

I walked around the whole summit of the mountain, and clambered to the jokul which lies next to it, but still I saw no opening or crevice, no sunken wall, or any sign whatever, in fact, of a crater. Much lower down on the sides of the mountain I found some wide rents and chinks, from whence the streams of lava must have flowed. The height of this mountain is said to be 4,300 feet. I was surrounded by the most dreadful ravines, caves, streams, hills, and valleys; I could hardly understand how I had reached this point, and was seized with a feeling of horror at the thought which forced itself upon me, that perhaps I might never be able to find my way out of this terrible labyrinth of ruin. Here, on the highest peak of Hecla, I could look down far and wide upon the uninhabited land, the image of a torpid nature, passionless, inanimate — and yet sublime! an image which once seen can never be forgotten, and the remembrance of which will prove an ample compensation for all the toils and difficulties I had endured. A whole world of glaciers, mountains of lava, fields of snow and ice, rivers and miniature lakes were included in that magnificent prospect; and the foot of man had never yet ventured within those regions of gloom and solitude.

Kasper Hauser.

We copied last week, says the *Baltimore Patriot*, an article from a London paper, in which an attempt is made to connect the right of succession to the late Grand Duke of Baden, with the suspicions which arose from the mysterious appearance of Kasper Hauser in 1828. The article we copied was inaccurate in several particulars, and especially in naming Leipzig as the place of his first appearance, instead of Nuremberg, and Nuremberg as the place where he was murdered, instead of Anspach, where he had been placed by his benefactor, Lord Stanhope. We publish the subjoined account, which the *Boston Advertiser* says is made on authority on which they suppose to be as reliable as any thing which has been published in relation to him, as it is a curious historical event, now brought to mind:—

Kasper Hauser, the Nuremberg foundling, was discovered on the afternoon of the 28th of May, 1828, between four and five o'clock, in the tallow market, by one of the inhabitants of that part of the city. He was dressed as a peasant boy, and had in his possession a letter addressed to the Captain of the fourth squadron of the sixth regiment of cavalry at Nuremberg. On being carried to that person and questioned, it appeared soon, that he was almost entirely ignorant of language and manners, and quite uneducated. To all questions he made answer, "From Regensburg," (the German name of the city of Ratisbon, fifty miles distant) or "I don't know," yet he wrote his name, *Kasper Hauser*, in strong legible letters, on a sheet of paper, though he was unable to add to it the place he came from, or anything else. He was then apparently from 16 to 17 years of age. His figure was thick set and broad shouldered, but well proportioned. His skin was very white and delicate, his limbs delicately formed, his hands small and well proportioned, as were his feet, which exhibited no marks of having been confined in shoes up to this time. He showed great repugnance to every kind of food, except dry bread and water. His conversation was restricted to a few words or sayings in the Bavarian dialect. He appeared to be altogether unacquainted with all the common circumstances and the every day appearances of nature, and exhibited great indifference to the necessities and conveniences of life.

Among his articles of clothing was found a handkerchief with K. H. marked upon it. He had besides with him a Catholic prayer book. In the letter which he brought with him, and which was dated "Bavaria Border, the place unknown, 1828," the writer stated that he was a poor day labourer and the father of ten children, and said that the boy was left at his door on the 7th of October, 1812, by his unknown mother, and he had brought him up secretly, never allowed him to go out of the house, but had him taught reading, writing and Chris-

tianity, that he wanted to become a soldier in the cavalry. Within the letter was one from the mother, written in Latin, letters which stated that she was a poor girl, that she had given birth to the boy, on the 30th of April, 1812, that his name was Kasper, and that his father, formerly a horseman in the 6th regiment, was dead.

Hauser was taken care of by the magistrates of Nuremberg, as a deserted young man from foreign countries, and he excited universal interest, especially in the Burgomaster Binder, who took a great deal of trouble to throw light on the darkness which surrounded the origin and the relations of the young man. He discovered from various conversations with Kasper, that he from his youth up had worn only shirt and trousers, that he had been brought up in a dark subterranean place, where he could not lie stretched out, was fed with bread and water by a man who never showed himself, but while he was asleep, either natural sleep or one produced by drugs, provided his food and washed and dressed him. Playing with two wooden horses was his only employment. For some time before he was brought to Nuremberg, the man had been often to his prison and had taught him how to write and how to walk by raising his feet.

