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Religious Miscellany.

The Watch at the Sepulchre.

THE CENTURION.

From east to west I've marched beneath the eagles;
From the Pontus unto Gaul,
Kept many a watch, on which, by death surrounded,
I've seen each comrade fall.

Fear! I could laugh until these rocks re-echoed,
To think that I should fear—
Who have met death in every form unshrinking,
To watch this dead man here.

In Dacian forests, sitting by our watch-fire,
I've kept the wolves at bay;
On Rhetian Alps escaped the ice-hills hurling
Close where our legion lay.

On moonless nights, upon the sands of Lybia,
I've sat with shield firm set
And heard the lion roar; in this fore-arm
The tiger's teeth have met.

I was star-gazing when he stole upon me,
Until I felt his breath,
And saw his jewel eyes gleam; then he seized me,
And instant met his death.

My weapon in his thick veined neck I buried,
My feet his warm blood dyed;
And then I bound my wound, and till the morning
Lay couched upon his side.

Here, though the stars are veiled, the peaceful city
Lies at our feet asleep;
Round us still more peaceful dead are lying
In slumber yet more deep.

A low wind moaning glides among the olives,
Till every hill-side sighs;
But round us here the moaning seems to muster
And gather where *He* lies.

And through the darkness faint, pale gleams are flying
That touch this hill alone;
Whence these unearthly lights? and whence the shadows
That move upon the stone?

If the Olympian Jove awoke in thunder,
H's great eyes I could meet:
But his, if once again they looked upon me,
Would strike me to his feet.

He looked as if my brother hung there bleeding,
And put my soul to shame;
As if my mother with his eyes were pleading,
And pity overcame.

But could not save. He who in death was hanging
On the accursed tree,
Was he the Son of God? for so in dying
He seemed to die for me.

And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,
Gazed at me from his face:
What if he rise again, and I shall meet him!
How awful's this place.

—*Hours at Home.*

Easter Hymn.

"Hallelujah! Christus lebt!"

But now is Christ risen from the dead and became the first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. xv. 20

HALLELUJAH! Jesus lives!
He is now the Living One.
From the gloomy house of death
Forth the Conqueror has gone,
Bright Forerunner to the skies
Of his people yet to rise.

Jesus lives! let all rejoice!
Praise Him, ransomed ones of earth;
Praise Him in a nobler song,
Cherubim of heavenly birth;
Praise the Victor King, whose sway
Sin and death, and hell obey.

Jesus lives! why weepest thou?
Why that sad and frequent sigh?
He who died our Brother here,
Lives our Brother still on high—
Lives for ever to bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

Jesus lives! and thus, my soul,
Life eternal waits for thee;
Joined to Him, thy Living Head,
Where He is, thou too shalt be;
With Himself, at his right hand,
Victor over death shalt stand.

Jesus lives! To Him my heart
Draws with ever new delight:
Earthly vanities, depart!
Hinder not my heavenward flight!
Let the spirit ever rise
To its magnet in the skies.

Hallelujah! angels sing,
Join us in our hymn of praise,
Let your chorus swell the strain
Which our feebler voices raise:
Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth His peace and love.

—*Hymns from the land of Luther.*

Building on the Rock.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

Dig deep, and lay your foundation well, is our earnest advice to every awakened soul. Every revival nearly brings into the Church more or less of what may be called "shaky professors." Their religious life is frail, ill built, tottering, and liable to come down in the first stiff gale of temptation. The simple reason is that there was no underlying godliness based on Jesus Christ. When you see a huge crack in the third story room of a tall mansion, you may at once suppose that there is something wrong in the *foundation*. So with a religious profession that is not bottomed on the Lord Jesus Christ. Sooner or latter the crack appears in the daily life; or else the flimsy structure leans over from the perpendicular "like a bowing wall and a tottering fence." Even if it manage to hold itself up until the dying hour, the tremendous surge of death tumbles the whole edifice of presumption and falsehood into utter, irretrievable ruin. When the last storm descends, and the floods beat upon it, it falls; "and great will be the fall of it," for eternity can bring no repair of the wreck.

