VOL. 22. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TUESDAY, JULY 27, 1852. NO. 1168.

Agriculture.

No. 2.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY;

The Royal Agricultural Society of Prince Edward Island, is your appointed medium of intercourse with the Legislature on the subject of your interest in agriculture, and, I am greatly afraid, that your Excellency and the Honorable President of that valuable Institution will apply to me what Apelles said to the cobbler; but indeed, Sir, I speak with respect, and, I think, duly esteem the labours of this Society; and most sincerely do I hope, that nothing I have said, or shall say, will be deemed at all disrespectful to its officers, or in disparagement of its important services to the farmer. I feel and mean quite the contrary; but your Excellency, I am sure, will forgive my freedom, when I say, there is a province in agriculture, and there are wants in agriculture to which no provision is made, and these, I believe, are the things *first* required and *most* required, before the purposes of that Society can be generally and beneficially accomplished. I beg here to explain, that my observations apply to field culture, and not to the breeding of stock; and with this limitation, would respectfully submit, that agriculture at present, will be more benefited by the labours of Cincinnatus, than the honors of Cæsar.

A few favoured localities may possibly be prepared to wear the ornaments of royal favour; but collectively speaking, agriculture is too plowish, too accidental, too weak for the flattery of a court; she must live a little longer among her operatives—make friends of the fishermen and the sweeps, and of the best of all helps, the scavengers; you must appoint her suitable preceptors, and complete her education in a practical industrial school; and having attained her majority, and clothed herself in suitable attire, with wealth appropriate to her expected honors, we will present her to the Queen, and probably wear what Her Majesty pleases to bestow—at present we humbly ask the ways and means to advance her improvement.

Soon after my arrival in Prince Edward Island, it was said to me in a very friendly manner, by a very elevated and intelligent tradesman, "Sir, you may depend upon it farming will never do here, it is a poor place, the land brings nothing, and the produce makes nothing." "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*" was never more impressively impressed on my mind than by this negation of nothing; but as two negatives sometimes make a positive, I tried to make the most hopeful construction of it I could; and since then I have seen enough of the farming in some districts of the Island, to convince me of the positive-negative-dictum of my friend. If such proceedings as go under the name of farming in the districts alluded to, are to be continued without better direction and assistance, why certainly 'the beginning of the end' has commenced. With such farming the farmer may scramble through a few years of toilsome *existence*, but *live* he cannot—he is only beating the air with his flail, and cutting off the branch which supports him with his axe, and fall he must,—he is expending his prospective resources; the landlord and the trader have *received* their surplus capital out of his soil, and what they must now receive, if they receive any thing, is that which remains for his future support and existence; and if they take it from him, it is perhaps, at the torturing expense of starving an honest and industrious farmer and his wife and family. This is no mere fancy—the man has parted with all the life-blood he could spare; it is transfused into the stream of commerce; he has only enough left for existence; if you take a drop more, he must die. Under such circumstances, who would covet to be an arrear-landlord, or a long-credit-tradesman, or an expectant-trading-ship-owner? and who answers who?

This country is now, in its agriculture, what England would be in her manufacture, if we were to suppose her foreign supplies of raw material cut off; she would have a most complete machinery abundant operatives, and a superfluity of tradesmen to buy her products, but the labour market is reduced to *half-time* and *half-wages*; the owner suffers the heavy drag of a large dormant capital and *half-produce* and the tradesmen have little to sell; and shipping little to carry; and the banker little to receive; and so the community suffers because this has become a state of misery in the land. The farmers of Prince Edward Island suffer more than *half-time* loss; they cultivate with more labour than for one half, and receive the pitiful pittance of *five-for-one*, when they ought by the same machinery and labour to receive twelve; and this awful loss to the farmer, reaches the tradesman and his wife and family. This is sufficient manure, and the right application of it; the *raw material is wanting*.

The agriculturist, be he who he may, or where he may, can do no good to the country without a plentiful supply of *raw material* to feed his machinery; he may just keep the wheels in motion, but they will only *supply his own back*; he has nothing to sell for his own and the *publick* use; and if the proprietor, or the trader, or both are his creditors, they must take away his future *support*, or give away their *right*.

