Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, SEPTR. 9, 1858.

Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence.
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THE special religious services which have been held in the Wesleyan Churches of this city through the past fortnight have been attended by large numbers, and many souls have professed peace with God. Mrs. Palmer has spoken every evening. Her addresses are delivered with calm earnestness. They are exceedingly simple and straightforward; and are calculated we think to disarm as against herself the certainly not unreasonable prejudices with which many most pious and judicious Christians regard the delivery of public addresses by females. We rejoice in the belief that good is being done in our midst, whilst at the same time deeply impressed with the responsibility which rests upon the church to watch with fidelity and prayer over those who are thus brought into the fold of Christ, that they may be *built up* on their most precious faith; and that their impressions may not prove (as alas! in too many instances on former occasions) like the morning cloud and the early dew. To us, one of the most happy and encouraging features of the special services now being held is that some have been brought to the point of open profession whom we have long regarded as sincere lovers of Jesus and of his cause.—The services continue through this week, being held alternately in Brunswick and Grafton Street Churches.

General Williams and the Siege of Kars.

It was in the Autumn of 1854 that General Williams entered the city of Kars 'a picturesque, mud built old city, situated at the foot of a cliff, with a fine mediæval castle crowning a craggy hill in the centre, and a river running through the city and through a deep cleft in the hills behind.' The remains of a Turkish army ruined by the incapacity and greed of its commanders and ignominiously routed by a far inferior force of Russians had taken refuge within its walls. To Williams they cheerfully conceded absolute authority, which he exercised with a vigour equalled only by his patience and kindness. He wrought reform in the army, fortified the post, himself managed the Commisariat with consummate skill, and made hospital preparations for a siege. "Had the Turkish Government and our own seconded his efforts with any measure of his vigor, or seconded them at all, Russia would have had no Kars to set off as a counterbalance to Sebastopol."

In January, 1858 Williams received the appointment of Lieutenant General in the Sultan's army,—the first Christian ever recognized as Pasha. In June he took up his final position in Kars, then beleaguered by the Russians 40,000 strong, while *three days* ammunition and three months provision was all that the garrison contained. But "a spirit of fiery enthusiasm had been infused into the whole population of the town, civil and military. Unbounded confidence was placed in the English Pasha. The townsmen capable of fighting appealed from their civil ruler to him, crying, "We are Karslis; we fight for our religion and our harems, not for pay; give us ammunition and chiefs, and show us what to do, and, Inshallah, you will not find a coward amongst us."

"The troops" wrote Dr. Sandwirth "are certainly full of enthusiasm; and Williams Pasha, or Ingleez Pasha, is already a favorite. They see him everywhere: he is with the sentries at the menaced point ere the morning has dawned: Anon he is tasting the soldiers soup, or examining the bread, and if anything is wrong here, his wrath is terrible. His eyes are everywhere, and he himself ubiquitous. Each soldier feels that he is something more than a neglected part of a rusty machine. He knows he is cared for and encouraged, and he is confident of being well led."

The same writer thus describes the first decisive attack and its repulse:—

"The gallant Karslis have slung on their scimitars, buckled on their cartridge pouches, and shouldered their rifles; and in groups by the dozen, with hearts beating high, and glistening eyes, they are scaling the rocky heights above the city. Fine smooth-faced lads of thirteen or fourteen, armed with some big old musket, or with some dead father's sword, are snatching a hurried embrace from a veiled figure,—a mother or sister,—and then rush to the post of danger and of glory. The women crowd the housetops, and cry to each passing warrior, "God sharpen your swords; remember us; we are praying for you: go, fight the infidels: God speed you!"—In a short time each man is at his post; when, looking down from the batteries, we see the dark masses of the enemy steadily advancing over a broad plain of rich meadow-land, covered with brilliant yellow flowers. As they advance, a beautiful living panorama is before us. The enemy throw out their Cossack and Georgian skirmishers of irregular cavalry; these are met by our own Bashi-Bazooks, and a series of tournaments occur in the enamelled grassy space intervening between the stern masses of advancing troops and our breastworks. Two or three regiments of cavalry, regular and irregular, now advance from the Russian lines, and, after a trot of a mile or two, charge our retreating squadrons of cavalry. The rout of the latter is complete; but the Bashi-Bazooks, under a gallant native chief from Damascus, Ali Bey, fight well while retreating. Suddenly puffs of dense white smoke issue from the Karadagh, and Hafiz Pasha batteries, and the screaming balls are seen to plough through the dense Russian masses. The enemy's artillery is now brought up, but their balls glance harmlessly from the dense earthworks. The horsemen on both sides are mingled, and rush for the entrance; but the Cossacks fall under the deadly fire of the batteries; while those on whom our guns cannot play are signalled out by our riflemen, who line the rocky sides of the Karadagh. The attempt to rush into our works has failed; after less than an hour's cannonading the enemy retires, while this repulse raises the spirits of our troops to the height of enthusiasm. The cunning Russians had chosen for their attack the very day, the first of the Bairim, and the very hour, about 9, A M, when the Turks deliver themselves up to idleness and rejoicing, and when all duty is neglected. Fortunately their propinquity for the last few days had kept us in a constant state of vigilance. Our loss has been trifling,—perhaps twenty; while that of the enemy must necessarily have been considerably more."

