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The Rainbow.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

It was morn, lovely morn, and I wandered away
To a spot where the ripples and wind were at play—
Where trembled the dew in the wild flower's cup
Till the sunbeam stole down and transported it up.

There was beauty around me and beauty above,
And my heart was aglow with emotions of love;
For the verdure, the blossoms, the birds, and the stream,
Made a picture as bright as a beautiful dream.

Light clouds on the wings of the zephyr were borne,
That were sent by the breeze to awaken the morn:
Transparent as crystal they seemed to the eye,
Like the perfume of blossoms suspended on high.

Away in the distance a dark cloud was seen,
Bending gloomily over that garden of green;
It grew, till, like hearts moved by doubtings and fears,
It burst—and its being was melted in tears.

And, while they were dropping like jewels of worth,
A bow was suspended 'tween heaven and earth;
One wing was concealed in Elysian bowers,
And one sought the praries to rest on earth's flowers.

Like a vision of light it unfolded to view,
And stretched far away through the regions of blue;
A garland it seemed that the angels had wove,
Of blossoms all fresh from the heavenly grove.

The sky caught its hues as it rested on air;
It gazed in the streamlet and pictured them there;
Till, wherever I turned, to the sky, air, or ground,
This emblem of mercy seemed circling me round.

'Twas the vow of Jehovah engraved on the sky,
With tints of carnation and emerald dye—
With the glow of the sunset at day's quiet close,
The violet's hue, and the blush of the rose.

O! oft had I gazed on this promise of God,
As it brightly bent over the tear-laden sod,
And felt a wild rapture leap out from my soul,
And through my heart's chambers exultingly roll.

But never before was my being so thrilled
With joy all ecstasic—my pulses seemed stilled;
And, transfixed to the spot in bewildered delight,
I stood till the vision had vanished from sight.

Then if to my spirit the power had been given
To roam unconfined through the blue arch of heaven,
I'd have leaped on a zephyr and flown far away,
Where rainbows of glory eternally play.

There, there would I ever have longed to remain,
In those regions of brightness, and never again
Have strayed back to earth, unless bidden to move
Unseen and unheard near the dear ones I love.

—*Louisville Journal*

Parson Surely's Experiment.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

The moral in the following article justifies us in giving publicity to it:—

The small parish at Fallowdale had been for some time without a pastor. The members were nearly all farmers, and they had not much money to bestow upon a clergyman; yet they were willing to pay for anything that could promise them any due return of good. In course of time it happened that the Rev. Abraham Surely visited Fallowdale, and as a Sabbath passed during his sojourn, he held a meeting in the small church. The people were pleased, and some of them proposed inviting him to remain with them, and take charge of their spiritual welfare.

Upon the merits of this proposition, there was a long discussion. Parson Surely had signified his willingness to take a permanent residence at Fallowdale, but the members of the parish could not so readily agree to hire him.

"I don't see the use of hiring a parson," said Mr. Sharp, an old farmer of the place. "He can do us no good. If we've any money to spare, we'd better lay it up for something else. A parson can't learn me anything."

To this it was answered that stated religious meetings would be of great benefit to the younger people, and also a source of real social good to all.

"I don't know 'bout that," said Sharp, after he had heard the arguments against him. Sharp was one of the wealthiest men in the parish, and consequently one of the most influential. "I have hearn tell," he continued, "of a parson that would pray for rain, and have it come at any time. Now if we could hit upon such a parson as that, I would go in for hiring him."

This opened a new idea to the unsophisticated minds of Fallowdale. The farmers often suffered from long droughts, and after arguing awhile longer they agreed to hire Parson Surely upon the condition that he would give them rain whenever they wished for it, and, on the other hand, that he would also give them fair weather when required. Deacons Smith and Townsend were deputised to make this arrangement known to the parson, and the people remained in the church while their messengers went upon their errand.

When the deacons returned Mr. Surely accompanied them. He smiled as he entered the church, and with a graceful bow he saluted the people there assembled.

"Well, my friends," said he, as he ascended the platform in front of the desk, "I have heard your request to me, and, strange as it may appear, I have come to accept your proposal; but I can do it only on one condition: and that is that your request for a change of weather must be unanimous."

This appeared very reasonable, since every member of the parish had been interested in the farming business, and ere long it was arranged that Mr. Surely should become the pastor of Fallowdale, and that he should give the people rain whenever they asked for it.

When Mr. Surely returned to his lodgings, his wife was utterly astounded upon learning the nature of the contract her husband had entered into, but the pastor only smiled, and bade her wait for the result.

"But you know you cannot make it rain," persisted Mrs. Surely; "and you know, too, that the farmers here will be wanting rain very often when there is none for them.—You will be disgraced."

"I will learn them a lesson," quietly returned the pastor.

"Aye, that you cannot be as good as your word; and when you have learned it to them, they will turn you off."

"We shall see," was Mr. Surely's reply, as he took up a book and commenced reading.

This was a signal for the wife to desist from further conversation on the subject, and she at once obeyed.

Time flew on, and at length the hot days of midsummer were at hand. For three weeks it had not rained, and the young corn was beginning to curl up beneath the effects of the drought. In this extremity the people bethought themselves of the promise of their pastor, and some of them hastened to his dwelling.

"Come," said Sharp, whose hilly farm was suffering severely, "we want some rain. You remember your promise."

"Certainly," returned Mr. Surely. "If you call for a meeting of the members of the parish, I will be with you this evening."

With this the applicants were perfectly satisfied, and forthwith they hastened to call the flock together.

"Now you'll see the hour of your disgrace," said Mrs. Surely, after the visitors had gone. "O, I am very sorry you undertook to deceive them so."

"I did not deceive them."

"Yes, you surely did."

"We shall see," responded the pastor.

"So we shall see," added the lady.

