



moment too soon, that we were following the bed of the Medway with a rapidity towards the sea. Mr. Litgbe, having before observed that the lower current had a more southerly direction, allowed the balloon to descend within some 5000 feet of the earth, and we then pursued our journey direct to Canterbury. At this stage we had a clear view of the coast, with Sheerness Point and Whitestart and Herne Bay, the latter with its pier projecting far into the sea. We could also in the other direction discern the form of the coast from Deal towards Dover and Folkestone. The balloon passed Canterbury, and descended rapidly, a mile and a half beyond the city, into a chalk-pit, Mr. Litgbe wisely avoiding growing crops."

Obituary Notices.

Died, at Digby, on Saturday, 3rd August, after a lingering illness, endured with resignation and christian meekness, Mrs. ANNE MARI FOSTER, in the 44th year of her age. She was a native of the north of England, and she had to endure wearisome days and sleepless nights; this prevented her attendance in the public services of the sanctuary, but she was favoured with the sympathies and prayers of Christian ladies who often visited her in her affliction. Sister Foster was truly convinced of an by the Holy Spirit, and then became deeply anxious to obtain the possession of justification by faith. With fervent prayer to God she pursued the Holy Scriptures, and often read Mrs. Wesley's hymns, and at length was enabled to declare to God through the instrumentality of the inward witness of Justifying faith, that God through Christ was reconciled.

W. McC. Died, at Gabarus, on the 11th June, SARAH AXLES, widow of the late Timothy Axles, in the 83rd year of her age. Sister A. was a member of the Methodist Society, about 24 years; having been brought to God through the instrumentality of a Local Preacher, long a resident of this place. The name of Mr. Charlton is well loved, and will not be forgotten by many who lived on earth. His excellent widow, now very aged, still remains, witnessing for Jesus. Our society feels the loss of Sister Axles, her prayers and consistent life of very importance to the cause of piety,—her last days were very peaceful and happy,—indeed she was always a cheerful christian, because she lived daily in the favor of God. A short time before her departure she sang with much emotion, that beautiful hymn beginning,—“Come let us join our friends above,” &c. and when unable to sing, she quoted her daughter in law, to sing,—“I'm going home to die no more,” &c. In such a state of mind it is not hard to die—rather to fall asleep in Jesus,—

G. O. H.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1861.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British America, we require that Obituary, Memorial, and other notices addressed to the Editors of the Wesleyan, within the limits of the Conference, shall pass through the hands of the Secretary, and be accompanied by Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence. We do not undertake to return rejected articles. We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of our correspondents.

The American People Tried in the Furnace of Affliction.

Democracy is on trial in this war in the Great Republic, say some of the ablest of European publicists. It may or may not be so. We neither affirm it or deny it. But the people of the one United States are on trial. A great calamity has overtaken them. How it befell them is a matter of record. How they will come out of it no mortal can foresee. How they comport themselves under it is patent to every observer. It cannot be denied that the people of both sections of that now unhappy land are exhibiting an energy and force of character worthy of the noblest races from which they sprang. Alas! that such energy should be employed for mutual destruction. No Britain, whatever may be the direction in which its sympathies flow regarding the final settlement of this mighty quarrel, can contemplate the majestic uprising, the spontaneous outpouring of the Northern masses in defence of the Union, without a sentiment of profound respect. Nor will any intelligent lover of freedom, however hateful to him African bondage may be, regard with indifference the daring, the determination and self sacrifice with which, under tremendous disadvantages, the Southern people are contending for what they unquestionably believe to be their indefeasible rights.

"True, other feelings beside respect for the belligerents struggle for the mastery in the breast of an impartial spectator of this unnatural strife. Respect will melt into pity for the suffering endured, for the agony of conscience. But even in the North where there is much to admire and esteem, much has transpired provocative of disgust and contempt. We cannot say that the hearing of the Northern people, as represented by their leaders and the exponents of their public opinion, has been worthy of their enthusiasm or equal to this and solemn crisis in their history.

There has been a constant exhibition of bravado and bombast and extravagant self-conceit, ill supported, as yet, by actual performance. Month after month, have we been reading, in the columns of the Northern press, the most fulsome laudation of almost everything connected with the Federal Union. The Federal Constitution is a masterpiece of political perfection. The Federal Government, the purest, the wisest, and the strongest the world ever saw. The American people, faithful to the Union, the best, the noblest, the most patriotic on earth. The soldiery of the North, invincibly brave, unconquerably persistent against any numbers the South could array in opposition to them. Matchless were the generals who, mighty in stump oratory, or skilful in legal strategy, were about to lead the patriot hosts to certain victory. Upon the other hand, we were assured of *non-resistance* that the Southern rebels were the very dregs of mankind—in few number, nearly uneducated, untrained and feeble in military resources, disfranchised and otherwise, they were doomed to early and utter defeat. Need we say on what slender foundation all this boastful self-conceit was sustained.

But if there has not been that grave, sober, moderate way of thinking and speaking among the Northern people that ought to have prevailed on so solemn an occasion, neither has there been that patriotic integrity among the managers of its warlike resources that might have been expected in the presence of such almost universal and fervid enthusiasm. The spectacle of a great flock of greedily, voracious contractors fattening upon the patriotic offerings and war appropriations of an afflicted people—contractors whose speculations rivalled the worst performances of their fraternity under the shadow of the rotting despots of the old world, is

anything but attractive. We cannot, of course, hold all these people responsible for the delinquencies of these unprincipled men, yet their number and the extent of their depredations are significant facts, and largely detract from the patriotic and largely detestable section of the war party.