Christ in his searching sermon on the mount, spoke of two classes of builders. The one built on the sand, and the other built on the rock. When the hour of trial came upon both alike, the quicksand upset the one, and the rock bed upheld the other. The one stood because it had a *foundation*; the other fell for want of one. Now, just here is the vital point with every anxious seeker after salvation—for it will be a terrible thing for you to find out at last that you have been building on the sand!

In building for eternity, there is but one sure foundation. God is rich in resources, but he has provided only one plan of salvation. "Other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." What is meant by this? We believe that it means that, when sinful man had no righteousness of his own to stand upon, Christ "becomes to him righteousness." When he has no strength, Jesus offers to put his infinite arm beneath him. When the sinful soul has no inward principle to base a godly life upon, Jesus implants one through regeneration. When he has no pattern to live by, Jesus furnishes a perfect model. And when any penitent man sincerely embraces Christ Jesus as his Saviour, rests on his atonement for pardon, looks to Jesus for guidance, leans on Jesus for support, and is united to Jesus in heart and in daily life, then may he be said to have built on Jesus as his spiritual foundation. When a man thus embraces Christ, he has a *rock bed*—definite and immovable beneath him. If you ask such a man why he expects to be saved, his simple answer is, "Christ died for me, and his blood cleanseth from all sin." If you ask him the ground of his assurance, he answers, with Paul, "I *know* whom I have believed." If you inquire of him whence he derives strength for the strain of daily life, its wrenching trials, its wrestling temptations, and its toils, he can humbly testify that down in the depths of his soul there is an underlying grace which Christ doth furnish. This work of Christ for him and within him, is his foundation. It underlies his religion, just as the granite underlies New Hampshire's heaven-kissing hills. If you take away the Divine Jesus from this man, you take away his faith, his hope, his peace, his strength, his character, his all. It is as if you tore away the granite bed from beneath Mount Washington.

Now, my friend, here is a rock for your soul—the rock of ages. If you build on anything else—on your prayers or your professions, on your philanthropy, on your ceremonies or your church-membership—you are building on the sand. Morality is a very beautiful part of a Christian superstructure, but it is not a *foundation*. Other foundation, remember, no man *can* lay, than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus. We have seen some melancholy crashes in the moral careers of men; we have heard some terrible *falls* in dying chambers. They were the down-tumblings of a false hope that was bottomed on the sand. When the floods came and the winds smote on it, it fell, and great was the fall thereof!

But when a penitent soul has committed itself to Jesus; and the new heart, the new principle, and the new purpose have come to to it through conversion, then on this sure foundation what a beautiful and effective life may be built! A well-built life is just the laying up of one grace and good deed upon another, of faith, and patience, and temperance, and benevolence, and courage, and self-denial, and brotherly love—even as the marble blocks grew up into that Liberty-crowned Capitol at Washington. It is growing in grace. It is the sacred architecture of the Holy Spirit. "Ye are God's building."

A well-built Christian is harmonious in all his parts. He is not a jumble of opposites and inconsistencies—to-day devout and to-morrow frivolous, to-day liberal and to-morrow stingy, to-day fluent in prayer and to-morrow fluent in falsehoods. He does not keep the fourth commandment on Sunday, and break the eighth by cunning frauds on Monday. His philanthropy does not outrun his conscientiousness, nor do his spiritual fervors outrun his inward faith and self-denials. Some professed christians are as unfinished as the cathedral at Colonge, where vast towers have risen no higher than mere stumps, and where ugly wooden cranes conceal an exquisite gothic tracery. Do not expect to reach absolute christian perfection; but that is no reason why you should settle down content with a wilful and wretched imperfeccion.

As we close, we point you to the rock of ages, Christ Jesus. You never can be saved but through him. Every hour is worse than lost that you spend away from Christ. There is a dying-bed spreading for you somewhere, my friend. There is a shroud somewhere weaving. There is a storm coming that will wrench and try your spiritual hope to the utmost. See to it that you are well-founded. The way to avoid the sand is to strike for the rock. Dig deep and lay your foundation well. He that heareth the voice of Christ and *doeth his will*, he is the wise man who buildeth his house upon the rock. Steadily the structure rises, stone on stone. Sometimes through storms of persecution and reproach. But he builds for eternity. And it shall be of such as to that the celestial chant shall yet be heard: "Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that *keep* the commandments of God, and the FAITH OF JESUS.—*Independent.*

Done Giving.

