trusting that you will treat the imperfections which may have crept into it leniently,

I remain,
Yours, very truly,
A. M'LEOD.

THE RAILROAD CELEBRATION AT BOSTON.

RECEPTION OF LORD ELGIN.—The Boston Journals of Friday are filled with descriptions of the great Railway jubilee in that City. The *Courier* says, that the expectation of the arrival of Lord Elgin, Governor General of Canada, drew a great concourse of spectators to the Western Railroad depot in the afternoon. The Mayor, attended by several members of the City Government, was also on the spot to receive the distinguished guest. At a quarter past five the train arrived, bearing his Lordship and suite. The multitude welcomed him by a hearty cheering, as he issued from the cars, and stood upon the platform in the wide open air to the south depot. Mayor Bigelow then tendered to him a public welcome, and the hospitality of the city in the following address:—

Your Excellency.—In the name of my fellow-citizens, I welcome you to the metropolis of New England. We recognise you, not only as the ruler of extensive and important provinces, but as the principal representative on this continent, of the venerated land of our ancestors.—It is told of Samoset, the Indian chief, that his first salutation to the pilgrims at Plymouth was "welcome, welcome, Englishmen." Such was the greeting of the old warrior to those who were to invade the hunting-grounds and extinguish the council-fires of his race. With a better augury for the future, it becomes me on this occasion to repeat that salutation, and say "welcome Englishmen and their fellow-subjects" who come to us under circumstances so auspicious for our own and their prosperity.

There is a special interest connected with your Excellency's visit at this time, gracing as it does with your presence the establishment of a social and commercial alliance between this city and the Canadas. Lines of intercommunication have been opened, by which the products of your provinces can find speedy and convenient transit to the sea. The railways, which unite us, are works more truly admirable, than the wondrous avenues which radiated from Imperial Rome,—avenues for facilitating the march of invading armies, or returning chariots laden with the spoil of desolated countries. Our own iron pathways, the results of scientific labor and skill unequalled in ancient times, are devoted to far different objects. They unite in friendly relations the inhabitants of widely separated regions,—minister to their mutual wants—diffuse abroad the means of knowledge—"and scatter plenty through a smiling land."

Our festival may be considered, in some sort, as the celebration of a conjugal union between Canada and the ocean. We can dispense with the golden ring which was used in the espousals of Venice with the waters of the Adriatic; for this Union is effected by bands of iron, which at once attest its perpetuity and strength. My Lord, the Connexion which hereafter is to subsist between the people whom you govern, and the Atlantic states, is perhaps, in no small degree, a pledge and a guarantee of perpetual amity between the British and American nations. The memory of their fratricidal conflicts is fading away, and the history thereof, I trust, is completed for ever. The record of their generous rivalry for pre-eminence in the arts of peace, is now opening, and is destined to exhibit the brightest pages in the annals of their common race. Such, I am confident, are the anticipations and hopes of the people for whom I speak, and they enhance the pleasure with which they salute you as their welcome and honored guest:—

Lord Elgin responded briefly, as follows:—

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—I am quite overcome by this kind and cordial reception; but gentlemen, I have been travelling all day, and my throat is so full of dust, that you will excuse me, if I do not attempt to follow the mayor in his most eloquent address.

But there is one thing he has said, which I cannot allow to pass unnoticed. He has suggested that we should consider this celebration, the "conjugal union of the Canadas with the Ocean." Whatever may be my object in coming to Boston, I assure you, sir, that I do not come to "forbid the ban." (Hear, hear, and cheers.)

I appreciate most highly the sentiments of personal regard which you have so kindly expressed towards me; and still more highly do I appreciate the assurance you have given me of your respect and consideration for my sovereign and my country, and for that great rising Canadian people, upon whose prosperity and welfare my hopes, and my feelings, and my wishes are all centred.

Gentlemen, I come here upon the hospitable invitation of the city of Boston, but prompted also—I must confess it—by the desire to show by this act of mine, rather than by mere words,—because I know that this mode of expression is more emphatic and more intelligible withal,—to show by this act my conviction, that it becomes us, Americans and Britons—I put the Americans first—"Hear, hear!"—Americans and Britons, descended as we are from the same stock, inheritors of the same traditions, and unless I greatly misconceive the signs of the times, with duties and responsibilities, as respects one another, not widely dissimilar, to be ready at all times, and in all places, and more especially at this time, and upon this soil of North America, to cultivate toward each other feelings of brotherly love and mutual friendship. These are my feelings, and I therefore gladly accept your proffered kindness. (Applause.)

The ceremony of opening the Grand Junction Railroad took place between 10 and 12 o'clock on Thursday. The Engines were handsomely decorated, and arches spanned the Railway, also decorated with evergreens and flowers, and presenting suitable inscriptions: One was—"Boston and the Canadas, united by bonds of Iron." And on the reverse—"Union is strength."

An immense concourse of persons assembled to witness the ceremony, which went off in the most satisfactory manner.

Professor Liebig, the celebrated German, known for his great proficiency in chemistry, has written a series of "Chemical Letters," which have been translated and published in England, in which he makes a partial defence of the old Alchemists who spent their lives and fortunes in the vain attempt to discover the "Philosopher's Stone." The Professor thinks that, in this age, men are too much disposed to regard the views of the disciples of the Arabian school of Alchemists on the subject of transmutation of metals, as a mere hallucination of the human mind. But, he says, "many of the fundamental or leading ideas of the present time appear to him who knows not what science has already achieved, as extravagant as the notions of the alchemist. Not indeed, the transmutation of metals, which seemed so probable to the ancients but far stranger things are held by us to be attainable. We have become so accustomed to wonders, that nothing any longer excites our wonder. The Philosopher's stone, for which the ancients sought with a dim and ill-defined impulse, was in its perfection, nothing else than the science of chemistry. Is not that the philosopher's stone which promises to increase the fertility of our fields, and to insure the prosperity of additional millions of mankind? Does not chemistry promise that, instead of seven grains, we shall be enabled to raise eight or more on the same