Again, we have been thoroughly disgusted at the strenuous efforts made by the leading Northern journals to fasten upon the Southern army the guilt of having committed deeds of diabolical ferocity at Bull's Run. These charges were put forth on the strength of evidently lying statements of panic-stricken cowards, furiously flying from a non-pursuing foe. The charges were not only made on worthless testimony in a moment of excitement; they were reiterated deliberately, and made the ground work of fiery appeals for revenge in such papers as the New York Tribune, even after the evidence of their falsity had been made public. These allegations against the Southern soldiers were of a horrible character. It was asserted that the Southern troops coolly and wantonly bayoneted the helpless wounded Northern soldiers on the field of battle—that they placed a wounded Northern officer against a target to fire at—that they lifted up a dying soldier by the hair of the head and cut his throat—that they murdered the wounded soldiers found in a church used as a hospital, burning the dying and the dead together therein, and committing other atrocities most satanic. But a short time since a number of Northern surgeons, captured at Bull's Run, were dismissed on parole. These surgeons tell authoritatively, what was previously known, that all these charges are vile falsehoods. They declare that the Northern wounded and dying have been treated by their captors with a courtesy and tenderness which go far to prove Southern civility is not so entirely a satiric epithet as it has been taught to believe.

And, then, what unparalleled deeds of valor were wrought at Bull's Run. The 6th Irish regiment, brave no doubt, were represented as going into action naked to the waist. The Fire Zouaves of New York had nearly annihilated the Virginia Black Horse—climbing up by the horses' tails, and slaying their riders with fabulously long knives. Batteries were stormed, and captured from the Confederate warriors—irreversible charges made, Inkermann rivalled. Well, the coats of the 69th were not found on the gory field. The Fire Zouaves broke at the first fire, and never appeared at a regiment again during the campaign. The Black Horse was not annihilated. Bayonets were not crossed, Southern batteries were not captured. Masked ones were not confronted. What is the use of the brazen gauceness so loudly trumpeted through the land? What an exhibition of patriotism was not that made by the Pennsylvania regiment and the New York battery, whose time of service had expired, when they marched from the battle field to the sound of the cannon which proclaimed that their compatriots were struggling in deadly combat with their Southern foe.

But the manifestation of Northern sentiment most repulsive to us has been exhibited in the undesired case of Great Britain for assuming a position of righteous neutrality—the only position worthy of Britain and America. The example of Britain has been substantially followed by the leading European powers. This fact, however, has not shielded Britain from unmeasured vituperation and insult. A dreadful crime has committed only to be expiated by a dreadful fate, of which American Federalists are to be the ministers. Stripped of her colonies, spoiled of her commerce, humbled in the dust by her unrelenting offspring, she will mourn the day she let her quarrelsome sons alone to settle their own affairs. Is Jonathan, alas, among the pagans?

We are grieved to perceive that mob violence is asserting its supremacy in various places in the North. Still more sorry are we to learn that Edward Everett lends that nob the sanction of his name, and the aid of his elegant pretensions.

Popular Literature.

In the literary world, just at present, there seems to be a lamentable scarcity of good writers, and a still more lamentable overplus of poor ones. Perhaps we should qualify this statement. Without doubt some fields of investigation are being assiduously and successfully cultivated. Science is every day asserting new claims to our admiration, and opening up new ranges of beauty and splendour to our view. History, philosophy and poetry have their earnest and gifted exponents. Macaulay and Prescott have gracefully left the field on which they won their immortality. Grote and Motley are yet alive; the graceful pens of Bulwer and Dickens are still in active use; Tennyson and Longfellow still walk their happy paths of melody. In view of this we can hardly complain of the dearth of good writing. More accurately speaking, there is a vast superfluity of the opposite description. An immense amount of puerility is finding its way into print. Books, absolutely not worth the paper on which they are printed, or the covers in which they shine, are as plenty as the leaves of autumn. It is well for the public to know that "publishing" has its "tricks of trade" as well as other branches of business. The vast majority of writers are simply working for a livelihood; and men of letters are a tradition—who from the fulness of his knowledge has something worthy to communicate, something which, cast into the crucible of searching criticism, will but come out the brighter—the man who, for a trifling compensation, will array milk-and-water thoughts in the most flashy and meretricious style. Titles and certificates and puffs are matters of their own arrangement. For the moment, the public are sadly deceived. The scholar, whom an inward impulse, and no sordid hope of gain, force into the field of authorship, is liable to be overthrown by men whose only merit is their pretence; and who would be heartily ashamed, if they were not profoundly ignorant.

Time—ever impartial in its verdict—will in the end render even-handed justice to all. The hasty and ill-wrought product of ignorance and conceit will soon complete the span of ephemeral existence; the ringing coin, slowly and laboriously fashioned in the mint of thought, will gather brightness to itself as the ages pass. For the present, however, the effect of this plethora of platitudes is singularly unhappy.—The public taste is corrupted, and instead of the wholesome food which proper mental growth requires as its condition, there is sought provided but dry and tasteless husks.

Men of knowledge and experience are in no danger of being deceived; the unerring instincts of the genuine scholar assert themselves as promptly and as truly as that which drives the wild beast of the forest from the poisonous herb. But who is to speak for the unlearned mind? What guiding needle has youthful inexperience ever ready to sink the substantial in the shining? At this day—the fact we have attempted to state being so clear as to admit of no denial—there is no more imperative duty resting on the Christian church than to make proper provision for the mental wants of its youth. We are not speaking of schools, but of books. In a most gratifying manner has Methodism come up to the standard of her duty in this respect. She has

not folded her hands. If her youth is stunted in mind and corrupted in morals by the vapid and noxious "light literature" of the day, it will not be because she has not opened up before it purser and well-spoken fountain. She has accomplished her great work—she is home in mind—not simply by the theological works of her mighty masters, but by biographies of her sainted dead, not by the songs of her poets, nor by the essays of her scholars, but largely through the practical operation of her Book Rooms. Are her people grateful? We desire them not simply to read *Methodist* books—knowledge is not sectarian—but to read good books, and to show an appreciation of the enterprise and labor which has placed these at their disposal. A really good book, one freighted with truths which it concerns men to know, is beyond all price. To be mischievous in its influence, a work needs not to contain any thing bad. It may be noxious on the same principle that everything useless is neither good nor bad. Neither does the goodness of the subject prove anything, for the worst possible result is realized when the importance of the theme is in direct proportion to the worthlessness of its treatment. This brings us to the thought in our mind when commencing this article. A dislike for the solid and enduring theme of literary composition once acquired—and nothing tends to the acquirement of this so surely as the stupid treatment of such themes—the trivial, penny-whistle literature, which circulates in weeklies and monthlies, is sure to captivate the youthful taste.