Within the following month little occurred to demand remark save a conspiracy instigated in his jealousy by the Turkish Governor. This General Williams readily suppressed, and confirmed his own position. On the 15th of July Dr. Sandwith wrote:

"We are now fairly blockaded. Up to this time we had been able to receive a few reinforcements in the shape of Lazislan riflemen,—doubtful allies, since they are undisciplined, difficult to manage, and not to be depended on; while their mouths required filling as well as those of our best men. Besides these wild soldiers, we got in our posts over the hills; and the townspeople received driblets of supplies in the shape of fruit, onions, flour, etc, from the surrounding country. We have now a cordon of Cossacks all around us, and a single horseman runs great risk in passing it."

We shall now transfer from the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW a few pages of its summary of Dr. Sandwith's "narrative of the siege of Kars." The reader will appreciate the difficulty we should have in attempting to carry out our original purpose and give it a form more condensed. Every fact is worthy of note; and the few reflections which are judiciously interspersed we should be unwilling to forego a repetition of. It is moreover a pleasure for us to present the testimony of English authors to the noble and heroic conduct of our gallant countryman, and we feel a double pride in the defence of Kars inasmuch as "Pasha Williams" is a native of Nova Scotia and Dr. Sandwith the son of an eminent Wesleyan layman, intimately known to us by his contributions to Methodist literature, and his distinguished conduct for some time of the London *Watchman*.

We resume then the narrative at the 15th of July 1858.

"From this date the diary becomes briefer and more intensely exciting. Almost every note in it deepens the shade of the picture. The wretched keeper of the stores turns traitor, hides the barley, and famine sounds his distinct, though as yet distant alarm. The horses suffer most, excepting those of the Bashi-Bazooks, who ride fast and far for their own forage. Animal food is already almost entirely given up. But at this point the general health is good; one death a day being the average among eighteen thousand men.

"On August 7th, another attack is made, and gloriously repulsed; but this happened during Mouravieff's absence, whose anger, when he returned, cost the unsuccessful leader of this expedition his life. But the light of this day is swallowed up in the darkness of the next. Erzeroum is thought to have fallen; all its siege guns and ammunition are expected to be turned against Kars, and then three days will end all. Provisions now can only be estimated for two months. Constantinople seems utterly to have given up her best soldiers and most important province. On this gloomy day the author pays the following touching tribute to his four companions in tribulation. We shall insert his graphic sketches, only wishing that one of them could add the writer himself to the list:—

'All looked to the "Ingleez Pasha" for encouragement. No sign of despondency clouded that honest face; his "good morning" salutation was as cheerful as on the morrow of our first little victory. He was thin, certainly; he could not well be thinner; but no wonder, for he never seemed to sleep. Long ere daylight broke he was with the sentries of Tahmasp, the point nearest the Russian camp, and his glass learned every movement; then he was by the side of the Mushir during the greater part of the day; anon, he was encouraging the Bashi Bazooks and settling their differences, or anxiously arranging some plan to feed the townspeople; and, in our little confidential gossips on the state of affairs, he would impress on us the duty of maintaining a bright and hopeful bearing, since all the garrison looked up to us for encouragement—Thompson lived altogether on the Karadagh, and his glass ranged the horizon from early morning until night; nor did he then go to a quiet couch; for, though he turned in certainly, yet, after an hour's slight slumber, he would visit each sentry round the whole works, and no part of our position was better, it as well guarded as that where this Argus had taken up his quarters.—Often have I given him a call at midnight with Colonel Lake, whom I very frequently accompanied on his duties.

'Teesdale lived with that gallant Hungarian, and first-rate soldier, Kmety, on Tahmasp Tabia. These two had formed a strong attachment, based on mutual admiration; there was the hero of many campaigns, and the young soldier, brimful of courage, hope, and noble aspirations. Teesdale acted as Chief of his Staff, and, besides his graver duties, he was constantly harassing the Cossacks with parties of riflemen, or menacing and attacking the Russian cavalry with a company of rifles and a couple of guns. The state of blockade to which we were now reduced fretted his ardent spirit not a little; he wanted to attack, almost against any odds; and had each soldier and Turkish officer resembled himself, I verily believe we might have done so.

'Colonel Lake cannot be found either at Karadagh or Tahmasp; he, like the General, is doing his best to wear out an iron frame; his couch is his saddle; for all day long he is working at the entrenchments, and all night he is visiting the sentries. I doubt whether more admirable officers are to be found in the British army than the four I have mentioned.'

