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## Poetry.

### THE SONG OF THE YEAR.

3rd QUARTER, AUTUMN.

I come with a voice of thanksgiving and praise.  
For the stores that so plentifully abound;  
From a providence watchful and never unkind,  
Nor ever unmindful is found;

I come richly laden with earth's richest fruits,  
Now ripen'd by summer's warm suns;  
To gladden the hearts and awaken the joy,  
Of Earth's highly favor'd own sons.

Thou I bear on my cheek the darkened hue,  
From the toil and the heat of the past;  
With healthy firm step and a figure erect,  
I shrink not from tempest or blast;

I come with rejoicing to join in the feast,  
And the general joy to partake;  
With the healthy blest sons of hardship and toil,  
The glad song of joy to awake.

I sing of the stores heavenly kindness and love,  
Have given to the sons of the soil;  
And thankful to Him the giver of good,  
For his blessing on labour and toil;

To Him by whose strength the toil was endured,  
And the heat of the season now o'er;  
And by whose tender care and watchful concern,  
I am left still his grace to adore.

With the shout of wild pleasure and tribute of thanks,  
Whose echo is heard o'er the plain;  
The husbandman carefully houses his stores,  
From exposure to tempest and rain;

Whilst gladness is beaming o'er each happy face,  
And nature's sun widely to smile;  
Let us join in beseeching the author of bliss,  
Still to favour industrious toil.

In the circle of friendship and family love,  
Let the note of thanksgiving be loud;  
Nor let o'er the breathing of envy be heard,  
At the lot of the wealthy and proud;

From palace to cottage, from mansion to hut,  
Rejoicing and praise still abound;  
And the hearts of mankind adoringly bow,  
To Him from whom good can be found.

Let the leaf gently falling from yonder tall tree,  
Teach the thoughtless and heedless to know;  
That the autumn approaches with steps all astride,  
That their gifts and their graces lay low;

That its gathering blasts and dark lowering clouds,  
Are pointing to mortals their lot;  
That the giddy and careless now buoyant with life,  
Must die and on earth be forgot.

## Christian Miscellany.

We need a better acquaintance with the thoughts  
and reasonings of pure and lofty minds.—Dr. SHARPE.

### The Joyful Surprise.

In the life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, we are informed, that it was his custom to purchase for his children a picture or toy; and in order to give them a joyful surprise, to hide it in some place to which they had access, and which they were sure to visit. A shout of ecstasy would ring through the nursery when the discovery was made, and the father was richly repaid by witnessing their delight. The pleasure of a joyful surprise in more important matters, has doubtless, also been known to our readers in the course of their lives; some event, perhaps, coming at the moment when it was peculiarly acceptable and totally unexpected, has made the heart overflow with delight and rapture. In the dealings of his providence, God often orders events for his children, so as to give them a joyful surprise; when faith languishes, and the promise seems to tarry, then at a moment all unlooked for, the answer comes with a sweetness and unexpectedness that makes it all the more precious. How must Jacob of old have felt his joyful surprise when it was announced that Joseph yet lived, and was viceroy of Egypt? Or, to borrow an example from the thick field of modern instances, how must the heart of the late Legh Richmond have bounded with joy when, after mourning the death of his eldest son—in consequence, as was reported, of the loss of the vessel in which he

had sailed, with all its crew—news came that the young man was alive and well, having providentially remained behind, and escaped the disaster which had overwhelmed his comrades?

The incident which I am now about to narrate will illustrate, perhaps, even more pointedly than the preceding examples, the nature of a joyful surprise. It is founded on a fact which actually occurred in the manner here stated. May it serve to cheer the heart of some fainting labourer in the Lord's vineyard:—

In an English village, the name of which it is unnecessary for me to give, there dwelt, till lately, an old man whom I will call John Roberts. Although poor, he was rich in faith, and had acquired an influence which gold could not have bought. He was unwearied in doing good, and particularly that kind of it which consists in visiting and ministering to the sick. However infectious the disorder, John Roberts shrunk not from his errand of mercy. Where others quailed he went boldly forward, giving consolation to the dying believer, leading the penitent sinner away from dependence upon himself, to a trust on the crucified One.

Flesh and blood will sometimes shrink, however, and murmuringly imagine that no good is done, when no fruit is seen. After a course of usefulness, John Roberts was at one time disposed to grow weary and faint in his mind. How often does such a temptation beset the christian! How often does he think the precious seed lost, when it is but hid in the ground, ready to spring forth and fructify.

One evening, when betrayed into this state of mind, our hero (for does not such a man deserve the title?) was invited by a friend to call upon a sick man, in a neighbouring village. John half doubted the utility of his errand, but at last shook off the temptation. "I will go," he said to himself: "let us not be weary in well-doing; in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Arrived at the village, he was not long in finding the place of his destination. It was an ordinary cottage, with a neat plot of garden-ground before it. On knocking, the door was opened by a respectable-looking woman, to whom John explained his errand.

"Come in, sir; he will be so happy to see you, I am sure. The doctor has just left, and has said that he cannot live out the night."

The sick man was found reclining on a bed, which, like the other furniture of the apartment, was plain, but at the same time scrupulously clean.

"My friend," said John, after a few kind inquiries of a general nature, "it is a solemn thing to lie as you now do, with the prospect of so soon going before a holy God, to give in an account of the deeds done in the body."

"Ay, ay, sir, it is a solemn thing," replied the dying man; "but 'I know in whom I have believed.'"

It was cheering to have such an answer; but John Roberts was not one to take things easily for granted. He knew that an apparently strong confidence sometimes rests on a sandy foundation, and that not every one that calls Christ "Lord, Lord," shall enter the kingdom of heaven. The weakest faith that leans on the Saviour is preferable, it has been well said, to the strongest that leans on self. A few other questions, however, brought forth replies which showed that in this case, at least, the work was a genuine one. The poor invalid, convinced of sin, had fled as a penitent to the Saviour, and yielded himself up under the influence of the Holy Spirit, to his light and easy yoke.

"And how long," said the gratified visitor, "is it since you first knew the Lord?"

"About twenty years ago. Ah, sir!" continued the sick man, turning his eyes full on the visitor, "my conversion was a wonderful one. It was wrought, do you know, by a miracle."

"A miracle!" said John; "all true conversions are miracles. It is as great a won-

der for a man dead in trespasses and sins to be born again by the Holy Ghost, as for a corpse to be brought to life."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the dying man, "that is very true; I don't mean that; mine was a real miracle; as much so as any in the Old or New Testament."

"Impossible, impossible, my friend," said John, incredulously; for he was now afraid that, after all, the invalid must have been resting on some delusion.

"You may think so at first, I dare say; but you won't, I am sure, when you have heard me out," rejoined the invalid. "About twenty years ago I was living a very ungodly life; I had no fear of God before my eyes. I was a burden to myself and others. I drank, I swore, and I profaned the Sabbath. It happened, however, that I was sent into a field to mow some hay. I had made an engagement in the evening to meet some companions in the ale-house, and have a night of folly. Well, as I was saying, I went into the field, and I took my dinner with me, for it was some distance to go home again. It was only some bread and cheese, for I was kept too poor by drinking to buy anything better. When I got to the field, I looked about for some place to put it in, and taking my handkerchief, I wrapped it up, and hid it in a hole in the hedge. There was nobody in the field but myself; of that I am quite sure. Well, dinner time came, and I went away to get out my bread and cheese. There was the bundle as I had left it. I opened it, all unconcerned, and inside, to my astonishment, lay a little tract. I could not believe my eyes at first; but there it was. I opened it, and read it, trembling all over as I did so. I knew that no one else had been in the field, or I must have seen him: God himself, must have sent some angel with it, I thought. So I read, and as I began to read it, it told me of my lost and sinful condition, and warned me to flee from the wrath to come. I fell down on my knees then and there, and prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' I resolved that as he had sent down this tract to me, I would henceforth give myself to my Saviour, and lead a new life. I did not go to the ale-house that night you may be sure. It was long before I got any peace or hope; but at last I was able to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was filled with joy and peace, and love. Ever since then, I have been, I trust, a new creature; and soon I hope to be with him, and praise him for all his mercies to me. Now, sir, was I not right in saying that my conversion was caused by a real miracle."

As he concluded, the old man looked at John Roberts. The countenance of the latter seemed strangely agitated by the narrative. "How long ago did you say it was since that happened?" he enquired.

"Twenty years ago, come Michaelmas next," said the old man.

"Was not the field called Ponder's Bush, and did it not belong to farmer Jones?" continued Roberts, in an eager voice.

"Praised be God! I can explain your miracle. That morning, I myself had gone out to walk along the footpath next that field, when I happened to see through the hedge a man in the neighbouring field, looking about as if he wanted to hide something. I was curious to know what it could be, thinking, at first, he had been doing something wrong; and, standing still, I watched till I saw where he put his bundle. On getting nearer I found it was only his dinner, and had a mind to leave it, and walk on. Having some tracts in my pocket, however, I said, 'It can do no harm to leave him one.' So I slipped in the tract and left it; for thought I, who knows but God may bless it to the man when he comes to read it?"

We must leave our readers to imagine the scene that followed; the tears of pleasure that ran down John's cheeks as he thus found the good seed returned to him after many days; the wondering and yet grateful feelings of the poor man as the mystery that so long had puzzled his simple intellect was

thus cleared up. He died shortly afterwards, filled with joy and peace in believing. John Roberts returned home, reanimated and encouraged in his work and labour of love, for he indeed had a joyful surprise.

The poor man's miracle was proved to be a matter of human agency; but one real miracle remained behind—that was his conversion. As his visitor observed, "For a man dead in trespasses and sins to be born again, is as great a miracle as for a corpse to be raised from the dead."

Reader! has this change passed upon you? If not, O read, pray, and ponder over the Saviour's words.—"Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again."

### "Show thyself a Man!"

A man! That is just what religion would make you—just what the Bible would make you. Perhaps you do not think so. You may have imbibed that foolish and wicked notion that it is not manly to be a Christian—a Bible Christian. Many do—but look at some of the Bible Christians. Look at Abraham, and Joseph, and Moses, and David, and Daniel; were they not men? Look at Peter, and John, and Paul—all men—noble, manly specimens of humanity. You would see this if you would but study their characters. Well, the Bible will make you a man, if you will obey its requirements, and imitate its perfect pattern. It is eminently calculated, as well as expressly designed, to make us men—intellectually and morally men.

Be a man in your aims. Aim at something worthy of a man—a rational, accountable, and immortal man! If you do, you will aim at something higher than money, or worldly fame, or sensual pleasure. You will aim at holiness and heaven.