This narrative was the source of much speculation and many reports, according to some of which Kasper was the fruit of an illicit connection, and the natural son of a priest and of an unmarried mother of noble birth, sometimes the child of a prince or the sacrifice of some dishonest legacy hunting. There were also persons who suspected that in the whole affair there was nothing but a cheat to be discovered.

July 18, 1828, he was given up to Professor Daumer at Nuremberg, to be educated in his house. The story of his bringing up is curious in an educational point of view, inasmuch as his original desire for knowledge, his perseverance, remarkable memory and the quickness of his intellect seemed to diminish in proportion as the circle of his acquisitions increased.—His progress on the whole was small. On the 17th of October, 1829, he was found bleeding in the forehead from a dangerous cut, which according to his account, was given him by a man with a very black head, whom he met in his walk. All search for the person who committed the assault proved fruitless.

The circumstance produced great excitement, and Hauser was now brought to the house of the magistrate Biberbach and carefully watched by two soldiers. Among many strangers who came to see him, was Lord Stanhope, who became much attached to him, adopted him as a son and sent him to Anspach for his farther education. Here he was employed in a Court of Appeals but did not distinguish himself in any way by his industry, and was almost forgotten when his death again awakened public attention. A stranger came to see him on the 14th of December, 1833, under the pretence of bringing him news from Lord Stanhope, and giving him information respecting his birth. The interview took place at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Castle Garden, when the stranger gave him clandestinely a stab in the side. Kasper retained sufficient strength to return home and relate the circumstances of his murder, but he died on the 17th December, 1833. Several histories of his life and death have been written, but, as yet, the murderer has never been discovered, nor the mystery of his birth explained.

Obituary Notices.

For the Wesleyan.

Mrs. Margaret Stockton, of Smith's Creek.

The subject of this brief notice was the daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Coates, who emigrated from the Old Country to Cumberland, N. S., when they were quite young. The mother was an established Methodist, the fruit, under God, of Father Black's labours,—and endeavoured, to the extent of her ability, to bring up her children in the ways of the Lord. No doubt Margaret was more or less influenced by these pious endeavours; but we have no particular account of her state and course of

religious procedure, until a considerably advanced period of life.

After her marriage and all her numerous family were born, a series of very trying dispensations commenced, which however painful in themselves, were undoubtedly sanctified by the Great Disposer of events to that satisfactory consummation, which it is our pleasure to record, in the happiness of her exist.

The first of these circumstances was the premature death of a little girl, some six years old, by the rolling down of a pile of rails. The next was the death of a little boy, about a year or two after, by a disease resembling the Cholera. In about ten years more, two sons were cut down at the ages of twenty-nine and twenty-one years, within a few months of each other. Again, in August last, Robert, who was looked upon as the main-stay of the family, was suddenly cut down and snatched away,—though not without the consolation of a prospect that parted friends would meet again, where parting is no more.

A little before this last bereavement she was visited by something like the palsy,—repeated attacks of which, on Sunday the 16th of the present month, resulted in her removal from this vale of tears; we doubt not to join the Society of the Blessed.

Our sister's first close connection with Methodism, was about the commencement of the Sussex Vale Circuit, under the labour of our indefatigable brother M. Pickles. A Society was first formed here about twenty-four years ago.—Margaret became a member—and though often impressed with a greater or less degree of her own unworthiness, so much as in some instances to hesitate to accept the Quarterly Tickets; yet she has lived and died a member of that body.

We were wont to regard our sister and her general state of experience as enjoying a measure of peace;—but when her sickness commenced she did not enjoy a clear evidence of her acceptance. She seemed as one who refused to be comforted until the Lord Jesus should more fully manifest himself to her. It was not, however, until the last night of her life that she became fully freed from doubts and fears, and was enabled to express her unshaken confidence in Christ, as her Redeemer. Thus, on Sabbath, about eleven o'clock, and after having distinctly expressed a conviction that her end was come, she finished her earthly course.

On the Tuesday following, attended by her sorrowing relatives and a large number of friends, her mortal remains were committed to the silent grave, after the improvement of the occasion by the Circuit Preacher, from Lamentations of Jeremiah, Chapter iii, Verse 32.

In her removal, the Preachers and the cause of Methodism, as well as her own family and connections, and the community at large, have lost a friend whose place will not easily be supplied. J. F. B.