"From this time to September 29th, the siege becomes daily a more terrible reality. Deserters are ruthlessly shot; spies are hung in the market-place. Famine gives tcken of all his coming unspeakable horrors; though the discovery of a immense depot of stolen corn, and the bold reaping of certain fields of barley under the very eye of the enemy, defer the evil day for awhile. The horses, however, are dying by hundreds; the dogs only have enough. A thousand of the cavalry cut their way through the enemy's lines, doubtless with fearful loss. The remainder of the starved and diseased animals are carried away, and put out of their misery.

"A 'glorious day' dawns upon the scene during this interval. Omar Pacha is landing near Batoom with forty thousand men; 'this irksome blockade' will soon end; and, if not, the rations can be made to last till the middle of November, giving the great Pacha time to effect his diversion. On September 23rd a grand salute is fired for the fall of Sebastopol; which the Russian General replies to by a feigned artillery assault, to keep the news from his own men. On the 25th the cholera gives a new horror to the scene, and, having once appeared, swiftly increases its ravages. Our heroic Doctor has now enough to do; this new visitation raises him at once to a level with General Williams himself, as the stay and bulwark, under God, of the miserable fortress.

"On the 29th of September took place the ever memorable assault and repulse of the Russians. The desperation of the attack, in which 'ever obedient to the dictates of a stern discipline, their columns advanced again and again to the deadly batteries, and were blown from the very mouths of the guns,' and 'their officers, with wonderful self-devotion, charge in front, and single handed leap into the redoubts, only to fall pierced with bayonets,' exhibiting the valor or obstinacy of the Russians in a style not surpassed in the present war. But here, as everywhere, when confronted with English soldiers, or Turks led by Engiishmen, they were routed. The exploits of the Turkish soldiery and the English officers on this bloody day will place their victory side by side with Alma and Inkermann in the annals of the great conflict. For nearly eight hours a half famished handful of men hurled back from their ramparts wave after wave of the endless hosts of their enemy: and nothing but the want of cavalry, once the glory of Turkish warfare, prevented them from effectually raising the siege of Kars for themselves. The battle is vividly described by one who evidently took more than a Doctor's part in it; but the account will bear no abridgement:—

'I rode round the batteries soon after the action, and seldom had the oldest soldier witnessed a more terrible sight. There were literally piles of dead already stripped of their clothes by marauding soldiers, and lying in every posture; while the plaintive cries of men with shattered limbs arose, from time to time, from amidst these acres of defaced humanity. Every ghastly wound was there,—deep and broad sabre cuts, letting out the life of man in a crimson flood, limbs carried off by round shot, and carcases of man and horse torn and shattered by grape. I urged our men to carry off the wounded, but this work proceeded slowly; for the distance to the town was nearly three miles, all or nearly all our horses and mules were dead, and our ambulance corps thereby rendered useless. The night closes in upon us long ere we had removed the Russian wounded from the battle-field. God help them! After lying naked in a scorching sun, with shattered limbs and burning thirst, they are now exposed to a frosty night.'

"On the next day we find a singular Sunday entry: 'Some pious Mussulmans of Kars declare they saw a sacred band of ten thousand men, all clothed in green, the Prophet's colour, fighting with our troops. These heavenly warriors disappeared when the Russians retreated.' And another still more note-worthy: 'Yesterday and to-day the cholera has ceased,—a singular phenomenon, occasioned, I presume, by intense moral emotion.' The same solution will doubtless explain both.

"But it was the doom of this gallant band of men to be shut up to their own resources. All human sympathy and aid is as unsubstantial as that of the celestial spectators of their valour. The Russians do not leave their 6,300 to be buried, and retire; on the contrary, they deliberately proceed to hut themselves for the winter. Within a week of the great victory there are forty deaths from cholera alone in twelve hours. Eleven ounces of bread with some two ounces of nutriment disguised in soup, are the daily sustenance of the garrison. Cholera, after having cut off 1,000 of the troops, and committed still greater ravages among the townspeople, begins, through God's mercy, to disappear. But a worse enemy:—it is the Doctor who speaks—takes its place. Bread-and-water diet emaciates the ranks; the hospitals are filled with men whose only disease is exhaustion; though even then many poor fellows sell half their rations, and inevitably die in consequence. The Military Council scheme to eke out their little stock; the starving people dig up the roots of grass, at the risk of being half poisoned by the roots of henbane. Vultures hover over the lines, preying on corpses dug from their graves by dogs. At this stage horseflesh becomes a luxury, only accessible to very few. Women scrape up the dust before the flour depot; and famished children are thrown down by their famished mothers, who can only gasp, 'Take them we can give them nothing.' But even in the midst of these horrors, tokens that famine will soon be absolute, military discipline is unrelaxed. The quick shot is constantly heard which tells the doom of the deserter; while, on the other hand, sentinels on guard over their few days' provisions are never known to touch a single biscuit.