In all that I have said to your Excellency, I most confidently believe, I am stating truth without hyperbole; and if such be the real state of agriculture, and such be her importance to the well-being of the people of the land, surely it is proper and high time to examine the cause, and see if nothing can be done to effect a better order of things; and I am persuaded if your Excellency will institute enquiry, you will find means to remedy the evils of unproductive agriculture. But as I have commenced myself, perhaps, rather prematurely, to propose means of relief, I will point out what have occurred to my own mind, and at a future opportunity endeavour to prove their practicability and adaptation to the improvement of the agriculture of P. E. Island.

Before I go further, it is proper I should observe that I have lived my whole life among a community of the most successful agricultural improvers, perhaps, in the known world; in districts where the most unpromising beginnings have resulted in the most complete success, and where the triumphs of wisely applied capital and science have been the most unmounted—where the barren desert has become a fruitful field; and from such experience, and the long habit of connecting cause and effect, I am completely confident, that if some such measures as I have the honour to propose to your Excellency, are adopted, the result will succeed. I shall no more doubt of it, than I should of recovering a patient from a dangerous disease for which I knew I had a well-proved specific remedy.

1. The first or principal thing will be to prepare (manufacture if you please), a liberal supply of the most suitable and concentrated portable manure, adapted primarily and specially to the luxurious growth of turnips, and root crops in general—but having regard to the improvement of the staple of the soil permanently—this to be prepared in the best possible manner, and sold at the lowest possible prices, that is, the expense of manufacturing, and to receive marketable grain in payment.

2. To provide for practical scientific instruction, in the use of such kind of manures, attaching minimum model garden farms to each school-house, where the pupils may be taught an hour or two in a day by the master, according to the best known principles of practical scientific agriculture, especially with reference to the system of noeing.

3. To provide public grain and wooldepots at which the farmer may deliver and sell at any convenient time, and ultimately receive the best market price for his produce, attaching thereto a drying kiln to improve the condition of damp grain.

These provisions may appear to be of diverse character, but I assure your Excellency, that in their management and practical operations, they may be worked in complete unity and simplicity,—the dream is one—and in a future communication I will endeavour to explain the manner in which the whole may be worked together, with as little trouble as the ordinary operations of a farm; and I think show where and how the whole material may be plentifully obtained for manufacturing a portable compost manure, superior to Guano or Bones, alone, for the purposes of agriculture in Prince Edward Island.

I remain, most respectfully,
Your Excellency's
Obedient Servant,
H. A. JOHNSTON.

King Square, July 19, 1852.

MANAGEMENT OF SOIL.

A soil would never get exhausted, if managed with skill; but would continue to improve in depth and fertility in proportion to the industry bestowed upon it. The food of plants, it is true, may be withdrawn from the soil by a repetition of cropping with any one family of plants, if we neglect the application of such fertilizers as may have been taken from the soil by that family; but no part of the growing season is required for the soil to rest, or lie fallow, if judiciously managed by a successive varying of the crops, or by supplying to them such food as may be a compensation for what has been taken off by the previous crop. The first object to be attained for securing a certain and profitable return of produce, must be the *rough drainage*; the next object is, *breaking the sub-soil* to the desired depth—not without first considering whether it is proper and profitable to bring a portion of the sub-soil at once to the influence of the atmosphere, or whether it is best to break into it well first, by shifting the surface soil, and allowing the subsoil to remain and receive—first the beneficial influences, and then—at the ploughing, a portion of the subsoil may be stirred up and mixed with the surface soil; this practice continued for every succeeding crop, will establish a healthy fertilizing surface soil to any desired depth.

If repeated stirring of the surface be adopted according to the nature of the soil and weather, every growing crop will continue in healthy luxuriance, without suffering injury from too much moisture, drought or heat. In addition, by constantly scarifying, hoeing and forking the surface soil, not only obnoxious insects and their larvæ are expelled, but would never make their appearance, much less have a chance of committing depredations upon the growth of the soil and crops—no mean consideration, either when we observe the loss of time and produce occurring to such extent in some localities, by allowing weeds to rob and choke the growing crops, and to shed their seeds, productive of a progeny similarly injurious to the crops next in rotation.

The application of manure is most essential, and may be applied most beneficially when the soil is established in a healthy condition, and maintained thus by a constant attention to surface stirring. Yet the application of manure is a secondary consideration; for though it may be very liberally applied, and with considerable expense, without first insuring the healthiness of the soil, much property and labour will be sacrificed.—*Cottage Gardener.*

Miscellaneous.