Be a man in your principles. Cherish a love for justice, truth, self-control, and benevolence. Be governed by them in all things. Swerve not from the right for any present advantage. In all circumstances show thyself a man by unflinching rectitude.

Be a man in understanding. The Bible enjoins it. You have a mind capable of vast expansion and improvement. Cultivate it. Whatever your social position, in our happy country you can hardly be placed in circumstances in which you cannot command the means of self-improvement.

Be a man in the daily business and intercourse of life. Never do a small thing—a mean act. Be noble, generous, open-hearted, and open-handed, in all your dealings with men. Don't be narrow-minded, prejudiced, and selfish. Respect the rights and feelings, and even the prejudices of others. You will do this if you are a Christian. A mean, tight-fisted, uncharitable, mulish Christian! It's a contradiction in terms!

Be a man in your judgement of other men. Do not let the quality of the coat, the colour of the skin, or the weight of the purse, determine your estimation of, and conduct towards him.

Be a man—a true man here, and you shall be a "king and a priest unto God" by-and-bye!

### We do not pray enough.

FELIX NEFF once made the following comparison: "When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water—the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high; but if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low; and when you want it you must pump it a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer; if we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens a disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray; for the water in the well gets low."

General Miscellany.

A Waterspout in the Indian Ocean.

Not a breath of air was stirring, and the vessel herself lay sluggishly on the briny ocean, the sails hanging in bags, or clewed up in festoons to the yards, and the masts motionless as Pompey's Pillar. At the distance of very little more than the ship's length the sea was bubbling up in the shape of spiral cones of varying height and sizes, all of them springing from within a circle, the circumference of which might be equal to that of the ring of an equestrian circus. The vertical rays of the sun invested the falling spray with an indescribable beauty, but the level water appeared of a dull, strong, white colour. The phenomenon was attended by a very loud and long-continued hissing noise, of a peculiar and terrifying kind. This was but the commencement of a waterspout. Every moment we expected to see the several columns unite in one; and, from their contiguity, there would, in such a case, be no hope of final escape. Either the ship would be totally engulfed, or every atom of mast, rigging, and all above deck would be whirled a hundred fathoms through the air.

Many on board were personally cognisant that any extraordinary concussion of the air, as that produced by the firing of guns, had been known to cause waterspouts to subside, and the captain of our ship had given orders to turn two of the main deck large carronades (for we were armed *en flûte*) upon it, with heavy charges. But so riveted and entranced were all, that it was with extreme difficulty that either soldiers or sailors could be made to move; and only when some of the officers literally put their own shoulders to the wheel, and exhorted the gaping, bewildered men, were the guns charged and trained to the waist of the ship. Scarcely was this done, when five or six of the largest columns suddenly joined together as though by a species of magnetic attraction, and formed one of colossal magnitude, high as the maintop-sail yard, the spiral motion rapidly increasing, and the whole body seeming to near the ship.

"We shall soon know our fate," exclaimed the captain. "Now, Tom," said he, to the old man o'war's gunner, "do your best—your very best."

"Ay, ay, Sir?" replied the tough old salt, in that muttering indistinct manner common to old seamen when much excited. "Avast a minute!" grumbled he to an assistant who was busy with the chocks. "Hand me that monkey's tail."

Eagerly clutching with his fish-hooks of fingers the short iron crow-bar so denominated, he rammed it as far as he could down the ample mouth of the piece, in a peculiar direction.

"Away, skylarkers! Sea-room, ye red-coats! There: depress a little—more—so, avast!" He took a quick squint down the short but deadly tube, and then turned to the artillery-man presiding over the carronade with, "Shipmate, are you all clear for a run?"

"All ready?" inquired the captain. "All ready, Sir," repeated the veteran tar.

"Very good," was the reply; and, springing on the capstan-head, the latter sang out at the top of his voice, "Now, men, I want every one of you—red-coats and blue-jackets—to try your lungs! They're strong enough on most occasions, and don't be behind hand now. Our lives depend upon it." Here he paused; and pointing significantly to the tremendous spot, which enlarged and neared the ship every moment, he impressively demanded, "Do you see yon big fellow?"

"Ay, ay," said the tarry-jackets. "Yes," said the red-coats.

"Very well, then, all I've got to say is, that if we don't thrash him, he will thrash us! So no demi-semi quavers, but give three hearty cheers to frighten him away, for he's a real coward. Hats off, and up at arm's length!" They obeyed.

"Now, my hearties," continued he, well knowing in what strain to address them, "Let us try if our throats cannot drown the bark of these two bull-dogs of ours! Why, we're good for nothing, if we can't make as much din as a couple of rusty iron candlesticks! Hu-rr-ah!"

As the gallant commander waved his hat aloft, the keen eye of the old gunner glistened with uncommon ardour, and, squirting a long stream of suspicious looking fluid some odd fathoms from the ship's side, he muttered, "Here goes a reg'lar wide awaker!"—applied the match to the priming—bang! bang! the two "candlesticks" blended into one simultaneous roar, accompanied by hurrahs which of themselves shook the sultry air.

The steady state of the ship was highly favourable to the marksmen, and the skill of the old gunner produced a result equal to his most sanguine expectations, for the "monkey's tail" struck fairly athwart the spout at an elevation of some fifteen feet, and the whole immense body immediately fell with a crash like a steeple, and before the cheering ended, all had subsided—old Neptune's face became unwrinkled as heretofore, ship and shadow again became double, rainbow-hued dolphins again glided like elfin shadows just beneath the translucent surface, flying fish again skipped along it with redoubled zest, the huge albatross again inertly stretched its immense wings, the screaming sea-hawk again descended from the regions of immensity, where it had been soaring at an elevation far beyond the pierce of human vision, the white side of the insatiate shark again glanced in fearful proximity to the imprisoned ship; aboard which ship hearts rose as the waves fell, fear was indignantly kicked out of its brief abiding place, tongues were again in active commission, feet were again pattering, and arms again swinging about, shrill orders were again banded, the pet monkey ran chattering aloft to complete its lately suspended dissection of the marine's cap, tarry-jackets again freshened their quids, hitched their voluminous trousers, and made vigorous renewed allusion to their precious eyes and limbs, and red-coats once more found themselves at the usual discount.

I have only to add that a glorious spanking breeze followed within a few hours; and many a poor fellow blessed the waterspout, from a vague notion that to its agency he was indebted for the grateful change. But what mysterious affinity there could be between a waterspout in a calm, and a breeze springing up soon afterwards, I leave my scientific friends to discover and explain.—Such things are above a plain seaman's philosophy.

Mental Excitement.

Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; joy illuminates it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute.—Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diagoras, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. The door-keeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it suddenly subsided. Largrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

The Religion of Paying Debts.

One of our religious exchanges has the following strong remarks on this subject.—They drive the nail in to the head and clinch it.—*Merchant's Magazine*.

"Men may sophisticate as they please; they can never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the universe cannot make it right, for them not to pay their debts.—There is a sin in this neglect, as clear and as deserving church discipline, as in stealing or false-swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having."

What the Richer are we?

Every one who goes to the Exhibition tries to get a good look at the great diamond. There it is in its gilt iron cage, under a glass case, on its lock up pillars, blazing back the light. People have heard so much about the diamond that they must see it, and bearing in mind its eastern name, Mountain of Light, and seeing, from a long way off, its golden dome, and a crowd around it as if they were basking in its beams, up they come, elbowing and pushing to the prison bars.

Some think that the "Mountain of Light" can, at all events, be no less than the whole glass shade that covers it; and it is quite amusing to hear their "That's it!" "O, is it?" "That's the Mountain!" "The Koh-i-Noor!" and to see their looks, as if they considered the whole thing a downright imposture, and felt themselves completely humbugged when they find that the big cage and the glass shade are all to cover a bit of a thing not bigger than a half a fair-sized walnut.

True enough; but then it is, or is supposed to be, the largest diamond in the world; and the lapidaries, having weighed it and tested its purity, set down its price at more millions than all the other things in the Exhibition are worth, taken together.—That bit of crystallized carbon, that any one could with the greatest ease hide in his mouth, is said to be of sufficient value to buy every item the world has sent to its Show of Industry, Queen of Spain's jewels, Crystal Palace, and all.

There it is in its cage, playing with the daylight, brilliantly enough, and doubtless, if well disposed, it might be seen the whole length of the building off, flashing forth its rays as if they were some condensation of light. But withal, what are we the richer? It tells the story of the fall of the Indian Cæsars: the Sikh Lion Kings, brave as lions ever were; of wars waged ten thousand miles off; of lands laid waste and cities ruined, and men maimed, and slain, and flung in mangled heaps. But what are we the richer? What wealth is there for the nation in that diamond? What the poorer were the world if it lay yet encrusted over among the quartz in some mountain-cave! What the worse off were the people of England, if it were brought within the wire of a galvanic battery, and burnt like a piece of coal?

There is no actual wealth in that diamond, millions though it be worth; it is a mere wealth of figures; it adds nothing to the land, or clothes, or food, or inventive powers of the people. It finds no fruit, no emulance, no wages; fells no forests, brings up no crop in any wilderness. It has an imaginary worth, but we are none the richer for it. We might have the whole transparent of the Crystal Palace set with such cages and diamonds, and be a poor starving people. However bright they shine, we do not live on diamonds. They are brilliant, rare, and dear, but the wealth of a people is in commoner things. Our riches in the Palace of Industry are shown in our coal, and iron, and machinery; in the inventive genius and workmanship that, toiling through a long course of years, has set up those hard materials as the arms, and hands, and bones, and muscles, and untiring thews of steam, to hew, and mould, and weave, and spin, and gather up for man a thousand-fold the abundance that his own mere strength could gain.

Your diamond-finders add nothing to the world's wealth; the growers of corn and cotton, the feeders of cattle and the weavers of wool, the carriers of commerce, awakening industry throughout the world, are the wealth producers. We are none the richer for the diamond, but we are, of all the world, the richest people in the genius that has made that iron work, and gathered from every corner of the world harvests for an ever-growing multitude; and richer we might be a hundred fold the value of that world-wonder of a diamond, if, instead of the sword, we had carried to India honour, justice, and industry.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

Support of Ministers.

Pay your minister.—1. Pay him, because it is the Ordination of God, "that those who minister at the altar should live of the altar." When God sent you your minister, he laid you under obligation to yield him a support. The head of the church is too just to call a man away from secular labours, for his service, without giving a precept for his sustenance.

2. Pay your minister, because you owe him, and the precept is, "owe no man." Having had the time of your minister, you can no more deprive him of his wages without sin, than you could the reaper of your fields. The money you subscribed is not a charity, but a debt.