The wifery effects of this class of writing on the youthful fancy and the youthful heart, the love, the hate, which disconcert through the strain it furnish the music to which our earthly lives must march. We find the "Crusader," the "Bandit," and the "Young Nobleman" (the favorite trio) speaking the same language, performing the same feats, nursing the same passions. Everything is as unlike the reality, and contrary to justice as possible. A beautiful aim is always ready at some opportune crisis to step across the pathway of each villainous rascal, and then through a series of dissolving views we are permitted to gaze down a long vista of unclouded happiness. Ah! wretched mockery of life, where nothing is taught save that on the great battle-field of living the ascendant has as good a chance as the christian! Unfortunately youth who possess the power to find the men and things of the real world like the most caricatures of his story-book! The only miracle of this world are those of patient and transforming industry—we must not expect any other crisis an opportune assassin to despatch our rivals.

Let no man, then, who loves himself or his neighbor read or circulate these mischievous and deceptive caricatures of life. "The pure well of English undefiled" is deep enough and accessible enough without resorting to such shallow and murky streamlets. To christian men we may use higher spangles. They may especially concern that no objection be placed in the way of their fellow-men's salvation. Do these things do anything to enable the life, which to beautify and adorn and make the introduction to a life of blessedness in heaven, God's beloved Son was "obedient unto death"? After perusing for hours over "The Maiden's Curse," "The Bandit's Dream," or "The Bloody Cartwheel," how are we prepared to appreciate the glowing strains of the royal Psalms, the lyre, the transporting visions of the rapt Isaiah, or the grand and moving words of Him "who spake as never man spake"?

Letter from England.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE, August 10th, 1861.

We have just closed the Conference of 1861. Within a few hours the chapel will be as silent as the grave, and some five hundred ministers will be travelling to their distant homes, full of faith and hope for the future, and gratitude for the past. There is something almost sublime in the submission of all these ministers to the call of the Providence of God. Many are going out who know not whither, to China, India, Fiji, Sierra Leone,—to different and arduous spheres of labour in their native land, some will have to travel hundreds of miles with delicate wives and children to districts which may prove fatal to health and life, but all go with heroic faith in God. It is a rare thing to hear a complaint, or a misgiving. However much of feeling or discussion may be excited during the business of "Stationing," as soon as the stations are confirmed, the heart of every man seems to settle down, and hope takes the place of doubt and fear.

The most solemn and exciting portion of the Conference business has reference to the character of the Ministers. Every name is called over solemnly, and the question is asked: "In what objection? Is it a proof of the peculiar favour of heaven that the Conference is called upon to exercise its severer discipline. The cases of immorality in the Methodist ministry are very rare. One serious case called for expulsion, and the deep feeling which was excited among the brethren when one of their number was solemnly put away from the ministry indicated how much the sense of justice is mingled with the emotion of pity. The case of the Rev. Nathan Ross, who has recently published a volume of Essays in which the Wesleyan doctrine of original sin is set forth in a controversial, occasional very considerable interest. Mr. Rouse met the Committee appointed on his case with great frankness and courtesy, and expressed his determination to give the whole question renewed and prayerful consideration, promising in the meanwhile to withhold his book from publication.

Several hundred names appear in the list of new superannuates. The Rev. E. Newman, who has travelled forty-six years, and who has long been distinguished for his devotion to the cause of the Sabbath, is among the number. Others are there who have been stricken down in the very prime of life, and some in the very dawn of their ministry. The Rev. Wm. Taylor is the oldest minister in the active work, and the oldest but one in the ministry. After travelling more than sixty years this venerable man is still in the harness working with a vigour which may a young man might envy.

The deaths of the year have been numerous. —but few who have passed away held official position amongst us. One however who was present in the Conference last week when the question was asked: "Who have died this

year?" has been added to the list. The Rev. Samuel Jackson, an Ex-President of the Conference, and brother of the Rev. Thomas Jackson, was seized with palsy, and entered into rest on Sunday last. He was one of the sagest and most able ministers of Methodist. Quiet, unobtrusive, and comparatively unknown, he was in fact one of our most distinguished men. The later years of his life have been given up to the question of educating the young for Christ. The Catechumen movement has had his most persevering support. With characteristic constancy, his dying words were: "Remember the Children!" It is a singular fact that only one Missionary has died during the year.

Upwards of forty young men were presented for ordination. The spacious chapel in which the ceremony was performed was crowded to overflowing. The charge of the Ex-President, the Rev. W. W. Stamp was full of sage counsel, and his whole service was deeply impressive. There is but one drawback to these ordination services—they are too much of a spectacle. One cannot direct the mind of the thought that very many of the audience come merely to see a sight. It is difficult too in the midst of so much excitement, for the candidate to maintain self-possession and abstraction of mind which are necessary to the proper consideration of the vows which are imposed upon them.

The usual order of Conference proceedings was somewhat interrupted by the monster Tea-meeting held on the evening of the Ordination Day, in the large Town Hall. Though not precisely a Conference gathering, there were enough representatives of the Conference present to attract an immense crowd. The "bill of fare" was most profuse,—including as it did such names as Bishop James of America, Dr. Johnson, recently returned from Australia, John H. James, Gertrude Smith, and William Morley Panton. The speakers received a perfect ovation,—and though almost every person in the meeting was ready to faint with heat and excitement, it was at a very late hour that the assembly was dissolved.