The hour for the meeting came around, and Parson Surely met his people at the church. They were all there; most of them anxious and the remainder curious.

"Now, my friends," said the pastor, arising upon the platform, "I have come to hear your request. What is it?"

"We want rain," bluntly spoke farmer Sharp; "and you know you promised to give it to us."

"Aye; rain! rain!" repeated half a dozen voices.

"Very well. Now, when will you have it?"

"This very night. Let it rain all night long," said Sharp, to which several others immediately assented.

"No, no; not to-night!" cried Deacon Smith; "I have six or seven tons of well-made hay in the field, and I would not have it wet for anything."

"So have I hay out," added Mr. Peck—"We won't have it rain to-night."

"Then let it be to-morrow."

"It will take me all day to-morrow to get my hay in," said Smith.

Thus the objections came up for the two succeeding days, and at length, by way of compromise, Mr. Sharp proposed that they should have rain in just four days. "For," said he, "by that time, all the hay which is now out can be got in, and we need not any—"

"Stop, stop!" uttered Mrs. Sharp, pulling her worthy husband smartly by the sleeve. "That is the day we have set to go to Snowhill. It mustn't rain then!"

This was law for Mr. Sharp, so he proposed that the rain should come in one week, and then resumed his seat. But this would not do; many of the people would not have it put off so long. "If we can't have rain before then, we'd better not have it at all," said they.

In short the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all, for the good people found it utterly impossible to agree upon a time when it should rain.

"Until you can make up your minds upon this point," said the pastor, as he was about leaving the church, "we must all trust in the Lord." And after this the people followed him from the place.

Both Deacon Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay safely in, but on the very day that Mr. Sharp and his wife were to have started for Snowhill, it began to rain in right good earnest. Sharp lost his visit, but he met the disappointment with good grace, for his crops smiled at the rain.

Ere another month had rolled by, another meeting was called for a petition for rain, but this time the result was the same as before. Many of the people had their muck to dig, and rain would prevent them; some in one, some in two, and some in three days, while others wanted it put off longer. So Mr. Surely had not yet occasion to call for rain.

One year rolled by, and up to that time the people of Fallowdale had never been able to agree upon the exact kind of weather they would have, and the result was, that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place if its inhabitants could govern it. While they had been longing for a power they did not posses, they had not seen its absurdity, but now they had, in good faith, tried to apply that power under the belief that it was theirs, they saw clearly that they were getting beyond their sphere. They saw that nature's laws were safer in the hands of Nature's God than in the hands of Nature's children.

On the last Sabbath in the first year of Mr. Surely's settlement at Fallowdale, he offered to break up his connection with the parish—but the people would not listen to it. They had become attached to him, and to the meetings, and they wished him to stay.

"But I can no longer rest under our former contract with regard to the weather," said the pastor.

"Nor do we wish you to," returned Sharp. "Only preach to us, and teach us and our children how to live, and help us to be social and happy."

"And," added the pastor, while a tear of pride stood in his eye, as he looked for an instant into the face of his now happy wife, "All things above our proper sphere we will leave with God, for 'He doeth all things well.'"—*Gleason's Pictorial*

True hope is based on the energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular subject. And if, at last, all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth.—*Von Knebel.*

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Closet Musings.

No. 2.

"Holiness is taught upon the page of God's revealed will to man."

Among the churches of Christendom, the Wesleyan is singular in two articles of her belief—The direct witness of the Holy Spirit to the sinner's acceptance with God; and Entire Sanctification. The earnest enquiry ought to rest upon the mind of every thinking member of her communion,—"Does the Bible give its sanction to my fervent breathings at the Throne of Grace for entire conformity to the Divine will in all things?"

Shame upon many professors of the religion of Jesus, they are content to live with a name among God's people, while their hearts are cold and lifeless, and devoid of spiritual health and vigour. With them, there are no earnest wrestlings at the Mercy Seat—no strong desires for the conversion of their fellow men—no powerful efforts to guide some sorrowing, crushed, wandering spirit to the feet of Jesus for pardon, holiness and peace. *Living*, they are wrapped up in self and unceasing desire for worldly aggrandizement, and *dying* the church of Christ mourns not, nor drops a tear at their departure. Shall the youthful christian—his heart warm in its first love, and his energies newly consecrated to Christ and his church, follow the example of the worldly minded christian, taking him for his model of imitation in the service of his Heavenly Father? God forbid! Rather let the "babe in Christ," perchance, the man in years take "the Bible in his hand, and wandering to some lonely spot, there weep and pray over passages teeming with light and encouragement; and authorizing him to claim by faith the blessing of "perfect love" to God and man.

But what do we understand by the terms "Holiness," "Perfect Love," or "Entire Sanctification?" Caughey thus defines the doctrine—1. "*A full and unreserved consecration of the whole man to God. 2. The entire conformation of every power of body, soul and spirit, to the will and likeness of God.*"

"Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone;
A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where doubt and pain and fear expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

Sanctification commences in the heart of man at the moment when the soul is regenerated by the power of the Holy Spirit; but Regeneration is not Entire Sanctification. Regeneration is that great change which is wrought in the soul, when it is raised from a death of sin into a life of righteousness; Sanctification is the carrying on of this work; and Entire Sanctification is its maturity, when the heart is cleansed from all sin, and filled with pure love to God and man.

How clear and simple are the declarations of the Inspired Writings as to the enjoyment of Entire Sanctification—the believer's privilege; and the seeking of the blessing—the believer's duty. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil." And if sin be a work of the devil, surely it may be destroyed in the human heart. "God is light and in him is no darkness at all. If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son *cleanseth us from all sin.*" "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and *to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*" And the prayer of the Apostle is very expressive. "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." The word *wholly* in this interesting passage clearly marks the distinction between Sanctification and Entire Sanctification. And the Apostle adds—"Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it."

