maintain their rights, and have ample means and men to do so for the present. The result they cannot predict; it is known only to a higher Power. Of the conduct of the war on the part of the South, and on the treatment of Union men in the Slave States, they have personal knowledge that the most exaggerated stories are in circulation in the North. Indeed the licentiousness of the press has done more to precipitate the war than any other cause. It has produced that bitter animosity between the two sections which renders a cordial re-union almost impossible. We have always been of opinion that whatever may be the declarations of the Federal Government, the real question at issue is the existence of Slavery. For this the South has arrayed itself in hostile war against the United States Government; but whether the ultimate triumph of the latter will result in the abolition of slavery is doubtful. One thing is certain, the war will induce England to seek out a new market for her supply of cotton, and the wonderful stimulus given to the growth of this important staple in Egypt, India, and Jamaica, will result in the reduction of the price, and the depreciation of the value of slave property, and consequently discourage, to a great extent, the slave trade.

Obituary Notices.

Died, Oct. 24th, 1861, OLIVIA, relict of the late Isaac McNedy, and most beloved daughter of Alexander Whiteford. Possessing in a most eminent degree all the graces and gifts of heart and mind that make the Christian character most loveable, sympathetic, loving, and genial, with a conscience the most tender, and the most delicate regard for the feelings of others her useful life was spent, blessing and blessed. From her early conversion at twelve years old, she followed her God right humbly, through many trials and temptations; not the least of these arising from her great humility and natural nervousness of disposition, and humbly does the writer pray that "her gracious Saviour" may make this little notice abundantly useful to many a nervous, timid Christian, who has like her lived all their life time subject to bondage from the fear of death. She had a noble intellectual mind, lucid and clear, with strong discerning powers and quick perception; and her manner, dress and deportment was characterized by the sweetest simplicity and lack of affectation. Left very early in life "a widow indeed," with two dear boys, she returned to her father's house, and only those who have felt her loss, know all the comfort and the blessing, the happiness and the love she diffused around her, unselfish in the highest degree she anticipated every wish of those around her, in her care for their comfort even the dumb animals shared. Her own family went to her with every care and anxiety, and she soothed and directed till it troubled them no more. Her benevolence and geniality made her a great favourite with the poor she came in contact with; her love of the Sabbath and the sanctuary was intense. To her they surely were a delight; her Saturday was a ceaseless preparation for them, she strictly fulfilled the Scripture "Not slothful in business;" and while engaged in her household duties, her voice, which was one of great compass, sweetness and power, trilled out hymn after hymn in her Master's praise. Is it to be wondered at with all these qualities she was every thing to her own, that all shrank from her removal from them; and some with less grace than affection, tempted God with their murmuring pleadings, their ceaseless repinings and their earnest promises; oh the gracious loving Lord that permits unworthy dust to charge God foolishly and does not destroy them as in a moment. In November 1859 her health began to decline, and in the spring following her medical advisers decided that a painful operation was necessary to save her life, most calmly did she acquiesce with this, and at once proceeded to "set her house in order." Under the influence of chloroform she sustained the operation; and not a sigh or murmur escaped her lips until she was well again, which was in an incredibly short time. Often and often after she referred with great pleasure to the blessing she derived then from the visits of her faithful friend the Rev. Mr. Harvey, the Free Kirk Minister. Although most tenderly attached to the Wesleyan Church, of which she was a member from her earliest childhood, no bigotry mingled with her Christian love. Early in the summer she was removed to a sweet spot in the country, enjoying in a high degree its calm old woods and sweet bright flowers; blessing most gratefully her Father's hand that made her home so fair, she had the pain of parting (for ever as she afterward said she well knew) with her eldest boy who went home to complete his studies at the Queen's College, Belfast. This to a mother so fond as she was, was a great trial, but with what she considered duty, affection never interfered. She also experienced the greatest pleasure from the appointment to St. John's again of her former faithful friend and class leader and his colleague—how often she used to exclaim, thank God for such holy, faithful men, they are such a blessing and a comfort to us. In November her health began again to decline, and her anxious friends wished to send her home to Ireland, thinking a short sea voyage by the Galway Boats, and her native air would re-establish it. By the advice of her kind physician this was not accomplished; she was distressed with great weakness and spasmodic cough until July, when she was seized with violent rheumatic affection of the back and limbs, which left her in the course of six weeks, but so debilitated her that she never rallied strength, more than to be lifted every day to her bed room window for an hour or two. During all this time she was kept in perfect peace, her nearest approach to a murmur was saying very earnestly one day,

"Oh! would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the veil break,
And let my ransomed spirit go,
To grasp the God I seek."

One of her sisters said you would not wish that Olivia, dear; oh, she said, I fear I am impatient, and on being assured no one could be more patient, she repeated so sweetly the hymn commencing

"And let this feeble body fail," &c.