One of the most interesting and affecting episodes of the Conference was the retirement of the Rev. Thomas Jackson from the Theological chair of Richmond College. In the preparatory Committee Mr. Jackson had created deep interest and emotion,—and his reception by the Conference was a most memorable scene. When the thanks of the Conference were presented to him, and he rose to reply, all the ministers present stood up to receive his words. Beautifully and nobly he responded, and with almost unexampled simplicity, said: "Dr. Clarke used to say that he regarded the state of a Superannuate as the state of a man who was super-miserable. I cannot say that I agree with my own view or feeling. I was miserable until I was seventeen years of age,—until I found peace in Christ,—I have not been miserable since,—and I never expect to be miserable again,—neither in this world nor in the world to come." There were few dry eyes in the Conference as the old man eloquent took his leave of active work, and finally broke down, overcome by emotion. Such a scene has seldom been witnessed in the Conference,—and such a life has seldom been lived. Dr. Osborne rose almost alone himself when he dwelt in detail upon Mr. Jackson's extraordinary services. May the old man have a blessed rest at the close of life,—preparatory to the rest of eternity!

Mr. Mason, our Book-Steward—a perfect miracle of a man,—fresh and vigorous at the age of eighty-one, gave in a very encouraging report of his department during the year. The sale of Hymn Books has been 139,100, with nearly 90,000 Sunday School Hymn Books. The monthly sale of the Sixpenny Magazine has been 18,500; the Shilling Magazine 10,000; the Miscellany 57,000; the Sunday School Magazine 36,000, and the Early Days 68,000. All these items, with one exception, exhibit a very encouraging increase upon the former year. In the "Trust Department" a blessed rest had been a sale of nearly fourteen million papers.

At the meeting of the Annuitant Society was announced the resignation of the Rev. J. P. Haswell to retire from the Treasuryship of the Fund. The Rev. Charles Hayden was appointed his successor. The Rev. John Lomas was unanimously chosen as Mr. Jackson's successor at Richmond. One may well wish that Mr. Lomas may renew his youth as the eagle, and be spared for many years to adorn his Professorship as he has adorned every position which he has held in life. The Rev. W. B. Boyce, not unknown to the readers of the *Provincial Wesleyan*, was chosen as the fourth Missionary Secretary, it having been represented that the large increase of business at the Mission House demands an addition to the staff. Mr. Boyce has been acting virtually as Secretary for the last two years. The Aldershot Camp appointment has caused us some trouble. There are legal difficulties in the way of appointing Dr. Rule a fourth year. He is therefore sent to Chatham, where he will meet with large numbers of soldiers, and be able to overlook the mission at Aldershot as well.

The Stations were confirmed on Friday evening. There was the usual difficulty,—but it was born with patience, and finally overcome with great good humour. Temporary indignation on the part of some of the brethren, and incipient rebellion on the part of others, tamed down into a quiet trust in God's good Providence; and if all are not satisfied, they are at least resigned.

The public services on Sunday last were very largely attended. Brunswick Chapel was filled in the morning two hours before service. Some adventurous spirits, impatient of the delay at the doors, obtained ingress, and scrambled in through the windows. The preacher was Mr. Pambour. His sermon was electrical in its results,—and the crowd went away astonished at his eloquence. The sermons of the Rev. Alfred Barnett, and the Rev. William Arthur, have been mentioned as peculiarly rich. At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's sermon in the evening, a good old Methodist Prayer Meeting was held, and many penitents professed to find peace with God.

On the whole, the Conference of 1861 has been tamer than in years gone by. Perhaps this is owing to the absence of stirring questions, and perhaps mainly to the press of business. Speech making is out of fashion, there isn't time for it. There have been one or two brilliant sketches however, one on the Church rate question, and another of rather a personal character on the subject of canvassing for the Chair. These have varied the monotony but not really interrupted the harmony of the service.

The ministers have been received with the greatest hospitality by the Newcastle friends. The New Rooms and Museums of the town have been thrown open to the members of the Conference by the authorities,—and everything has been done to make the session agreeable. Unfortunately there has been a great deal of sickness,—amounting almost to an epidemic,—among the ministers. Nearly fifty were under the care of one medical man at the same time. A telegram has just arrived announcing the death of the excellent Bishop of Durham,—Dr. Montague Villiers. His lordship was prayed for in all the chapels last Sunday.

Letter from the Rev. J. P. Newman

DAMASCUS—RUINS OF THE CHRISTIAN QUARTER.

On the last steamer we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Rev. J. P. Newman, the accomplished Eastern correspondent of the N. Y. Methodist. We gladly insert his last letter.—Ed.

Previous to the terrible massacre of May, 1860, the population of Damascus numbered about one hundred and fifty thousand, of whom fifteen thousand were Christians, but the murders, capricious and dispersive incident to that dreadful tragedy, have reduced the Christian population to less than two thirds its original number. The Christians were among the wealthiest and most intelligent citizens; their dwellings and churches were of the most splendid order, and by their thrift and industry they had added immensely to the revenues of the city. But the fanaticism of the Moslems culminated in a murderous assault, the results of which are too well known. In company with a friend I spent a day among the ruins of the Christian Quarter, and witnessed a melancholy spectacle. A third of the city, and by far the most elegant and beautiful, is a vast field of half-consumed and half-fallen buildings. Magnificent cathedrals, stately mansions, and splendid private residences are now a mass of shapeless ruins.

Everywhere were to be seen broken fountains, shattered walls, fragments of mosaic pavements, tesselated marble floors and arabesque ceilings, with ruined furniture strewn about in utter confusion. For hours we passed from mansion to mansion, pausing to view some architectural gem which had escaped the fury of the mob, or to listen to the recital of some ghastly tale of human suffering involving the loss of virtue and of life. Even the little stone house which tradition has consecrated as the home of the good Ananias, and suffered from the torch of persecution. In the beautiful residence of the A.L.E.R.I. missionaries, I saw portions of their library scattered among the debris of their home. Among the books were fragments of an English and Arabic Bible, a copy of Shakespeare, Upham's Philosophy, and Harper's New Monthly.

