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WHOLE No. 625.

Religious Miscellany.

That City.

I know the walls are Jasper.
The palaces are fair,
And to the sounds of harpings
The saints are singing there;
I know that living waters
Flow under fruitful trees;
But, oh! to make my heaven,
It needeth more than these!

Read on the sacred story:

What more doth it unfold
Beside the penitents gateway
And streets of shining gold?

No temple hath that city,
For none is needed there;
No sun nor moon enlighteneth;
Can darkness, then, be fair?

Al! now the bright revealing,
The crowning joy of all,
What need of other sunshine,
Where God is all in all?

He fills the wide etheral
With glory all his own—
He whom my soul adareth,
The lamb amidst the throne?

Oh! heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me;
Dark, were the walls of Jasper,
Rayless the crystal sea.

He glida earth's darkest valleys
With light, and joy, and peace;
What, then, must be the radiance
Where night and death shall cease?

Speed on, O lagging moments!
Come, birthday of the soul!
How long the night appeareth,
The hours, how slow they roll!

How sweet the welcome summons
That greets the willing bride;
And, when mine eyes behold Him,
I shall be satisfied!

In Everything give Thanks.

Grateful love is the vital element of true piety. Conscious of utter moral weakness and unworthiness we flee to Christ. In his wonderful condescension and his great atoning work he is to us "the chiefest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely." We cast ourselves into his arms with a thankfulness which no words can express. All our hope is in him. "He redeemed our life from destruction. He crowns us with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Not a breath we breathe, not a beating of the pulse, but testifies anew to the fullness and the freeness of his grace. Hence every utterance of the lips, every thought of the heart, should go up bearing heavenward the incense of gratitude. Failing to give thanks continually, we become aliens and apostates.

Said a man who had been saved by another from a cruel death:—"Sir, I shall remember you with gratitude every moment that I live, for I owe all my body to you. Every drop of blood in my veins thanks you." Should not the Christian have this feeling in a still higher sense toward Christ? Without him we would be prisoners of despair. By our sins we had forfeited life and all its blessings. We had no more claim upon God than the murderer in the condemned cell has upon the Government whose laws he has violated. To that murderer a pardon is as life from the dead. Let him go out and breathe again the air and bask again in the sunshine, and he owes a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid. But if, after being justly condemned and freely forgiven, he should complain of the Government because it did not confer on him health or honour, should envy his neighbours, and spend his time in murmuring, would he not merit the contempt of all men?

Such is the case of a Christian who is ever dissatisfied and complaining. He has received a pearl of great price—a pearl which makes him rich unto everlasting life; and instead of praising it, and rejoicing in it, he envies every poor-worm around him. He longs for every base and worthless pebble. He thinks that God, who has given him so much, ought to honour him in reward to every whim—ought to pamper all his carnal lusts—ought to treat him as a foolish parent treats an only child.

The spirit of ingratitude, whether in the form of complaining or of restless longings, is a sad defect—we had almost said fatal defect in most piety of our day. The age, with its feverish activity, has invaded the Church, and God's children—his heirs—have ceased to be content with such things as they have, believing that he will never leave them nor forsake them. They have become "careful and troubled about many things," they have lost their enthusiastic love for the Saviour, and that ecstatic hope and joy in him which gave to primitive piety its peculiar and resistless charm.

Good for Evil.

A little boy in a public school had often been laughed at on account of his mean clothes by another boy older and richer than himself. This grieved the little fellow very much, and he was afraid to venture on the playground at all from a fear of the bad boy who so roughly treated him, and so he would go away alone, and spend his playtime in reading or learning his lessons.

One day he had been so employed, when he heard the large boy say in tones of distress:—"I have learned the wrong history lesson, and now I shall be sure to lose my place; for I have left my book at home, and there will not be time to go for it, and learn my lesson, too, before the class is called—what shall I do?"

Most of his class-mates only laughed, for they were envious of him for keeping at the head of the class, and they rejoiced at the prospect of displacing him.

Not so Edward, the little boy he had so misused. Edward felt and acted just as he would

have desired another to do toward him under similar circumstances; and so, going up to the large boy, he said:

"Here, Henry, is my book; you are welcome to use it as long as you wish, and I will help you about your lesson if I can."

"Was not this a noble boy? And did he not beautifully exemplify the precept laid down in God's own word—'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head?'"

—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

Why Art Thou Cast Down?