NIGHT AIR.

It is a prevalent idea that night is not so healthy as the atmosphere when under the influence of light. This opinion must have originated from some cause, or else it must be set down among old wives' fables. No one ever had an opinion, that the composition of air was changed during the night hours; but certainly it is well known, that air and the atmosphere are two different things. The atmosphere may become perfectly corrupt, and in many places it becomes so; but air is a fixed composition; therefore, when it becomes mixed with a superabundance of carbonic acid, or any other gas, it is no longer air. The atmosphere—that air in which we continually breathe, and on which we continually feed, often becomes unfit for respiration by extraneous matter floating in it, under the different names of miasma, infection, &c. It has been said, 'the belief of night air being injurious, is an error, which has hindered the introduction of ventilation more than all others.' This we do not believe; for it is well known, that the effluvia of marshes is the most dangerous during night hours, and those who are exposed to the night air in any country, except upon the ocean, never enjoy earthly health as those who are protected from its influence. The domestic animals such as cows and horses, which are housed every night in summer, 'do better,' the farmer say, than those which are exposed to the free ventilation of chilling dews, and the chilling damps, and the extraneous gases which sluggishly float near the earth's surface at night, owing to the absence of the sun, which, during the day, carries them up like the dew, above the stratum in which we live and walk. No one ever supposed that pure atmosphere had any thing to do with causing the death of persons exposed at night within the tropics; nor does it produce the cough of the consumptive and asthmatic, nor the languor and misery which the sick so frequently experience.

These and other sufferings experienced more particularly at night, are caused by carbonic acid, absence of sun-light, rapid reduction of temperature, the air being saturated with moisture, &c., and not by that air without which we cannot live three minutes. It is absurd to suppose, that fresh air supports our life and destroys our health at night, and that it is the very thing, the very thing cannot describe the utterly incompatible character of good and evil, of supporting life and destroying it. It is all nonsense to talk about pure air being injurious by day and healthy and invigorating by night or day; but while carbonic acid, absence of sun-light, rapid reduction of temperature, the atmosphere saturated with moisture, &c., at night, are the causes of sickness and suffering, it is an error to suppose that the night atmosphere is oftentimes injurious to health. A belief in this need not prevent good ventilation, for if cotton cloth screens are placed in windows during night hours, a free ventilation is obtained, and the air is somewhat rarefied, before it enters the apartment; this meets all the necessary conditions of freedom from exposure, and a plentiful supply of as good air as can be obtained. Those who believe that constant exposure to night air is not injurious, have never had the good fortune of trusting to that notable appendage, placed so prominently on man's front for a detector, viz., a good olfactory explorer.—*Scientific American.*

A PASSAGE THROUGH AN ICEBERG.

A passage through an Iceberg was effected by some men who served in one of the Arctic expeditions A large Iceberg was seen which had been perforated, appearing like an arch or tunnel, and three of the sailors took a boat to sail through it. The writer says:—

'On nearing the arch, and ascertaining that there was a sufficiency of water for the boat to pass through, we rowed slowly and silently under it, when there burst upon our view one of the most magnificent specimens of Nature's handy work ever exhibited to mortal eyes.

When we had got about half-way through the mighty structure, on looking upward I observed, that the berg was rent the whole breadth of the arch, and in a perpendicular direction to its summit, showing two vertical sections of irregular outline, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue; here and there illumined by an arctic sun, which darted its golden rays between, presenting to the eye a picture of ethereal grandeur which no poet could describe, no painter portray. I was so enraptured with the sight, that for a moment I fancied the 'blue vault of heaven' had opened, and that I actually gazed on the celestial splendour of a world beyond this. But, alas! in an instant the scene changed, and I awoke as it were from a delightful dream, to experience all the horrors of a terrible reality. I observed the fracture rapidly close then again slowly open. This stupendous mass of ice, millions of tons in weight, was about, consequently to unite, and apparently about to lose its equilibrium, capsize, or burst into fragments. Our position was truly awful; my feelings at the moment may be conceived but cannot be described. I looked downwards and around me, the sight was equally appalling; the very sea seemed agitated. I at last shut my eyes from a scene so terrible, the men at the oars as if instinct 'gave way,' and our little craft swiftly glided from beneath the gigantic mass.