In the afternoon we called upon Dr. Mashaka, our vice-consul, one of the most eminent of living Arab scholars. His ample fortune allows him to live in princely style, and his family is the most accomplished I have met with in the East. His residence was the third point of attack on that memorable day. He has prepared a carefully written history of the massacre, which may yet be service to the Church. He related many thrilling incidents, and not the least, the attack upon his own person, and the heroic behavior of his Mohammedan Cavalry. His little daughter was severely wounded, and his son lost for three days, and the person and life of his excellent wife were rescued from the ignominious and murderous attacks of the fanatic Moslems by the timely interposition of a female friend. Five hundred of the fair daughters and sisters of those Damascenes who have survived the massacre are missing, and who are supposed to be in the mountains, carried there by the wild Bedouins. Thousands of Christian families remain abroad as fugitives, their homes, fortunes, and hopes forever ruined. The Christian missions are broken up, and their church, in four hundred worshippers assembled on the Sabbath in the enjoyment of a pure faith, is among the ruins. The missionaries have left, and Damascus seems given over to Mohammed and the Devil. A quarter of a century will not be time enough to restore to the city what has been swept from it to the folly of a religious persecution. But Mohammedanism will be the greater sufferer in the end. The Crescent is an unfortunate symbol of the Prophecy; it is the crescent phase of the old moon—a sign of waning power. Through the politeness of our Consul I had an interview with Abd-el-Kader, the celebrated Algerian chief-tan, whose efforts to save the Christians will long be remembered with delight.

After waiting in a reception-room plainly furnished, for a few minutes, until the servant announced our names, the Emir appeared at the door in an elegant court, and invited us to seats in an elegant apartment, on divans of embroidered satin. Small cups of Mocha coffee were passed, the invariable etiquette of a Moslem house. The conversation which had been general now turned upon the recent massacre, and the noble part he had acted in the sad drama. His modesty, however, allowed him to say but little, but he kindly showed us the different presents he had received as testimonials of his generous deeds. Greece had sent him two gold stars, on one of which was a medallion likeness of King Otto, and on the other were the words: "Thy right hand O Lord is glorified." Turkey had presented him with two massive silver stars, bearing the inscription: "Protection, Zeal and Fidelity." The Emir conferred on him the "Cross of the Legion of Honor," encircled with emeralds and diamonds, and surmounted with a gold crown; the "Free and Accepted Masons," had bestowed upon him the symbols of their Order; Sardania and Russia and Prussia and Austria, had honored him with gold stars set with jewels; and from the United States, he had received a magnificent brace of revolvers, which he seemed justly proud. Though thus honored by all these great powers, yet he had received no gift from England; and when assured by an English gentleman present, that the present had been talked about, the Emir quietly replied: "I prefer words to gifts." This falls on the part of England to recognize the humane deeds of this generous monarch is inexcusable. By the Turks it is interpreted as an acquiescence in the fearful slaughter, but this is unjust; the cause, however, is to be found in a truckling policy to the Turkish empire, and an unwillingness to offend the religious sensibilities of the inhuman Moslem.

Abd-el-Kader is now in the prime of life, of full habit, above the medium height, with a full face, large head, high round forehead, eyes large, black and lustrous, beard slight and dark, and his expression of countenance, when in repose, is that of benevolence and kindness, but his general air, indicate decision, courage, and the capability of being when circumstances demand, impetuous and even desperate. He is famous for the terrible wars he waged against the French in Algeria, and at present is confined to the limits of Damascus as a prisoner of war. His protection of the Christians has rendered him unpopular among the Moslems of France, and he has asked permission of Damascus to reside in Egypt. He is a devout Mohammedan, but were he a Christian, what a splendid leader he would be to unite and lead the Syrian Christians to victory.

CEDARS OF LEBANON.

I left Damascus with feelings akin to those which overwhelmed my heart on leaving Jerusalem. The conversion and character and ministry of St. Paul had impressed me as never before, and from the white limestone cliffs which overhang the plain of Merj on the west, I looked down, for the last time, upon the scene of that stupendous miracle which gave light to his soul, and gave to the Church the greatest of inspired apostles, earnestly praying for the gift of the same Spirit that impelled, controlled, and crowned with success that wonderful man. We were now on a tour to the last of Bible scenes. We had travelled from "Dan to Beersheba," and even beyond those proverbial boundaries, enjoy-

ing with pious delight our visit to those places rendered sacred by the occurrence of the grand facts in the history of Christianity, and it seemed appropriate to terminate our journey in the Holy Land on those mountains which God had promised for their strength and grandeur, and in the forests the trees of which are the inspired symbols of so many religious truths. Our path lay along the winding banks of Abana, lined with drooping willows and brilliant orchards. Its waters are cool and sweet, and the river contracts and expands according to the nature of the soil through which it flows. Stopping overnight at Suk Wady Barada, near which is the ancient Abilene, at noon next day we entered the beautiful upland plain of Zebdany, the heart of the Anti-Lebanon. In a small lake on the west is the highest source of the Abana, and a few miles beyond is the watershed between the plains of Damascus and the Beka's. On our right the mountains rose to the height of seven thousand feet, and on one of the noblest summits of the Anti-Lebanon was the charming village of Bladun, the paradise of Syria, and the Saratoga of the Damascenes. That night we lodged amid the stupendous and splendid ruins of the Heliopolis of Antoninus Pius, and the rival of Athens in the grand proportions of its temples and in the admiration excited in the mind of the traveller. Spending a day in examining its wonderful ruins, on which we never wearied looking, late in the afternoon we crossed the northern limits of the Beka's, and in the shades of the evening began the ascent of Lebanon.—From the little town of Dier el-Ahmar, our path lay up a ravine thickly dotted with dwarf cedars and hawthorn, beyond which it lay up and down a succession of hills and dales, the former rough and rocky, the latter green and fertile. After nightfall we reached 'Ain 'Ara, a small hamlet in the mountains, two thousand feet above the sea, and upon request obtained permission to lodge in a wretched Arab hut, but which was so beset with vermin that sleep was the exception and not the rule of the night.

Starting at three o'clock the next morning, we began the toilsome ascent of Lebanon. Following a dashing torrent, we ascended sharp mountain spurs, then crossing upland plateaus, and again clambering up rugged rocks, we reached the region of snow in one hour from 'Ain 'Ara. The path now became almost perpendicular, and it was with difficulty we ascended, as the mountain's top was covered with small rolling stones, yielding at every step. Now, we entered a field of snow reaching to the very summit, stretching north and south for miles, and one hundred feet in depth. Despite our caution and that of the guide's, we sank into the soft snow several feet, and one hour later it would have been impossible to have crossed. Occasionally resting in a snow-bank to take breath, we toiled upward, and as the morning sun rose upon the ruins of Baalbek we gained the summit of this sacred mountain.