Yes, Christian, wherefore? Does not each promise still stand up, an unshaken pillar, upon the summit of which shines the pure, soft light of heaven? Are not God's strong-armed angels still all—ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation? Does not Jesus still live, and does he not bear your name upon his heart as he maketh intercession? Is he your sympathizing Friend? And does not God reign? Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Is there not a home of sweet, sinless rest, where the battling soldiers of the cross shall by-and-by be crowned? Then, why cast down? Right shall yet triumph. Dry up your tears. Look up—up! God reigns. There is enough in these two words for faith to fasten upon to give a present and permanent victory. Cheer up, and honour God by trusting in him. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."

"Live on the field of battle,
Be earnest in the fight,
Stand forth with manly courage,
And struggle for the right."

The Human Face.

The human face is a wonderful teacher. On infancy it is almost omnipotent. The little babe receives its bias of feeling and temper in this way. Oh, then, how holy a place should be the nursery of infancy. Its approaches should be carefully guarded. Never let an impatient, impatient look of the eye, a harsh, excited tone of voice, a rapid motion of the hand or foot, appear within the sacred portals. Why dagger-point these things so carelessly on the little stranger? No hours of its life are more momentous in the formation of habits and character. Many a fond mother wonders why her darling is afflicted with so quick a temper. She forgets that it was implanted in the little being, in her thoughtless, hasty reprimand of the nurse, or in the impatience and ill-temper of the nurse in the absence of the mother. When the infant was thought to be too young to know anything, it was receiving all-controlling impressions, such as are woven to the very warp and woof of its future life. "The home of mothers is the seat of destiny." This should ever be remembered.

Effective Preaching.

A correspondent, who is a member of the Baptist Church, writing us from one of the towns in Western New York, assures us of a truth, that one of our preachers, a few Sundays since, preaching from the text, "Thou shalt not steal," laid down the proposition that the command not only forbids what is known to the civil law as larceny, but it inhabits, also, among other things, the willful withholding by the debtor of what he honestly owes a creditor, and if the former is able to pay, and does not, he is as guilty before God of a violation of the command, as he who commits a theft behind his neighbor's back. This he enforced with considerable zeal, and then said: "There are instances almost within every man's knowledge, where honest debts have remained, and will continue to remain, unpaid, because of sheer neglect or dishonesty. This sometimes is the case with individuals who profess to be Christians, and are members of a Christian Church. They have bills at the physician's office, at the merchant's desk, on the grocer's book, and, I might add, on the church book for pew rent and subscriptions for the support of the gospel ministry."

"He might have added," says our correspondent, "for subscription to their church newspaper." At the close of the sermon, as soon as he had descended from the pulpit, Dr. B., the village physician, came to the preacher, and thrusting a five dollar silver bank note into his hand, said, "There, Elder, I'll divide fairly—that's your part—you are a pretty good collector," then explaining, added: "While you were speaking about physician's bills, etc., in your sermon, two men, who had several weeks ago five dollars apiece for more than six years, and which I had for a long time considered lost, reached over their slips, and privately handed me the amount of their respective bills." Our correspondent, who is a practicing lawyer, says such preaching must be stopped, or it will ruin his business, and he will have to turn preacher to get a living.—*N. Y. Chron.*

America a Missionary Nation.

The Boston *Atlas* gives the following synopsis of Dr. Fisher's address before the Jubilee Missionary meeting, in Boston, some time ago:—"President Fisher took the ground, and with equal ability and ingenuity, that America is the destined nation to convert the world. He argued that our people, resting on a solid Anglo-Saxon foundation, improved by influences and circumstances which exist nowhere else, were peculiarly adapted for the missionary enterprise. He said, that, thus far, they had achieved more than other nations. This assertion is but the repetition of a historical fact. No other nation has the wonderful activity of ours. In whatever direction it acts, it is sure to achieve more than others. For more than fifty years it has shown an irresistible desire if not a fixed passion to carry forward this great enterprise. "Accordingly, it has had thousands of laborers in the Indies, the Sandwich Islands, and other dark places of the earth. It has printed the Bible in more than one hundred and fifty different languages. It has created and spread abroad a literature that is extraordinary, both in its nature and extent. Some of the best talents the country has produced, has been consecrated to this work. Nowhere in history has more heroism been displayed. Nowhere shall we see sublimer martyrdom. Women, too, have shown equal devotion, heroism and sacrifice. If ever the world appreciates its best spirits and greatest souls, it will honour not so much its warriors, its statesmen, its rulers, its legislators,

as those who, leaving their homes, and all the comfort, attraction and beauty which surround them, go to foreign climes, where there is but toil, danger, suffering, and frequency of death in its horrid forms, as the record of violence and disease show."