3. Pay your minister, that he may be worth paying. How can he give rich instruction, if poverty drive him out of his study to dabble in the business of the world? How can he buy books and periodicals without means? How can he think and reason closely if you allow his mind to be tortured with fears of debt and solvency, and keep him running from neighbour to neighbour to borrow money.

4. Pay your minister, so that he can pay his debts. The world expects ministers to pay their debts punctually. Not to do this is to bring a reproach on religion. Can the minister be punctual, if his people withhold the means? The shoemaker, tailor, merchant, &c., &c., must have their money, and will you compel your minister to defraud them?

5. Pay your minister, if you would keep him, or ever get another as good. It is a bad thing for a church to get the name of "starving out their ministers." We know some such churches. The curse of God seems to be upon them. Reader, are you a member of such a church?

6. Pay your minister, because you have promised to pay him. Not to do it is to forfeit your word. It is a debt of honour as well as of law. Your minister has trusted to your word, thrown himself and his dearest interests into your keeping. Will you, can you, be so unjust, so ungrateful, as to compel him to lose, year after year, his pay, in part, \$100—more or less.

7. Pay your minister, because you are able to pay him. How small is the pittance which falls to your share! With a little extra labour, a little unusual economy, how easily could you pay your minister promptly!

8. Pay your minister, at least quarterly, as it will doubtless be easier for you, and certainly better for him.

The Daisy.

The daisy is a humble and unpretending flower. From the bosom of earth it lifts its low and modest head. Though it possesses no fragrance, like many of its fair companions, yet it has a loveliness in its blooming hours that is not equalled even by many more attractive flowers. Its meekness gives it a sweet and peculiar charm.

"Peaceful and lovely in its native soil,  
It neither knows to spin nor cares to toil;  
Yet with confessed magnificence decides  
Our mean attire and impotence of pride."

We stand reproved, indeed, for our arrogance, our thoughts of self-complacency and admiration, when we walk forth into the garden, meadows, and fields, and behold this lovely tribe of flowers clad in all their humble yet gorgeous loveliness. "Go," thou vain, idle, haughty admirer of thyself, "clothe thyself with purple and fine linen; deck thyself up in all the gay attire which the shuttle or the needle can furnish; yet know, to the mortification of thy vanity,—that the native elegance of a common daisy eclipses all this elaborate finery. Nay, wert thou decked, like some illustrious princess on her coronation day, in all the splendours of royal apparel; couldst thou equal Solomon in the height of his magnificence and glory,—yet would the meekest among the flowery populace outshine thee; every discerning eye would give the preference to these beauties of the ground."

Let us then, dear reader, never be led astray by the witchery of fashion, or the grovelling taste for siltken finery, which—"makes the attributes of a butterfly the idyl of its affections;" but clothed with humil-

and a meek and quiet spirit, show forth the praise of God, while we reflect his blessed image. Let us say with the devout prophet, (Isa. lx, 10:) "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decked himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels."

The daisy is a little flower, and as Montgomerie says, "with a silver vest and golden eye." This pretty starry gem of earth blooms everywhere, in every place, and flourishes with primeval grace, fresh in all seasons of the circling year.

"It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charms,  
Lights pale October on his way,  
And twines in December's arms."

Go into the solitudes of the forest; climb the moss covered hills, or descend into the flowery glen, by the waters of the rippling brook, and you may find the daisy growing free and fair. This flower has another endearing feature above many of its floral companions. It lives on when its companions fade, and wither, and die. Beautiful symbol of that life that knows no withering, no mortality, no decay! Sweet flower, thou art a faint emblem of immortality—of that life that is eternal in the heavens!

"On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise;  
The rose has but a summer's reign,  
The daisy never dies."

**For Farmers.**

**Keep the Premises Clean.**

Every cultivator should keep his premises as clean as possible, for the important purpose of saving manure and promoting health.

Some discerning persons remark that in the hot summer, while vegetation is in a flourishing condition, it is more healthy in the country than in the city, but the reverse is the case in September and October, as at this season many vegetable productions have come to maturity and are decaying, filling the air with noxious gases and odours; whence arise fever, dysentery, and other complaints which are more common in the country early in the Fall. We give this view of the subject which some have presented, and we will make a few remarks on subjects that claim the particular attention of every cultivator, whether this view be correct or not.

Keep the premises particularly around the bedding, perfectly free from every substance that will taint the air. Every decaying vegetable and animal substance should be removed a good distance, and then covered in earth for the purpose of manure.

The pigeon, though at a respectable distance, should be supplied with loam to absorb all his droppings. All manure in the barn-yard should be covered with loam, sand or mud, to save it from waste, and to keep the air pure, as in the change of season to the wind, the air is liable to be wafted from the barn to the house.

Cellar should be made as clean as possible, particularly as they communicate with the dwelling above, and any foul air produced in them is liable to pass into the house. All vegetables in the cellar that are tending to decay, should be removed immediately. It is best to ventilate cellars thoroughly by opening doors and windows, keeping the door open as little as possible that communicates with the rooms.

Ground plaster, and freshly burnt charcoal, in vessels or strewed in cellars or other places where foul air exists, or is liable to be produced, has a very healthy effect by absorbing gasses.

Necessaries often produce a foul atmosphere around them; and as the dwelling is near, the offensive air is often wafted to it, and even if not perceptible is often operating injuriously. Some separate these conveniences, and cover with loam or other substances, all night soil, so as to do away entirely with all unpleasant and unwholesome effects. When this is not the case, charcoal, plaster, chloride of lime, or other disinfectants should be thrown into the vault to absorb all noxious odors.

Water from the sink should be absorbed in some No. for manure, instead of rising in foul cesses, and being blown into the house.

There are some cases of fatal and malignant disorders going through the family, while all the rest of the neighbourhood are in good health. This is often owing to some local cause, some foul puddle, a pool, or stagnant pond near the dwelling, or a general negligence as to keeping the premises clean.

Decaying weeds, grass, potatoes affected with the rot, potatoe tops, pumpkin and other vines, and various productions are undergoing decomposition in the Fall; and in the aggregate the amount is large, and filling the air with pestilential gases. Farmers may do much good to them-

selves and the community, by burying all substances, and converting them into manure.—Make them into a compost heap, well covered with loam, to absorb the gases.—*Rural New Yorker.*

**Ploughing.**

There are few seasons probably, when the important labours of ploughing can be better or more economically performed, taking all things into consideration, than in the fall. Most farmers after the business of harvesting is over, have generally an ample sufficiency of leisure to enable them to attend to this business without serious inconvenience or detriment to more weighty affairs. Another important advantage attending this practice, and one which is certainly of far too much importance to the farmer, to be hastily or inconsiderately overlooked, is the benefit resulting in the turning in of the green haulm and roots of the grass which exist after the crop has been removed, and which, by becoming turned in, operates as a powerful and speedy enrichment to the soil. Grass lands, from which a heavy crop of hay has been taken, generally produce a crop of aftermath, which, in its decomposed state, furnishes an excellent manure, and is of far greater value when appropriated in this way, than when cut and fed to stock as hay. It has been estimated by competent judges, that, on every acre of grass land—provided it be of ordinary fertility, and the grass roots well set, there is from thirty to forty tons of soluble matter, fit for the food of plants. This large mass, by being covered in autumn, by the careful inversion of the sward, but not too deeply, and thus secured from the deterioration of the winds and rains, is in a suitable condition to operate the most beneficial agency on the soil the subsequent spring. The laws of chemistry, under such a combination of circumstances, operate with the greatest energy and facility, and effect without any further assistance from industry, the accomplishment of the most happy and fortunate results. In autumn the team is also generally more able to perform the work than they are in the spring; they are in good condition, consequently strong, active, and in a good heart.—In the spring, there are a multiplicity of duties to be performed, all of which are alike imperative and important. The having all one's ploughing done, releases one from an immense inconvenience, and makes him in a great degree the master of his work. It is true there are soils on which this operation is more beneficially performed in spring; but these afford but a single exception to the general rule. Of these the operator must judge for himself.—*Geographical Telegraph.*

**Chemistry applied to Agriculture.**

The principles of farming are just beginning to be understood. It is but a few years, in this country, since the farmer has sought assistance from the sure and safe guide of science. The processes of the culture of the soil have been handed down to father and son, for a long period of time, without any improvement. The time has already passed when the tiller of the soil was content to produce just a sufficiency for the support of animal life, and that too of an indifferent kind. He has already begun to reap the advantages of calling in scientific principles to his assistance.

For the last fifty years the energies of science have been in an unimpeded degree bestowed upon inventions and discoveries in the principles of mechanics and the multitudinous modifications in machinery, growing out of the motive power of steam. Let the same amount of scientific energy be applied to the investigation of the laws which govern organized bodies, both vegetable and animal, and the result of such investigations will no doubt be the knowledge of organized matter, astounding as these remarkable physical laws which we are daily witnessing.

The whole of humanity are beginning to be awakened up to the importance of this matter. Our schools, particularly in this State, are introducing the study of the principles of chemistry applied to agriculture. Were the teachers of our schools ever made to feel the importance of this new branch of education, we might see a rapid and permanent improvement in the condition of our common school, above that a large portion of our farming population are entitled to, and for this reason it would seem very proper that considerable attention should be given to this branch of education in these schools. Let all who are entrusted with the supervision of schools see that encouragement is given to this study.—*Albany Journal.*

**Fattening Swine on Apples.**

The evidence which has heretofore been published, in regard to the value of apples as food for stock, is supported by facts which are frequently brought to our knowledge. Mr James M. Ellis, of Onondaga Hill, lately stated to us that he had been in the practice of using apples extensively for fattening hogs, for several years, and their value has been proved to be such, that he deems it an object of profit to produce pork by the aid of apples, but would not, otherwise, so regard it.

He has a large apple-orchard, through which he allows his hogs to range most of the season. They are of much benefit to the trees by killing the insect which the fallen fruit contains, and by keeping the ground loose and rich. As the fruit approaches ripeness, the nutriment increases, and the hogs thrive faster. When nearly ripe, those apples which are not readily marketable, and not suited to long keeping, and gathered and boiled, or steamed, are mixed with meal and the slops of the kitchen and dairy, constitute the food for fattening hogs. The meal is increased toward the close of the fattening process, being at least equal to one-fourth of the bulk of apples. Mr. E. informs us that his pork is always of excellent quality, and is so regarded by all who have purchased it—being solid, of good texture, and of superior flavour.—*Cultivator.*

**Literary.**

**For the Wesleyan. Mental Science. NO. X.**

**THE EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN MIND.**

SOME subjects are of infinite importance to mankind; but, probably, next to the being and the perfections of God, and the religion of the Bible, there are no considerations which involve particulars of greater moment than those which relate to the *Human Mind*.