Lebanon was that goodly mountain that Moses desired to see, and as a symbol of grandeur and strength was frequently employed by the Psalmist and other inspired writers. Its central ridge is smooth, barren and rounded, without beauty, but vast in extent, and grand in form. Rising seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea, the prospect afforded is varied and glorious.—Far to the west down its rugged slopes we looked on the white shores of the Mediterranean, and a boundless sea beyond, while to the east was the green plain of the Beka's, bounded by the long and peaked ledge of Anti-Lebanon, terminating in the snowy heights of Hermon. To the south was Sidon, nine thousand feet high; to the north was Mukhlis, the culminating point of Lebanon, having an altitude of eleven thousand feet, while Hermon ranks second in height of the Syrian mountains, being ten thousand feet above the sea. A strong south-west wind did not allow us to remain long upon the summit, and we soon began to descend to the plateau on which stands the remnant of the once immense cedar forest of Lebanon. Descending over a vast field of snow, already softened by the morning sun, one thousand feet below the peak we reached the sacred grove. Here, at the head of Wady Kadisha, in a vast but secluded recess, formed by the loftiest of the Lebanon mountains, is the little forest of four hundred cedars of all sizes and ages. The destroying and the builder and the ruthless destruction of the peasants have done some much to reduce these once grand forests to a little clump of trees, to preserve which the mountains seem to have gathered round, covering them from the gaze of the destroyer. Their solitude strangely affected us; they stand alone without another tree in sight, or a patch of verdure on the surrounding activities. They cover the sides and summit of a pretty knoll. Some of them are in the vigor of their growth, and others gnarled and venerable. In form they are perfect images of grace and majesty. They are tall and straight, with fan-like branches, contracting like a cone toward the top. The stem is of a coarse color; in most cases their branches shoot out horizontally from the parent trunk, one above another, forming beautiful circles. On the summit are several patriarchal ones forty feet in girth, and on the north side of the knoll is the very image of strength and grandeur; its branches are larger than ordinary trees, and its majestic limbs stretching out over a vast area, afforded a most grateful shade. In the heart of the grove is one more venerable than the rest. Its trunk is gnarled, its strongest branches have fallen off, and its once majestic form bends toward the earth under the weight of years. As I stood beneath its patriarchal shade, feeling of its aged trunk, I could but ask, "How old art thou?" It seemed to have come down from the days of the ancient sages. What visions of sacred history rose up before my mind while I lingered in that sacred grove. These are "the trees of the Lord," the "cedars of Lebanon" which he hath planted; here is the remnant of that forest out of which the Holy Temple was built; these are Isaiah's inspired emblems of grandeur, power and glory. "For the day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty." "Upon the cedars of Lebanon that is proud and lifted up." Here is the scene of the Psalmist's conception of Jehovah's majesty.—"The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yes, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon." And here, too, was the figure of that precious promise: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."—N. Y. Methodist.

Liverpool District.

The Financial Meeting of the Liverpool District, will be held, (D. Y. Y.) in the Wesleyan Church at Shelburne, on Wednesday, 28th Sept., commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M. The Ministers and Circuit Stewards of the respective Circuits, are expected to attend.

GEORGE JOHNSON, Chairman.

Liverpool, N. S., Aug. 30, 1861.

Charlottetown District, P. E. I.

The Financial meeting of the Charlottetown District will be held at Charlottetown on Wednesday, the 11th Sept., at 9 o'clock, a.m. All the Ministers Preachers on Trial, and Circuit Stewards of the several Circuits in the District, are requested to attend.

HERBERT DANIEL, Chairman.

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

Domestic.

RELIGIOUS AND CHARITABLE EVENTS.—We understand that the last week of the month, Esq., has left about £2,500 for charitable purposes in this city,—namely, £1,000 to the officiating Ministers of Saint Paul's, Saint Luke's, and St. Matthew's, the interest to be applied to the relief of the poor in the winter season, £500 each to the National and Acadian Schools, the interest to be for the instruction of a certain number of poor children, and £200 to the Deaf and Dumb Institution for the like purpose. We rejoice at this munificence on the part of our late fellow citizen, and trust the noble example will be followed by others, only we solemnly entreat that the life-time of the owner, "who would then see the good of his donations, and enjoy the luxury of the soil, as well as set up by the night of the living benefactor of his race, those who might not be moved by his posthumous example.

The following, referring to the bequests of the late Charles Inglis, Esq., we copy from the *Church Record* of yesterday:—"Considerable advantage will be derived to the cause of the last will and testament of the late Charles Inglis, the son of W. K. Inglis, of Nova Scotia, and the grandson of another, by which he has bequeathed the valuable estate of Clermont to King's College, Windsor, in which he was educated, and the Township of Kings, which he cherished an unflinching attachment. By its same instrument he has devised to the Parish of Aylesford all that tract of land known as the Hill Farm; the former to be used as a library, appropriated to the support and encouragement of young men prepared for Holy Orders; the other to the sustenance of the clergyman, and the support of the Sunday-school, and the purchase of Bibles under the control of the Bishop of the diocese. He has also bequeathed to the college one thousand volumes of books, and made that Institution his residuary legatee. The executors are Judge Wilkins, and Messrs. Inglis, and Messrs. Fryar. And we understand that the property is estimated at the value of five or six thousand pounds."

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Halifax August 24th, 1861.—His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, by the order of the Executive Council, has been pleased to make the following appointments:

In the County of Annapolis:—Robert Parker and William Westphalen to be Commissioners of School Lands for the Township of Kings; Israel Gilliat and Elisha Woodbury to be Commissioners of Sewers for Digby's Parish.