"No sir. I shall not give you one dollar, it is just 'give, give,' all the time, from one source or another, and for my part I am tired of it. I tell you, sir, I am done giving."

These words came from the lips of a man whom the Lord had abundantly prospered. But as his riches increased, he forgot the command, 'Set not thy herrt upon them.' The passion for heaping up treasures had so grown upon him, that he felt as if every dollar given away was robbery from his stores. If you are tempted to court wealth, remember who has said, 'How hardly shall they that hath riches enter into the kingdom of Heaven.' We may think it is a hard saying; but there it stands, just as true as when Jesus uttered it, so many hundred years ago. When a man begins to grow rich, he is in danger of setting his affections upon riches until he forgets God, and goes down to eternal death.

Mr. Warren had forgotten the great fact that his money was not his own—no not a dollar of it. It was all lent to him, and the Owner could call back every cent at any moment he chose. He could not believe that. As he looked about in his rich-furnished apartments, as he walked among the bales of merchandise in his great warehouse, and thought of the money invested in the 'safest bank in the country,' perhaps he had something of the feeling of that great monarch who said 'Is not this great Babylon which I have builded?'

But God was kinder to Mr. Warren than his deserts. He sent great calamities upon him. He might have let him go on in prosperity, hardening his heart in selfishness, to sink at last into the lake of fire. When a man has 'done giving,' he has gone a long way in that direction.

The first great mercy was the burning down of his vast warehouse. Half-frantic, he watched the hungry flames as they licked up the choice merchandise and ran along, leaping from floor to floor, and defying all the firemen's skill to check them. Twenty minutes was sufficient for the Lord to sweep away the product of years of labor and thrift.

The ruins were still smoking when the second mercy came. "'Lost at sea. The barque *Lapwing*. Crew saved, but cargo all lost.'

It took but a line in the morning papers, but it swept away thousands from the merchant's possessions. He was beginning to feel that God had a controversy with him.

He sat alone in his library one morning pondering over his changed fortunes, and revolving in his mind what was to be done to repair them, when the gentleman who had been his head clerk called upon him.

'I have bad news again this morning,' he said, dreading to add the weight of it to his other burdens.

'There cannot be much worse in store for me. I am near the bottom now. But as long as the bank stands firm I can begin anew, at least.'

'The bank has failed,' said the unwelcome messenger.

The blow was so sudden and unexpected that the man seemed crushed beneath it.

'All hope is gone, Mr. Cary,' he cried, pressing his hand to his brow, 'I am a ruined man, and my family are beggars.'

The other looked down upon his anguish with deepest sympathy. He was a sincere Christian, and did not fail in this time of need to point his friend to the precious words of Scripture for those whom God chasteneth.

Mr. Warren went forth from that room with his earthly prospects dark, indeed, but with his prospect of a heavenly inheritance greatly brightened. Through much humiliation he learned to regard himself as God's steward, and there was never a time again in his life when he dared to say, or wished he had 'done giving.'

The Cleansing Blood.

A visitor among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place, leaning with folded arms against the wall. There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came there with the desire to do him good and to see him happy, and that the book he held in his hand contained the secret of all happiness. The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him down stairs. While the visitor was endeavoring with gentleness and patience to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors that opened upon the landing, saying, "Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin." For the moment the visitor was too absorbed in the case of the hardened sinner before him to answer the enquiry, and it was repeated in urgent and thrilling tones, "Tell me, oh, tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door, and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture except a three-legged stool, and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question,—"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" He sat down upon the stool beside her, and enquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied, "What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying; I am going to stand naked before God. I have been a wicked woman, a very wicked woman, in my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done!" and she groaned bitterly as the thought of a lifetime's iniquity seemed to cross her soul. "But once," she continued, "once years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in, I don't know what for; I was soon out again; but one word I heard there I have never forgot. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, if I could hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book?" The visitor answered by opening his Bible and reading the first chapter of the First Epistle of St. John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused she exclaimed, "Read more, read more." He read the second chapter;—a slight noise made him look round; the savage ruffian had followed him into his mother's room, and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth, and fifth chapters before he could get his poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day. He never from that time missed a day reading to her, until she died, six weeks afterwards; and very blessed was it to see how, almost from the first, she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus. Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened in silence, but not in indifference. On the day of her funeral he beckoned him to one side as they were filling up the grave, and said, "Sir, I have been thinking that there is nothing I should so much like as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