Sussex Vale Circuit, N. B., May 25th, 1852.

For the Wesleyan.

Mrs. Olivia Randall, of Waterville.

Died at Waterville, West Cornwallis, on the 19th March, Mrs. Olivia Randall, late wife of Mr. Ananah-Randall, in 65th year of her age.

Mrs. Randall was brought to God when young; but being previously, and at the time of her conversion, surrounded by persons of the Baptist denomination; and having imbibed their notions of baptism by immersion, she for some time hesitated what Church to join. The doctrines of restricted atonement, the limitation of God's grace to those supposed to be included in the covenant of redemption only, the impossibility of falling from grace, and opposition to free communion of christians around the table of their common Saviour, however, effectually prevented her from uniting with that people. It is true she had received good under their ministry, especially under that of those eminent servants of God, the Rev. Messrs. Harding and Manning; but here was an insuperable barrier in the way of her uniting with them. How could she sit all her life under, and profit by, a Calvinistic minister? We doubt not but other sincere christians, who have conscientiously embraced these views might do so; but let none blame Mrs.

Randall if she conscientiously could not. She thought and felt differently.

About this time, or shortly after, the Rev. John Snowball was sent as a Wesleyan Missionary to Horton and Cornwallis. Mrs. Randall cordially embraced the Gospel as preached by him. General redemption, the freeness as well as the sovereignty of divine grace—and therefore the possibility of all men being saved, the necessity of persevering in righteousness and holy living till death, and the liberality of sentiment entertained by Wesleyans, as to the communion of saints of whatever name, as exhibited by that man of God—these all accorded with her own views and feelings. She hesitated no longer but immediately became a member of the Wesleyan Church.

Almost from the time of Mrs. Randall's conversion till her death, she was literally schooled in affliction. For more than twenty years did the fell destroyer consumption, prey upon her system, attended with a painful cough. But the great Master was with her in the fire watching the process and imparting the lesson. Whom Christ teaches they are wise indeed—and happy. It was so with our departed sister. She could glory in tribulations. "My sufferings," said she, "are very great. Mine has been a life of suffering; but I know that all things work together for good to them that love God. He will bring me through all. In a little while—after a few more struggles—I shall be at rest."

The night previous to her death she had been no worse than usual. About 1 o'clock her husband was up and adjusted her pillows, after which she fell on sleep. He woke in the morning—bent over her placid form, and lo! "She was not, for God had taken her!" "The weary wheels of life stood still" while she was sleeping. Perhaps

"She sank in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day."

GEORGE W. TUTTLE.

Cornwallis, May 26th, 1852.

For the Wesleyan.

Capt. Benjamin Perry, Senr., of N. E. Harbour.

Died at N. E. Harbour, on the 19th of April last, after a very tedious and painful illness, sustained by him with great patience and resignation, Capt. Benjamin Perry, Senr., in the 72nd year of his age. Mr. Perry was born at Huntington, in the late Province, now State of New York, and when very young came to this Province in 1783. Though too young at the period of the American Revolution to know anything of the exciting events of that painful period, he inherited from his parents and family all that staunch and unflinching attachment, for which they have been so significantly noted.

His own loyalty and attachment grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength; and to the last days of his active life there was no abatement of his ardent and warm affection for the land of his forefathers—old England. He was very generally known, and as generally respected for the uprightness and integrity of his conduct. He was eminently a man of peace and a counsellor of peace.

He was hospitable, kind and generous, and especially so in the latter, as far as his means extended, towards everything calculated for the good of man. His house, for forty years, was the home of the ministers of the Wesleyan Church, and to none others who came within his knowledge, was he by any means slow in offering all the tokens of christian courtesy and kindness. Though always a lover of good and of good men, for some years past he turned his attention more devotedly and seriously to the subject of religion. During his painful and protracted illness, he found a consolation which such a course can afford; and it is confidently stated by those who were near him in times of affliction, that he was enabled rejoicingly to apply to his own soul those consolations promised to the faithful when walking through the dark valley and the shadow of death.—He had been a most affectionate son—a kind and tender husband—a most indulgent and anxious parent—and as life was fast ebbing away,—a day or two before the closing scene,—he called his large family of children around him, and in the most faithful and affectionate manner gave them that counsel and encouragement they might need through-