Many, however, are led to suppose that it is impossible for a soul to be entirely sanctified until the hour and article of death."—But why limit the power of God? If the Holy Spirit can cleanse the soul entirely from sin one minute before death, why not an hour before final dissolution takes place, and if an hour before, why not a day before, or a week, or a month, or a year? But what does the Apostle John say upon this point. "Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment, *because, as he is so are we in this world.*" Hear too, St. Paul—"Having these promises, *let us cleanse ourselves* from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord:" and again, "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it—that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it might be holy, and without blemish." Comment upon such passages is quite unnecessary.

O blessed book! Thy worth towers high above all human estimate—a priceless gem—the valued gift of Heaven's mercy to dying man. Not shut up in the archives of a Romish church, excluded as well from the palace of the king as the cottage of the lowly peasant; how simple are thy teachings in matters of salvation! Take from man health and wealth and friends; but let him have the Bible with its hallowed truths, and light irradiating from the mercy-seat shining upon its sacred page; and alone with God, he may read and weep and pray, and guided by the light of heaven, find his way to the ocean of redeeming love.

"O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
O that my heart were all a heaven,
Forever filled with God."

Nov. 5th. SIGMA.

Standing at Church Doors.

It is a common practice, when a congregation is dismissed, to see a line of young gentlemen ranged along the curb-stone, staring impudently at every female that comes out, and often indulging in impertinent remarks that cannot but be heard by those who are the subject of them. Very rarely there may be found, among the mob of dandies, dunces, a husband, father, or brother, whom unavoidable circumstances has prevented attending church, and who is waiting to accompany a wife, daughter or sister home.

Such, of course, we do not censure. But, as scarcely one in ten belongs to this class; as they form, in fact, the exception, not the rule, we shall speak of those who indulge in this custom, without reference to such. It is the addle-headed lads, with high shirt collars and canes, averaging about seventeen or eighteen years of age, who form the great mass of these impertinent spectators, that we would hold up to public reproof. Where are the fathers of these young dandies? Where is the wholesome rod which Solomon recommended? Where is the police?

Only a refined female knows how annoying it is to run the gauntlet of these immature boys. Nor do they spare any body. The matron is just as much at their mercy as the maiden; the plain face as subject to remark as the beautiful one; the poorly dressed as open to impertinence as the more richly attired. One female meets a sneer as she passes, because she does not happen to please the fancy of some young fool, while the cheeks of another are made to tingle by his loud and insolent admiration. Even where the lady escapes without verbal insult, she is stared out of countenance, and has no resource except to drop her veil, hurry on, and escape into a more respectable atmosphere as fast as possible.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

New Testament Incidents.

No. 10.

THE RESURRECTION.

Hail glorious morning! Scene of the grandest miracle of the Son of God. He who creates a universe and gives it laws,—holds in subjection to His will its vast machinery. The Resurrection of Christ stands forth to Jew and Gentile, Infidel and Christian, the grandest monument of power divine—the climax to a long, bright array of miraculous achievements. The massy stone—the public seal—the guard of Roman soldiers are powerless to hold in the sepulchre the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Weep not heart stricken mother, thy son of promise—the stay and comfort of declining years—cut down like the flower just blooming—sleeps not eternally—He comes forth immortal and incorruptible on the resurrection morning. Thy Saviour's triumph over death—thy sure confiding pledge.—"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

But yesterday, great joy rung its loudest notes of triumph amid different ranks of the Jewish Capital—Governor and Subject, Priest and People, Pharisee and Sadducee, all gloried in the crime which had stained their hearts with blackest guilt. The veil of the temple is rent in twain—graves open by supernatural power—the Sun in his glorious march at noonday pauses—horror-struck—at the death of man's Redeemer; but these stupendous events fail to dispel from the mind deep delusion which had buried men to crucify their Saviour and their God.

Two sunsets are registered in the book of time, since Calvary was stained with the blood of Christ. Disciples, timerous as the stricken deer, mourn in deep seclusion the loss of Jesus; for bright visions of an earthly kingdom, more splendid than Jerusalem in her days of ancient greatness, had stolen upon their thoughts; all to be dissipated when the mock diadem was placed upon the brow of Jesus.

The first day of the week dawns brightly—all terrestrial nature smiling at her Creator's conquest over death. But hark!—There is the rumbling of an earthquake and the rustling of cherub pinions in the air.—The soldiers terrified, quake with fear, whilst the most illustrious captive that mortals ever guarded, leaves the sepulchre in his own Omnipotence and right.

Mary and Mary Magdalene, last at the cross and first at the tomb, tremble with timidity and fear. But words of angelic softness fall like sweet music on the ear,—

"Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen as he said: Come see the place where the Lord lay."

"Break off your tears, ye saints and tell,
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And, led the monster death in chains:
Say live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem and strong to save!
Then ask the monster 'where's thy sting?'
And, where's thy victory boasting grave?"

VERITAS.

Nov. 11th.

Sabbath Morning.

Who has not felt the tranquilizing influence of the Sabbath morn? Nature seems to sympathize with the moral associations of the scene. On other days, her voice is almost drowned amid the air and bustle of the world; but when the wheels of mammon's car are arrested, and their thunder is not heard, then comes forth her soothing language, which falls on the heart like Æolian music, to subdue its passions, and to awaken its finer sensibilities. The voice of nature is the voice of God. He who speaks in the sanctuary of redemption by the blood of Jesus, speaks from the hush and fragrance of the morning, of the vast and varied gifts of His providence. To commune with nature and with God, we must imitate David, and awake early.