Thus the great truth of free pardon through the blood of Christ sinks into the soul, and saves it. Thus grasped, when all else is gone, it has power to sustain the drowning spirit, and lift it up above the floods that are going over it. Thus it breaks the heart of stone which nothing else could touch and turns the abandoned persecutor into the zealous teacher of Christianity.

A Harp in Heaven.

One of the sweetest recollections of my girlhood is a beautiful reply my mother once made me, when my heart was swelling with childish grief.

I had just returned from the house of a wealthy neighbour, who had kindly given me the use of their piano a few hours every day, to gratify my extreme love for music. Our own cottage home looked so plain and desolate with the one I had just left, and no piano within its walls, that I laid my head upon the table, and gave vent to my overflowing grief. I felt perhaps a little angry, that we were unable to afford the one thing I desired above all others—a piano—and expressed my feelings to my mother.

Never shall I forget her sweet, gentle tone, as she simply replied, 'Never mind, if you cannot have a piano on earth, you may have a harp in heaven.' Instantly the whole current of my feelings was changed. Earthly things dwindled into insignificance, and the 'harp in heaven,' with its golden strings, became the object of my desire. I felt reproved for my pinings against Providence that had placed me in a humble home, and from that moment the enjoyments of heaven seemed far to outweigh all the pleasures of earth.

That beautiful reply has followed me all my life, or rather has gone before me like a bright guiding star, lifting my thoughts above this transient life, and opening to my spirit's vision the glorious scenes in that 'land of life and light.' I have a 'piano on earth' now, but its charm is gone. Its music no longer gladdens my heart as it once did, for the ears that loved best to listen to its sweet tone are now enraptured with the grand harmonies of heaven. The dear fingers that so often touched its keys now sweep the golden harp strings. Oh, that 'harp in heaven!' How my soul longs for one breath of its rich melody!

As I look upon the dear baby fingers in the cradle near me, it matters little whether my child be rich or poor—whether her path be strewn with thorns or flowers—if she may only have a 'harp in heaven.'

Reader, 'tell you have one.'

Religious Intelligence

Antigua.

Extract of a Letter from Rev. Alfred Kent, dated Parham, Antigua, Jan. 11th, 1866.

To this circuit the past year has been most eventful. The dispensations of Providence have indeed been afflictive; but, I trust, we have endeavoured to bow in humble submission to the Divine will, comforting our hearts in the unerring wisdom of Him who ordereth all things for the best ends. Sickness has been unusually prevalent, especially fever. Thank God, those whom it seized were soon restored. The death of the late Superintendent, the Rev. Ralph Arnold, filled our hearts with almost inconsolable sorrow; but the certainty that his end was one of triumph in the Gospel of Christ, somewhat assuaged it. The church could ill spare so zealous and devoted a servant of Christ. His labours were abundantly owned and blessed of God. Our society at Sion Hill has lost a most exemplary and influential member in the person of Mr. John Atkinson, manager of the Gardens Estate; his name will ever be embalmed in the memory of the church for his piety, influence, and benevolence.

O, how thankful I should be were it in my power to communicate pleasing intelligence of the prosperity of our work! Long has our strain been that of lamentation and mourning over Zion. Oft have I meditated on the grand imagery of the prophet Jeremiah,—"The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to her solemn feasts;" and cried, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Once, during the year just past, I was bewailing the condition of our church to one of our leaders; and the reply was, "Sir, we must remember, it's 'not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts;' and we must abide the coming of the Spirit." Even the Minister of Jesus is at times impatient. Fruit, immediate fruit, is his desire and cry; forgetting the necessary vegetative process of germ, bud, blossom, and fruit. "To wait," patiently, expectantly, and believingly "to wait," is a grace needing great cultivation.