"All honour to the missionary enterprise. May America be true to this destiny which is claimed for it."

Scolding Clergymen.

The effect of *apathy* in a clergyman is well illustrated in the following story, the scene of which is laid in the State of "steady habits," and the events of which transpired there several years since. Two clergymen were settled in their youth, in contiguous parishes. The congregation of the one had been very much broken and scattered, while that of the other remained large and strong. At a ministerial gathering, (both of these pastors being D. D.'s) Dr. A. said to Dr. B., "Brother, how has it happened that while I have laboured as diligently as you have, and preached better sermons, and more of them, my parish has been scattered to the winds, and yours remain strong and unbroken?"

Dr. B. facetiously replied, "O, I'll tell you, brother. When you go a fishing, you first get a great rough pole for a handle, to which you attach a large codline, and a great hook, and twice as much bait as the fish can swallow. With these accoutrements, you dash up to the brook, and throw in your hook, with *There bite you dogs*. Then, you scare away all the fish. When I go fishing, I get a little swivel pole, a small line, and just such a bait as the fish can swallow. Then I creep up to the brook, and gently slip them in, and I *twich 'em out, twich 'em out, till my basket is full.*"—*From Cornell's "How to Enjoy Life."*

The Strongest Side.

There are some men who, when called to take part in a controversy, always take what they deem to be the strongest side. In politics they intend to join the strongest party. In religion they take the strongest side. It is a division, if the question be asked respecting a man of this class, which side does he take? It may safely be answered, the strongest, or at least what he deems the strongest. It is sometimes said that the right side is always the strongest side. They therefore conclude that the right side is the right side.

There is doubtless a sense in which it is true that the right side is the strongest. In the end justice and rectitude will prevail. But the end may be beyond the horizon of time. In this world it is not true that the right side is always the strongest. In this world truth does not always prevail. There are cases in which men are oppressed and cruelly treated, and the oppressor retains his power till the victim escapes through the portals of death. Right is far from prevailing in all cases in this world.

Truth is mighty and shall prevail. So it shall, in the ongoings of eternity, but error often crushes out the truth here. Systems do not necessarily prevail because they are true—they may be true and may be universally rejected. Truth in the highest form, the truth of God revealed by his Son, has more than once been crushed to the earth. The Gospel was known to numbers in Spain in the time of Luther. Numbers became obedient to the truth. But the Inquisition, by its engines of torture and its fires, completely routed out the truth from that land.

At the same period, the truths of the Gospel had become widely known in Italy. But it was put down by the hand of violence. The light of the reformation in Italy was quenched in blood. No doubt, in the end, the truth shall prevail; but on earth it is militant and may suffer defeat. Hence its friends must contend for it, and prepare the way for its triumph.

God is on the side of truth and righteousness, and hence that must be the strongest side. It is wise to have God on our side. If God be for us, who can be against us? We may have enemies; they may be numerous and strong. There may be but few who are friendly to us. But if God is on our side, what need we fear?

Time and Eternity.

It is not Time that flies;
'Tis we, we are flying;
It is not life that dies;
'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying.
Time and eternity are one;
Like changes, yet without decay.
'Tis we alone who pass away.

It is not Truth that flies;
'Tis we, 'tis we, are flying;
It is not Faith that dies;
'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying.
O, ever-during Faith and Truth,
Whose youth is age, whose age is youth!
Twin stars of immortality,
Ye can not perish from our sky.

It is not Hope that flies;
'Tis we, 'tis we, are flying;
It is not Love that dies;
'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying.
Twin streams, that have in heaven your birth,
Ye glide in gentle joy through earth.
We fade, like flowers beside you sown:
Ye are still flowing, flowing on.

Yet we but die to live;
It is from death we're flying;
For ever lives our Life;
For us there is no dying.
We die but as the spring-bud dies,
In summer's golden glow to rise.
These be our days of April bloom;
Our July is beyond the tomb.

Religious Intelligence.

From the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Daily Union Prayer-Meeting.

At 12 M. in the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Methodist Church Block.