The resurrection of Jesus took place before the dawn. Ere the sun was up, one of His faithful followers repaired to the sepulchre.—She went in the morning twilight to look upon the tomb of Jesus. She found it unsealed and empty, and wondered what had become of her Lord. As she wept, a voice addressed her, at first in a stranger's accent—last, under the excitement, a too sudden revelation might overpower her mind—then that voice was changed, and the well-remembered tones told her that it was indeed her risen Master. Did Mary find her Redeemer at early dawn; and shall we presume to expect His presence, if we doze away in guilty slumbers, that portion of sacred time? No, let us rather fly to the sepulchre, and see amid the shadows of the morning the breaking beams of the sun of righteousness. Let us gather the spiritual manna before the sun is up, and feed upon it, ere we refresh ourselves on the food that perisheth. Few would complain of dull Sabbaths or wandering thoughts, or tedious services, were they to secure, for the purposes of private devotion, the morning of the Sabbath. A sacred impulse would be obtained, which, like a favoring gale, would waft the soul onward to its rest.

Until you value and improve the Sabbath morning, you need not expect to experience the full advantages of the blessed day. If on other days you can awake early to serve the world, and on the Lord's day you take the liberty to indulge the flesh, be assured the Sabbath will not ordinarily prove to you a delight, nor will it close upon you with edification and peace.

The Wife and Infant's Grave.

Shrine of the heart! where love with beauty sleeps,
And 'mid the grass, sweet bloom the flow'rets wild;
To nature true—the sorrowing father weeps
Over the ashes of his wife and child.

Dear, silent ones! though all the world forget
That once you formed of busy life a part—
Though friends no longer speak your praises—yet
Your forms still live within a father's heart,
And memory bids her by-gone scenes appear,
Urged by the thrilling magic of a tear!

Again he seems to view his wife's sweet smile,
As oft she doats on her infant's charms,
When clinging to her breast in sportive wile,
Like some fair seraph in an angel's arms!
Youth's joyous dreams come o'er him, and he shines
In all the sunny light of hope and joy—
But ah, alas! the flow'ret fades and pines,
And canker sickness must its bloom destroy;
While his torn breast, condemned with hope to part,
Hides but the ruin of a broken heart!

If for the soul of man a woe was made
That might all solace, every balm defy,
It is to see some fair and dear one fade,
By slow degrees, and smile, and hope—and die!
To mark the ravages of fell disease,
The hectic flush—the eye's unearthly light—
To see the panting victim woo the breeze,
And smile at morn—to be a corpse at night!
Oh, God! than this, e'en death itself is bliss,
And there is solace in the dark cold kiss!

Then, pensive mourner, sacred be thy tears;
Let no one strive to check them as they flow,
For after withered joys, the lapse of years,
They lighten memory of her treasured woe;
And though we seldom hear that fond Hope weeps,
Religion oft-times gems her with a tear,
For from the ashes of the saint that sleeps,
Thou mayest behold an angel form appear;
A smiling tenant of those realms above,
Where tears are wiped away, and all is love!

Afflictions Conducive to Holiness.

Afflictions are the common inheritance of all men. God has a wise design in this, and in all his dealings with us. In many things this design is apparent; it is in various ways revealed to the reflecting mind.

Afflictions, however, are two-fold in their nature and their design. To the sinner, they are threatened judgments—"the wages of sin," the "fruit of his doings." But to the Christian they are promised, not threatened. "In the world," saith the Saviour, "ye shall have tribulation." Again, the apostle says, "If any man will live godly in Christ Jesus he shall suffer persecution." The word of God abounds with many such declarations of promised affliction; but to them all there is a rich assurance of ultimate good annexed.

We purpose to offer a few reflections in relation to the beneficial tendency of afflictions to the believer in Christ. We regard them in the light of a school, wherein many useful sciences are taught. It is in this school that true Christians make their greatest attainments in the knowledge of God and of themselves. While being thus disciplined, we may for a time think we are learning nothing; a sense of confusion, of weakness, of sorrow and trial of various sorts, seems to overwhelm us; when corrected, or urged sharply to move forward, we feel our worst passions stirred up; then we are tempted to think ourselves injured, and made worse than we otherwise should be under a different course of treatment. To cherish such a temptation would be to charge God foolishly for thus disciplining us. We ought to remember that God's methods of dealing with us are best. We know not the depths of our pollution and depravity until we are thus tried. We have an instance of this in the case of the patriarch Job. He, although a good man, was visited by one affliction treading close upon the heel of another, until he was well-nigh overwhelmed, and made thereby to "abhor himself, and repent in dust and ashes." After being thus humbled and instructed, God in due time exalted him. So it may be with some of us.

"The process, though painful, will cease before long,
Then O how pleasant the conqueror's song."