'With hollow cheeks, tottering gait, and that peculiar feebleness of voice so characteristic of famine, the troops yet cling to their duties. I have again and again seen them watching the batteries at midnight, some standing and leaning on their arms, but most coiled up under a breastwork during cold as intense as an Arctic winter, scarcely able to respond to or challenge the visiting officer; and, in answer to a word of encouragement or congratulation, the loyal words were ever on their lips, "Long live the Sultan!" It would seem that the extremity of human suffering called forth latent sparks of a loyalty and devotion not observed in a season of prosperity.'

A terrible account lies against those who miserably repaid such loyalty and devotion!

"During these starving weeks, the soldiers, see the Russians established in their warm huts, and observe the convoys, which enter their lines with provisions. At this time there were two thousand men in the Kars hospital, and more than a hundred deaths daily. The soldiers lie dead and dying in every part of the camp. Some of the citizens exhume the carcases of horses, which they devour. In their despair they cry, 'Let us go out and fight; why remain here to die?' And the writer, witnessing these accumulated miseries and sharing them, finds holy words to express the common feeling: *They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger; for these turn away stricken through for want of the fruits of the field.*

"Relief from Omar Pacha seems now to have been despaired of; the only hope is in Selim Pacha, now no further than Erzeroum. He was to have left for Kars on the 16th. But 'in our watching we have watched for a nation that could not save us.' Two notes came from Erzeroum, one being a dispatch from Selim to the Mushir. Whatever that document contained, it was accompanied by a cipher from Mr. Brant; 'Selim Pacha won't advance, although Major Stuart is doing his utmost to make him. Omar Pacha has not advanced far from Soukhum Kale. I fear you have no hope but in yourselves; you can depend upon no help in this quarter.'

"The bare sustenance of the feeblest sparks of life could only now be calculated on for two days; and the inevitable capitulation closed the sad story.

'Nov. 27th.—General Williams and his Aide, de-camp Teesdale ride over under a flag of truce to the Russian camp. They are well received by Mouravieff. The General tells his chivalrous enemy that he has no wish to rob him of his laurels. The fortress contains a large train of artillery, with numerous standards, and a variety of arms; but the army has not yet surrendered, nor will it without certain articles of capitulation. "If you grant not these," exclaimed the General, "every gun shall be burst, every standard burnt, every trophy destroyed, and you may then work your will on a famished crowd." "I have no wish, answered Mouravieff, "to wreak an unworthy vengeance on a gallant and long suffering army, which has covered itself with glory and only yields to famine. General Williams, you have made yourself a name in history, and posterity will stand amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army.—Let us arrange a capitulation that will satisfy the demands of war without outraging humanity."—"And," here exclaimed General Mouravieff to the Secretary drawing up the terms of capitulation, "write that, in admiration of the noble and devoted courage displayed by the army of Kars, the officers shall be allowed to retain their swords, as a mark of honour and respect."'

"General Williams and his Staff were treated in all respects honourably. The spirit as well as the letter of the capitulation was strictly observed. General Mouravieff, who is described as a fine and vigorous old man, feasted his prisoners of war, allowed them to inspect his camp, and did all in his power, as did also his Staff, to redeem the Russian character. But as soon as the tidings of the capitulation reached the ears of the soldiery and citizens, their rage passed all bounds. Most fearful curses upon the Government, the Pashas, and even the Sultan himself, were poured forth without restraint. But when their English Pasha appeared among them, they crowded round him, kissing his stirrup, and praying for blessings on his head. 'Let us go with you: we will follow you,' was the universal cry."

The Reviewer concludes his article with the following deserved and eloquent tribute to our hero and his comrades.

"General Williams, and his forsaken little band of English officers, and the little army into which they breathed their own spirit, covered themselves by their victories over the Russians, with all such glory as war can give, before they were conquered, not by the Russians, but by famine. Their exploits, even if in the end ineffectual, had all the grandeur of success. And their exploits, though worthy to be written on the same page as those of their fellows on the opposite shore of the Black Sea, were surpassed by their unbending fortitude and endurance.

"All the military glory and all the moral triumphs of the siege of Kars belong to a little band of our own officers. They, at least, maintained unsullied the British honor. They exhibited in perfection before the world all those high qualities which have gained for our own race the ascendency over the races of the East, and unimpaired by any of those vices which have dishonored that ascendancy."

Letter from Canada.

From our own Correspondent.

CANADA, August 20th, 1858.