A visitor at the Bridewell stated that he there saw a young man whom he recognized as the little ragged boy of twelve years since, who went about the streets singing ribald songs at a penny apiece, with a dancing accompaniment, and while he saw him a prisoner now, he was also reminded that his training was the direct cause of his occupying a felon's cell, and that if he had used as much energy in trying to get him under Sabbath-school influence when he was a small boy, as is now put forth in that direction, the lad might have been saved, and he spared the most painful reflections, and the lesson he wished impressed upon all was, "work while the days last," for soon probation's hour is up, and retribution, with its endless years, will follow. All he could do now was to request prayers in his behalf, that the lessons of the Bridewell might bring him to Jesus.

A brother who had met and prayed with several infidels, stated that he had met one of them on the sidewalk some days after, and he remarked to him that he had just received a long letter from his mother in Germany, now over 80 years of age, urging him to become a Christian, and that it had affected him to tears. Said the brother, "It seems to me as though it was providential that he should receive that letter at this time, and now I want you to pray that this letter, with what has been said to him, may reach him to the city."

A stranger in the city said, "To have power with God in prayer, we must be his confiding friends, having intimate communion with him, founded upon the purest love, and not upon selfishness. How truly this is represented in our dealings with men. If we want a favor from one in high authority, with whom we are not personally acquainted, we look over the list of our friends to see who is his intimate friend, and if one such we find, we consider our case as gained, for, though we do not know the dignitary, our friend does, and presents our claims as a personal favor. Thus Christ, our friend, presents us, who are strangers to God, and his intercession is ours, by simply trusting our cause in his hands.

A brother who the week before had asked prayers for a woman who would not believe in religion because of unworthy professors, said that she was now rejoicing in the knowledge that religion was no cunningly devised fable, but a substantial reality, and had urged him to ask this meeting to pray for her husband, that he too might obtain that blessed knowledge.

An agonized sister, for two consecutive days, came into this meeting, and with a flood of tears besought prayers for a dying brother, who was trying to give his heart to Christ, but seemed to lack faith to grasp the rod and staff of the Almighty, to comfort him in that fearful valley of the shadow of death, and then quietly withdrew to attend at his bedside. A brother remarked that the scene had so touched his heart that he could not forget to pray constantly almost, that her request might be granted. She exhibited such a trusting faith in prayer, that it seemed to him impossible that God would allow her brother's star to set, without having for its attendant the "bright morning Star" which shines in eternal day.

A brother asked prayers for a young man in the county jail, who said that his own brother, whom he had not seen for six years, had called at his cell on Sunday to point him to Christ, and as he was not recognized, he did not make himself known to that brother. Truth is stranger than fiction. This brother stated that the young man, from his own account, was brought up in a Christian family, but when asked to kneel in prayer, he said he had never knelt before God in his life. Congregationalists do not kneel in prayer—but he did kneel, and remained upon his knees when left to himself, and but once he could see that other "elder brother," seeking him through the instrumentality of his brother in the flesh, with a happy meeting that would be to him, though in that most unhappy place.

A Sunday-school teacher requested prayers for four men in the Bridewell, who, after the Sunday-school lesson was concluded, had specially requested him to present their cases to the noon prayer-meeting, after being told that unless they really desired prayers, it would be far better for them not to send an unmeaning request, and thus mock God. Mary Magdalene was the first to look upon the face of the risen Lord, and not these also see Jesus, the friend of sinners.

A brother asked prayer for a woman who had been to the N. M. Hall mission school prayer-meeting and had been called upon to undertake the revival had begun. And now I pretend not to tell the numbers who had been awakened, and prostrated, and taught to pray and to praise also.

The Rev. Mr. Clark of the English Church, some 100 yards from my church, at once entered, heart and hand, into the work with me, and proposed an interchange, or rather that we should meet the people alternately in the Sterling Church and in Trinity Church. Well, I heartily agreed.

On the following morning the fine bell of Trinity Church sent forth its notes of summons about four o'clock in the morning (the time agreed upon, in order to meet the anxiety of the people), and in an incredibly short time the house was quite full—all serious, anxious, awed.

Next morning the same fine bell tolled for morning prayers for Sterling Church; but, lo!

we found that it was only half-past three o'clock, A.M., and yet in a few minutes the house was crammed, and all gazing for the word of life. And now five weeks have gone over our heads; and this morning Sterling Church, at a later hour (by appointment)—half-past four o'clock—is more crammed than ever; and by a multitude of persons never seen in the church before, and of whom no one knows anything—none being able to tell whence they have come. It must be from the dark recesses of our woods and forests, and from holes and gullies, where we never could have found them out!