On Sunday night she sang through most sweetly, several hymns, "God of my life, &c," "My God the spring of all my joys," &c., enjoying them very much. Oh dear, she exclaimed, Wesley's hymns are little short of inspiration; through the week she had said to her father, I fear I never will have triumph, only peace. Well he said our Saviour only promised us peace, all believers have not triumph. Ah! she said I fear it will never satisfy me, do you know she said what I think is the gates of death and the king of terrors, I think when the redeemed are just passing from earth to heaven, their gracious Saviour passes in review before them, all the suffering, and sorrow, and temptation, and pain and punishment from which he ransomed them, and the knowledge of what he rescued them from enhances the glory and happiness of heaven. On Sunday night she was restless and ill, asking to have her pillows arranged. On Monday it was evident to all that she was rapidly sinking; she slept a little, and at three o'clock in the afternoon asked to see her father, he came in, and she held out her arms to him, "rejoice with me father, kneel down and praise God, my gracious Saviour has manifested himself to me the second time without sin unto salvation. Glory, glory, glory be to God, such an unworthy creature as me. Were you praying father. Yes, he said, I made this day, a day of special prayer for you. My own dear faithful old father, our bulwark, pray on, God will hear and answer your prayers, now I'll go through death triumphant home. She went on rejoicing with such a beaming heavenly smile on her pale face as never was there before, and never again left it. She requested to see two Christian friends she had not seen for the season; and touching and tender was their meeting and parting. She called all her own loved ones and assured them all of her never-dying love for them, and urged them, and made them promise faithfully to live for God, and now she said so placid looking, "No spot of earth do I possess," but I have a little memento for each one. She made all her earthly arrangements, gave her two dear boys most tenderly in charge to her brothers. And now, she said, where would we like a resting place, I would like mine beside dear, holy Mr. Chesley. She took the most tender, affectionate leave of her physicians, thanking them for their skill and devotion, most lovingly. She repeated most earnestly. "Father, in the name I pray," &c., and several others. She also repeated Toplady's exquisite hymn "Deathless principle arise," &c. On Thursday she was very low—but rejoicing with joy unspeakable, preaching Christ to all, and enraptured in the prospect of meeting her own "A whole family in heaven." The influence of her peace seemed to descend on all around her, blessed be God she said I have never had a painful dream, never a start in sleep, never a painful suggestion, never a wandering thought; half an hour before she died, she repeated

"When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak."

Some one said, fearing a struggle, "commend your soul to your Saviour, wait on Him dear, wait on Him." Ten minutes before she died she repeated so tranquilly

"Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name,
Preach him to all and cry in death
Behold, behold the Lamb."

One of her sisters said, who is with you now, "Leaning on Jesus dear, leaning on Jesus," she closed her eyes, her watchers could catch a whisper like "Gracious Saviour," and with scarce a sigh or struggle her ransomed soul had found her everlasting rest. Glory be to God for her blessed life and her glorious, triumphant death.

J. W.

St. John's, Newfd.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1861.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British America, we require that Obituary, Revival, and other notices addressed to us from any of the Circuits within the bounds of the Connexion, shall pass through the hands of the Superintendent Minister.

Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence.

We do not undertake to return rejected articles.

We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of our correspondents.

Adaptation of the Pulpit.

Christianity evinces the profoundest knowledge of human character and necessities, and the nicest adaptation of means for the accomplishment of its merciful designs. In its doctrines and duties, in its revelation and dissemination, the superhuman, the Divine, is thrillingly traceable. And—inasmuch as there is such a harmonious blending of wisdom, of love, of benevolence, of beneficence—it becomes the most sublime object of contemplation, evoking, even from the untuned soul regarding it, some of its most beautiful harmonies. Infidelity, in its multitudinous phases, stands rebuked in its presence. In regarding, however, the aspects of the moral world, we are met with the inquiry: If Christianity be all that we claim for it, how happens it that error, with its citadels of defence of such grandeur of proportion, such dignity of strength, and such defiant frowning, rules over the largest and fairest portion of our world, with humanity crushed and bleeding at every pore beneath its cruel power? Logic of scepticism, do you say? It is neither the twaddle of ignorance nor the malicious sarcasm of scepticism. It is the logic of fact; which the Church may not ignore; and which demands at its hands—in its character, philosophy, and consequences—the most prayerful consideration, and the most abject humiliation. But the question remains unanswered; nor will the narrow limits of the present article permit more than merely paving the way to such answer, by illustrating the truthfulness of a sentiment with which we introduced these jottings—the perfect adaptation of the Divinely instituted means for the universal diffusion of the principles and practices of our holy religion. Man is not under the necessity of putting reason upon the rack, or laboriously deciphering the hieroglyphics of the book of Nature, to get information in regard to God and human duty. The great Author of that sublime hieroglyphic production, in a work equally sublime—which is a at once a glossary and a supplement to the first—has given man a treasury of truth, containing all that, as a moral and spiritual being, it concerns him to know.—And, moreover, His Omnipotence has preserved it uncontaminated and complete, amid polluting error and destructive decay.