MR. EDITOR.—I have just counted fourteen notices of Camp Meetings in the Conference paper to be held by the Wesleyans in Canada, in addition to several already held since Conference; so that it is not problematical whether our people understand the direction to *seek* and *save* the lost. The grand secret of Dr. Chalmers' ecclesiastical system was, GO to the needy; and a leading characteristic of Methodism has ever been to *carry* the Gospel *to* the destitute—not waiting for an application. I see from the *Provincial Wesleyan* that Camp Meetings are coming into use in the Eastern Connexion, though not without some fears in certain minds, which deprecate any proceeding having the semblance of a supplanter of the stated divinely ordained means. I like those fears, as a guard of established ordinances, and never let them be quelled; but the Camp Meeting is Mr. Wesley's old principle of out-door effort adapted to New-world circumstances. Conducted by the authorised ministers and laymen of your Connexion and ours, all will be safe, seemly, and successful; though candour requires it to be said, that within the last three hundred and sixty-five days I have seen the novel services of lay visitors and females paraded to the utter forgetfulness of the superior services of chief officers of Methodism.

The "bread of idleness" is not eaten here by Wesleyan Ministers. The lately arrived President, whose present residence is Montreal, ever wakeful at his distinguished post, is now visiting the circuits in Canada East. The General Superintendent of Missions, daily at his desk, in these times of commercial depression manages the affairs of our Missions with unrelaxed vigilance. The Book Steward is busy with sales, and battling with the evils of this strange financial period. The Editor has been supplementing his important official labours with successful tuggings of cleverness, and has given to the world by patent a most ingenious and useful Mailing Press for directing papers and other publications by type. I suppose the Eastern Book Steward will want it.

I dare say it will be asked in the East what Canada Wesleyanism is going to do for Frazer River? It is not my province to say if I could, but I know sufficient to be confident that the matter is under earnest consideration. There is not only the fact that the new gold territory is a British possession, and that Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Americans are rushing to it: the Indians on its rivers and in its fastnesses need a'civilizing christianity; and should you soon hear of a Wesleyan agency being sent there by us, you will learn what is much wished by our President and the General Superintendent of Missions. What wonders Providence works by gold deposits! What a field is opening, and demands for the Gospel about to be made upon us!

The Missions of the imposing Canada Auxiliary were never more spiritually productive than last year, and it is a gratifying fact for our history, that of the more than seven thousand increase of members reported in the Minutes, nearly one-half were accessions to the Church on the Domestic, Indian, and French Missions. Such news is of a kind with that conveyed in your Minutes, recently gladly received by your Correspondent. Among other objects at our Mission Rooms in Toronto, which indicate the extent and effect of our Missionary territory, are strings of beads and crosses lately received from Lake Superior, now treasured trophies of the power of Protestant Christianity and Methodism among Indians over Anti-Christ.

During *my* month we have had some unlooked for antics among the ministers of the Crown in Canada. The House of Assembly passed a resolution disallowing Ottawa as the future Seat of Government, and all at once the loyalty of the MacDonald Cabinet, which had been asleep on this question since the session commenced, woke up with indignation, and they resigned forthwith because of the insult offered to Her Majesty! Mr. Brown, the oppositionist in chief, was sent for by the Governor, and after a few days a Ministry constructed by him (of course the ablest for many years!) was sworn in; but in three or four hours after the oaths were taken both Houses passed most *charitably* a vote of want of confidence in the new Premier and his associates. He then advised a dissolution, and the Governor General refusing it, at once resigned; and Mr. Galt was sent for. Bankrupt however, in influence, that gentlemen could not do what Mr. Brown had done, and immediately gave place. Mr. Cartier was then summoned to Government House, and in a short time produced a curious cabinet of the old Ministers in new places, which, after a few pranks of legerdemain, became the identical old Ministry as to persons and positions, with only two exceptions; and they have done this without returning to their constituents for re-election, having, as they avow, found out that a certain Canadian act allows *them* to go on without a fresh electioneering appeal! Not so, however, with the Hon. Mr. Brown and his colleagues who had to seek re-election for becoming Ministers; and in doing so have of course been absent from the House, and at the close of the session, when very weighty subjects were under discussion. These manipulations guarantee a longer reign to Rome and roguery.

Her Majesty's Representative comes in for abuse in every direction, which, even granting he has erred in his course, is improper and unnecessary, and abhorrent to well regulated minds; there is a wide excitement among the people and the presses; the ex-Ministers seeking re-election, it is believed, will be generally, if not in every instance sustained; Mr. Brown is toiling hard among his Toronto *supporters* for re-election, and the Hon. J. H. Cameron, his opponent, the stoutest champion of Bishop Strachan and High Churchism, is abetted by rowdies, and is himself a rowdy in temper, terms and tact. It is out of my way to pronounce on the constitutional difficulties of this Executive fracas; and, assuredly, where there is much exaggeration, and some prevarication in him to condemn, I shall not become Mr. Brown's defender; but this may be stated, he does not adopt a bar-room policy to succeed; both Houses condemned him when he was absent, and had not declared the intentions of his Cabinet; and shrewd observers cannot be prevented from asking, if the Governor General thought Mr. Brown wise and patriotic enough to be called to Her Majesty's Council, and to take the oath, why was not the same Mr. Brown wise and patriotic enough to have his official advice taken? The absence of the ex-Ministers at the winding up of business has been fragrant oil on the wheels of the Legislature, and unrighteousness has triumphed.