Every thing that exists in the vast empire of creation, whether in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, which have in themselves a positive existence, so far as we are acquainted, must be resolved into two primary substances, *viz. matter and spirit*; nor are we conscious that any other substances ever did, or ever will exist.

They are, however, in their essential properties, widely different, and of which they cannot partake in common with another. The principal properties of matter are *extension, divisibility, impenetrability, solidity, magnitude, and colour*; and the principal properties of mind are *thought, perception, consciousness, understanding, will, reason, judgment, joy, sorrow, love, hatred, hope, and fear*. The qualities of these properties are so exactly opposite that they cannot be mingled, or belong to each other. Matter cannot be mind, nor mind matter, because their properties are essentially distinct, so that the one cannot exist or belong to the other. Who would presume to assert, that *mere matter* thinks, perceives, compares, determines, reasons, judges, loves, hates, rejoices, grieves, hopes, or fears? And it would be equally absurd to say, that *mind* has extension, figure, weight, size, solidity, colour, or is divisible. Matter may be round or square, large or small, light or heavy, superior or inferior, black or blue, red or yellow; but it is self-existent, that it can neither think, judge, reason, dispose, or will, or joy, or grieve.

These two substances have their beings perfectly independent of each other. They have no necessary dependence on one another; but they are, and ever must be, totally distinct. The one is material, and the other immaterial; the one is visible, the other is invisible; the one is matter, the other mind; consequently, the one exists without mind, and the other without matter.

Matter and spirit may be mysteriously united, and most assuredly may be in the composition of man. To deny this union in man, is to deny that our bodies are composed of flesh and blood, or that we think, reason, judge, or dispose, which are some of the essential properties of spirit.—When the infinitely wise God, did please to reveal some which he has thought proper to conceal from us, called into existence a race of beings, which he has denominated human; he united in this link in the vast chain of being, these different qualities, from the existence of which we deduce *matter and spirit*. How, in this connection, is formed, or how is a secret, not these distinct natures united together, by a reduplication with the result of the same consideration to discern the nature of the material, and the immaterial? The man, with regard to the body, is a material being, and his mind, we may be assured, with all other composition, is immaterial, and immaterial composition. Our bodies are composed of matter, and they may be necessarily extended, and they may be weighed. This is so evident, that proof itself would be an insult on so clear a point.

In addition to these powers which our bodies are composed, every man discovers within himself an evident consciousness of his own existence. We perceive the existence of material bodies by sensation; and by reflecting the past, and anticipating the future, we take into one view, the relations which subsist between things, and discover the necessary connection which there is between certain causes and their effects.

That spiritual substance, do exist, appears as evident from their properties, as the existence of material bodies. *The existence of the human mind is obvious from thought, perception, consciousness, understanding, will, reason, judgment, joy, sorrow, love, hatred, hope, and fear; from extension, magnitude, and colour; as well as the express declarations of*

scripture. These all combine to demonstrate the existence of the human soul!

The principal attributes of the human mind, as *perception, consciousness, understanding, volition, and judgment*, which have no positive existence in themselves, demonstrate the positive existence of some substance in which they inhere. That these are attributes of mind requires no proof; for we are just as sure that we perceive, comprehend, will or determine, judge, reason, and dispose, or are as conscious of these different processes of the mind, as we are of our own existence. These are its cognizable properties; and that which manifests them is mind. These properties can have no permanent existence in themselves; for whatever has a real and permanent existence must be independent, and what is independent and permanent must be invariably the same. The mind perceives; but perception cannot exist independently of the mind. It is only the attention which the mind gives to impressions made upon it, by the objects of sense, or by reflecting on its own faculties and operations. The mind wills; but that volition or action does not invariably exist, is evident, not only from the irregularity of its manner, but from its passing from one object to another. It cannot be either permanent nor independent of the mind; for it must, in certain cases, necessarily cease to exist; and if neither permanent nor independent, it can only exist in relation to some principle from which it results. *"Nothing can produce no action. Mere nothing can have no accidents. And as nothing must ever result from nothing, volition itself demonstrates the positive existence of some primary substance"*; and this substance is the human mind. The mind can judge, reason, and dispose. It can join, in methodical order, two or more ideas together, and can determine the relation between them; and it is conscious of its own acts and processes.—While the ideas of these properties are admitted to exist, the understanding is necessarily carried forward to some substance in which they unite; and to some object which is perceived, and which becomes the subject of thought, reason, judgment, and action. Hence the mind becomes conscious of its own operations. To suppose otherwise, would lead to the conclusion, "that we were conscious, without being conscious of anything,—that the will was in exercise, while it was destitute of choice,—and that the mind perceived, though it perceived nothing." As, therefore, the activity of the mind implies both a source, and an object in all its operations, it is a sufficient demonstration that perception, consciousness, and volition, do exist, and from this existence an active principle must necessarily follow.

GEORGE JOHNSON.

Post de Date, September 9, 1851.

**Correspondence.**

**For the Wesleyan. Letters on Haiti. NO. II.**

**SETTLEMENT OF THE ISLAND BY THE SPANIARDS; THEIR TREATMENT OF THE ABORIGINES.**

In speaking of the Discoveries of Columbus, Dr. Campbell says in his "Maritime Discoveries" the spiritual aspect of the discovery was always uppermost in Columbus's mind, as will appear from the following passage in one of his letters to the Treasurer—"Let processions be made, festivals be held, and temples be filled with flowers, for Christ rejoices on earth as in heaven, seeing the future redemption of souls." It is however to be regretted that neither the hardy mariner nor those who accompanied him used very likely means to bring about what is contemplated in the above extract of a letter, written apparently from Hispaniola itself. After having sailed around the island he fixed upon a certain spot for landing where they immediately began the erection of a fort, to which they gave the name "Nativity." Columbus now returned to Spain, taking with him some Indians, who were pompously baptized in the presence of Ferdinand and his Queen. Those left behind in the fort so exasperated the natives by cruelty and nameless excesses, that they fell upon them and cut them off almost to a man. Columbus soon returned however with a fleet of seventeen ships, containing 1500 young men, most of them of noble birth, bent upon distinguishing themselves in some way or another, and determined at any rate to make their fortunes. They brought with them agricultural implements, animals of various kinds, and about 30 Popish Priests, with a Superior at their head who was well-furnished with "powers" from the Pope to use all means imaginable for the conversion of the idolaters. On learning the fate of Nativity and those who were left in it, Columbus resolved to build a town a few leagues to the east of the abandoned fort, and gave it the name of "Isabella." This was the first attempt ever made by Europeans to build a town in the western world. The writer visited this spot about ten years ago, and found nothing there but some ruins of houses that must have been abandoned two hundred years since—as the trees growing inside the very walks are now of immense size, and such as

do not come very soon to perfection. It is a dreary looking place, and one of the most unhealthy parts of the Island. Some of those whom Columbus now brought with him soon set off in search of gold mines, and to their inexpressible joy found many among the mountains of "Ciboa"—this was the signal for reducing the natives to slavery, and forcing them to toil and labour that quickly brought them to an untimely end. Some time after they raised the standard of revolt, and about 100,000 of them assembled in the beautiful valley of La Vega, through which the writer has often passed, they could not stand however before the Spaniard's deadly weapons, and nearly the whole of this mass perished either in the battle-field, or when in flight. From this time they were treated as a conquered people and reduced to the most abject slavery, men, women and children—they were goaded on, without pity by their cruel lords, so as to perish by hundreds sometimes in a day. Columbus, himself, sent 300 of them as slaves to Spain, but they were immediately set free by the Queen, who sent to Columbus an order not to enslave the Aborigines, or to treat them harshly, but to have them brought over to religion by mildness and persuasion. Several more priests were sent out, and among them Barthelmy Las Casas, first Bishop of Hispaniola, who did everything he could to prevent the cruelty of his countrymen, but it was all in vain, gold, gold, was the universal cry—the government officers needed it to send to Spain, and the private individual needed it to make his fortune, and the Indian was obliged to toil unto the death to bring it from the bowels of the earth for them. The work of destruction went rapidly on; so that in 1507, only 15 years after its discovery, it is stated by those who write at that date, that there were scarcely sixty thousand of them to be found in the whole Island, so that supposing there were only half a million at the time of the discovery—and the Spaniards supposed there were two millions—the numbers worked to death and destroyed by war, cruelty, &c., must have been immense. The Priests who soon swarmed in the Island exerted but little influence on their countrymen, and made next to no impression on the minds of the natives, and in such a state of things perhaps it was not possible. The following anecdote will show how the Haitians regarded the white man's religion. One of the chiefs named Hatney, with a few of his people got away to Cuba, where however, he was seized and condemned to death—when bound to the stake a Franciscan monk approached him and offered him the joys of Paradise if he would be baptized. The chief asked him if there were any Spaniards in Paradise: Yes, answered the father, but only good ones—the very best of them, said he, are worthless, and I will not go where I may meet with one of them—and refused to be baptized.

To finish the sad picture we translate the following from an eye-witness, (Las Casas). "When the Spaniards entered their villages they sacrificed to their rage old men, children and women, sparing neither those who were with child, nor those who had been confined—they cut the throats of the natives as if they were a flock of sheep, brought for that purpose—the men often laid wagers among themselves to see which could most cleverly cut them in two by a single stroke—and who could most completely tear out their bowels by one single effort. They would snatch the infants from their mother's breasts, take them by their legs, and dash out their brains before the mother's eyes. "I have seen—(continues Las Casas)—five caciques at a time roasted on a grid-iron. At one time the Spanish Captain who lived near, not being able to sleep from the cries of these poor creatures, sent orders to strangle the wretches that they might no longer prevent his sleeping when he who had the directions of these barbarities, unwilling to shorten their sufferings, stuffed the ends of sticks into their mouths, and kept them over the fire until they were literally roasted alive." Such were the hardships endured by this offensive people—long, very long since, the whole race has disappeared from the Island—and the writer who has gone through nearly the whole of it in its length and breadth was never able to find the least trace of one of them. Thus have been swept off the original inhabitants of Haiti. The voice of so much blood must surely cry from the ground.

W. T. CARDY.

Carlton, Sept. 12, 1851.