Thus ended an excursion, the bare recollection of which, at this moment, awakens in me a shudder; nevertheless, I wouldnot have lost the opportunity of witnessing a scene so awfully sublime, so tragically grand, for any money; but I would not again run such a risk for the world.

We passed through the berg about two p. m., and at ten o'clock the same night it burst, agitating the sea for miles around.'

'Who is that lovely girl?' exclaimed the witty Lord Norbury, in company with his friend, Counsellor Grant.

'Miss Glass,' replied the Counsellor.

'Glass,' reiterated the facetious judge,—'I should often be intoxicated could I place such a *glass* to my lips!'

A lady remarked to a printer the other night, that though he might *print* a kiss, he must never *publish* it.

POETRY.

SUMMER DAYS.

In summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood;
Our heart was light, our step was strong,
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood
In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came,
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns,
We walked 'mid poppies red as flame,
Or set upon the yellow downs,
And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

And when we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows brightening in the noon;
And in the sunlight and the breeze
We feated many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no care but song,
We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red
In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a Heaven in every spot,
We saw paradise in the green glen,
And dreamt of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long
Alone I wander, muse alone;
I see her not but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood,
But one fair spirit haunts my nights;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong—
For love brings back those hours of gold
In summer, when the days are long.

THRILLING INCIDENT OF OCEAN LIFE.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Tangier, a fortified town in the extreme northwest of Africa. The day had been exceedingly hot, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and west, but along towards the close of the afternoon the sea breeze died away, and one of those sultry, evenlike atmospheric breathings came from the great sunburnt Sahara. Half an hour before sunset the Captain gave the cheering order to the boatswain to call the hands to go in swimming, and in less than five minutes the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the arms of the lower yards.

One of the stadding-sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard-arm and the swinging boom, and into this most of the swimmers made their way. Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily, were two of the boys—Tim Wallace and Fred Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the cock of the gang, and could in a laughing mood they started out from the stadding-sail on a race.

There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their leaving the ship far off, and they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long heavy swells that set in from the Atlantic.

The vessel was moored with a long sweep from both cables, and the buoy on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swells like a drunken man.

Towards this buoy the two lads made their way, Fred Fairbanks taking the lead by about twenty fathoms of the buoy. Tim shot a-head and promised to win the race. The old gunner watched the progress of his son with a vast degree of pride, and when he saw him drop behind, he leaped upon the poop, and was just upon the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached his ear that made him start as if he had been struck with a cannon ball.

A shark! a shark! came forth from the captain of the forecastle, and, at the sound of these terrible words, the men who were in the water, leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Eight shots, at a distance of three or four cables' lengths, a shark's wake was seen in the waters, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the buoy.

For a moment the gunner stood like one bereft of his senses, but on the next he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn; but the little fellows heard him not—stoutly the swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the bloody death-spirit that hovered near them. Their merry laughs still rang over the water, and at length they touched the buoy together.

Oh, what drops of agony started from the brow of our gunner. A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach the buoy in season, and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight; then he knew that all hope would be gone. At this moment, a cry reached the ship that went through every heart like a stream of fire—the boys had discovered their enemy.

The cry startled old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter-deck. The guns were all loaded fore and aft; and none knew their trigger better than he. With steady hand, made strong by a sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming wire, and pricked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; he took from his pocket a percussion wafer and set it in its place, and set the hammer of the percussion lock. With a giant's strength the old man swayed the breech of the heavy gun to its bearing, and then seizing the string of the lock, he stood and watched for the next swell that would bring that gun in range. He had aimed the piece some distance a-head of his mark, but yet a little moment would settle his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrid sea-monster was fearfully near. Suddenly the air awoke by the roar of the heavy gun, and as the old man knew his shot was gone, he sank back upon the hatch, and covered his face with his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his own efforts, for if he had failed, he knew that his boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun died away on the air, there was a dead silence; but as the dense smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was, at the first, a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men—that murmur grew louder and strong, ere, until it swelled to a joyous, deafening shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed on the water, and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark floating with his white belly up, a mangled lifeless mass.

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and half-dead with fright they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned upon the gun for support.

I have seen men in all phases of excitement and suspense; but never have I seen hardened sailors being more overcome by thrilling emotions, than on that startling moment, when they first knew the effect of our gunner's shot.