On the 16th inst., the Parliament was prorogued, and there are two Addresses to be sent home, one relating to an International Railway to bring you and us nearer, and another relating to the Hudson's Bay Territory. The validity of the charter, which the British Government has long treated as if valid, is to be tested, and yet boundaries ascertained, and no compensation to be allowed! His Excellency's speech intimates his intention to confer with the Imperial authorities respecting a federation of the British North American Provinces, and it is said several ministers are going to England about it. As a notable occurrence, I must not forget to note, that William Lyon McKenzie has resigned legislative honours, the place being too corrupt even for him; and the House is now rid of a locomotive encyclopedia of grievance and charlatanism.

There is a respectful and humble request going to the British Sovereign, signed by members of parliament, judges, and others, for Her Majesty, or the Prince of Wales, to come and open the Toronto "Crystal Palace" at the next Provincial Exhibition. This time there is too much of a good thing for a little purpose. Frankly invite Her Majesty to visit the Canadas to survey our magnificent country, our sea like lakes, the Falls, the cities, the settlements, the churches, the Institutions, the Marine, the Railways, Canals, and the Victoria Bridge of Canada; and many a breast would swell with love and loyalty; but it is laughable to bring four thousand miles either the Royal Mother or the Royal Son to open a glass house worthy of a liliput. Rather, let her Majesty come to see *the British North American Provinces*, and witness the effect which that imperial instrument, the Protestant Bible, has had in their elevation; and hear the reverberations of the victorious axe of the settler; and scan our noble school systems; and rejoice over what British law and liberality, and British might have accomplished; and hearken while millions of her affectionate subjects shout with grateful hearts, "God save the Queen!"

We had previously heard that the Agamemnon and the Niagara, in lofty alliance, had achieved their wondrous task, but it was not until ten o'clock on Monday night that the Queen's message thrilled the country; and then throats, and guns, and bells, and tar-barrels were in general requisition; for her Majesty and not her message, might already have arrived. Toronto kept public holiday yesterday, and other special days are appointed for rejoicing. What is it gives HER touch on our heart strings such mastery? The best Queen that has ever sat on the British or any other Throne! I have read her message again and again. It is courteous, fraternal and dignified. At first I murmured, but I bethought me, that her Majesty was addressing (what Americans have declared to be) "the greatest nation in creation," and she could not, therefore, bring out all her thoughts, all her heartiness: they were there, for they have been displayed on many other occasions; but in the presence of "the greatest" she had to be modest! The reply of the President of the United States, repeatedly read, being for that reason from the greater to the lesser, and being without the restraint Her Majesty felt, is full, cordial, admirable, not by shewing the old Saxon feeling, and worthy of an independent and Christian Commonwealth.

The blessings of the event we celebrate are more than national, they are universal to latest generations. The bond is now fixed by the marvellous providence and power of God; and the bond is a wire which will bring and take swift thoughts of brotherhood, of religion, of diplomacy, of literature, of commerce, and of enterprise; and such wire repeated in other oceans, the remotest tribes of the earth shall be one family in close intercourse, and the lightning be a consecrated and sublime instrumentality for the evangelization of the globe.

ANGLO-SAXON.

Can India be Converted?

"Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand—
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broad cast it o'er the land.
Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the present germ alive,
When and wherever sown.
Thou canst not tell in vain,
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend
And bring the harvest home."

So sang Montgomery. But he only repeats in Saxon words that which the Hebrew King uttered when Zion was God's city, and Palestine had her cherubims of glory overshadowing the mercy seat. But if the "seed" be the words of Jesus Christ, the world yet possesses them not. The Hindoo grasps the Shaster—not the Bible. His eye has not yet gazed on the "Resurrection and the life." His ear drinks not in the holy teaching of the Son of Man. *His* soul is not irradiated with the Gospel. But the living God has determined that the Gospel shall save all nations. Even to the Hindoo the light must come. He who sent a Paul to Rome—an Augustine to Britain—a Brainerd to America—has decreed that India shall receive the Gospel. As we glance along the providential chain that unfolds itself to our inspection, a feeling of awful reverence overcomes the mind—for we see the "hand of God in the East,"—and we feel that God himself has opened the way to India. There has not transpired a movement regarding that country but bears upon the preaching of the Gospel. The victories of Clive—the administration of Hastings—the war of Affghanistan and Burmah—the insurrection of 1857—each of these events have borne upon the destinies of India. Fold after fold of the curtain of ages has been withdrawn, and the page of that vast empire is fully discoverable to our gaze. The hour has come in which we are called upon to pour the light of evangelical truth over her page and irradiate every path with the beams of the cross of Christ.