The year's record has not closed in absolute gloom and discouragement. O, no! We rejoice in the Lord over those who have "slept in Jesus." And here and there a poor penitent sinner has been heard inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?"

On one occasion, I remember, after the Sabbath's labours, being exceedingly cast down. All direct effort and preaching seemed of no avail. I had preached that evening from the words of the prophet, "Who hath believed our report?" &c.; and left the pulpit for the Mission-house, truly sad at heart. Monday came, still the gloom deepened. I prayed, but no apparent encouragement dawned. The time for the Prayer-meeting arrived. I went to the chapel; prayer was offered, but no light gleamed through the darkness over-shadowing my soul. One person after another offered up supplication, until a young man commenced a prayer, simple and earnest, thanking God for the sermon of last evening. The truth came home to his heart; he saw himself lost and undone before God, and he went to his chamber to plead for mercy, and found forgiveness. To describe my feelings is impossible. Suffice it to say, I trembled with joy; the gloom fled, and I think I have learned that it is best to labour on until God in His own good pleasure causes the fruit to appear.

On another occasion, one came to me with a request that I would pray with and for her, and direct her to Jesus, whom, she said, she had been seeking with troubled heart for three weeks, but had not found Him. Other cases of known success I could furnish; but, for the manifestation of the secret and hitherto unknown good, we must patiently wait.

The congregations have not generally been so large as customary. An almost unprecedented and continuous fever prevailing, the extreme poverty consequent upon the two past years of distress, from which the people have not yet recovered, and the high price of cotton goods seriously limiting the purchase of clothing, may be assigned as the causes for this diminution. We have been pleased to witness generally a delightful and intelligent appreciation of the Word preached.

Several of our schools are maintaining their ground, and working as well as we can almost expect, under their peculiar circumstances. I regret we have not yet been able to effect anything in the way of chapel repairs.

The state of things is certainly more hopeful now, than at the commencement of the year; and, by the blessing of Heaven, we trust that next, or rather this, year will witness still better things. God grant that our hopes may not be blighted!

Hayti.

In the following letter, our readers will recognise the heart of a devoted Missionary, clinging, in spite of all discouragements, to a beloved field of labour; and well exemplifying the noble resolution expressed by Wesley, a hundred and twenty years ago, in reference to England:—

"Believing against hope,
We hang upon Thy grace,
Through every lowering cloud look up,
And wait for happy days."

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. M. B. Bird, dated Port-au-Prince, Nov. 7th, 1865.

As a Mission field, I see no need of despair for Hayti, notwithstanding all the distressing facts connected with its present state. Hayti, whatever be its woes, must remain a nation, with a population of some 700,000 souls or more; nor is it possible that the present chaos of things should continue: the elements of our past success, although limited, must still remain, and they will still be our hopes for the future. Elements of prosperity of every kind abound in this republic; and there can be no doubt but that in due time they will be developed. Alas! it is indeed a sad truth that, at present, the main thing in this nation is wanting. God is set at nought here, as well as elsewhere, yet there is a wide-spread conviction amongst the Haytian people that this is their national crime; nor is it to be supposed that the truth of the Gospel, which has been so widely diffused throughout this republic, by the circulation of the Scriptures, by the public ministry,—not only amongst ourselves,—and by a widely extended Protestant education, has all been in vain. In fact, I should be sorry if the comparative smallness of our success in Hayti, together with the wickedness which so abounds in it, were understood otherwise than as constituting the strongest reason for rendering our efforts as a Missionary Society a thousand times greater than they have ever yet been. I trust, too, that the same view will be taken of the Jamaica Mission, where we are now beginning to see such awful proofs that our work is but little more than begun, as well as here.

Of our out-places I can say but little: our flocks are nearly all without shepherds, and the circumstances of the country are such that I cannot visit them; but I know they are still living in hope, and holding on.

At Port-au-Prince our congregations do not flag; and, considering how the public mind is absorbed by passing events, which are sometimes intensely exciting, I feel frequently surpised and thankful that so many flock to hear the word of God. Some cases of real good have occurred, even during this year of confusion,—cases, too, of unusual importance, which, we trust, will serve as good moral levers for ultimate good to this afflicted land.