USED UP, AND MADE UP.—NEAR ST. SEVIER there lives an old soldier with a false leg, a false arm, a glass eye, a complete set of false teeth; a silver nose covered with a substance resembling flesh, and silver plate replacing part of his skull; he served under Napoleon, and these are his trophies.

From late Papers.

THE GREAT FIRE IN MONTREAL.

Last Thursday (July 8) the city of Montreal was visited by a most destructive fire. It broke out, between 9 and 10 o'clock, in St. Catherine Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs; originating, as we are informed, in the outbuildings to the house occupied by Mr. Waughbokn, St. Dominique Street. From this it was carried by the wind in a north-easterly direction. The adjoining houses being all roofed with wood, and generally built with the same material, and the late dry weather having rendered them as dry as tinder, the flames spread with astonishing rapidity—there was again no water, the reservoir being empty or disconnected.

Within half an hour, a hundred houses were on fire. They were generally the dwellings of poor artisans and laborers, and it was the most heart-rending spectacle to see the poor people gathering their few household goods together, and carrying them, perhaps, to some place where the fire reached them in a few minutes after.

From the main or St. Lawrence Street, the fire burnt every thing before it along Catherine and Dorchester, and widening its pathway up towards Cote Barron and down toward Craig Street. As it went along on St. Denis, notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions to save them, the splendid buildings known as Cornwall Terrace were consumed.

The fire ran down below Dorchester Street to near Lagauchetere Street; above this, it made a clean sweep up to the vacant ground which skirts Cote Barron, and, extending outward along Dorchester, Catherine and Mignione Streets, it made a clean sweep up St. Denis Street, which was burned from one end to the other. The Bishop's Church and Palace fell a prey to the flames—the greater part of the Palace had been newly erected. It was a splendid cut stone building, with beautiful fluted columns, fronting on St. Catherine Street.

The Nunnery on St. Catherine Street was saved, but the fire raged on three sides of it.—The buildings on Viger Place, including the Cattle Market, &c., were destroyed, and here the fire was arrested on the lower side.

A Montreal paper of the 7th instant, says:—"The loss of personal property it is impossible to estimate; many poor mechanics and laborers have lost their little all, and few of them, we fear, have taken the precaution to insure their furniture—from £15,000 to £20,000 we think a moderate valuation of these losses—exclusive of what has been lost in the Church and Palace, the second-hand and the shabby part of which will probably be £10,000. The total loss we should set down, therefore, at £420,000. This, it will be seen, is about the amount of the loss by the fire of the 9th of July, but it entails consequences upon the city far more distressing—upwards of three thousand must have been homeless last night, and many of them have to-day no means to procure a new shelter for themselves and families."

While this large fire was raging, another one began, kindled, as we are told, by the sparks from the fire, which consumed Stein's and Coleman's Steam Mills, in St. Mary Street, Quebec Suburbs, and the greater part of the lumber in their yard. The Distillery and Foundry of Mr. Watson were in eminent danger, but were saved by the exertion of those upon the premises.

The wooden buildings in the rear of Hay's house having been ignited by sparks from the other fire, the flames worked their way to that building. It is continued, and all the houses on Dalhousie Square, including the Hon. Mr. Moffatt's residence, and mess houses of the Royal Artillery and the 20th regiment, with the Military Secretary's office.

A despatch from Burlington, dated the 10th inst., says:—"The terrible conflagration at Montreal is still raging furiously. The light can be distinctly seen from this place, though over one hundred miles. The fire commenced on Thursday morning the 8th, and has constantly raged 48 hours. A gentleman, who arrived here this morning from Montreal, describes the scene of the conflagration as awful. The flames are spreading unchecked. Hundreds of families were wandering about, without a shelter to cover them.

"The spacks and burning embers were flying in all directions, and it was impossible to predict where and when the dreadful calamity would stop. The supply of water had given out, and the intense heat prevented either the firemen or citizens approaching the scene. Every one seemed struck with terror, and, as the wind was very high, it was feared lest the whole city would fall to ashes. At the time of having, our informant states, that the fire had cleared a space larger than that covered by the city of Troy."

The telegraph masts and posts have all been burned, which will prevent communication with Montreal for some time.

There has, probably, never been seen such a destructive conflagration on this continent, and the consequences of it cannot yet be seen distinctly.

We learn, from passengers by the cars, that the fire had actually been subdued. The whole number of buildings destroyed was upwards of 1200, including many of the best in the city. It was impossible to estimate the amount of the loss.

