

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE REV. DUNCAN M'COLL, LATE OF ST. STEPHENS, NEW BRUNSWICK.

From the British North American Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for March.

At the period referred to in the following extract, Mr. M'C. was a pay-sergeant in the British Army, and engaged in the American war.

"In the spring of 1779, (he observes,) two regiments of us embarked on board of a fleet, sailed to Penobscot Bay, and landed on the peninsular of Magebagadun. The engineer soon laid out the plan of a large fort; artificers and troops got to work, and raised about three-fourths of a fort round us, high as six feet, before a fleet of American troops hove in sight; they came up to what we called the point—forty sail of them, chiefly carrying heavy artillery. They commenced firing, and strove to land, but our out-lying picket prevented them for a week. Our Colonel requested me to keep with him night and day, in order to be ready to carry his orders to other officers. On the seventh day, the enemy landed a large body of troops under the fire of their shipping. Our out-lying picket being but two hundred strong, had to retreat, and this they did in good order. We saw them coming, and the enemy close at their heels. We had two platforms laid, but not a gun mounted. The Colonel said to me, 'You see our situation: the enemy close at hand, and not a cannon mounted; go and tell the Major to turn upon the enemy, and gain some time, and we shall soon be ready for them.' I saw what I had to fear; our troops were in a little valley, and the enemy on the rising ground behind them; I had to appear on the rising ground facing the enemy. I committed myself to God, and felt all care gone, and a comfortable reliance on the Lord. So soon as I came in the enemy's sight, a large body of troops fired three volleys at me. No man can be sensible of what I then experienced, unless he has felt the like himself. I do not speak extravagantly when I say, that the shower of bullets resembled a shower of hailstones. The earth was torn in every spot or foot, the hair was cut off my head, and my clothing torn into pieces; but, at the third volley, the firing all at once ceased. Our Major said, 'Make haste, and fall into the ranks, for the whole fire is at you.' I smiled, and looked at the enemy, saying, 'They have not a bullet in their budget that can hurt me this day.' The Major looked earnestly at me, and smiled. I spoke just as I then felt, and with as much composure as ever I spoke. Our troops turned upon the enemy, and fired a round or two, till two guns were discharged from our fort, which did much execution, and the enemy had to retreat into the woods behind them." So soon as I got to the Colonel, he said, 'We have but three rounds of ammunition out of magazine, and Lieutenant Willison, of the Artillery, has got the keys; he is at Banks' Battery.' This was half a mile off; the way to it led by the front of the enemy.

\* In passing by Penobscot many years after this, I informed Brother Lee of the astonishing providence of God in saving my life at the siege of Penobscot; and a few days after, we had preaching at the town of Union, where a Colonel Robins invited us to spend the night with him. In the course of the evening, our conversation turned on the providence of God over men and things. The Colonel said, "I was in my country's service at the siege of Penobscot. Our troops landed under cover of our shipping. The British retreated in good order, and I pursued close after them with my regiment; I observed a well-dressed man, with his sword drawn in his hand, coming from their fort. I knew he had some unfavourable design against us, and I thought it my duty to cut him off. I ordered my regiment to fire at him, and after the third volley I saw that he was neither killed nor apparently wounded. I immediately commanded my men to stop firing at him, saying, God has some work for that man to perform on earth—let him alone." Brother Lee made some signs to me, wishing me to inform the Colonel that I was the man. I knew that the Colonel would receive me with great joy, but I feared it might hurt my usefulness among the people in that country, because I had been against them—therefore I suffered not brother Lee to speak of it. But I could not but admire the spirit of the worthy Colonel, under the government of Almighty God, to whom all praise is due.

I ran along before them, and got to Banks' Battery just as our people had destroyed it, and were retreating by a circuitous way to the fort from it. One of our officers offered to accompany me back to the fort, but I told him it was much the safest for me to go alone, and advised him to go round with the party. I got back with the key in safety. The enemy soon raised three strong batteries, and commenced a close siege, which in the whole lasted three and twenty days.

"A day or two after this, I was standing near the Colonel, and the General standing close to him—an eighteen pound ball came over their heads, and struck my fine bunch of beautiful feathers, which I had in my Highland bonnet: they cost me eight dollars; but they were broke to pieces. I took up my bonnet, the Colonel saying playfully, 'You keep good colours.' But soon after this, as I stood in our provision store by the door, I saw a shell fall close before me; instantly a large piece of it struck me in the neck—I staggered back, put up my hand, and found my stock cut in two, and my shirt collar singed by the powder. I said nothing about it, but went and got another stock, and put it on.

"However, a few days after, as I was sitting in a very exposed situation, with my hand stretched over the neck of a friend, an eighteen pound ball came between our heads. I was knocked down by the wind from the ball, the skin was broke in little places on my face and neck, and the blood ran freely. His aid-de-camp said to the General, 'M'Coll is killed.' I said, 'No, Sir, but I believe the side of my head is gone.' They were glad to hear me speak, but they laughed at my answer.