Our day school at the capital is, upon the whole, prospering; we have now about seventy names on the books, six of whom are boarders. The Concordat with Rome has taken from us probably all that it is likely to take; and we are, therefore, hoping for yet greater prosperity as soon as the country is again settled.

Our Sunday school, to which we attach great importance, has suffered more from the general state of things than any other department of our work.

We are indeed cast down, but we are not discouraged. That great changes are likely to take place in Hayti is becoming more and more evident: what they may be it would, indeed, be difficult to predict; but, if we may judge from the prevailing ideas, as well as the general leaning of the public mind, which are very apparent, there is certainly an intense wish for every kind of real improvement and progress; indeed, it cannot be doubted that this is the genuine and earnest wish of the Haytian nation. It is, however, a lamentable fact, that the true principles of government are wanting here; hence the storm now raging may yet last until very despair is felt.

We are still uneasy respecting the English bombardment of the Cape, for there is reason to believe that the passions on both sides are excited. May our heavenly Father rule in this storm!

I am thankful to say that we are all in good health.—*Mis. Notices.*

General Miscellany.

The Jamaica Cruelties.

Correspondents of some of the English Press for Jamaica, furnish additional particulars of the horrors of the late insurrection. The account given of the origin of the riot bears strong evidence of truthfulness, but places the conduct of the Governor and his officials in an increasingly unfavourable light. Our readers may have supposed that the cruelties before noted were extreme cases; but further details go to show that the instances given were but samples of some thousands of transactions of like barbarity:—

As to the riot at Morant Bay. A lad had a few words at the door of the Court House on Saturday, the 7th, with a policeman. On hearing a voice from the bench shouting, "Who is that making a noise? Bring him here!" the youth bolted, and the policeman followed him into the market-place where the country people were assembled selling their provisions and making their markets. The lad resisted and escaped among the people, and this was the small beginning of the whole catastrophe. The magistrates—local proprietors, attorneys, and overseers—were greatly incensed at this unusual and unexpected display on the part of the people, who themselves seem to have thought no more of the matter. The meeting which took place in Paul Bogle's chapel on the Saturday night, at which it was assumed a formidable rebellion had been organized, was an ordinary meeting for religious purposes, and at the end of the service a discussion took place among those present on a question of wages, and a resolution was come to not to work for one or two of the neighbouring proprietors, who either paid too little wages or none at all, after these black people had done the work. This statement I have from more than one of the survivors who attended the meeting. They seem to have regarded the affair of the Saturday as too trivial for notice, and the rescue from a policeman without a warrant was not done by more than a very few persons, some of whom lived in the direction of Stony Gut, and others not. On the Monday, the Clerk of the Peace issued warrants against the most enterprising and independent of the Stony Gut people, and, therefore, those most offensive to the ruling clique. The few policemen who went up were certainly resisted, and the reason was, that the parties against whom warrants were issued and threats uttered by the officials, were afraid they could not depend upon having justice done by the magistrates. They thought, and probably with perfectly sufficient reason, that the affair of the Saturday would be made the excuse for visiting upon their heads vengeance for the spirit of independence the Stony Gut peasantry had displayed, and for all outstanding questions of wages. If the peasantry did wrong in resisting the policemen who went up to capture half the settlement, they certainly did not exhibit otherwise any very violent disposition to resist the laws, for Paul Bogle and the others wrote a letter to the Governor, detailing the incidents that had occurred, asserting their want of confidence in the integrity of the magistrates, and calling upon him to send one to investigate the matter, and protect them from their oppressors. So little idea had they of revolting, and so anxious were they to call in the aid of the Executive, that they sent off a man on horseback express to Spanish Town with this massive, but, as the Governor was at his mountain residence of Flamstead, no answer was received until it was too late. The answer of the Governor, indeed, was found by Mr. Ramsay in the post-office, and used for the means of hanging all the unfortunate to whom it was addressed. On the Tuesday the officials were more irritated than ever at the proceedings of the Stony Gut men, and openly avowed that if they did not come down on Wednesday they would go up with an armed party and inflict all manner of chastisement. In the course of Tuesday they sent off to Bath for the volunteers of that town, a distance from Morant Bay of above fifteen miles. This was a most unfortunate step, and it was not done with the view of defending the civil power when assailed and unable to maintain its supremacy, but done for the purpose of enabling the local authorities of Morant Bay to carry out their threats of vengeance. One of the first duties of the new Governor ought to be to take the right of calling out an armed force from the hands of the local officials, who have so little discretion, so much prejudice, and so little regard for the lives of the peasantry. The volunteers were not limited to two rounds of ammunition. They took as much as they could; and a sergeant and a small party who followed in the morning took more powder. At the very time the officials were thus accumulating materials for an explosion they appear to have been in friendly communication with the Stony Gut people, for the purpose of inducing them to come down on Wednesday. The latter, believing that the Governor would have sent one to protect them, made up their minds to do so, but after learning of the arrival of volunteers they were inclined to remain at home. It was only after some persuasion that Bogle and the others could induce all those summoned to go down with a view of taking their trial.