This revelation, the instrumentality of the pulpit, in the world-saving scheme, is designed to play a very important part. Looking at the question from the stand-point of human reason, the conclusion might be reached that the Being, to whom all truth was axiomatic, in giving a revelation would so commingle that which would transcend all power of human conception with the few truths which might be down to the human level, that the whole would confound rather than enlighten. Such conclusion, if arrived at, would be marvellously at variance with the fact. For—finding a most eloquent symbol in the waters of Ezekiel's vision—these crystal waters of life are now so shallow and placid that infantile feet can stand within their pure brink; at length, gradually deepening, they become too deep for the finite, requiring the sounding-line of the Infinite to reach their depths. Thus, as if the Great Revealer had taken an estimate of human capacity, Revelation possesses an adaptation to every shade of mental development, from the bud to the fragrant bloom: and every degree of intelligence, from its dimmest day-dawn to its noon-tide splendor. In recognition of the high prerogatives of the race, its free moral agency, and of the fact that the pathway of obedience to Divine command, and that alone, leads from pollution to purity, from earth to heaven, in its prose and poetry, in its prophecy and proverb, it is one prolonged appeal to induce to such obedience. And were it not that this wondrous human instrument is so out of tune, harmonies of action so beautiful would be evoked as to entrance angelic nature, and elicit the complacent regard of the Great Creator himself. Here is appeal multitudinous in variety, and, if appreciated, resistless in power, taking by assault, and controling every principle of action; motive as high as heaven, as deep as hell, as boundless as infinity. By means of the lens of written language, it is a focus of every scattering motive ray in the universe of God, so dazzlingly brilliant that no perfect eye can gaze but to be dazzled, if not to be blinded. But while revelation is the very focus of truth, and of motive truth, it is not a luminary, which ever pours forth its spontaneous floods of glowing light; rather the ample armory, from which the spiritual soldier can take at will the weapon he best can wield. Truth is the instrumentality of intelligence in its crusade against the foes of the race—error, insensibility, and death.

The Pulpit, as the living teacher is sometimes termed, the main feature of the Divine plan, now more particularly presents itself for consideration. Why truth, coming from the lips of the living teacher is more potent than when conveyed through the medium of written language, is a problem for the mental philosoper to solve.—As regards the fact, there can be no question. Interest awakens interest, emotion begets emotion, and passion inflames passion. And thus, by virtue of the raceal mental characteristics by which mind controls mind and is influenced by truth, reason can be taken by assault, the emotions stirred to their profoundest depths, and the affections enamored with their appropriate objects. There must, however, be interest, emotion, passion, a self-abnegating enthusiasm. If the peril of the objects of ardent affection will excite sympathy; and if dignity, grandeur, and a magnitude of importance measured by infinity in the object to be achieved, will evoke soul energies; in the very atmosphere of soul inspiration the Christian orator lives. He has to do with the transcendently important work of persuading his brother man to escape the peril of an eternal and progressive degradation, and as a consequence, of an eternal and eternally increasing degree of misery: of persuading him, by obedience to Divine command, to enter upon a course of conduct which will glorify God, bless humanity, and invest him with a character the very model of the Divine ideal of a perfect manhood, and which, at the same time, is a career of progressive assimilation to the Divine. Moreover, to crown all, he appeals under the ever present conviction of the fact of the awful possibility that the destinies of at least some that he addresses, are suspended upon the improvement of these, the closing moments of probationary existence. Surely, if any position can stir a man's soul and elicit its latent energies, such an one is equal to the task. This unquestionable fact, associated, on the part of the speaker, with those of the prestige of an inflexible integrity of motive and conduct, and his variety and power of appeal, exhibit the adaptation of the pulpit with a most luminous apparency. This is especially true taken in connection with an institution of the Church which seems to have been ordained for the pulpit, and *vice versa*. We allude to the Christian Sabbath with its holy convocations. Contact with the world seems to superinduce a current of worldly communication, which is not only not favourable but positively adverse to religion. Men must be removed from this worldly contact. This the institution of the Christian Sabbath accomplishes most effectually. It removes men from and elevates them above the world. Finding men away from association, calculated to suggest thought in regard to the world, with energies relaxed, and attentions unenlisted, and surrounded by the sacred stillness and associations of the Sabbath morn, the christian orator, by the very laws of mind, is placed under circumstances the most auspicious for wielding his utmost influence.