When Job was afflicted he felt his ignorance, and prayed to God, saying, "Shew me wherefore thou contendest with me." This is an example worthy our individual imitation. May it be indelibly written upon our memory. If this prayer is offered in faith, we shall find the answer in the commands, "Be ye holy;" "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." It is the design of afflictions thus to draw us nearer to God, and to fit us for greater usefulness in the world. If, when afflicted, we can discover no such decided advantage, we have just cause for alarm.—But let us not therefore "cast away the beginning of our confidence," or the first fruits of our Christian experience, if we find ourselves sadly deficient in "righteousness and true holiness." We may on examination find that our afflictions have done us some good; they may have caused us, in a measure at least, to let go our hold upon the world; we have less disposition to indulge our depraved nature—the lusts of the flesh; there is less love and desire of human praise, and less fear of human censure; there is less disposition to revenge and retaliate when injured; there is less disposition to yield to the enticings and insinuations of the adversary; there is a deeper consciousness of our own weakness, unworthiness, dependence, and wrath-meriting condition; there is a keener relish for the privileges and means of grace; there is a more grateful appreciation of God's blessings, temporal and spiritual; there is more love and forbearance toward enemies; there are stronger desires for the salvation of others, and the general prosperity of the church of God; there is an increased sense of personal responsibility to God for the influence we exert upon others, and for the use and improvement of all our time, talents, wealth, and power of every kind for the extension of the Redeemer's cause in the world; there is, or should be, an insatiable hungering and thirsting after entire conformity to all the will of God in heart and in life. Such, we remark, are some of the blessed fruits of sanctified affliction. Let us not fear, then, when called to suffer, but labor rather to be holy, and to "glorify God in the fires."—When the furnace was "heated seven times hotter than it was want to be heated" for the three Hebrew worthies, and they were cast into it, then the "form of the fourth, like unto the Son of God," was seen by mortal eye with them, and many were consequently turned from their idolatry. The same God who is "mighty to save," yet reigns, and will reign, "till he has put all his enemies under his feet."—Hence, let us pray, "Father, glorify thyself!" We remember reading some years since an anecdote of the celebrated Whitefield; of his visiting a glass house, and how he beheld the workmen putting the metal into one fire after another. He inquired why they did so. One of them replied, "The first fire was not hot enough, nor the second, and so they had to proceed until the glass became transparent." The inference he drew from this figure, and his desire was, that God might put him into one fire after another until his soul should become transparent—that he might see Christ as he is, and reflect his image. Thus, dear reader, you and I should desire to see Christ as he is, and to reflect his image, whatever it may cost us to do or to suffer. The fire and the knife are needful. The fire melts, refines, and enlivens the soul's best affections; the knife severs, cuts off

"Every wild, luxurious shoot,
That robs the bloom, or starves the fruit."

To poor human nature, we know the process to be painfully severe; but it is only for a moment. It will soon be past. And then we shall have an eternity to praise God that he saved us and made us "partakers of his holiness," if it is even as by fire.—*Guide to Holiness.*

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Sabbath Desecration.

It is painfully distressing to a person nurtured in a Christian land, and instructed to regard the Sabbath as a day specially consecrated by God, and set apart for religious duties, to observe in this, our land, a growing contempt for this holy day. And yet, in some parts of the country, he is compelled to witness doings which are altogether opposed to the design of this sacred institution, and these, too, doings which might and which *ought* to be prevented by the laws of the Province.

These remarks are called forth by the *habitual* and wanton desecration of the Sabbath which we have noticed on the part of travellers to and from the metropolis, during the last six months. We refer only to the past season, not because like disregard has not been manifested before, but because, having been in a position favourable for observation, our conviction is that the evil is increasing.

It is not an uncommon thing for a person residing near the main post road, leading from Halifax to Annapolis, to see several market wagons in company returning from the city, and it will be within the limits of truth to say, that, on many Sabbaths, more than a dozen pass a given spot during a day, and that every Lord's day some are on the road. If this be so in the summer season, what will be the case during the winter, when the principal parts of the country's produce is to be carried to market?

But this is not all, a number of travellers have only to request it, and the Coach Proprietors are on hand to turn out a coach or two and carry them to their destination.—This has not been an unfrequent occurrence during the past summer. Ought these things so to be? Is there any law which forbids Sunday travelling? If so, why are magistrates and other officers of justice quiescent about this matter? Is the Sabbath of so little importance that it matters not as to its observance? Are the feelings of Christian people to be so little regarded that they may thus be wounded with impunity? Surely this is an evil which demands *your* attention, O Christian legislators and magistrates! Beware, we pray you, that by careless indecision, you bring not, upon your heads the blood of precious souls!

We are aware that many seek to justify themselves for travelling on the Sabbath;—there is,—in their estimation,—always some peculiarity in their case which should exempt them from the charge of Sabbath desecration; but, while the decalogue remains in force, the fourth commandment will be an abiding witness against them, and though in the eyes of men it may fail to convict them, yet, in the judgment of God, they are placed under the condemning sentence:—"He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all."

A LOVER OF THE SABBATH.

The Theatre of War.

The *Debats* gives an interesting description of the probable theatre of the impending war, and the fortresses which defend the Turkish bank of the Danube. The line of this river from Orsova to the Black Sea has a length of more than 200 leagues.—Eighteen fortified posts defend the passages of the river on the right, or Turkish bank. They are Orsova, Berza-Palanka, Ferontino, Widdin, Arzal, Lom, Zibrou-Palanka, Rahova, Nikopoli, Sistow, Rutschuk, Turtukai, Silistria, Rassova, Hirchova, Matschinn, Isatchi, and Toultcha. The most important of these are Widdin, Rutschuk, Silistria, Matschinn, Isatchi, and Toultcha, not as being great fortresses, but because they observe the mouths of the Danube.—The Turks have no fortresses on the left bank. Formerly, when the Russians have crossed the Danube, they have encountered none but the natural obstacles of the passage, the Turks never having been able to oppose them on its banks; but at the present moment a powerful army is prepared to dispute with them the passage. In time of war the Russians keep on the Danube a flotilla of gun-boats and small vessels, constructed expressly for the purpose, carrying guns of great calibre.

The Turks have also flotillas of armed barques, which have their stations in the ports of the river, under the guns of their fortresses, which are employed to provision them, and to aid their defence in case of siege. The course of the river between Wallachia and Bulgaria divides itself naturally into three regions—the Upper Danube from Orsova to Widdin; the Middle Danube, from Widdin to Rutschuk and Silistria; and the Lower Danube, from the latter town to the sea. At Orsova the channel of the Danube widens considerably. Here the fortress of Orsova rises from an island. It is a rectangle, flanked by four bastions, *a la* Vauban, constructed in the seventeenth century. Five leagues below, opposite the Wallachian town of Tchernetz, are the ruins of Trajan's bridge. The river here attains the breadth of a quarter of a league.—Lower down are rapids, which, without intercepting navigation, render it difficult.