#### Aylesford Circuit.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Through the providence of God I find myself once more in an old and cherished field of labour, viz., in the Province of Nova Scotia, and having arrived at the period appointed by the District meeting for holding the Missionary Anniversaries in this Circuit, and having just completed them, I hasten to lay before your readers the pleasing results. The Brethren McNutt and Allison were the appointed deputation, and our first meeting on Monday evening, Sept. 8, found them in their place at Aylesford West Chapel. Bro. Willis Foster occupied the chair. The chapel was filled and a high tone of feeling characterised the meeting. The results were very satisfactory.—Our second meeting was held the following evening at Aylesford East. Bro. Amos B. Patterson, our Circuit Steward, was the Chairman and

though the attendance was not so large—the proceeds of the meeting were encouraging. On Wednesday we went to Nictaux Falls—the scenery about this place is romantic and beautiful—the drive is over plains covered with the heather peculiar to this part of Nova Scotia, and through groves of pines, presenting much, as far as natural scenery is concerned, to attract attention. The chair at this meeting was ably filled by Thos. Hardy, Esq., a member of the Free Church of Scotland—and much genuine missionary feeling was evinced in the increased liberality of our friends. From Nictaux we proceeded next day to the Grove at Wilmot—staying to dine with Mrs. Bayard on the way—the respected relict of one (Colonel Bayard) whose name is "familiar as a household word" among the friends of Methodism. The attendance at Wilmot was most encouraging, and the amount subscribed was as much as last year. We closed our series of missionary services with thankful hearts. The total amount subscribed at the four meetings was nearly £39 against £20 17s. given last year.—I have no doubt whatever, but that when the collectors go round, sufficient in addition to this will be given to make our subscriptions to the Mission fund on this Circuit, double those of last year.

May I venture to hope that in an humble way we have struck a 'key note,' which will vibrate through the Province, and be responded to in other Circuits with similar cheering sounds.

Believe me, dear brother,

Your's affectionately,

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Aylesford, Sept. 13, 1851.

#### Obituary Notices.

For the Wesleyan.

##### Mrs. McKeaugh.

Died at Guysborough, in the 72nd year of her age, Mrs. RUTH MCKEAUGH, relict of the late Mr. John McKeaugh. It appears that the deceased had from an early period, been the subject of divine impressions; and that, notwithstanding the darkness that surrounded her at that era, little or nothing of spiritual religion being understood or enjoyed, yet the light she had received was not altogether unimpaired, but was evinced by her love to the Sacred Scriptures, and by the speaking of the Lord to her children and admonishing them. In the year 1807, memorable for a great revival of religion in Liverpool, N. S., Mrs. McKeaugh, having pious relatives there, from whom she received communications, expressed herself increasingly excited to obtain salvation. In the summer of 1808, a visit from the late Rev. James Man and Rev. Mr. Bennett to Guysborough, was rendered of great service in confirming her conviction of eternal realities, and of her individual necessity of an interest in Christ. But it was not till the ministry of Rev. Mr. McNutt on this Circuit, that the deceased professed to attain a clear sense of her acceptance with God through faith in Christ. From that period she gave the preference to the Wesleyan Ministry, and is supposed to have been one among the first who became a member, and as often as circumstances would permit, attended their services. She was always kind to the Lord's messengers of every name, and would do any thing she could at any time for their comfort. But a great part of her life was that of adversity and trial of various forms. Her husband, fourteen or fifteen years after her marriage, professed himself as being of the Roman Catholic Church, and purposed his children should be initiated into the same. In this sore and unexpected trial, Mrs. McKeaugh acted with great firmness and discretion, under the light of that truth which she had imbibed, chiefly through the Wesleyan Ministers, and she was rendered successful in preserving her rising family from error, and confirming their regard to the Protestant faith. A grateful recollection of this is retained by her children; some of whom are now members of the Wesleyan Church, and date their first religious impressions, from their mother's care. There is ground for hope, also, that the husband of the late Mrs. McKeaugh, through the divine blessing on her affectionate solicitude, and in answer to prayer, himself died in the faith of the Gospel. During the two or three last years of Mrs. McKeaugh's existence, she was the subject of severe bodily affliction, and often apparently brought nigh to death. On one of these occasions, being visited by a friend, she spoke of herself as "a great sinner," and wondered that the Lord could look on her: yet professed strong confidence in Christ, as her Saviour. To another about that time, she said, "I am not afraid to die. The Sabbath previous to her exit from time, though very feeble, she travelled some distance to attend the evening service in the Wesleyan Chapel; on Tuesday and Wednesday, she was increasingly ill, and expecting her early departure, but apparently in earnest prayer, to be "washed in the Lamb's atoning blood." This was perceived, by the great effort she made, to respond audibly, "Amen," to the prayer offered in her behalf. It was with much difficulty she could articulate, but had her senses perfectly. She was asked,—“Is Jesus precious to you?” “Yes,” was the reply. On Friday the closing

scene drew nigh. She had lost the power of speech; but, it is believed, was sensible, as the voice of prayer evidently aroused her. The Rev. Mr. McCarty, and Mrs. McCarty, joined with the mourning family and relatives in commending her soul to the arms of the divine mercy. On the Monday following, the solemn occasion was improved by a sermon from 1 Corinthians, xv. 26-27, delivered by Mr. Isaac Smith, Assistant Missionary. Her mortal remains were interred in the Wesleyan Chapel ground. "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." Romans xiv. 10.—Communicated.

For the Wesleyan.

##### Mrs. Mary Foster

Died at Salem, P. E. Island, July 30th, 1851, aged 76 years. Our late departed sister was born in Ireland, near Mountmillick, Queen's County, in 1776, and emigrated to this Island in the year 1834. Her parents were members of the Church of England, but strangers to the enjoyment of personal religion, until aroused to a sense of duty and privilege by the preaching of the Methodists. The labours of those devoted Ministers of Christ were abundantly owned of God. Scores were savedly converted, and among the happy number was found the subject of this sketch. For more than fifty years she was a consistent member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, walking worthy of her profession, and adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things.

Previous to her conversion to God our sister was in the habit of sitting up whole nights for the purpose of reading history and novels. But subsequent to the time when God spoke peace to her soul she directed her attention to the Bible and religious works. She felt it necessary to study the Bible in order to realise its saving truths, and to become acquainted with the plan of salvation.

Brother Sheilow, a local preacher in connection with the Pownal Circuit, and son-in-law of the deceased, remarks,—“I have known her—Mrs. Foster—for nineteen years. Persevering prayer and strong faith were prominent features in her religious character. Often during the silent watches of the night have I listened to her earnest pleadings at the throne of grace. All the passive graces of the Spirit, too, shone in her with more than ordinary lustre. For many years she had been unable, through manifold infirmities, to attend upon the public means of grace. But often, when alone at home, on the Sabbath day, she derived consolation from the thought that, when in health, she was ever found at the house of prayer.”

Our sister's last illness continued two weeks. There was no pain, but a gradual decay of nature, a gentle sinking to the tomb. Just as the lamp of life was flickering, I was summoned to the bedside of the dying saint. Satan had been making some severe threats; but there was a calm trust in Christ—victory through the blood of the Lamb. A second time calling to see her, she opened her eyes, and smiling sweetly, said, "You did not expect to find me here." And, then, enquiring as to her prospect beyond the grave, she lifted her hands, almost cold in death, seemingly in triumph, in view of her speedy dissolution.—Shortly before her spirit was with God, I was again by her bedside; but there was no smile of recognition. Her spirit appeared lost to the things of earth, preparatory to its entrance upon those happy scenes beyond this vale of tears. About an hour before she died her daughter remarked, "It will soon be over." "Praise the Lord," she replied, and then added, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." And then, as if longing to be at rest, she exclaimed—"Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariots?"

The funeral sermon of our departed sister was preached by the Rev. F. Smallwood, in the Pownal Chapel, on Sabbath morning, the 3rd ult., before a large and interesting congregation.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; they rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." J. H. S.

Pownal, P. E. I., Sept. 5, 1851.

For the Wesleyan.

##### Jane and John S. Weldon.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—On Tuesday, the 24th inst., died of putrid sore throat, JANE WELDON, only daughter of Bamford and Catherine Weldon, of Coverdale. Also, on the 16th instant, of the same disease, JOHN S. WELDON, their son. We entertain the consoling hope that both of these young persons died in the Lord. The daughter was 18 years of age, and the son 15.

The young man experienced the pardoning mercy of God the day before he died, and for three hours together rejoiced in his God, and warned sinners to repent and believers to be diligent. He sent for all his school-fellows, the young people of the place, and then the aged, and to all he gave suitable advice. Indeed such a triumphant death of so young a person was never before known on this Circuit. Just before he died, being in great distress, I said to him, "This is hard work, John." He replied, "But

Jesus is precious." He told his parents not to weep for him, for he was going to be with Christ. There is cause to believe that God has blessed his closing admonitions to many of the young people. A gracious revival has commenced. Friday afternoon nine distressed souls presented themselves for prayer, and on the evening of the same day eleven more. Praise God.

W. ALLEN.

Petitcodiac, N. B., Sept. 20, 1851.

#### THE WESLEYAN.

Halifax, Saturday Morning, September 27, 1851.

#### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I forwarded a short note from St. John, N. E., with the intention of writing you again from Boston; but circumstances prevented me from carrying out that purpose; and you will see by this that I now date from Baltimore.

I left St. John in the steamer *Creole*, on Tuesday morning, the 9th, in company with Brothers Rice and family, who were proceeding to their station at Kingston, Canada West. Captain Jacobs of Liverpool, his daughter, and a female friend, were also on board, who were intending to visit Niagara Falls, and other parts of Canada. We had a pleasant trip to Eastport, the sea being as smooth almost as an unruffled lake. At Eastport we met with Brother Morton and his brother-in-law, who were returning from Boston. This brief interview with a Nova Scotia preacher and friend, I need not say, was an unexpected pleasure. We exchanged the *Creole* for the steamer *Admiral*, and on the afternoon, of Tuesday, started for Portland, where, after a delightful run, we arrived about six o'clock on Wednesday morning. Portland is a fine city; the streets, on either side, are decorated plentifully with various trees and shrubbery, which add much to the beauty and to the general picturesque appearance of the place. In this respect, it is said to be unequalled by any other city in the Union. Why should not our cities and villages be similarly adorned, and thus gratify the sight, whilst exhibiting our taste? Our stay here was brief; we took the cars, about half-past ten o'clock, for Boston—arrived, and, after parting with my companions with regret, I left Boston without delay for New York—and about ten o'clock on Thursday morning, found myself, safe and sound, in Newark, a neat and thriving city in Jersey State, about eight miles from New York. Here I received a hearty welcome from my brother and his family. Newark is a manufacturing place, and from Establishments of various kinds, large supplies are sent in many directions throughout the Union. Methodism here stands high in public estimation. Preachers are zealous—churches numerous—revivals frequent. I visited a new church, nearly finished, which, with the ground on which it stands, will cost, when fully completed, about forty thousand dollars. As one of my Halifax friends would say,—it is a splendid church.