The adaptation of the living teacher, as an agency of good, still further finds a most fruitful source of illustration in the circumstances of the race. If there could be a civilization, properly so called, without a christianization, and every tribe and nation the world over were revelling in its blessings, and, in particular, every individual of each tribe had imbibed not only a knowledge but an ardent love of literature; written language might have been the lever by which humanity could have been raised to the purer joys, the nobler aspirations, and the sublimer hopes of christianity. With its myriads without the outer court of the temple of civilization, in the profanest barbarism—with vast multitudes, as well within as without the limits of the so-called civilization, ignorant of the simplest character of a written language, how painful does the present—and the present is the past re-produced—contrast with such supposed condition: "How can they hear without a preacher?" As there could be no possible perfection of civilization, or depth of degradation in which spoken language would not be employed as the medium for the interchange of thought and feeling, to sanctity and glorify the imbruted Fijian, the besotted Indian,—in short every member of the race—the pulpit can test the power of truth, the poor can have the Gospel preached to them, and an additional illustration is furnished of the thrilling truth that God in very deed loved the world. The pulpit has hitherto been regarded principally as a human agency; and gospel truth as scientific or philosophic, requiring for its appreciation simply an exercise of the intellectual. Such views are essentially defective. Thus viewed, this agency is an inexplicable mystery, and human action an insolveable problem. The teaching of revelation, confirmed by observation, is that the Divine agency, both in the appreciation and efficient publication of moral and spiritual truth, performs a very important part, and, moreover, in particular, that most harmoniously and mysteriously blended the divine is the complement of the human. This is obviously the purport of that legacy of promise in the language, "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," which the ascending Jehovah bequeathed to the Church. Thus is the inbreathed soul of the agency investing it with its activities, power, symmetry, and dignity—in a word, with its life. The effects of sin may be descanted upon ever so eloquently, in regard both to the speaker and hearer, in benumbing their sensibilities and blunting their perceptions, so that enthusiasm, the soul of eloquence, may not be inspired, and the utterances of truth may not be appreciated. Our triumphant answer is, here are the keenest perceptions, depth of sensibility and exhaustless resources of power: for the Divine is the inexhaustible source of supply. In a word, in its two-fold character are the pulpit's crowning glory and perfection of adaptation. Thus, in it as a Divine institution, adapted naturally and supernaturally as an agency of good, we invite the unlimited confidence of the Church; reminding the Christian readers, at the same time, of the injunction of Paul, "Brethren pray for us" who are called to occupy the pulpit.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Paul's Lesson.

BY M. E. H.

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.—
Souls heaven-born and lowly take
That for a hermitage."

Most noble Paul! I bow my head in thy presence as to a being of superior wisdom and excellence, for very precious is the lesson thou hast so wonderfully studied for outweighing in value all Australia's golden treasures, or the diamonds that flash, full many a fathom deep, in the sunless mines of the glowing East.

But have I not mistaken the words? Do not they read, "I have learned in *many a state* therewith to be content." Nay, nay, exclaims Paul,—look again. And obedient to the command I looked once more,—and flashing from the sacred page, illumined with a glory all its own *whatsoever state* meets my wondering glance. But who is this that thus expresses his inward experience? A man, elevated above his fellows, exalted in rank and surrounded by all of human wealth, pomp and adulation. No marvel such might be contented. Or, perhaps, a dweller in some sweet secluded vale, his life the golden mien, flowing smoothly on like some placid river, that steals through winding nooks, and flowery fields, and fragrant orchards, surrounded by the sweet ties of domestic life, who might not pass existence happily thus. Were either of these thy fortunate lot, oh, great Apostle? Ease, wealth, power, domestic happiness, thou hadst heard of them by the hearing of the ear, and thy heart, human and social, may have yearned, at times, as human hearts will, for some, at least, of their sweet experiences, but life to thee was a battle stern and uncompromising, and never till the songs of the Redeemed welcomed thee to the courts of bliss, didst thou sheathe thy sword, or until its green pastures and still waters invited thee to repose, didst thou cease thy bloodless warfare and rest from thy labours.

How widely, in many respects, doth man differ from his fellow-man,—and how strangely diversified the capacity for enjoyment. Some there are who seem to lead an almost animal or vegetable existence, taking life as it comes, and acting as though the very acme of enjoyment consisted in eating, drinking and making merry. Others, endowed with loftier minds, more capacious hearts, deeper, stronger passions are not so easily satisfied. These cannot, as the former, content themselves with the petty details of life,—they pine for something more active and stirring: the soul asserts its native power, it struggles for ascendancy, the physical does not, cannot, satisfy it, it turns with distaste and shrinking from that morbid attention to the wants of the body by which many are characterised,—and also for something more congenial, something more worthy of attention.