The first important fortress which we meet is Widden, with a population of 20,000. It has the form of a semicircle, with the Danube for the diameter. It is an irregular and prolonged pentagon, with an *enciente* flanked with redans, and counterflanked by five bastions of tolerable good construction. It has never been occupied by the Russians, who have not been accustomed to employ great military forces on the Upper Danube. Nikopoli, a commercial town, was ruined and entirely destroyed by the Russians in 1811. It has now from 10,000 to 12,000 inhabitants. It is a point of passage which it behoves the Turks well to guard. Thus, the *enciente* of Nikopoli has been re-instated, and Omer Pacha at this moment is constructing new works there. The right bank of the Danube is for the most part higher than the left, which gives the Turks a certain advantage; but there are intervals where the valley enlarges, and where the passage is not rendered difficult by the configuration of the soil.

At all these intervals fortresses have been raised, most of which are of mediocre construction, but are sufficient to oppose a first resistance, and to serve as a point *d'appui* to a body of troops employed to obstruct the passage, or to manœuvre on the rear of the enemy, should the passage be accomplished by a superior force. It is on a point of this character that in descending the Danube we find the town of Sistow, with a population of 10,000 inhabitants, and an *enciente* flanked with towers. This town was destroyed by the Russians in 1811, but has been rebuilt and the fortifications carefully reconstructed on a more modern plan, and augmented with several outworks. It is one of the strongest places on the line of the Danube. Giourjewo, which once covered it on the left bank, has been lost to Turkey as a fortification, but there is an island in front of it where some new works have been raised. Turtukai, having opposite to it the Wallachian village of Oltenitza, is a point of passage which the Rusians have several times seized, and before which they have at this moment a numerous cantonment.

The town, which has 5,000 inhabitants, is closed with an *enciente* like all the small towns of Turkey. Its military importance is considerable, for the ground presents no obstacle to the establishment of bridges of boats, and the town occupies the head of a route which leads into the interior of Bulgaria by Rasgrad. Omer Pacha has carefully fortified Turtukai with the aid of European engineers, who are now tolerably numerous in the Turkish army. Silistria is one of the best fortifications of the Danube. Notwithstanding imperfections which no longer exist, the Russians had great difficulty in obtaining possession of it in 1829. General Diebitsch, although master of Varna, dared not undertake the march to Adrianople before having taken Silistria, a circumstance which strongly demonstrates the utility to Turkey of the fortresses on the line of the Danube; they have always held the Russians in check for twelve or fourteen months. We may remark, *en passant*, that fortresses have never hindered an army from crossing a river. The Rhine has been crossed whenever it has been found necessary, notwithstanding that it was defended by fortresses stronger than those of the Danube. In each of their wars on the latter river, the Russians have been able to cross easily; but with a warlike people like the Turks, all of whom are accustomed to bear arms, it is dangerous to penetrate far into the country having fortified towns in the rear. It was on this account that the Russians in 1828 were obliged to lay seige to three places before they could carry their operations further into the country.

But to return to the Lower Danube: its breadth augments and its rapidity diminishes, but it preserves a speed of a league an hour. Some leagues from Silistria the river makes a great bend toward the North as far as Galatz, where it resumes its Easterly direction, until it discharges itself into the Black Sea. Leaving Silistria, the first town which we meet is the town of Rossova, where the passage of the river is impracticable on account of the marshes on the left bank, which are fed by the waters of the Bertscha. It is 12 leagues from Rossova to the port of Kustendje, a fortified town.—Further on we find the small fortress of Hirsova, under the guns of which in time of peace there is a bridge of boats. From this point to the mouths of the Danube a vast low and marshy plain extends, having in it numerous lakes. The communication between the towns and villages is kept up by means of some very bad roads, but the country is fertile.

The forts of Matchinn, Isatchi, and Toultcha, near the mouths of the Danube, are rather posts of observation than fortified places. They serve to keep watch over the opposite bank, to protect the Turkish flotillas, and, in case of need, to fire on the Russian vessels.

Many persons appear to expect every morning news of the passage of the Danube by the Russians or the Turks, but the whole of the Danubian country is impracticable during the Winter, and must be during the present Autumn, if the season is as wet there as it has been in Central Europe.—The alluvial soil is easily broken up by the rains. The roads and routes not being well kept up, are in bad weather nothing but mud. All transports of commerce by land, which in the dry season are very active between Varna and Rutschuk, absolutely cease. Then, an army can no more manœuvre in the country through the impossibility of carrying with it its artillery and necessary baggage. The irregular cavalry of the Turks,

and the Cossacks of the Russians, are the only troops which can then keep the field. In the preceding campaigns the Russians have always withdrawn into their cantonments in Wallachia, ever raising the sieges which they may have commenced, and leaving behind them only some Cossack scouts and garrisons in the *tetes-de-points*. The Danube, before it is divided to form its delta, has a width of about 4,000 yards, which is broken up by little islands. It is frozen almost every year. Wallachia and Bulgaria, although situated under the latitude of Provence and Tuscany, are subject to extremely rigorous Winters, not being sheltered from the glacial North-east wind which blows directly upon them from the vast steppes of Russia and the plateaux of Upper Asia. The frost lasts from the month of December to the month of March, and the country at the thaw is more impracticable than ever.

Ladies' Department.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.)

The Death of Moses.

There was a sound upon the breeze,
Of mourning and of woe;
But not as when, on battle field
Relentless foe meets foe:
It was the wail of stricken ones,
For the true heart and brave;
For him whose treasured hopes and high,
Were gathered to the grave.

He stood upon the mountain-top,
A light was in his eye,
A light of glory and of love,
A light of majesty:
Oh! Israel, he cried aloud,
How sure is thy defence;
The Eternal shall thy portion be,
Thy guard, Omnipotence.