I left Newark on Friday evening, and reached Baltimore early on Saturday morning, and found a lodging place under the hospitable roof of my excellent friend, Dr. G. C. M. ROBERTS, whose unfeigned, devoted piety, unwearied zeal, and incessant labours for the cause of God, command my highest admiration, as his Christian courtesy, and kind attentions to my unworthy self individually, excite my sincerest gratitude. I regard it as an especial favour of God that I have been privileged providentially to form a friendship with so eminent a Christian, which is not only pleasant now, but which, I trust, will be continued after the changing scenes of time are over, and be matured amid the glories and substantial realities of eternity. The family of this eminently pious man is truly Christian; and I should feel myself culpable, were I to neglect to state that they have also assiduously endeavoured to make my sojourn here in the highest sense agreeable. May their kindness to me receive in return, the ample rewards of our common Infinite Benefactor!

On Sabbath morning I had the opportunity of preaching the Word to a large and attentive congregation at Eutaw Church, where a gracious and extensive revival of religion has been progressing for some weeks past. Scores of souls have been awakened and converted, and have joined the Methodist Church. The Preachers are alive to God, and zealously devoted to the

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work of winning souls to Christ. Ordinarily, the precious edifice is crowded to excess, whilst hundreds have to depart from want of accommodation. Methodism has prospered wondrously in this city, and, according to the population, it is said the membership of our Church numerically exceeds that of any other city in the Union.— May God make them a hundred fold more than they are! In the evening I supplied for Dr. Roberts, who is temporally officiating in the Presbyterian Church which was under the charge of the late Dr. Duncan, but which is at present without a regular pastor. The congregation worshipping here is select and highly intelligent. Tomorrow evening I expect to occupy the pulpit in Charles Street Church; and on Sabbath next I have engaged to preach in one of our churches at Newark, under the pastoral charge of Brother Whakeley. By this brief sketch, you will see, that your unworthy friend has not been idle, nor is likely to be, in the great and grand work of declaring the unsearchable riches of Christ. May God bless my feeble efforts in recommending to my fellow-men the friend of sinners!

On the whole, I have been thus far pleased with my visit to this country. On every side great and unceasing activity on the affairs of this life is manifest; nor are the greater concerns of the soul overlooked. The Methodist Ministry,— I speak more particularly of this, as being more conversant with it,—is characterized by true apostolic spirit and zeal. Methodism has ample scope for the exercise of its aggressive character. It is pushing itself out with energy in every direction; and God signally owns and succeeds its mighty agency—an agency so admirably adapted to meet the necessities of a scattered or a dense population. It has already done much for the people of the United States, and, as a chosen instrument of God, it has much still to do. Its career is onward; and triumphs more glorious than those of the past, great as these have undoubtedly been, still await its progressive march. I rejoice in the oneness of Methodism, the world throughout; and equally do I rejoice at witnessing its peculiar adaptation to bring glory to God, to honour the Saviour and the work of the blessed Spirit, to save the souls of men, and build up and enlarge the Church, under every form of Government where its agents are employed, and its various and efficient means are brought into healthy exercise. The results prove that Methodism is the work of God, and men cannot over-flourish it in any case where fidelity to its doctrines and discipline is firmly maintained. Storms only serve to purify it, as is the case in the natural world. It was cradled and rocked amid opposition; but it has grown and flourished. Opposition has marked its subsequent history; but it appears to-day instinct with heavenly life, and vigorous to achieve continued conquests over sin and error. Faithfulness to our great calling— unwavering adherence to first principles—a more resolute determination to spread scriptural holiness over the world—and the zealous acting out of this high and holy purpose—are all that is wanting, with the blessing of God, to make our beloved Methodism the most useful of all Church organizations, and practically to realize the benevolent designs of God in making us a people, and erecting us into a Church. With the expression of these sentiments, the truthfulness of which I am persuaded will meet a hearty response in your own breast, I close this communication.

As ever, affectionately yours, &c.  
Baltimore, Maryland, Sept. 16, 1851.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The Anniversary of the Halifax Wesleyan Sabbath School Society was held in Brunswick-street Church on Monday evening last, the REV. E. EVANS presiding. This Society has under its charge the Wesleyan Sabbath Schools both in Argyle and Brunswick streets. The meeting was a very pleasing one; and its effects will, we think, be seen in an enlarged degree of interest being taken in Sabbath School efforts, by the members of both congregations, and, as a consequence, a new impulse be given to both Schools. The Report, which will shortly be published, presented the Society's operations in an encouraging light, and exhibited the Brunswick-street School especially, as having been favoured during the past year with marked tokens of the Divine blessing. The Superintendents and Teachers of these Schools, manifest a laudable anxiety

for the accomplishment of the great ends of Sabbath School instruction, in the spiritual enlightenment and salvation of the children under their charge, which gives evidence of their being divinely qualified for the great, and holy, and self-denying toil in which they are cheerfully employed. Addresses were delivered on this occasion by several gentlemen, clerical and laical;— the REV. MR. CHURCHILL,—formerly resident in this city, but recently from Canada,—delivered an animated and encouraging speech, in which he narrated some very pleasing and remarkable instances of the advantages, intellectual and religious, of Sabbath School instruction, that had come under his own observation, in England and in these Provinces, and also several cases of gracious revivals of religion that had received their first impulse in the Sabbath School.

It is a gratifying reflection that among the numerous moral, and benevolent institutions of the age, and among the various departments of Christian labour which the Church of God presents, and which demand the earnest attention of every Christian heart, this great and good institution continues to hold a prominent place.— The importance of Sabbath Schools is being increasingly appreciated, as nurseries for the Church, and as well calculated, when conducted efficiently, greatly to aid in the religious training of the youthful mind,—not as intended to supersede parental or family instruction, but as a valuable supplement thereto; as affording spiritual teaching to very many youth, who from the carelessness and irreligion of their parents, and guardians would not otherwise at all be taught an acquaintance with the things of God; calling into action the latent powers of minds, who but for this means would have remained in mental and moral gloom all their days, and leading many of these into the path of holiness, and into wide spheres of usefulness in the Church and the world. The vast advantages of Sabbath Schools,—direct and indirect,—personal, domestic, and in relation to civil society,—advantages bearing upon this life and upon the life to come; and which elevate this institution, though noiselessly and modestly pursuing its course, as worthy of comparison with those of a more brilliant and attractive character, which have arisen in the present day,—but to the efficiency and very existence of which, this one for which we are now pleading may have contributed in no small degree, render it imperative that such Schools be established in every locality, that every means be employed to enlarge those already existing, and to gather into them, especially the neglected portions of our youth, and that wherever they exist, they should be conducted with spirit and efficiency. The efforts which are now being made in favour of the general improvement and extension of Sabbath Schools, may be regarded as an auspicious sign of the times, and must tell for good upon society at large, and upon the future interests of the Church.

The members of the Church should look upon these Schools as a field which the Lord has already greatly blessed, and which gives the promise of yielding a hundred fold. They should remember them earnestly in their prayers; they should countenance them with their favour; they should generously contribute to their funds; and when called upon to aid by personal service they should, if practicable, heartily enter the work.— Such cheerful, willing labour in this good cause, would assuredly be acceptable to God, and be followed by His blessing. Therefore, beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

For the Wesleyan.

Nova Scotia District Contingent Fund.

The Superintendents of Circuits are respectfully reminded of the direction given by the District Meeting at its last Session, that collections in aid of this Fund are to be made in all our congregations during the month of October.

The financial state of the District, and the pressing necessity existing for additional labourers to extend our Wesleyan agencies for good more generally over the country, make it imperative alike upon our ministers and members to use their best exertions to place this important Fund in a suitable state of efficiency. In order to this, let timely announcement be made in each

congregation of the time when an appeal will be made to their Christian liberality, accompanied by a plain statement relative to the large amount of unpaid deficiencies of past years, and to the openings for usefulness to which the Wesleyan Church is invited, and for entrance upon which the assistance sought to be rendered by the Contingent Fund is indispensable. The Christian principles of our beloved people will not fail to prompt them to a suitable response to the call thus made upon them, by increased contributions, while the tone of their piety will be invigorated commensurately with the sacrifices made for the extension of the work of God. On all the Circuits are to be found right minded individuals who are specially ready to every good work. To such let individual application be respectfully made for special donations for the Fund. Many there are who only need to be made acquainted with the existing necessity to secure their cordial and generous co-operation. Upon the ministers and official members of our Church mainly rests the responsibility for past limited exertion, and the duty of earnestly endeavouring to enlist the combined energies of the Wesleyan community to spread over the whole land the tidings of a free, full and present salvation. Men and brethren, help!

EPHRAIM EVANS,

Gen. Sup. of Wes. Miss. in N. S.

Halifax, Sept. 22, 1851.

SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE.—Two Lutheran merchants of Baltimore some time ago resolved upon adopting the plan of laying aside one tenth of their income for benevolent purposes. They had supposed themselves liberal before, but they state in an article in the Lutheran Observer that the system had enabled them to give much more largely, as well as wisely, and with such increased facility and comfort, that they unite in urging all benevolent persons to adopt the plan. The \$400 which they are thus enabled to give might have put in circulation 600,000 pages of tracts, or 1600 Bibles, or distributed 100 barrels of flour, or purchased 100 tons of coal for the suffering, or supported three colporteurs.

COVETOUSNESS PUNISHED.—Articles of provision were once called for to go down the Mississippi to a missionary station. A certain man subscribed two bushels of wheat. When the time came to carry it to the boat, he thought one bushel as much as he ought to give, and if all would give even that, it would amount to a great deal. He measured one half, and left it on his barn floor. On his return, he found that his best cow had broken into the barn, and eaten most of what was left, and was dead in consequence.—Withholding here tended to poverty.—Christian Mirror.

The American Foreign Missionary Society, in session in Portland, Maine, recently, has been exceedingly prosperous. At the 2nd Parish Church there, in one evening, about \$1,500 was subscribed, and the Treasurer stated that he had reason to believe from assurances made that many merchants, manufacturers and others had made up their minds to give as God prospered them; that since he left Boston, he had received a letter enclosing \$5,000 in undoubted securities for the future payment of that sum, &c.

Sleeping after dinner is a bad practice. On awaking from such indulgence, there is generally some degree of febrile excitement, in consequence of the latter stages of digestion being hurried on; it is only useful in old people, and in some cases of disease. Sleep becomes wholesome only to the healthy when taken at those hours pointed out by nature; an excess of it produces lassitude and corpulency, and utterly debases and stupifies the mind. Corpulent people should sleep little and upon hard beds, while they should take abundance of exercise and live abstemiously, that their unhealthy bulk may be reduced.