Who will show us any good? is the constant inquiry of such, forsaking one haunt of amusement for another, seeking from broken cisterns,—but always seeking in vain, the limpid water that is to satisfy their thirty spirits. Ever pursuing happiness,—but ever mistaking her abode, how many noble hearts become a prey to misanthropy and despair,—and pass life inactively, or consumed by unutterable longings, longings that, too, often result in madness or despair, behind dark dense clouds goes down the sun of existence, and the gloom of eternal night settles on the lost spirit.

To those who are thus wandering up and down the earth, seeking rest, but finding none, how strangely contrasts the Apostle's experience, penned with such inimitable simplicity, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

It was not natural this repose of spirit to him, nay, quite the reverse. Endowed with lofty intellect, with burning zeal, with quenchless ambition, with passions, intense in love, intense also in hate, such are not the men who pass easily and calmly through life.

"The tallest pine feels most the power
Of wintery blasts; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground.
The blast that spares the mountain side
Its cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round."

It came not natural, for, as he himself expresses it, he had learned the secret of contentment; he had been an apt scholar in the school of Christ; the once proud and arrogant Pharisee had, like a child, submitted to His teachings who hath said "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls,"—and with inimitable patience he had conned letter after letter of the sentence, until the whole was imprinted on memory's tablets—nay, on the more imperishable tablet of the heart—so that no after scene of sorrow or persecution had power to erase a single syllable.

I see him now on his journey to Damascus—that paradise of the east. He and a few companions like-minded, and engaged in a similar embassy, are nearing the city; and now they catch a glimpse of its countless gardens, its bubbling fountains, its lofty groves, its sparkling rivers, its gorgeous palaces and glittering domes,—while in the distance proud Lebanon erects its snowy head. But Saul is all unmindful of its attraction now. What though before him "the city in loveliness" lies, it has no power to soothe or hush the stormy passions which rage in his distempered soul. The placid river flowing silently on its way, the murmur of the fountains, the sweet song of birds, the scent of countless roses borne by the balmy air, surely these are influences holy and subduing, no thought but those of peace and good-will could one cherish amid such a scene as this; but what means that roll in his hand, that he exultingly displays to one of his companions? It is written within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe. It bears the signature of him whom heaven had set apart as a herald of his mercy to fallen men,—as one who was to make intercession for the transgressor, and empowers its receiver to drag to prison or to death any who dare acknowledge their belief in, or their love for the crucified Nazarene. And Saul is hastening now, for if the wings of love fly swiftly—as quick or more quickly fly the feet of hate or blind infuriate zeal—and his journey is nearly ended. In a short time he will enter the gates of the city, and then with what burning zeal shall he labor, how shall he outstrip all others in his glorious career, and his eyes kindle, and his cheeks glow at the thoughts which he has conjured up when, suddenly, he pauses. What means that dazzling light which enwraps him as a garment, far mightier than the noon-day sun,—in a moment his vaunted strength is as nothing, and he sinks overpowered to the ground, while on his awe-struck ear falls a voice of exceeding sweetness and power, thrilling to his inmost soul, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Amazed, confounded, condemned, he can scarcely articulate "Who art thou, Lord?" when again that voice is heard in reply, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." And at once he believes and submits—he hesitates not a moment. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do," is the language of his subdued, inquiring soul.

And from henceforth he preaches the faith which once he persecuted. An outcast from his kindred, a disciple of an abhorred sect,—power, wealth, emolument, they were within his grasp, nay, perchance, were already his,—but they are his no longer. He might have dwelt in a palace, he chose rather a prison. Fame might have enrolled his name high on its archives, but the scoff of a deriding multitude were his portion; stripes, not blessings, want, not fulness, weariness, not ease, pain, not pleasure,—a houseless, homeless wanderer for the most part, in lieu of the happy hearth-stone, and the golden links of kindred, forsaken often of friends, and surrounded by foes, pressed by a multitude of cares, in lieu of care setting lightly on his brow, and fitting close for so stormy a life,—the ferocious Nero, more unrelenting than the untamed beasts of the forest, gloating over his aged victim, who, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, in all the majesty of faith and love exclaims, "I am now ready to be offered up and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith,—henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me in that day."

Happy Paul, exulting saint, winging thy flight to glory, now fade the baubles of earth before such a scene as this! What's its triumph of a day, compared to thy victory over death in one of its most terrible aspects. Well hast thou fulfilled thy allotted task, well hast thou served the Master who called thee, and thy reward is awaiting,—

"His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God."

And what a bright example hast thou left behind. Contentment, daughter of heaven, had taken up her abode with thee,—and the changing scenes of life had no longer power to ruffle or disturb.