CONFLAGRATION AT BOSTON.

Last Saturday, (July 10,) Boston was the scene of one of the most destructive conflagrations with which that city has been visited for many years. The fire broke out in a tenement house, in Ann Street, Malden, in "Bank-row," an alley leading from the foot of Belmont Street, near Broad Street. Although it was discovered just as it issued from the building, the flames defied all buffeting, and ran up the alley.

"The Sailor's Home, one of the noblest institutions in our midst, is a smouldering ruins. The Mariners' Church, a noble pile, lies in ashes. Over one hundred dwelling houses have been swept into the street, many of whom have barely saved the clothes on their bodies. About six hundred persons are thus thrown at once upon the charities of our city. The Boylston Market Hotel, one of the finest in the city, and a noble stone building, is a heap of sad ruins. Several large blocks of houses are entirely destroyed.

"The efforts of the Firemen, to an almost superhuman extent, had been bestowed upon the Mariners' Church. It was thought that the massive Boardman Block might check the ever-where-else conquering flame. Expectation on this point, however, ended in disappointment. The flames, massive, mad, angry, rolled up their sea of fire, and ere long the beautiful Church edifice fell a victim to the insatiable element.—In ten minutes from the time the first flame lit upon its substance, the roof fell with a thundering sound, followed soon after by a portion of the ponderous walls; nothing was saved.

"Froth Boardman Block and the Church, the flames loomed up rearards with destructive force, and soon commenced devouring the fiery grate, that beautiful and slightly structure, the Boylston School House. All efforts—and here again the gallant firemen were superhuman in their devoted labours—proved fruitless. The fire spread from room to room, and story to story, and, in a short time, the building was added to the vast number which already lay in ashes.—It was a fearful sound, to hear the broad roof fall to the distant foundation, and see the walls partially follow to the golf of fire below.

"Fortunately, the flames were subdued at this point, though the primary school building was in imminent danger near destruction. This point is the place where the great element, that swayed destructively for five hours, was conquered.

"The Boylston School House was built a year or two since, at a cost, we are informed, of about $80,000. It belonged to the city, and was well insured. Most of the furniture, books, and philosophical apparatus were saved.

"There were thirty-three buildings consumed. The loss is estimated at about $250,000, of which one-half is covered by insurance. It is abused by extreme wealth and extreme poverty. The buildings were mainly owned by men of large wealth—the loss, for the most part, is among the very poor—who are bereft of every thing, in a moment, by destruction.

"Several firemen were more or less injured—not, generally, very severely.

"The Sailor's Home cost $30,000. There was insurance on it for $12,000; on the furniture, $8000. The proprietor, John O. Cheeney, was in the building with his family, when the conflagration, during the conflagration. He arrived in time only to see the sad havoc which the ruthless element had made."

SERIOUS RIOT IN CANADA.—A serious riot occurred a few days ago at St. Catherine's, Canada West, on the occasion of the annual militia training, between the whites and blacks. The *Toronto Colonist* says,—"It seems that the whites in considerable force on the training field, and some unpleasant remarks occurred between themselves and the whites, whereupon one of the blacks threw a stone at a white man. Subsequently it was said, that a white man insulted a negro, and several negroes, therefore, proceeded to the tavern where they supposed the offenders were, and had words, which ended in a fight, and from this the affair. This, together with a report, that the negroes had killed a fireman, led to a very general row between the two races. The negro village was attacked, and, after burning the houses and chasing the people into the woods, and their "village is now one mass of ruin." Several parties belonging to each side have been arrested, and the affair will be thoroughly investigated."

IRON PAPER.—At the Prussian Industrial Exhibition, Count Renard, a large proprietor of iron works, exhibited sheet-iron of such a degree of tenuity, that the leaves can be used for paper. Of the finest sort, the machinery rolls 7040 square feet of what may be called leaf-iron, from a cwt. of metal. A bookbinder, of Breslau, has made an album of nothing else, the pages of which turn as flexibly as the finest fabric of linen rags. As yet, no extensive application for this form of the metal has been found, but the manager says, the material must precede the use for it. Perhaps books may hereafter be printed for the tropics on these metallic leaves, and defy the destructive power of ants, and any color or strength of fluency. We have only to invent a white ink, and the thing is done.