Self-sealing envelopes are the greatest conveniences among small things that have ever been invented. Those who have once used them will never do without them again. A hundred may be prepared very easily, by applying a little gum arabic paste to the fly-leaf of the envelope, at the spot where the wafer should come. When dry, you have a self-sealing envelope; and when wanted for use, you are saved the trouble of hunting up wafers, wax and stamp.

Micmac Missionary Society.

The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held in Temperance Hall, on Tuesday evening, 30th inst., at 7 o'clock.

BLOOMERS VS. TOBACCO.—A correspondent of the Leeds (Eng.) Mercury sends the following *jeu d'esprit*:

Let the dames of America dress as they please: Should they all "cut their petticoats round by their knees,"

'Tis only a bold protestation Against a bad habit, called *spitans* in Latin, That spoils every place where their husbands have sat in, Defiles all their carpets, and dirties their matting, And sticks to the skirts of the nation! Don't fancy, dear Jonathan, ladies are flirts, Because they have cut their old dangles, the skirts; They have done it to shame you, they readily own, And will lengthen their habits when you mend your own.

DEATH OF ROACHES, AND ANTS.—

A correspondent of the New York Express gives the following recipe for the destruction of cockroaches:—Place a basin of strong suds sweetened with molasses on the floor every night, with a wet cloth on the floor, the edge on the basin, for easy access to the water. By this means they will soon be entirely destroyed.

Pray, sir," said Lady Wallace to David Hume I am often asked what age I am; what answer should I make?" "Mr. Hume, immediately guessing her ladyship's meaning, said, Madam, when you are asked that question again, answer that you are not yet come to the years of discretion.

When a gentleman once remarked in company how very liberally those persons talk of what their neighbours should give away, who are least apt to give any thing themselves, Sydney Smith replied: "Yes! no sooner does A fall into difficulties than B begins to consider what C ought to do for him."

THE HOME WHERE MEMORY LINGERS.

—Attractive as home is, there is one other place that is still nearer the human heart, and that is the churchyard which holds our friends. A mother's grave is the Mecca that our memory ever kneels to, be our pilgrimage where it may.

Barnum has purchased the patent right for the United States of the recent Fire Annihilator invented in London, and will shortly, as is stated, give a grand representation of the burning of a house, to be extinguished by turning a stop-cock.

NEW DISINFECTANT.—It has been discovered that *peat* is a much more effective disinfecting agent than chloride of lime or charcoal, and it is now powdered and sold by the barrel for this purpose.

DELAYS.—Inexperienced persons think when great plans only stand still, they must be going backwards. The truth is, however, that wise men are never in a hurry to force events. They know that patience works more wonders than activity.

To injure a man's sight, there is nothing worse than sudden wealth. Let a wool-sawyer draw a ten thousand dollar prize, and in less than a month he will not be able to recognize even the man that "used to go security for him."

RAILWAY PROFITS.—The Cincinnati Gazette says that all the railways that have been opened in Ohio pay to the stockholders more than ten per cent profit on the amount invested.

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks but for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

The wife is the sum of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space.

FLOWERS.—Mrs. Child beautifully says that flowers are the alphabet of angels, whereby they write, on hills and plains, mysterious truths.

Let not modesty take away thy courage in a good cause; but let not thy courage incline to imprudence in a prosperous one.

If you harbour malice against any human being, you cherish a worm in your heart, that in time will eat out all its goodness.

Macauley has at length completed two more volumes of his "History of England," and they will be published during the autumn.

COLONIAL.

New Brunswick.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—This popular place of resort for the last two weeks was finally closed last evening. Since the opening of the Exhibition, it has been visited by many thousands of people, and has realized a very handsome sum for the benefit of the Institute; the gross proceeds amount to upwards of £600. This first attempt at a display of the mechanical, agricultural, scientific, and natural productions of New Brunswick is highly creditable to the taste, genius, and scientific acquirements of our people, and will do a great deal towards dispelling an idle prejudice against native productions. Now that a step has been taken in the right direction, we trust it will be followed up with energy, and that each succeeding year will serve to show to what a state of perfection we may eventually arrive in agricultural pursuits.

Since the arrival of the Companies of the Highland Regiment in this City, the Major has generously allowed two pipers to attend at the Exhibition each evening, and the martial music of their pipes added much to the interest of the scene.—New-Brunswick.

FIRES IN THE WOODS.—For the past few days, the air has been so strongly impregnated with smoke that it has been impossible to see any distance, and the houses have been filled with it. All along the coast of Maine fires have been raging in the woods for the past fortnight, destroying timber in every direction. Latterly the fire has spread in the woods in New Brunswick, to the southward of St. John, and the wind prevailing from the southwest has blown the smoke in this direction. The steamers report the smoke to be very thick all along the coast. We fear that we shall have to record the destruction of much valuable property.—H.

Extensive fires prevail in the woods in Charlotte County, and other districts to the Westward, but we have no positive intelligence of the damage that has been sustained.

INQUESTS.—On the 4th inst., an inquest was held before W. O. Smith and H. Sharkey, Esqs., on view of Martha Patterson. Verdict—"Died of Colliquative Diarrhœa, consequent on excessive drinking of spirituous liquors."

On the 5th inst., before W. O. Smith and John Johnston, Esqs., on view of the body of Peter Brown. Verdict—"Accidental death."

On the 16th, before W. O. Smith, and Henry Chubb, Esqs., on view of the body of Robert Dowling. Verdict—"Died in a fit, caused by the effects of liquor."—H.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN PORTLAND!—About Forty Houses consumed.—One of the most calamitous fires which has visited the Parish of Portland for a number of years past, broke out about 7 o'clock last evening, and before its progress could be stayed involved the destruction of nearly forty buildings. We learn that the fire broke out in a barn in the rear of the house belonging to Mr. Henry Welsh, on the north side of the street, at the head of the Long wharf, and gained such headway before the engines arrived, that all attempts to check it proved unavailing. The Engine Companies were on the spot with their usual alacrity, but the distance which they had to force the water for the suppression of the fire, the tide falling at the time, and the great extent of combustible materials within reach of the flames, rendered it utterly impossible to suppress them. From the place where the fire originated, it rapidly spread to the rear, and in front.

The buildings destroyed cannot fall far short of forty, which were principally occupied by the labouring classes. On the main street, the houses belonging to Messrs. Welsh, Charles Shiel, John Doherty, Wm. Parks, Esq., and James Gallagher, Esq., were all destroyed, besides two smaller ones, which were pulled down to stop the flames.

In the rear, on Fort Howe hill, the fire swept everything before it, until the whole of the buildings on that eminence were consumed. These houses were owned by a number of persons, and from what we can learn there was little insurance upon them—Mr. Welsh losing three houses, and Mr. Quigg three more, whose loss is about £1000. The inmates had barely time to save their effects, and the loss of their habitations at this season of the year will be severely felt.

The members of the Engine Companies, the Military, and numbers of the inhabitants worked vigorously on this unfortunate occasion, and we feel assured that their ardent exertions will be duly appreciated by the people of Portland.

All the houses destroyed were built of wood, and a number of them were of little value.—H.

We understand that very great improvements are being made in the navigation of the river at the Maductic Falls. The rocks are being taken out of the channel, and thrown into the deep water at the foot of the rapids, making not only a clear passage, but raising the water below, so as to lessen the fall and deaden the force of the current. A better opportunity for making these improvements could not present itself, and we are glad to see that the Government is taking advantage of it.—Woodstock Sentinel.

A new boat, intended to run between Woodstock and Fredericton, is now being built at this place by Mr. Dow, of Sunbury, for George Connell, Esq. This is the first attempt at Steam Building in Woodstock, and as no expense will be spared in fitting up the hull of the engine, we can promise the travelling public something a little superior to any thing of the kind ever seen in our waters.—H.

CROPS.—We learn that the dry warm weather which has prevailed during the last four or five weeks, has brought forward the Corn crop, which, otherwise, was expected to be a failure.

The Hay has been very abundant, and being secured in excellent condition from marshes and low lands, there will be plenty of winter feed. Buckwheat has been struck generally by an early frost, and will probably not be half a crop. Oats are everywhere well grown and well filled, and will be much above an average. Potatoes, although universally struck down, do not appear to be much affected at the roots, and will probably be better than they have been since the appearance of the disease.—we hope it is wearing out. On the whole, we may be thankful that there will be plenty in the land for man and beast.

FIRE.—On Sunday last, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the dwelling house of Beverly Jouett, Esq., situated near the Ferry landing on the bank of the St. John River, opposite Fredericton, caught fire on the roof by a spark from one of the chimneys, and was speedily reduced to a heap of embers. Mr. Jouett had no insurance.—Head Quarters.

A number of the youths of this City have in laudable imitation of persons of larger growth, both here and in St. John, formed themselves into a Fire Company; and we understand they intend to appeal to the citizens for assistance to procure an Engine, which it appears they can have made here on reasonable terms. The design is a good one; and we have little doubt that in the event of their succeeding, their youthful band would be found an effective auxiliary.—Reporter.

We learn by a card forwarded to us by Mr. End, that that gentleman intends to dispute the representation of Gloucester with Mr. Read at the approaching election for that county.—H.

The Executive Council is sitting at present, but beyond the consummation of the Hon. Mr. Wilnot's appointment to the Surveyor Generalship, we can learn nothing of their proceedings.—H.

Newfoundland.

CAPE RAY TELEGRAPH. MR. GIBBORNE and his party of six men started from hence on yesterday morning for Portugal Cove, on their way to Harbor Grace, from which they proceed at once through the country upon the survey of the route for the contemplated line of Electric Telegraph to Cape Ray. The season is well suited, as from henceforth the weather will be cool, and the explorers will be spared the torture which at an early period they would have to suffer, of excessive heat in the woods, and the attacks of the myriads of mosquitos which infest them. Each of the party will have to carry a knapsack of about seventy pounds weight, including provisions for three weeks, at the end of which period it is arranged to meet a boat at a certain point on the sea shore, from which their stock of necessaries may be replenished for a further three weeks, when again they will make for another point where the boat will again be in attendance to supply them, and so on to the end of the route.

The undertaking is most laborious and perilous as well as a most momentous one for the future interests of this country, and Mr. Gibborne and his men appear to be well qualified for their arduous task. They are all athletic and active, and appear to be such men as can endure fatigue, and disregard difficulties. Mr. Gibborne departed in high spirits, and in joyful anticipation of the successful termination of his very important labours. Mr. Gibborne is of opinion that it will take him upwards of three months to reach Cape Ray, from whence he and his party will return by water to St. John's.