The murky dungeon resounded with thy song of praise,—the dark and tempestuous ocean bore to its inmost cares, the voice of thanksgiving: a prisoner, bound with chains, foot sore and weary, wending thy way to the Eternal City, there to seal thy testimony with thy blood, the meeting of a few kindred spirits afforded thee sufficient material for overflowing gratitude; no evil so great from which, happy alchemist, thou couldst not extract some wondrous good, no cloud so dense but had for thee its silver lining, for over all, and in all, and through all, thou didst recognize the overruling hand of a heavenly Father, and far overleaping the bounds of time thy searching eye beheld by faith the hidden glories of the future, could exclaim, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Come here, thou aimless, hopeless wanderer, come here. Dissatisfied, discontented with thy lot, come hither. Ask like him for the great Phycisian, he will give thee the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, thou shalt drink of the waters that flow hard by the City of our God,—and thus renewed and refreshed thou shalt travel life's journey singing "all is well,"—and with another veteran saint, as the river of Death ebbs and flows before thee, and its surges sound in thine ear, shall echo back to those who on the banks are fearfully watching thy passage, "all is well," and countless numbers of happy spirits, waiting on the margin to greet thee, shout as they welcome thee safely to the shores of the blessed, "all is well, all is well."

December 11.

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

Domestic

ANOTHER FIRE.—The "devouring element" not satiated, it appears, with the conflagration of Tuesday last, gave the Fire Brigade another task to perform yesterday. It is said while engaged in drying hose in the Engine House on the Grand Parade the flames broke out, and at 10 a. m. the interior of the building was all a blaze.

The Union Protection Company succeeded in saving a quantity of hose and other moveable property, and, we believe, guided three branches, and assisted in manning two of the hand Engines. The two Steam Fire Engines were got to work on the market wharf, and by 11 o'clock the flames were extinguished. The inside of the building was much injured; the roof burnt through in many places, and a quantity of hose and other property burnt.

The loss (which falls on the City) is estimated at £1,000.

There appears to be no lack of willingness on the part of the Fire Brigade to do their duty; but to say the least we thought their labour was misdirected.

The fire must have originated through gross carelessness, and we trust an examination will be made to ascertain upon whom the blame rests. Had some one attended to the hose while it was being dried the fire could never have gained such headway.—*Journal.*

GOLD.—We were shown last evening a beautiful specimen of gold-bearing quartz from Country Harbor, which, from its appearance, would lead one to believe that there is a large quantity of the precious metal in that vicinity.

Fifty-four ounces of Tangier Gold, in bars, were received in town on Tuesday. The owners ask twenty dollars per ounce for it.—*Chron.*

THE NEW WATER RATE.—The Committee of the City Council appointed to prepare a new Water Rate, in lieu of the objectionable one attempted to be put in force, have suggested the following:

One eighth per cent. upon the value of Real Estate along which mains are laid.

3s. 9d. for each of the occupants of the dwelling-houses supplied, or which the Commissioners have been, or are, prepared to be supplied with water.

1s 3d. for each of the occupants of all shops, offices, and places of business where the water is or can be produced.

10s. each additional in liquor shops.

10s. for each horse kept by others than truck or cabmen.

5s. each on horses owned by truckman or cabmen.

2s 6d. each on cows.

20s. on Water Closets.

Steam mills, manufactories, hotals, the army and navy, &c., be rated by special agreement.

It is estimated that the one eighth per cent on real estate within the above limits, valued at £1,300,000, will yield £1,625.

Head money at 3s 9d.	3375	0	0
Ditto, at 1s 3d.	62	10	0
Tax on horses	100	0	0
Tax on liquor shops	150	0	0
Steam mills and water closets	100	0	0
Army and navy	350	0	0
Manufactories and hotels	250	0	0
Cows	50	0	0
	£6062	10	0

The rate, it will be observed, is expected to give £6062 10s., but the amount required to be raised is £7000, and your committee propose that the deficiency should be met by a contribution of £1000 from general assessment.—*Sun.*

THE TRENT OUTRAGE.—The *Provincial Wesleyan*, of Wednesday last, contains a lengthy, able, and moderate article upon the *Trent* outrage. It concludes as follows: "If England were to acknowledge the legality of this act she would stultify herself for all coming time, and, amid the contempt of mankind, would consent to occupy a position which all other nations would repudiate with indignation and scorn. So at least we think."—*Journal.*

THE "Pictou Greys" are now fully organized, and number over sixty. A drill sergeant has been sent to Pictou to instruct the two companies there.—*Ib.*

A QUARTZ vein has been struck at the depth of 20 feet on the Major Norton Lead at Wine Harbour. Whether it contains gold or not has yet to be ascertained.—*Ib.*

A CHANGE.—Last Wednesday was a beautiful day: quite summer-like in the softness of the air. But towards evening the clouds gathered over head, a wind arose—sure premonition of a coming storm—and the next morning (yesterday) the ground was white with snow, the windows obscured by frost, and the harbour was breathing white clouds of vapor. The merry jingle of sleigh bells was heard for the first time this season in our streets. Jack Frost pinched pedestrians noses, and warned the lads and lasses to get ready their ringing skates. Winter is upon us in earnest.—*Jour.*

New Brunswick

STEAMERS BETWEEN BOSTON AND ST. JOHN.—The Steamers "Eastern City and "Admiral" have been sold to the Federal Government, and the "New Brunswick" and "New York" have been chartered by the same for 90 days. The "Forest City" will ply for the remainder of the season between St. John, Eastport, and Boston. The "Emperor," we may add, makes her last trip this season on Saturday next.