Although there are some disorder and errors, mingling with the work, its undoubted good results upon the moral and general character of the people are renewing testified to, in their last accounts.

THE REVIVAL IN TINEVELLY.—The effects of this outpouring have not been lost in a momentary excitement, but the careless and worldly-minded, the proud and clever professor has become most truly humble, giving himself to preaching, teaching, and prayer, and this, not in isolated cases, but generally, so that the heathen themselves are aroused, and many, observing the wonderful work, are coming in and giving themselves up to Christ, seeing that in his holy name there is power, and that his Spirit is indeed "God with us," according to the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."—*Indian Watchman.*

Mr. Bruce, the new agent for the Bible Society, has proceeded to Naples with a large supply of Bibles and Testaments. Both there and in Palermo and Messina, the cry for them is incessant. Not only the employed colporteurs, but several officers in the Italian army are doing their utmost to propagate the Gospel truth. Lieutenant Sorzana, formerly in a Neapolitan regiment, but compelled by his colonel to retire on account of his Protestantism, opened a mission in Alexandria, spent his time in reading and praying, and exhorting to the soldiers, having hired a room for the purpose at his own expense. Last July, being pressed by former friends, he entered the service of his country under Garibaldi, and was present at the struggle of Melazzo. He is working for Jesus in the army. Writing to a friend in Sicily, he has distributed many copies of the word, and several in his regiment have been led to Christ. Mazzarella, an earnest Italian Protestant, has been offered the chair of moral philosophy in the university of Bologna.

Switzerland.

RELIGION IN BARLE. MR. HECHIC'S PREACHING.—A missionary, the Rev. Mr. Hechic, who spent many years in India, came home last year, and began at once to tell the people who had sent him to preach to the heathen, that many of them were as far from conversion as the heathen themselves. The novelty of thing attracted crowds, and the sincerity of the teaching excited strong opposition. Some were touched, others would hear no longer, and at last the pulpits in most of the churches were closed against him. Now, all seems quiet again. It is, as if the Christians in Barle, exhausted by the magnitude and difficulties of their missionary enterprises, had either no time or no strength left to make the gospel known to those who surround them for a lesson for us, surely, that "these ought we to do, and not to leave the other undone."

Jamaica.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE RECENT REVIVAL.—The Rev. Duran Forbes, of the United Presbyterian Mission at Sterling, Westmoreland, describes the progress of the movement, and its wonderful effects, in his district.

It seems to have begun in the conversion of a fallen young woman whose case he narrates, giving an account of a most remarkable prayer which she uttered, in regard to which she says:—"I felt confounded, surprised, and overwhelmed. Her petitions and supplications for our dear minister, and for the success of his ministry in bringing souls to Christ, awed, melted, and subdued me; I felt they would be answered, and I trust will never be forgotten by me. Oh, I could not help crying out, when that prayer ended, 'God grant, young woman, that you may go on as you have now begun! Oh, what may you not do among your sisters, who are now serving the devil, as you have hitherto done.' I felt that hourly but, with its varied inmates, filled with poor sinners, coming from converted unawakened influence I little anticipated. I had been refreshed and strengthened by that morning service for five weeks of the hardest work I have ever yet been called upon to undertake. The revival had begun. And now I pretend not to tell the numbers who had been awakened, and prostrated, and taught to pray and to praise also.

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times they resulted in the death of the victim. With such a state of society boiling around me, I naturally felt anxious to remove my family beyond all chance of injury. Finally when they had for some time been drafting troops from the city for Jeff Davis' army, I foresaw the time when I would be called on, and determined to remove my wife and children to the North. I started off with them ostensibly to go to another place, and took them to Atlanta, where I bought through tickets for them and sent them forward, while I returned to Augusta to close up my business.

I continued in my trade there for a short time, endeavoring to convert my property into funds which would be current in Iowa. I dared not purchase gold at the banks myself for fear of attracting the attention of the Vigilance Committee. No one was allowed to leave the country openly. Through the friendship of a young man named Powers, who had been boarding with me, I purchased some current funds, perhaps \$300 or \$400. He was a book peddler from Ohio, who had been selling a work, entitled "Cotton is King," and was not suspected of fostering liberal sentiments. It was through his friendship and services mainly that I escaped.