The negroes were not armed as a body; they had not even their matchetts or cutlasses which they usually carry for the purpose of clearing away the brush which springs up in a very short time in the bye-paths of the country. They had merely their walking-sticks, and had music as on all holiday occasions. All the accounts which I have heard go to show that the negroes did not begin any attack; that they were slowly approaching the Court-house as an unarmed body when the magistrates and others were standing and talking in an excited manner on the steps. The Riot Act was not read. Some wanted the volunteers to fire at once; but the officer objected because the Riot Act was not read. A book containing it was then passed out to Baron Kettleholdt, the Custos; but before he had read the Act the volunteers fired, and several of the negroes fell. This was about three or half-past three, and from that period until half-past five or so the volunteers and magistrates continued to keep up a fire upon every black man they saw from the Court house; and the black people in return got the muskets from the police barracks, but without powder, and endeavoured to defend themselves. The Court-house was not fired by the negroes, but was fired accidentally. First a school house—that is to say, a wooden shed covered with dry shingles, which adjoins the Court house, and over which the volunteers were firing upon the peasantry, who were crouching for shelter in the neighbourhood—took fire from some of the burning wads having dropped upon it. After those who had thus been firing upon the people for about two hours were dislodged, unquestionably, they were barbarously attacked by the blacks. A pilot of Kingston, who had been driven by stress of weather into Morant Bay, and who saw the whole affair, describes the murder of Mr. Walton at his feet. He craved for mercy to him; but the excited negroes declared he had shown no mercy, and should have none. There was, however, no mutilation of the bodies. I have seen people who saw the bodies dressed for burial in the Alms-house, where they were taken, and they declare there was no mutilation. According to those individuals, Baron Kettleholdt's head was not cut off, Mr. Herchell's tongue was not cut out, Mr. Price's bowels was not cut open. This is corroborated by Mr. Price's old housekeeper, who herself dressed him out for burial. The mixing of the brains and blood, and all these hideous stories, are mere inventions of the poor panic-stricken creatures who came on to Kingston and elsewhere, and excited the community to a pitch of madness by details of atrocities committed only in their own imaginations.

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As an example of Provost Marshal Ramsey's account in these particulars, I may mention that the court before which Mr. George Clarke, a brother of Samuel Clarke, was tried, in some extraordinary mood of humanity, remanded him to enable him to call witnesses. Ramsay was excessively indignant, and took Clarke back to prison with evident disgust. A day or two afterwards Clarke ventured, in a very humble tone, to remind Ramsay of his witnesses, when that functionary instantly turned to the guard, and said, "If that brute offers to speak to me give him a dozen." Clarke was silenced; but again, on a subsequent occasion, ventured to say that he had been remanded for a specific purpose. Ramsay levelled his revolver at his head, yelling out, "You d——d political brute! One word and I will blow your brains out." Several days thereafter Clarke saw one of his neighbours dragged in as a prisoner, and fearful that he would be executed, and that his testimony would be lost, notwithstanding the risk, told Ramsay of the fact, and begged that he might be taken before the court. Ramsay, exasperated beyond measure at this pertinacity of a coloured man in attempting to save his life, ordered him out to be flogged, and he was flogged, getting, I think, twenty-five lashes for presuming to do what he had been remanded by the court-martial for the purpose of doing. Clarke, a respectable freeholder, was never again brought up for examination, but ordered to dig graves, and clean out Nelson's yard, and every possible indignity was heaped upon him. At the conclusion of martial law his trial was still unfinished; he was fortunately not executed, although he had been prepared for death every day for several weeks, and the tale he can tell will be duly laid before the Royal Commissioners.