AUGUST 25, 1861.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to recognize James E. Vinton, Esquire, as the appointed Consul for the United States of America at Halifax, pending the receipt of the usual Exequatur, of which due notice will be given.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, by the order of the Executive Council, has been pleased to establish the Port of Pugwash, in the County of Cumberland, to be a Free Wharving of Port; and to authorize the employment of the Red Store on Pines's Wharf as a Public Warehouse.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn that the wife of Ezra Churchill, Esq., M.P.P.

pedigree in appropriating a sum of money for exhibition purposes, and doubtless under the judicious management of the Agricultural Board, this money will be spent to advantage.

QUESTIONS.—K. Reynolds, horticultural paragon, to the office of the St. John's, Saint Luke's, applied to the Registrar of the Deaf and Dumb, to be admitted to the school.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.—On Sunday evening a fire broke out in a barn in the rear of Mr. Wm. Lockhart's house, No. 12, Street, which was totally destroyed.

FILED AT ST. JOHN, N.B.—On Sunday evening a fire broke out in a barn in the rear of Mr. Wm. Lockhart's house, No. 12, Street, which was totally destroyed.

A NEW GORVERNOR FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.—The St. John Church Wesleyan says:—It is rumored that the Hon. Arthur Gordon, son of the late and brother of the present Governor, has been appointed Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick.

The St. John Christian Watchmen says that the Baptist meeting house at Loch Lomond was burned to the ground on Saturday last.

The Miramichi Gleaser, of Saturday, states that an attempt was made to murder the Rev. Mr. Brown on the 10th inst., by entering the building through a window in the rear, after having removed the glass; fortunately the attempt was unsuccessful.

The weather during the past week has been favorable, and late haying has been prosecuted vigorously.

The army work has made its appearance in the vicinity of St. John and along the River, and it is hoped that the lateness of the season will limit its destructive march.

The St. Andrews Standard says:—We regret to hear that the Army Worm is making sad ravages with the grain crops in this section; magnificent fields of wheat, and oats have been destroyed.

ACCIDENTS.—We learn that a little boy, youngest son of C. F. Clinch, Esq., St. George, had a few days ago, while riding on a horse, a few days ago. We understand the little sufferer is doing nicely.

The Gold Excitement here has been increased by the discovery of rich quartz rock in the vicinity of Magaguadavic. The exaggerated accounts from Lunenburg, have been contradicted, as may be seen by reference to the letter of Mr. Currier, which is copied in another column.

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A Steam Tug has been purchased by Mr. Brown, of George, for conveyance of freight between St. George, St. Andrews, and Calais.

M. E. Island.—We regret to learn that Capt. Richard Heard, of the Responce, was washed overboard, in a heavy gale, on the 30th ult., at 6 a.m., while on his passage from Rio Janeiro to Liverpool.

DEATH OF COL. FARHAM.—Col. Farham, who took Col. Ellsworth's place as commander of the Fire Zouaves, died at Washington, August 14th, of wounds which he received in the battle of Manassas.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—Have just returned from the outposts beyond Arlington.

At eleven o'clock this morning the rebels advanced two regiments of infantry with artillery toward Arlington Mills. After a slight skirmish our pickets fell.

This afternoon the rebels again appeared in force near Ball's Roads and opened a fire with shell upon the batteries.

The Sherman's Battery was in position but made no reply. The Massachusetts Ninth and Maine Second Regiments were thrown forward, and after a few shots the enemy stopped firing.

A large body of rebels is known to be in the direction of Ball's Roads. It can be distinctly heard here in the city.

New Orleans papers of the 14th and Memphis of the 15th have reached the North.

A despatch from Richmond to the New Orleans Delta announces the passage by the Confederate Congress of an act "appropriating one million of dollars for the Missouri State troops who are co-operating, or who may hereafter co-operate, with the Confederate Government."

The True Delta represents the prospects of success as being not so bright. It thinks it is not a Richmond correspondent of the Mobile News (a lady, the editor says), represents that city as very "gay." The writer says: "While here, Mr. Davis received the company every evening in his own parlour, and as it was etiquette we did ourselves the honor of paying our respects. I found her most affable, and an exceedingly intelligent and sprightly talker; and with her finished usage of words, she is peculiarly fitted to do honour to our Executive Mansion."

The Emperor at Windsor on Saturday received Boston papers of Thursday.

On Wednesday a rumor was current that the Emperor had made a demonstration in the vicinity of the Chain Bridge above Washington.

It was regarded as a feint, to cover movements in some other quarter.

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so unyielding and expensive, that we will be willing to adopt some scheme of division. A strong disposition prevails in our Colonies to guard carefully the entrance to the ministry.

The weather in England has been hot. The harvest was making great progress. Rain, and a slight fall, were the weather on the subject here.

The London Globe denies, by authority, the statement that Admiral Milne has reported the blockade of the Southern ports ineffective, and says that no general order on the subject has been officially received.

The Times' editorial says the warship Government will have to enter. The Times publishes another letter from Russell, which is generally discouraging for the North.

The King of Sweden arrived on a visit to Queen Victoria. Catherine Hayes, the vocalist, is dead. The special agents of the Cotton Supply Association, Egypt, and were to have an interview with the Viceroy on the subject of cotton cultivation.

Another controversy has sprung up between France and Switzerland relative to the arrest of a French subject on disputed territory.

Harvest in France progressing satisfactorily, and wheat crop will be deficient.

Mr. Bonaparte appointed Ambassador at Turin. Bourne has been appointed Ambassador at Turin.

There were again indications of an approaching solution of the Roman question.

It is reported that a mixed Italian and French party will soon occupy Rome.

Baron Ricasoli, in diplomatic circles, expresses the belief that Europe will soon be persuaded of Italy's rights, to the possession of the entire Italian territory.

Prince Cuiji has been appointed Papal Nuncio at Paris. Neapolitan reactionary movements diminishing.

The relations of Austria and Hungary are daily more alarming. The Upper House of the Hungarian Diet adopted by acclamation Denk's resolutions on the 17th, and made the Presidents of both Houses on the 18th.

Disturbances occurred at St. Ubes, Portugal. Troops were sent to the scene.

Renewal of troubles at Warsaw. Affairs threatening. Strong military precautions adopted.