A most disastrous fire took place at St. Stephen, on Monday night, by which the dwelling house, store, barn and out-houses of Mr. WILLIAM M'GIBBON, were in a few hours laid in ashes. The fire originated accidentally, and it had made great progress before it was discovered, so much so that a portion of the family narrowly escaped with their lives, and not without suffering much from suffocation. Most of the furniture and goods were rescued, though we fear they are not now much worth. The loss is probably near $5000, covered by insurances to the extent of $3,400 on house and goods.

Canada

MONTREAL HORSE RAILROAD.—We (*Witness*) are informed that the City Horse Railroad has been leased to Mr. Easton, the contractor, for $15,000, which will yield 10 per cent. on the Company's stock. The lessee is to run the road according to a contract to be entered into, to keep it in repair, and to deliver it to the Company in good condition at the expiry of the period. This appears to be an excellent arrangement for all parties.

American States.

FORTRESS MUNRO, Dec. 9.—A flag of truce went to New-York to-day with 35 prisoners discharged on parole.

Norfolk papers state that a battle is expected on the Potomac immediately, as sutlers are removing their stores.

The war fever runs high at the present time.

General Butler's expedition arrived at Port Royal on the 7th.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—General Banks telegraphed last night from Frederick that Confederate troops from Winchester were moving towards Harper's Ferry, and that he had thereupon ordered the 16th Indiana Regiment with two rifled cannon to support Col. Geary.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—Information has been received by the Government that thousands of Marylanders in rebel army in Virginia are desirous of returning home and giving in their allegiance to the General Government.

It is reported that the Government declines to take part in the expedition against Mexico.

The question respecting an exchange of prisoners will soon be settled.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—The steamer Columbia from Havana has arrived.

The Spanish Expedition was reported within 46 hours sail of Vera Cruz.

The prevalent feeling in Mexico appears to be intense hatred of Spain.

No resistance will be made at Vera Cruz; the guns of the Castle being carried inland, where a determined resistance will be made to the Spaniards.

Late Port Royal advices report that Beaufort is now occupied by General Stevens with a thousand men.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—Late advices from Pensacola give particulars of recent action.

Cannonading commenced between Fort Pickens and Fort Barrancas. Steamers Niagara and Richmond engaged Fort McRae. The action lasted for two days. Fort McRae and several batteries were silenced. The Navy Yard was partially burned. Fort Pickens was uninjured.

Col. Brown says he can take possession of Fort Barrancas and other rebel works as soon as reinforcements arrive to hold them.

The Richmond suffered some damage, and lost one killed and six wounded.

Six men were killed and a number wounded in Fort Pickens by the explosion of a shell.

The Steamship Hansa, from Southampton, 27th arrived to-day at New York.

The La Plata had arrived at Southampton, bringing information of the seizure of Slidell and Mason.

It is reported that the British Government would allow the Confederate Steamer Nashville to refit at Southampton as the U. S. Steamer.

James Adger had been permitted to do the same privilege. This step was considered in strict accordance with the neutrality laws.

Consols 94¼.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13th.—The action of the Governor General of Curacoa in refusing the United States Steamer Iroquois the privilege of Coaling is considered tantamount to a declaration of War inasmuch as the United States Government has fifteen hundred tons of coal stored there.

The captain of the Iroquois is blamed for allowing the escape of the Privateer Sumpter. A private of President Lincoln's cavalry is to be shot to-day for deserting.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—Advices by the steamer Hansa state the arrest of Mason and Slidell has caused intense excitement in England. At a meeting of Merchants in Liverpool, resolutions passed denouncing the act, and calling upon Government to maintain the dignity of the British Flag. Consols declined a half.

The following resolution passed at an indignation meeting of the Liverpool Merchants:—

Resolved, That this meeting having heard with indignation that an American ship-of-war has forcibly taken from a British mail steamer, certain passengers who were proceeding peacefully under shelter of our flag, from one neutral port to another, we earnestly call upon Government to assert the dignity of the British flag.

Doubts were expressed at the meeting whether the seizure of the Commissioners was a breach of the International Law and the opinions of the Law officers of the Crown were referred to, to justify the act.