With all our hearts, we wish them a successful journey, and a happy return to their friends and homes.—N. P. Courier.

THE FISHERY.—The accounts from the shore fishery, are not so favourable as we were induced, at the commencement of the season to anticipate, and the impression seems general that the catch will be considerably short of an average.—From the Labrador the news is equally cheerless.

The following is the extract of a private letter from Harbour Grace:—

"There is a good prospect for tradesmen here this season, especially carpenters and masons, a great number of buildings being in progress of erection. The Sons of Temperance are going ahead here like a house on fire. They had the corner stone of their Hall on Wednesday last, at which time there was a procession of Sons and Cadets. In the afternoon they went down to Musquito where a famous treat was given by the Temperance Band. Everything was in high style. The Order is doing a great deal of good here, for it has already been the means of reforming numbers who were fast going to destruction—especially among the young men. The Sons, who have not been established here six months, number nearly 80, and the Cadets hardly three months, 30. Temperance is a great thing for Newfoundland, and is very much wanted among the fishing population.—Gazette.

AMERICA.

United States.

A sort of Railroad mania is now spreading in the Southern States, and branches of internal railroads are projected in every direction. This has been caused by the envy with which the South has long looked upon the north as monopolizing the

entire exchange of Europe, in consequence of the want of internal communication with the Atlantic Southern ports. Let these railroads be established, and more will be done to cement the Union than can be effected by any other means. All the present bickering will cease. An unity, even a rivalry in commercial interests, will form lasting bonds of intimacy, and while the South will materially advance its own prosperity, that prosperity will enliven the general wealth and importance of the country. The healthy current will find its way through all the minor veins to the great artery of the Empire City, the chief storehouse of the imports of foreign countries and the chief disseminator of American products abroad.

The crops, taking the whole country together, are represented as unusually abundant the present season. With some few exceptions, the harvest is reported to be abundant, almost beyond precedent. This is especially the case in New York, and the wheat-growing portion of the West.

The weather still continues warm, but business begins to assume quite an earnest aspect, and the prospects on all hands appear favourable.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.—Yesterday week, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Evans, and Mrs. Davis, three pious and estimable widow ladies of this town, all in usual health, called on Mrs. Judd, a pious Methodist lady, the wife of one of our citizens, who is lying at the point of death, with the dropsy, hourly expecting the messenger for whose coming she has been long prepared. After spending an hour, in which the tenderest and holiest sympathies of Christian hearts were freely commingled, they rose to depart, and taking the dying woman by the hand, they spoke words of encouragement with their leave taking, saying to her that "she seemed to be near her end, but perhaps some of them might be in heaven before her." Yesterday (Sabbath) pious friends again assembled around the bed of the dying woman, but these friends were not there. They had all three been stricken down with the cholera during the week, and were in heaven before her!—Windsor Courier.

IMMIGRATION.—In one day last week twelve passenger vessels, with 2500 immigrants, arrived at this port. One of these ships—the Constellation—had on board over one hundred passengers. It is said to have more extensive accommodations for passengers than any other vessel now sailing from this port. Vessels are on the stocks, however, for some packet owners, which are designed to accommodate two thousand passengers. They are to be fitted up almost entirely for that purpose, the conveyance of passengers being more profitable than freight.—N. Y. paper.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A RATTLESNAKE.—Wm. Lovatt, who was on Monday bit by a rattlesnake, which he kept in his house as a curiosity, died about 3 o'clock on Tuesday week from the effects of the poison. He endured the most horrible tortures from the time he was bit until death relieved him. His limbs and body were awfully swollen, and actually turned black. Three physicians were in attendance, but their applications failed to have the least effect.—Phil. paper.

IRON IMPORTATION.—The import of iron for the first six months of the year 1851, into the United States, was 197,209 tons, and for the first six months of 1850, it was 28,665 tons; excess this year 174,544 tons. Of the amount imported in the last half year, 10,000 tons was railroad iron, 20,791 tons bar, 25,346 do. pig, 5,229 do. English sheet and boiler, 2,890 do. Swede and Russia, 5,091 do. hoops and rods.

MR. CHORATE'S AUTOGRAPH.—"Jack Humphreys," the Boston correspondent of the Albany Dutchman, in a recent letter, after giving a novel description of Mr. Chorate, says that his autograph somewhat resembles the map of Ohio, and looks like a piece of crayon sketching done in the dark with a three-pronged fork. His handwriting can't be deciphered without the aid of a pair of compasses and a quadrant.

HEAVY TRAINS.—The largest freight train ever carried over the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad was brought in recently by the locomotive "J. Edgar Thompson." The train consisted of eighty cars, all fully laden. The locomotive "General Taylor," also recently brought in a train of fifty-three loaded cars, coming over the summit where the grade is nearly feet to the mile. The motive power on the rail is fully equal to the great increase of business which is daily accumulating on it.—Presbyterian Advocate.

NOVELTY IN ARCHITECTURE.—The Editor of the New York Tribune examined, recently, a new mode of building houses, introduced into New York by O. S. Fowler, the Panologist, who is fitting up a splendid mansion in his new style. The walls are composed of slate, gravel and lime, mixed together and laid in boxes, which are raised up as the walls they form become firm enough to receive another layer. In this way, Mr. Fowler has raised walls four stories high, on a much less cost than by any other plan.

CUBAN EXPEDITION.—If the invaders of Cuba erred, they have fearfully expiated their error. And judging by principles recognized as sound on this side of the Atlantic, it is not clear that Lopez and his followers deserved the epithets of pirates and banditti.

The latter may have been, nay doubtless were deceived, with respect to the state of feeling among the inhabitants of Cuba, but their motives were probably pure and disinterested. They perilled themselves, to and, as they supposed, an oppressed people struggling to be free. The smallness of the force that landed in Cuba, sending away the vessel that carried them, and thus depriving themselves of all means of escape from the island, confirms this view. That the object of the invaders was plunder and robbery, we cannot believe.

The hapless Crittenden we knew in other days, as a gentleman of transparent integrity, and lofty sense of honour, and we can never believe he would become the companion of robbers by sea or land. Neither can these epithets be justly applied to Lopez. He did not certainly intentionally deceive his followers. He was doubtless as painfully disappointed as any of his followers, at not receiving a cordial and earnest support from the Creoles of Cuba. A Spaniard by birth, and long a resident of the island, he was intimately acquainted both with the unmitigated tyranny of the government, and the dissatisfaction of the people; and in his earnest efforts to carry the blessings of freedom to his countrymen he deserves the praise, not the execrations, of the free.

Let us not be misunderstood. We believe that the people possess the right to change their form of government when, in their estimation, it becomes too oppressive and burdensome. And if the majority of the inhabitants of Cuba desire to throw off the Spanish yoke, then was Lopez not a pirate, but a martyr to liberty. Though it is doubtful whether the union of these States could survive the annexation of Cuba, yet we think her independence of Spanish rule, is a question of time only. As certain as the future becomes the present, Cuba will be free; and from the grave of Lopez and his followers will spring the armed bands that shall strike off her fetters, and proclaim her emancipation.—N. Y. Advocate.

The Eastport Sentinel says—"Fires are raging terribly in this vicinity. In Perry, Truscott, Cutler, and Deer Island, large amounts of timber have been destroyed. In Lubec, the fires were very large, and the cracking of the flames could be distinctly heard at Eastport."

It is stated in a Bangor paper, that in the whole region from Mount Desert to Lubec, a distance of ninety miles, the woods are on fire, and the flames are constantly spreading.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHOLERA AT QUEBEC.—A despatch from Quebec states that the Cholera had broken out at Quebec, carrying off several persons, but at the first accounts it had almost wholly disappeared. Capt. Rankin, of the ship S. Colin Campbell, which sailed from Quebec on Tuesday last, died of cholera on the 10th inst.

THE GRAPE IN ITALY.—The Grape Vine, to which we have before alluded, continues to create great uneasiness in Italy, where the failure of the vintage would be nearly as serious a calamity as the failure of the potato crop is in Ireland. The disease in the vines has spread to all parts of the peninsula, even to Sicily.

LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.—There is a plant in the Island of Sumatra, the circumference of whose fully expanded flower is nine feet; its nectar is calculated to hold nine pints; the pistils are as large as cows horns, and the whole weight of the blossom is computed to be fifteen pounds!

CHEAP MODE OF WASHING.—We can recommend the following recipe for washing clothes, by which method labour is in a great measure avoided, and a washing of twelve or fifteen dozen can be done at an expense of six pence for materials; there is little or no labour attending it, no destruction of cloth by rubbing, as this is entirely superseded by the materials used, and one person can do in six hours what would otherwise require the labour of two persons, for at least two days. The following prescription is properly attended to, will ensure complete success:—1st. Cut a half lb. of Soap into small pieces, and dissolve it in half a gallon of boiling water. 2nd. Dissolve a half lb. Soda into half a gallon of boiling water. 3rd. Dissolve quarter lb. of Quick Lime into one quart boiling water. Let each of them then be prepared in separate dishes; then put the solution of Lime and the solution of Soda together, boil them twenty minutes, and put them into a jar,—all this must be done the night previous to the wash—this solution must be strained into the solution of Soap, through a coarse cloth, taking care not to disturb the sediment of the Lime. The whole, thus mixed, is put into a pot containing about 10 gallons of water, placed on the fire and brought to the boiling point, the clothes are wrung out of the cold water in which they have been soaking during the night, then placed in the pot for half an hour, then take the whole out, scald them well, and blue. The same water will do for the assorted lots of clothes. The solution left in the pot can be used for washing floors of houses, producing a clean and shining appearance, such as no other method can give.

EFFECTS OF A TOTAL ECLIPSE ON ANIMALS.—A writer of the London Times, speaking of the recent eclipse of the sun, mentions the following very curious effects produced by the total eclipse of 1822:—Horses came to a sudden standstill, and neither whip nor good could induce them to move. Oxen in the fields arrayed themselves in a circle, back to back or with horns outwards, as if to resist an attack. Dogs fled to their masters howling piteously during the continuance of the darkness. A hen surrounded by her chickens hastily collected them under her wings. Birds fell to the ground, apparently dead from fright, or perished by dashing themselves against walls and chimneys. At Venice, swallows were readily taken in the streets, fear having deprived them of the power to escape. Owls and Bats made their appearance, but quickly retreated when the eclipse was over. Bees, which left their hives at sunrise in great numbers, returned not until the darkness ceased; and a swarm of ants was seen to stop suddenly on their march. Delicate plants, as the convolvulus, &c., closed their leaves.