Heavy rains all over India. Complaints of damages to rice, Sugar, &c.

ARRIVAL OF THE "ARABIA." The R. M. S. Arabia arrived yesterday at 10 a.m., in ten days from Liverpool. Judge Hall was among the passengers.

The news by the Steamer is not of great importance. Her Majesty the Queen has been enthusiastically received in Ireland. She arrived at Kingston on the evening of the 17th, and made her public entry on the following day.

She was accompanied by Prince Alfred who arrived here by the Arabia just in time to make this visit with his Royal Mother.

The Emperor of the French was at the camp at Chalons with Prince William of Baden. All hopes of reconciling the differences between Austria and Hungary have failed.

We cut the following from the European Times:—ITALY.—Garibaldi's aide-de-camp has written an account of two men, supposed to be assassins, who were shot near Palermo.

They were pursued by three dragons, and one of them was wounded by a shot, as traces of blood were found. A boat had been seen near the coast, and it was supposed to have been used to discover its destination.

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Late from Europe. The steamer City of Washington passed Cape Race 4.30 p.m., on Friday last, with dates to the 15th inst.

European papers are unimportant. The papers were daily engrossed with the American question.

The weather in England has been hot. The harvest was making great progress. Rain, and a slight fall, were the weather on the subject here.

The London Globe denies, by authority, the statement that Admiral Milne has reported the blockade of the Southern ports ineffective, and says that no general order on the subject has been officially received.

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Editor's Table. NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for August 1861. Contents.—British Universities and Academies. Policy.—Montebello and Parliamentary Institutions in France.—British Columbia and Vancouver's Island.—Stanley's Eastern Church. Edwin de la Harpe.—Recent discoveries in Scottish Geology. Freedom of religious opinion.—Marriage and Divorce.—DeChailly's Explorations and Adventures.—Buckle on Civilization.

THE ELECTRIC MAGAZINE for September. Contents.—Footfalls on the boundary of another world.—Dydmanus of Alexandria.—Life and Times of Count Cavour.—Novels and Novellists.—The Constable of the Tower.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.—The Spirit World.—The Art of Swimming.—Lays and legends of Cornwall.—Judicial Puzzles.—History of the World.—Recent Poetry, &c., &c.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September. Contents.—Stratford upon Avon.—The Capital of the Canadas.—Winfield Scott in the year of 1813. The three Tells.—Vallandigham.—Shakespeare and Hollinhead.—Orley Farm.—Winnipegosis.—The Havelock.—The Yankee Captain.—Pete.—The Adventures of Philip.—Richard Porson, &c., &c.

For the above we are indebted to the kindness of E. G. Puffer, Esq.

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Commercial. Halifax Markets. Corrected for the "Provincial Wesleyan" up to 10 o'clock, A. M., Wednesday, September 4.

Bread, Navy, per cwt. 17s 6d a 23s 9d. Flour, per bushel 30s a 32s 6d. Sugar, per cwt. 11s 1d a 11s 1d.

Butter, Canada, per lb. 8d a 9d. Coffee, Java, per lb. 11d a 11s. Rice, per cwt. 11s 1d a 11s 1d.

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Desirable Residence! (NORTH END.) Kempf Cottage. THE PROPERTY OF REV. C. CHURCHILL. A.M. With two acres of land—large garden—all necessary out-buildings—making it altogether a most desirable residence.

Is for Sale. JAYNE'S ALTERNATIVE. It is established that a very large number of diseases can only be cured by such medicines as will enter into the blood, and circulate with it through every portion of the body.

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Is for Sale. JAYNE'S ALTERNATIVE

Our Children's Corner. Hymn for a Little Child. Oh Jesus! let a little child...

Small Savings. I don't see how Holmes does it, said John Stetson, with a puzzled expression.

John Stetson won a little. "They are mere trifles," said he carelessly. "A few cents each time. Poor! they would make precious little difference at the end of the year."

John Stetson laughed. "I dare say," he remarked, "it would bring me out a perfect Croesus at the end of the year."

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pointed forty-five cents in his wife's hand that evening. "I might as well make it fifty," said he smiling.

"No," said she, "not a cent over. I want the savings to represent exactly what you spend on these little luxuries, and no more."

"What?" "How much did you pay for the tickets?" "Fifty cents apiece."

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half an acre of corn, and is as valuable as guano. The dung of poultry contains silica, and phosphate and carbonate of lime, and, along with pigeon dung, has been dried and broken down and powdered, and mixed with earthy substances, and applied in moist weather, and covered by harrowing of the seed, at the rate of forty or fifty bushels of the mixture to the acre.

Acute Food Necessary for Fowls.—A letter was read before the British Association from M. Sacc, of Switzerland, giving an account of some experiments in the feeding of fowls. He states first, that fowls which a portion of chalk is given with their food, lay eggs, the shells of which are remarkable for their whiteness.

Health and its Pleasures. Or Disease with its Agonies. CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM.

Holloway's Pills. Nervous Disorders. The Boston Transcript mentions some interesting eccentricities of authors: Goethe, with all his love of art and passion for beauty, wrote in an undecorated room, on a plain table, in few books, and no pictures of scenery in view.

Agriculture. Poultry. Feeding Poultry.—An idea prevails with many that any sort of grain, even if a little damaged, is good for poultry; but this is a great mistake.

Bricks, Bricks, Bricks! THE SUBSCRIBER wishes to dispose of 300,000 STOCK BRICKS of the best manufacture.

BRITISH SHOE STORE, No. 145 Granville St. ARTHUR J. RICKARDS. HAS received per steamer "America," a large and superior assortment of American Goods.

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The treatment we have advised will bring the patient through safely without subjecting him to the dangerous tropical affections that often attend scarlet fever.

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AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS. Are you sick, bilious, and complaining? Are you constipated? Are your bowels dry and hard?

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GORDON'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY. A SPECIFIC FOR Cholera Morbus, Colic, Stomach, Throat, Toothache, Sprains, Catarrhs, galls and rheumatism of any kind in Horse, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Stomach, Stomach Complaints, &c.

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