One afternoon an Orisley Sergeant came into my counting room and informed me it would be necessary, in accordance with a recent requisition from Montgomery, for me to enlist. I saw it would not do to hesitate an instant, and therefore manifested great readiness, and even eagerness to join. I told I could have my choice between infantry or cavalry, and I must meet my comrades that night at the Army. I chose to join the cavalry, and at the appointed hour was on hand to enroll my name. I was very zealous apparently in my wishes to fight the Abolitionists, and by skillfully guarding my speech, led my comrades to think I was the best Secessionist of them all.

The Sergeant presented me with a splendid Colt's Navy revolver, which had had been stolen from the United States. I requested him to load it for me, as I was not well posted in that sort of thing. He did so. Those five charges are still in the barrels, and they shall never be fired off until they are discharged in the streets of Augusta, and one of them into the body of the Sergeant who loaded it.

I got away from the Army and hurried home, where I found Powers making preparations to go North by the next train, which left at half-past ten o'clock that night. I told him I must get away from Augusta that night at any cost. I asked him to take my carpet-bag on board the train, and if I did not call for it in a certain time to send it to my family in Dubuque. He said he would do so.

I looked up my store and house, the one completely furnished from top to bottom, and the other containing some \$9,000 worth of goods, which I was obliged to leave behind to fall into the hands of the rebels.

I then repaired to the depot nearly an hour before the time for departure of the train, and secreted myself under the rear end of the rear car on a cross piece which connected the wheels. Grasping my pistol in my hand and resolving to shoot the first man who should discover me, I waited for events. Soon after I had gained this position the Vigilance Committee came into the depot. They were a party of men appointed to see that no Northern men went on the train, and to exercise a general surveillance over all suspicious characters.

Northern man he was taken out, whipped and forced to enlist. If they found one who had enlisted already, it fared worse with him. He was whipped and otherwise maltreated, and then usually shot, so I knew what my fate would be if I was detected. As the hour for starting drew near, my suspense was agonizing in the extreme. Finally a little incident occurred which probably enticed my salvation from their clutches. The committee went through the cars after the passengers were seated, and closely questioned and scrutinized every individual. In one car they found an old man who answered to the description of a man who had been tarred and feathered at Savannah and whipped off. Appended to the despatch describing him, was this Christian injunction, "If you catch him, give him hell!"

One of the ruffians lifted his grey locks and saw the tar still adhering to his brow, where he had been unable to remove it. He fairly yelled with delight. "Here's the old devil! We've got him!" etc. etc. They howled and then dragged him from the car to the platform outside, although they did not know of a thing he had done amiss.

"Gentlemen," said the aged man respectfully, "I am an old man, and do not know that I ever did any man wrong. All I ask is for the privilege of getting home to my family. I beg that you will release me."

They laughed his entreaties to scorn, and bore him away in the dark, screaming and yelling like demons, doubtless to torture him with scourges, and perhaps to murder him as they have so many before him. During all this time I lay within a dozen feet of some of the party, expecting every instant I would be discovered by some unshyly friend. It is well for him and me that he did not, for that moment would have been the signal for his death. I would have shot as many as I could and fled readily.

As last the train moved out of the depot and slowly around a curve, and when it was out of the range of the depot lamps, I dropped from my perch and clambered upon the rear platform of the car. Going into the car I fast down in the darkest corner, and drew my hat over my face in order to escape recognition. By feigning sleep I escaped the attention and remarks of my comrades, many of whom were on board of the train, still morning, when we reached Atlanta, some 200 miles from Augusta. If I could get beyond there I knew I was comparatively safe, as there was no telegraph between that place and Chattanooga, though there was one from Augusta to Atlanta.

It was daylight when we left Atlanta, so that further concealment was impossible.—My fellow passengers expressed considerable surprise at seeing me and were anxious to know where I was going. I informed them that I was going to Chattanooga, as usual, to purchase a large quantity of bacon in which I was dealing extensively. Many of my acquaintances whom I

General Miscellany.

A Race for Life.

(From the Dubuque Daily Times, of May 12th.)

While on our way to McGregor the other day, on the steamer Milwaukee, we made the acquaintance of one of our fellow passengers, who had just escaped from the Southern Confederacy. Many of our citizens know him well, as he is in business here. We will give the narrative in his own words as near as possible:

"You see I had been doing a heavy wholesale and retail provision business in the city of Augusta, Georgia, for two years, and was getting along with the inhabitants very smoothly, until a little circumstance transpired last fall which incited the populace against me. I had taken more or less interest in political affairs while I lived there, and, as much from policy as from anything else, adopted a conservative Southern view of matters. I was a strong Bell and Everett man, and when the State Convention was in session, I was mentioned as one of the State electors.