BOSTON, Dec. 14th.—A despatch from Somerset, Kentucky, 13th, states that the Confederate General Zollicoffer, with 15,000 troops, had crossed the Cumberland River 20 miles below Hartsburg.

The Federal force under General Schoeffer consists of six regiments.

A battle is expected immediately.

A letter dated Hilton Head, 4th, says:—"The fleet arrived last night with 25,000 men. *Savannah and Charleston will be ours.*"

Another report says that the Federalists have advanced within 10 miles of Savannah.

The Congressional Investigating Committee charges 500 Government employees with disloyalty.

Norfolk papers state that a fire broke out in Charleston on Wednesday night, and was still raging on Thursday. Supposed to be the work of negroes.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14th.—News per Hansa has unsettled the stocks. Later news anxiously sought for.

Advices from England cause little excitement in Washington.

It is reported that active if not angry diplomatic correspondence is going on between United States and England, in regard to steamer Nashville being allowed to stop at Southampton.

It is rumored that a number of vessels are being fitted out in New York under Mexican letters of marque, to prey on commerce of England, France and Spain.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16th.—The Times Washington telegraph despatches says that notwithstanding the belligerent attitude assumed by England that there is no disposition on the part of any member of the Cabinet to alter the plan or policy of the Government assumed in the arrest of Slidell and Mason.

The report of the demand of Mason and Slidell causes great excitement. The sentiment of defiance is universal.

WASHINGTON, 16th.—The Battery at Edward's Ferry opened fire upon rebel fortifications in front of Leesburgh, where rebel troops were concealed. Cannonading kept up for six hours with shell. The rebels retired to safer distance.

Congress will adjourn until Thursday next for holidays. Rebels have immense force and erecting large battery at the mouth of Occaquan creek, to fire on vessels plying between Washington and Hocker's division.

The enemy has retired from Annandale.

Weather is fine. No indications of going into quarters.

FORTRESS MONROE, Dec. 14.—Advices from Beaufort state that troops have gathered and brought in two million dollars worth of cotton.

A LIEUTENANT MURDERED BY A PRIVATE.—BALTIMORE, Dec 10.—This afternoon a shocking murder was committed at the camp of the 2d Maryland regiment, in the suburbs of the city. While the regiment was drawn up for dress parade a private named Charles Roons came from his tent, and picked up a musket, took deliberate aim at Lieut. Wilson, fired, and killed him on the spot. It appears that some three weeks since Lieut. Wilson shot a private named Garder, dead, for persistent insubordination three times trying to run the pickets. Roons, who was a friend of the deceased, determined to avenge his death by taking the life of Lieut. Wilson. The deceased Lieutenant was a resident of this city, and was greatly esteemed in the regiment. Great indignation is expressed in the regiment at the murder, and a disposition was manifested to take immediate vengeance on Roons, but he was immediately sent to fort McHenry.

Highly Important from England.

MASON AND SLIDELL TO BE GIVEN UP, OR WAR DECLARED!!!

The R. M. S. *Europa* arrived yesterday morning, having on board a Queen's Messenger with sealed dispatches.

Some idea of the anxiousness of our citizens to hear what action had been taken by the British Minister in the Mason and Slidell case, may be gathered from the fact that Cunard's wharf, on the arrival of the steamer, was crowded.

From papers received we learn that immediately on the arrival of the mail, the officer who had charge of the Mails on board the *Trent*, he proceeded to the Admiralty, and was for several hours occupied with the members of the board.

The depositions of the officers on board the *Trent* have been submitted to the Law-Officers of the crown, and their opinion has been given to the effect that THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN FRIGATE ARE NOT TO BE JUSTIFIED BY THE LAW OF NATIONS. It is, we understand, the opinion of the Jurists that *the right of the Federal Government, acting by its officers, was confined to visiting and searching the Mail packet*; that, if any men or things believed to be contraband of war had been found on board her, the proper course was to take her into a port and submit the question to a Prize Court, which would have heard evidence and arguments on both sides, and would have decided the case according to precedents and authorities. The Law-Officers of the Crown declare that it is contrary to International Law for the officer of an armed cruiser to make himself a judge at sea.

The decision of the Cabinet on Friday on the course of action upon this opinion is not yet known. If it appears to them that Messrs. Mason and Sidell were wrongfully taken when under the protection of the British flag, there would seem to be but one reparation which is adequate to the affront. They must be restored with a sufficient apology.

We have in the American waters, what with the Mexican expedition and the ships already there, a force amounting to not far short of one thousand guns, which we could largely increase with the greatest ease and rapidity.

The above appears to give the gist of the *Trent* question, as it now stands.

Willmer & Smith states that the last week had been one of intense excitement,—surpassing anything experienced since the Crimean war. People fel