He paused, and on the plain beneath,
One lingering glance he bent,
Where flashed in the broad sunlight's glance,
Each snowy glittering tent:
There Israel's countless thousands lay,
Beneath the mountain brow,
They were his loved and cherished ones,
How can he leave them now?

The flush hath left the warrior's cheek,
The storm hath passed away;
He looked one lingering, deep farewell,
The left their bright array:
There was no paleness on his brow,
No dimness in his eye;
Alone, with the Eternal One,
He laid him down to die.

BESSIE BERANGER.

November 21, 1853.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.)

Fireside Musings.

THE FADED BLOSSOMS.

BY M. E. H.

"Oh, are there not hours, when the march of existence
Grows faint, with a vain and a voiceless regret,—
For scenes that the pilgrim still marks in the distance
Yet bright with the memory of *some we have met*."

The autumn winds are sighing fitfully around the dwelling, vainly seeking ingress through closed windows and drawn curtains; the fire diffuses its cheerful light and warmth through the apartment,—and busy fingers gladly lay down the work and needle, as "the evening shadows fall," while the mind—left awhile, at liberty, to roam where fancy leads the way—is one moment looking back, tracing all the shadowy paths of the past, and the next gaily glancing into the future, erecting, with the assistance of hope, airy castles, which are indeed but "the baseless fabric of a vision." Beautiful, bewitching beautiful, is Dreamland,—and fancy fain would linger,—but reason, in sober tones, admonishes me to call the truant back,—and with a sigh and a smile, I obey her commands,—and the glowing visions she has conjured up speedily fade away.

Again, rushing past the casement, sweeps the autumn blast, so fitful, so wild, so mournful are its tones, that I could fancy them a requiem for departed summer. Those wailing winds have evoked sad yet sweet memories of the past, memories that early impressed on the heart can never be effaced,—

"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

In my walk to-day, where lately luxuriant foliage charmed the eye with its graceful beauty, and afforded refreshing shade from the fervid rays of the sun, the trees stood despoiled of their beauty, while, thickly crowded over the path, lay the lately verdant but now withered leaves. From the gardens, too, have disappeared the blooming flowers; a few still linger, the last of a lovely race, as though unwilling to depart,—but winters, whose heralds are the biting frost and pitiless blast, has loudly proclaimed his coming, and soon the lingering vestiges of summer shall have disappeared from garden, field and bower.

Yes, the beautiful summer has gone,—but not forever. Again shall earth rejoice in her smile, and, bursting from its icy fetters, awaken to fresh beauty and life under her genial influence. Again shall the young and the happy go forth in the sunshine, singing, "The winter is over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds is come,"—

"The Daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,"
shall again enamel the fields,—and the sweet Mayflower, with its perfume, lure many a wanderer to sequestered spots, while every garden shall be a chosen temple for the loveliest of Flora's train.

But, alas, for the human flowers, that, for a time, gladdened happy homes, expanding into loveliness every day, until the spoiler came, and, beneath his icy touch, they faded and perished. The dark shadows of night are even now falling upon their graves,—and through the long grass that mantles their tombs, the autumn winds are mournfully sighing, while weeping survivors, in the bitterness of anguish, exclaim—

"Oh, not for the ravage of winter I mourn,
Kind nature the embryo blossoms will save,—
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn,
Oh when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?"

Thought, ever active, has forcibly recalled to-night, the memory of—

"Two fair young blossoms that grew up
And faded by my side."

Not very far distant is a home where, some time ago, death entered and plucked two of its fairest flowers. Companions of my childhood and early youth were they, and still, "though lost to sight, to memory dear."

Two blooming sisters, buds of loveliness, the hope and pride of fond parents, were cut down in the very bloom of life. How vividly I can recall them to memory, though years have elapsed since, "ashes to ashes," and "dust to dust," were committed their lovely forms. I see Mary sitting, as she was often wont to do, near the school-room window, the bright rays of the sun lending a golden lustre to the rich brown hair parted smoothly from her fair forehead, her fragile, yet graceful form, bending over the drawing, which, even then, yielded intense delight to her artistic soul; I mark the kindling cheek, as the small white fingers diligently ply the pencil, and one touch after another is added, until it stands before her completed,—and now, as she pauses and looks up, catching the glance of loving eyes bent on her, what a smile illuminates her pensive countenance,—a smile so sweet, so subdued, that one might imagine such would be the smile of angels.

Of Mary's early death I had always a painful presentiment. She was so unlike others, so gentle, so loving; surely, blessed spirit, thou didst possess, in an eminent degree, woman's crowning ornament, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price." I never pressed that dear hand, but I felt the time would come when I could press it no more; I never listened to the sweet tones of that voice, but the thought would send an icy chill to my heart, that that voice should soon be silent in the grave;—and in our happiest intercourse with each other, a feeling of sadness, which I strove in vain to overcome, would invariably steal over me, a feeling such as would prompt the exclamation:—"This cannot last."

But Jane, the younger sister, the very personification of health and cheerfulness, she of the bounding step, the laughing eye, the rosy cheek, who could have dreamed that the summons would first have come to her! The counsellor of her younger brothers and sisters, to whom, next to their parents, they sought for sympathy in all their little grievances,—the lightener of domestic toil, whose face made sunshine round the hearth,—the pleasant schoolmate and companion, whose merry laugh rings even now in my ear,—who would have imagined that she would have been the first of the family to tread the dark valley and shadow of death. But it was even so. From active duties, performed with a cheerfulness which would have shamed many a discontented and murmuring spirit, that had doubled her years,—in that period of life when existence has not lost its zest, and every object seems to contribute to its simple pleasures,—from a loving circle into which death had not yet entered and severed its golden links, was she called to part; violent and speedy disease seized upon that active, youthful form,—and, in a few short days, weeping survivors committed it to the tomb, "in sure and certain hope of a blissful resurrection."