No sooner had Meerut, Delhi and Lucknow fallen into the hands of the rebels—than still mightier efforts were made for the final destruction of the Anglo-Saxon—the hated infidel, who so long had lorded it over the native race. Did not the sceptre of English rule in that hour appear to waver in the hand of the English Sovereign. Did not the English flag droop heavily in the sea breeze, and the British lion turn his face toward the sea—into which the Hindoo threatened to force him—as the successive reports came of disaster upon disaster—The *prestige* of Albion was departing—the hitherto invincible name of England began to be contemptible. The fierce eye of the Hindoo god glared forth savagely, in the expectation of a return of the superstitions which were to characterize the future, as they had marked the past ages? Yes, but the expectation was not to be realized.—The Son of God is the ruler of nations—and "he that sitteth in the heavens laughed, he had them in derision." Even then,

"The morning light was breaking"

and a glorious era about to burst upon India—long-neglected, but not lost.

The Hindoo deity of blood and superstition rejoiced—the native races sprang to their feet—their hour to revenge the wrongs of ages had appeared. But there is no counsel against the Lord. If a CANNING could not stay the advancing tide of the insurrection, then others must be raised up, and a HAVELOCK appears on the theatre of action. We have in this gallant officer, the portrait of a Falkland or a Washington—a Collingwood—a Wolf. He appears not a moment too soon, for English power was departing. The guns which had thundered salutes to the British Queen, were pouring their volleys into the bosoms of the best blood of Albion. The Bengal army had ceased to exist; seventy regiments were gone; the treasury had been plundered, and those who guarded it had been murdered; the communication between the different bodies of British troops cut off, and the waves of rebellion which began to flow at Meerut, swept on in overwhelming surges and threatened all India. Suppose they had been unchecked! If so, British rule in Hindostan had terminated. The missionaries had closed their Bibles and departed. The light of Christianity had been extinguished, and there had been a return to the semi-barbarism of the ages of the camel driver or of Tamerlane.

But it was not to be. At this juncture the eye is directed to Agra. There the British refugees had been collecting for weeks. Six hundred British and some artillery defended the place. About the middle of July the mutineers six thousand strong set down before Agra. The Hindoo yell was louder than the British cheer, for they fought thousands against hundreds.—One man in three was killed or wounded. The mutineers were beaten off, but in their retreat fired the country. Colleges, churches, barracks, were in one blaze of flame.

In the meantime at Lucknow Sir Henry Lawrence was pressed by nearly 20,000 insurgents. With the 32nd Regt. Lawrence defeated this host, but in the moment of victory the artillery men deserted and turned their fire upon the British, officers and men fell. Among the rest the gallant Lawrence fell wounded and died a few days after of lockjaw. Lucknow was on the point of surrender when Havelock made his appearance on July 30th. It is impossible to dwell on the siege of Lucknow and record its horrors. Let those read for themselves who are desirous of piercing the shroud of atrocity which hangs over that chapter of the Indian rebellion. Here it was that the monster Nana Sahib butchered the prisoners without respect to age or sex. But Havelock came.—Thanks to the enfield rifle, to British courage, to General Havelock, above all to the God of battles Nana Sahib was defeated, and Lucknow was saved. Once more the red cross of glorious Albion rolled its folds out to the winds, above the rescued city.

W. C. MCKINNON.

English Methodism.

The English Correspondent of the *North-Western Christian Advocate* writes to that Journal:

Since the last Conference met at Hull, the most serious disruption to be found in the annals of Weslyanism has occurred. This perilous struggle cannot easily be forgotten. The assailants of order and discipline of the connexion, Messrs. Everett, Dunn, Griffiths, and Bromley, were remarkable for their rancor, personal animosity, and pitiless invectives; while the defenders of the ancient *regime* displayed a vast amount of literary and disciplinary energy. Enthusiasm carried on a tremendous agitation against a *so-called* tyranny, while it carried off its votaries of tens of thousands; but the Conference contemplated the secession without dismay, though with the deepest sorrow.

In 1796, the Kilhamite secession—now the Methodist New Connexion—numbered not more than 5,000 people. The Warrenite struggle, in 1835, resulted in a still greater scism. But these were as nothing compared with the great reform secession of 1850-1-2-3. In the year immediately succeeding the Kilhamite crisis, the numerical position of the Wesleyan body grew absolutely stronger. And this was the case also, with the exception of a single year, after the Warrenite conflict.

But after the reform commotion it was far otherwise. Ten years ago, the membership stood at 338,861; at present it stands somewhere about 275,000. The statistics of the last ten years exhibit the following result:

1848	338,861	1853	270,965
1849	348,274	1854	264,168
1850	358,277	1855	260,858
1851	302,209	1856	263,835
1852	281,263	1857	270,095

From these figures, it is manifest that the crisis has passed for the present; but those who are best acquainted with the Wesleyan economy best know the effect which the secession of nearly 100,000 members—the difference between 1850 and 1855—must have had. Nevertheless, the serious extent to which some connectional funds were crippled, and the shattered condition in which many of the societies were left, served at once as a stimulus to more active exertions on the part of the remainder, and a motive to firmer and stronger cohesion. The storm of 1850 has indeed tested the stability of the connection to the uttermost. Although not by any means restored to its old position as to numbers, it may be said that the connection was never more active than at present. New life seems to have resulted from the late disaster. The pecuniary resources of the body are rapidly augmenting. Our foreign missions are more widely spread than ever; and our home missionary operations have entered on a new style of energetic action.