As it was known that I came from Dubuque, some of my constituents wrote to the latter city for information as to my political antecedents. The letter was addressed to one of the prominent law firms of Dubuque, and for some unaccountable reason answered in such a manner as to direct the deepest indignation of the community, where I lived, towards me. They were informed that I was a loud-mouthed Abolitionist and had stamped the State of Iowa for Fremont. Within a short time of the receipt of that letter my house was surrounded by an infuriated mob, eager to wreak a blind vengeance on me. I appealed to the Mayor, who was a warm personal friend of mine, for protection. He responded by calling out the entire police force to disperse the rabble.

Myself and son-in-law stood all that night at the head of the first flight of stairs, in my house, with fire-arms and axes, resolved to sell our lives as dearly as possible, should the miscreants break in. My brave wife knew no fear and would not leave my side, although I entreated her to do so. She seemed nervous to desperation by our common danger, and ready to face and sacrifice her life, if necessary, in defence of our home.

The people were pacified at last when they found us too resolute to be imposed upon, and after a short time I was allowed to pursue my business as usual. I satisfied them apparently, that I did not entertain principles repugnant to their peculiar views, and convinced them that the information they had received was a tissue of falsehoods, yet there ever lurked a suspicion of my loyalty to the South. Thus we freed through the winter, the community daily becoming more excited and bitter against those who did not coincide to the letter with the damnable opinions that then ruled the hour.

In illustration of this I will cite one instance. A party of merchants were discussing the impending crisis one afternoon in a store not far from mine, when one of my neighbours made the following remark:—"Gentlemen, we must be careful and not underrate the strength of the enemy." That same night a committee called on him, and asked him if he had made such a remark, when he replied, "Yes. And I do not see the harm in it. It is one of the first lessons in military strategy, not to underrate the power of the foe." His explanation of the side of his head and face showed clean of the hair and whiskers. Then the newly barbered portions were daubed with tar and feathers.—He then received forty lashes, and was then given to understand that he had twelve hours in which to make himself scarce.

This was not an isolated instance. Deeds of violence were of daily occurrence, and many

CAVOUR. The character of the position to be occupied by the Canadian...

AN UNFORTUNATE COMPANY.—The steamer Canadian, lost on the 4th instant, was the second...

It has been officially announced in the House of Commons that the discovery of gold at Tanquer...

A SUSPICIOUS STEAMER.—St. John's Nfld. June 24.—A screw steamer, sent south of the Cape...

A Comet appeared in the Northern heavens Monday evening. It was very brilliant about half past 9 o'clock.

FIRE IN CAMPBELLTON.—A correspondent writing to the Religious Intelligence says:—The weather here during the first part of this week...

REBELLIONS.—We 12 o'clock, noon, Jack King's Hill, and 250 feet, and immediately returned to return for more...

ANOTHER FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Friday last, Charles, son of Mr. McNamara of this town, received an injury while in the employ...

THE PALMETTO FLAG.—The Alliance, a vessel partly owned at the Southern end of the island, was on a British register, lying at Rodney Slip...

PEARL BANK RIOT AT MILWAUKEE.—MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 24.—The feeling against the banks, which has been growing for some days, culminated this morning in an attack upon...

The Wesleyan Conference has been in Session in this city for several days, and we have heard that the meetings, as usual, have excited a great deal of interest.

The Woodstock Journal says the contractors, Walker and Johnston, are again at work on their line and that the prospect is that the Road will be opened to Ed River by the route...

WE regret to learn that the whole property of Mr. Joseph Pears, a well-to-do miller, consisting of dwelling house, double saw mill, barn, and grist mill...

On Thursday evening, the 23rd inst., a military band out of the city, and the band of the 1st Regiment, were ordered to assemble on the wharf...

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.—The failure of a large produce house was rumored here yesterday and with the continued decline of flour, now barely salable at \$4, and the enormous losses anticipated on the immense shipment...

American States. The Morning Chronicle makes the following extracts from the papers received by steamships Arabia and Eastern Star.

Business in general has shown some slight improvement. The activity in military preparations has been followed by a little quieter movement in other departments of trade.

The import trade of the country continues to fall off from the year 1867 with two previous years, more especially in dry goods and fancy articles.