The case of Marshall, who was hanged for making a face at the 48th lash, is one of the crimes for which Ramsay must be called to account. Marshall was the son of a respectable trader in Morant Bay, and a weakly young man, and particularly peaceful in his disposition. His flogging was without trial, and I have been told by persons (not negroes alone, nor reporters alone), that from the condition of health of the poor fellow the flogging was to him particularly severe. His back was torn, and the blood streamed down. He writed with the excessive pain, and it was this which gave Ramsay umbrage. He ordered him to be taken down and instantly hanged, which was done by sailors who were present. The bleeding wretch was thrown on his face, and his hands tied behind him. A rope was put round his neck, and he was dragged to the Court house, and the rope thrown over a beam. He was dragged up like a sack of corn until his feet were just off the ground, and a sailor put a large stone between his tied hands, in order to make him a little heavier.

Mr. Gordon was compelled thus to witness several executions before he himself was martyred, Ramsay, and I grieve to say some officers, taunting him with the certainty of his coming down. On one occasion he was led out before all the other prisoners, when William Grant, of Stony Gut or Morant Bay, was put to death. Ramsay led him forward, and ordered Mr. Gordon to look at the contorted features of Grant. "Look there," said Ramsay, "there is one of your deluded victims; see what he has come to—and to that end you will certainly come."—Mr. Gordon, with that perfect meekness which even his political opponents here admit to have been his characteristic, only bowed, and was led back to his place.

Now it is a young woman from Stony Gut who tells how thickly the settlement was peopled before "the war;" how her father lived there, and her uncle, and her brother-in-law, and now all are gone; houses burned, provision grounds laid desolate, and the men executed; while the women with the children are living in wretched huts in bush, fed no one knows how, and no one here seems to care. She tells how seven males of her family perished on the gallows at Morant Bay; and all, she believes, as innocent of crime as the child unborn. One of them was James M'Laren, the so-called rebel secretary. He was at home on the day of the riot, but he had committed a crime which was unpardonable in the eyes of those who condemned him. He was a friend of George William Gordon, and for that, and that alone, he was doomed. He was no more a rebel secretary than Mr. Eyre was. There was no rebellion of which he could have been the secretary; and M'Laren was a quiet, industrious man, better educated than his neighbours, and therefore a standing offence to the estate attorneys, most of whom hate nothing more fervently than an educated negro. This is the same James M'Laren who was examined as a witness on Mr. Gordon's trial. He had been tried by court-martial and condemned to death, and was brought up in the hope that he would say something with a view of averting his fate. Ramsay, the Provost-Marshal, of whose acts I shall have to speak in terms of the utmost abhorrence, had entered the prison-yard that morning, and in presence of all the poor crouching miserables, tried and untried, had openly proclaimed that if any one would give evidence against Mr. Gordon he would not only save his own life but be rewarded by the Government. The two witnesses, Jas. Gordon and Anderson, who spoke against Mr. Gordon, responded to the invitation; but M'Laren was taken solely in the hope that his love of life would prove superior to his love of truth. "Do you know," said Brand, the president of the court, "that Mr. Gordon has something to do with the rebellion?" Mark the malicious unfairness of the question. The noble answer was, "I know I am going to be hanged this night; I don't know if he has anything to do with it." Faithful and true to the end—for he was hanged that night.

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One morning while it was still dark, a [illegible] of soldiers burst into a cottage at Coaley. [illegible] husband started from his bed and tried to esc[illegible] but the soldiers were too quick for him, an[illegible] rifle bullet was sent through his shoulder, wh[illegible] the wife and children screamed with terr[illegible] Wounded as he was the man dashed into t[illegible] bush and was preserved, although his arm is no useless. There were thus only the woman an[illegible] children left, upon whom the brave veteran[illegible] could exercise their valour. Imagine the scene—the poor creatures roused from sleep by the