During this decennial period many great lights of British Methodism have been extinguished. No less than seven ex-presidents have died. Richard Reece, who was called into the ministry by John Wesley, finished his self-denying and useful course in 1850. The next year 1851, witnessed the demise of the two ex-presidents, Jacob Stanley and William Atherton, both of whom had passed the seventy years allotted to man. The noble Robert Newton closed his triumphant career 1854, having occupied the presidential chair four times. In 1856, Dr. Beecham, who was president of the conference in 1850, had his honored name enrolled on the record of death. And during the present year, 1858, two more have died, George Marsden [illegible] chal age of eighty-six, and [illegible] in his eightieth year.

It is a singular coincidence that [illegible] 1845 to 1850, inclusive, [illegible] but the mortality among the presidents during those years was [illegible] average. In 1840, James Dixon died [illegible] then Edward Smith died in 1841, [illegible] twistle, John Stephens and [illegible] sey; in 1842 Richard Treffry died, and [illegible] Grindrod; in 1843, [illegible] 1845 Joseph Entwisle [illegible] everlasting rest.

Roman Catholic Atrocities among the Vaudois.

The British Standard, in reviewing a work on the Vaudois, [illegible] following extracts and remarks:

The soldiers apprised [illegible] and, half-[illegible] on early; they were fresh and active; they had slept under the roofs of those whose throats they were to cut. Those which the Vaudois had received, lodged, and fed with such confidence, who ought to have protected them, were now at the same moment throughout the whole valley, and with the same fanaticism, transformed into [illegible] assassins. Rome carries off the palm for conversions of this kind.

And now, how can we give an idea of the horrors that ensued? It would be necessary to be able, with one glance, to embrace at once the whole country, to penetrate into all apartments, to be present at all executions, to distinguish in this vast voice of anguish and desolation each particular cry of a heart or of a living being torn in pieces. Little children, Leger says, were torn from the arms of their mothers, dashed against the rocks, and cast carelessly away. The sick or the aged, both men and women, were either burned in their houses, or hacked in pieces; or mutilated, half-murdered, and flayed alive, they were exposed in a dying state to the heat of the sun, or to flames, or to ferocious beasts; others were tied in a state of nakedness, into the form of balls, the head between the legs, and in this state were rolled down the precipices. Some of them, torn and bruised by the rocks from which they had rebounded, remained suspended from some projecting rock or the branch of some tree, and still groaned forty-eight hours afterward. Women and young girls were violated, impaled, set up naked upon pikes at the corners of the roads, buried alive, roasted upon lances, and cut in pieces by these soldiers of the faith as by cannibals; then, after the massacre, the children which had survived it, and were found wandering in the woods were carried away; or children were forcibly taken from what remained of their afflicted family, to be conveyed into the dwellings of these butchers, and into the monasteries, like lambs taken to the slaughter-house; and finally, the massacre and the removal of children were succeeded by conflagration—the monks, the propagandists, and the zealous Catholics running from house to house with resinous torches or incendiary projectiles, and ravaging, in the midst of the fires, these villages now filled with corpses.

"Two of the most infuriated of the fire-raisers," says a work of the period, "were a priest and a monk of the order of St. Francis, who marched about, escorted by troops; and if there was any hidden cottage which had not fallen into their hands on the first occasion, they might be seen repassing on the morrow; and to finish their work, the priest had only to discharge his carabine loaded with an artificial fire, which stuck to the walls." Let the reader imagine these wretches running about among the burning houses, urging on the carnage and destruction, and these mountains resounding with the fall of ruins, avalanches of rocks, and of living bodies cast down the precipices!

Such was the frightful, unparalleled, unprecedented scene which was then presented in these regions of despair. "And let it not be said," adds the historian Leger, "that I exaggerate things upon account of the persecutions which I myself personally have endured: I have travelled from one neighbourhood to another to collect the authentic testimony of the survivors, who deponed what things they had seen before two notaries who accompanied me. In some places, fathers had seen their children torn through the midst by strength of men's arms, or cut through with swords: in other places, mothers had seen their daughters forced or murdered in their presence. Daughters had witnessed the mutilation of the living bodies of their fathers; brothers had seen the mouths of their brothers filled with powder, to which the persecutors set fire, making the head fly in pieces; pregnant women had been ripped up, and the fruit of their womb had been seen taken living from their bowels. What shall I say? O, my God! the pen falls from my hands. Dead bodies lay scattered about or were planted upon stakes; portions of children torn in quarters, had been flung in the middle of the road; brains were plastered against the rocks;