Commercial affairs went on an improved aspect. The market better supplied with gold and silver and the payments from that section are more regular.

THE marriage of the princess Alice with Prince Louis of Hesse is not to take place this year, but at least in 1862 it is to be celebrated has yet to be settled in all probability it will be early in the season.

The war in New Zealand terminated on the 15th of March, by the unconditional surrender of the Maori King, Te Kahi, to the British.

A new commission of the Board of Admiralty is gazetted for the purpose of including the two new ships, the Albion and the Edinburgh.

THE Annual Meeting of the Cotton Supply Association was held on the 11th inst., at the Manchester Town Hall, Mr. J. Crockett, President, made a long speech, in the course of which he explained the superior advantages, in numerous ways, possessed by the planters of the Southern States...

A Board of trade notice specifies the conditions under which wheat and maize of British manufactures may be deposited at Paris in accordance with the Commercial Treaty.

THE news received from Athens is somewhat alarming; in the opinion of the Greeks are about to make an attempt to get rid of their Bavarian King.

ROME, June 12.—A subscription has been opened here for the future erection of a monument to Count Camillo di Cavour.

TRIN, June 12.—In to-day's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies Baron Riccioli announced the formation of the new ministry, and said that in accordance with the constitution...

IN answer to an inquiry made by Mr. Gregory in the House of Commons, in reference to the Curative Bill, Mr. Secretary of State, Lord Cardwell, said he had been in existence since 1840, and not only during the first two years but from that time to the present.

WINTER'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.—FOR the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Influenza, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, and all other pulmonary affections.

PEARL BANK RIOT AT MILWAUKEE.—MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 24.—The feeling against the banks, which has been growing for some days, culminated this morning in an attack upon...

The attack is ascertained to have been a regular organized thing. Yesterday meetings were held in the upper wards of the city—About 10 o'clock this forenoon the rioters marched from the 6th and 9th wards through the streets, which had been growing for some days...

The State Bank, on the opposition corner of Andrew B. Martin's office, was then attacked and served in the same manner. The Bank of Milwaukee was also stoned, but suffered little damage.

Commercial. Halifax Markets. Corrected for the "Provincial Wesleyan" up to 10 o'clock, A. M., Wednesday, July 3.

Table of market prices for various commodities like Bread, Navy, Beef, Butter, etc.

Late from Europe. The marriage of the princess Alice with Prince Louis of Hesse is not to take place this year, but at least in 1862 it is to be celebrated...

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Shipping News. PORT OF HALIFAX. ARRIVED.

WEDNESDAY, June 26. H. M. Steamer Challenger, Capt. Nelson, Portsmouth. Ship Middlesea, (Am.) Merrill, St. John, N. B.

THURSDAY, June 27. Steamer Eastern Star, Churchill, Boston. Brig Rover, Walsh, Boston.

FRIDAY, June 28. Steamer Arabia, Stone, Boston. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga.

SATURDAY, June 29. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

SUNDAY, July 1. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

MONDAY, July 2. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

TUESDAY, July 3. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

WEDNESDAY, July 4. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

THURSDAY, July 5. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

FRIDAY, July 6. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

SATURDAY, July 7. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

SUNDAY, July 8. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

MONDAY, July 9. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

TUESDAY, July 10. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

WEDNESDAY, July 11. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

THURSDAY, July 12. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

FRIDAY, July 13. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

SATURDAY, July 14. Brig A. J. Lockyer, Cansuaga. Brig Bell, Acker, Cansuaga.

BRITISH WOOLLEN HALL, 142 & 143 Grenville St.

Advertisement for British Woollen Hall, mentioning various goods and services.

Advertisement for Drown, Brothers & Co., Nos. 2 & 3 Pentagon Building.

Advertisement for Oiled Silk, mentioning various types and prices.

Advertisement for Camp Meeting at Woodstock, mentioning dates and location.

Advertisement for Franklin E. Bradshaw, Wholesale Dry Goods Warehouse.

Advertisement for British Shoe Store, No. 145 Grenville St.

Advertisement for Arthur J. Rickards, Wholesale Dry Goods Warehouse.

Advertisement for Inland Route, Windsor, St. John & Portland.

Advertisement for The Steamer "Emperor", mentioning routes and fares.

Advertisement for Bazaar and Tea Meeting, at St. Margaret's Bay.

Advertisement for Boots and Shoes, English and American Shoe Store.

Advertisement for London Tea Warehouse, mentioning various tea products.

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