"I was, after this, stationed in a very exposed place. My commander allowed me a faithful man to attend me, and to cook for me. One of these days, the firing was exceedingly powerful from all sides. I said to Cameron, my man, 'Provide my breakfast by the time I come back, and I will go round the fort, and see what is going on.' I left him but a little ways, before I saw a corporal of our company, whom I had recommended to the Commissary as a good man to issue rations for him, eating bread and butter: instantly his head was cut off. I turned round, and saw three men cut down by one ball; one of them was a good man—he committed his soul to God in the name of Jesus, and then died. I then thought I saw enough of what was going on, and turned round to my own station, when I saw my poor Cameron eating a bit of bread, and sitting on my trunk, where he often sat: in a moment his heels were knocked up, and his head was gone. My poor fellow was to me a faithful man, and he was a brave soldier; he had a warning of his death in his sleep a few hours before, and told me of it. O, cruel work among men professing the name of our loving Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

## GENEALOGY OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

In an article on this subject in the *Renfrewshire Annual*, the genealogy of Her Majesty is traced down from KENNETH, King of Scots, about 837, and concludes:—

"By the above detail it is established, that Her Majesty is not only descended from William the Conqueror, and from the Princess of Wales, but that she also represents the Saxon royal family of England, and the still more ancient royal families of the Caledonians or Picts, and of the Scots or Celts; and, in this way, that she unites in her person, the titles of all the ancient royal families of Britain, and is connected with every royal family of Europe."

JOHN EVELYN, in his Diary, has left a pathetic memorial of the last days of Charles II.; the substance of which is, that being at the palace at Whitehall, on the Sunday night preceding His Majesty's death, he saw him reclining on a settee, with the Duchess of Portsmouth, and others of his *innamorates*; when a beautiful French youth, a vocalist, was singing amorous songs, and accompanying them on a lute. Evelyn observed, at various parts of the spacious ancient apartment, there were many ladies and gentlemen of this impious court, with very large pools of gold on the table, playing the then fashionable game of basset.

## MOUNT ARARAT.

It has been supposed that the ark rested on Mount Ararat, in Armenia. Josephus countenances this view of it, and it is interesting to observe, that the name of the Armenian city where it has been supposed the ark at last grounded, signifies the *Place of Descent*, from the Greek *aparateion*. Others have, however, urged that it rested upon Mount Caucasus, near Apamea, in Phrygia, from the circumstance, that in Genesis xi. 2, the sons of the patriarch are represented as journeying westward from the place of descent, and Mount Ararat in Armenia being west of this country. The language of the sacred writer does not particularly define the question. Mount Ararat, according to Morier, is at once awful in its elevation, and beautiful in its form. Sir Robert Ker Porter describes this celebrated mountain as divided, by a chasm of about seven miles wide, into two distinct peaks, called The Great and The Little Ararat, and is of opinion that the ark finally rested in this chasm. This pleasing and elegant writer gives a beautiful description of Ararat:—

"I beheld Ararat in all its amplitude of grandeur. From the spot on which I stood, it appeared as if the hugest mountains of the world had been piled upon each other, to form this one sublime immensity of earth, and rock, and snow. The icy peaks of its double heads rose majestically into the clear and cloudless heavens; the sun blazed bright upon them, and the reflection sent forth a dazzling radiance equal to other suns. This point of the view united the utmost grandeur of plain and height; but the feelings I experienced while looking on the mountain are hardly to be described. My eye, not being able to rest for any length of time on the blinding glory of its summits, wandered down the apparently interminable sides, till I could no longer trace their vast lines in the mists of the horizon; when an inexpressible impulse immediately carrying my eye upwards again, refixed my gaze on the awful glare of Ararat; and this bewildered sensibility of sight, being answered by a similar feeling in the mind, for some moments I was lost in a strange suspension of the powers of thought."

## BYRON'S WORKS.

As for Byron, his exquisite pathos, and almost peerless beauty, can make no atonement for his vices, and should have no power to reconcile us to his works. He is, indeed, as he has been styled, the master of a satanic school. Infidelity and immorality never before received such patronage from the poetic muse. Never before was genius seen in a closer union with vice. His works are enough to corrupt the morals of a nation, and indeed they seem to have been written for this purpose; and Byron appears to have been stirred up by an evil spirit, to attempt to accomplish, by his fascinating poems, that mischief which the wit of Voltaire, the subtleties of Hume, and the popular ribaldry of Paine, had in vain endeavoured to achieve. At length, the indignation of heaven seems to be roused, and to have scorched with its lightning the wings of his lofty but impious genius; inasmuch as his later productions evince a singular destitution of that talent which characterised the earlier effusions of his muse. One can scarcely suppose it possible that even he could read the cantos of his most vicious work, without secretly exclaiming, under a consciousness of their inferiority, "How am I fallen!—What have I done?"

If young men would not be cursed by the infidelity and immorality which lurks within his pages, let them beware how they touch his volumes, as much as they would to embrace a beautiful form that was infected with the plague.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE BY THE JEWS.—We perceive that the first part of a new translation of the Old Testament, with commentary, by two or three learned Jews in England, for the use of their brethren, was to be published at the beginning of this year. It is somewhat remarkable that the only versions of the Pentateuch in English, hitherto possessed by the Israelites in this country, although edited by members of their own body, are but a reprint of the versions authorised by the Anglican Church.