Not many months were the sisters separated "Very lovely were they in their lives,"—and, in their deaths scarcely divided. Mary's grief was characteristic of her nature. It was silent but deep,—and daily her step grew more languid, her cheek paler, her smile more pensive. Disease found ready access to a frame fatally prepared for his influence,—and though love, stronger than death, would have held her back,—though fond parents, with streaming eyes, implored a longer delay,—and the earnest supplications of friends ascended to Heaven that she might be spared,—tears and prayers, love and friendship, availed not, for

"The Angel of the Covenant had come,—
And, faithful to his promise, stood prepared,
To walk, with her, through deaths dark valley."

The parting struggle was short but severe. Death had lost its sting; the grave its power to harm; for faith, triumphant faith, lightened up that dying hour,—and though severe pain racked the slight frame, the mind was calm and composed,—nay, eagerly anticipating the moment, when the soul, bursting from its prison-house, should emerge into the light and life of immortality.

Happy sisters, ye have met again never to be separated! And oh, what cares, what trials, what griefs may you not have escaped. "Very sorrowful is," too often, "the lot of a woman." Infinite wisdom alone can penetrate the future,—and no doubt ye were "taken away from the evil to come."

To us, who still linger in a world of trial, your memories are precious. Embalmed with tears they may be,—but there is no bitterness in those tears. We think of you, as of two lovely spirits, who, for awhile, cheered and gladdened an earthly home,—whose words and looks of love are still among the heart's precious treasures,—with whom we were permitted to converse, and to roam in pleasant paths,—and then, suddenly ye disappeared from our sight,

"Ye were not for God took ye."

Farewell, dear ones, but not for ever,—Oh precious, thrice precious Gospel, through which life and immortality are brought to light. We may not "mourn as those without hope," for well we know if faithful we shall meet you again,—and this hope sustains us through many a dark and trying hour, while like the whisperings of some ministering spirit, recurs the sweet and encouraging language of *her* "the early loved and lost," whom, having known and loved on earth, ye, long ere this, greeted on the eternal shores,

"Oh, holy hope, thou art a ray,
Sent from a brighter clime,—
And, shedding o'er the mourner's way,
A radiancy sublime;
A rainbow, rich with hues more bright,
Than ever spanned the sky,—
And which a drear hope declare,
The loved shall meet on high.

October.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1853.

Thoughts on the Present State of the World.

(Continued.)

The author of "The Coming Struggle" writes as if it were the easiest thing imaginable for Russia to "invade and conquer the kingdom" of Turkey. "Evidence of this consummation," he says "is already apparent. Notwithstanding the presence of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, Britain has been so far deceived as to recall the only man who could have pursued efficient measures, in the event of an invasion." The reference here is to Sir Stratford Canning; but to this cited instance of British error, the author appends a note, stating, that "since the First Edition" of his work was published, Sir Stratford has "been again appointed Ambassador to Turkey." The implication on the British Government must then be withdrawn, and the case stands in the same position as it did before that Ambassador's recall; and if before his recall he "could have pursued efficient measures, in the event of an invasion," we suppose he has the same ability now. "The country is thus left open," proceeds the writer, "to the inroad of the northern c[illegible], and very soon the news will come that [illegible] on of the Sultan's capital." But [illegible] which this supposed [illegible] sion rests, is removed, the "news" to which [illegible] riers may not reach us as soon as he predicts.

Let the reader take note of the immense and scientific defensive preparations made by Turkey, an account of which may be found in another column; let him remember that England and France have already taken "efficient measures" to defend the "Sultan's capital;" let him bear in mind that the combined fleets of those powerful nations, carrying powerful armaments, already ride in the harbour of Constantinople; and he may see cause to call in question the soundness of the opinion of the above cited author, and agree with that entertained by many others, by no means destitute of intelligence, that Constantinople cannot be won in a day, but that a war once commenced by such Powers, may be greatly prolonged, and possibly may result in the disappointment and consequent humiliation of the proud Autocrat of all the Russias.

The author of "The Coming Struggle" asserts as confidently as if he could see the end from the beginning, that all Europe, save England, is shortly to lie conquered at the feet of Nicholas; and, what appears still more strange, is, that, in his opinion, during "this direful game of war," in which Thrones are shaken and dynasties overthrown, "Britain is exempted from the affray, though her proximity to the scene of the unequalled struggle will keep her in a continual state of alarm, and her rulers anxious and watchful!"

This we do not conceive to be at all probable—it is *possible* only on the ground of direct miraculous interposition in favour of Russia, which ground we do not see the author pretends to take. In the struggle of Poland for freedom, is it not certain, that if that unfortunate people had received aid from England and France, the result would have been different and the name of Poland, as an independent kingdom, would not have been blotted out from the annals of the nations of the earth? In the still more recent Hungarian affair, is it not equally certain, that the revolt of Hungary would have been crowned with success against Austria and Russia combined, if she had received timely and effective assistance from the powerful nations now hastening to the defence of Turkey? Nor, in all probability, would the practical result be different in the case more immediately under consideration, even were Austria and Prussia to unite with the Czar. After years of war the principal empires engaged in the bloody scenes of carnage, would occupy the same relative position as now, and the original causes of dispute would, as in many preceding instances, be settled, at least for a season, by treaties. Nor should it be overlooked that the actual doings of England in reference to Turkey disprove the sagacity of the author of "The Coming Struggle," in this instance, as England has given plainly unmistakeable signs that she does not intend to "exempt herself from the affray," but to take an active part in checking the further inroads of Russia in Eastern Europe. So far his prediction is not justified by current events.

Rejecting the idea of the immediate downfall of Rome, and of the destruction of Turkey as an independent nation, we are inclined to believe, that the war, about to be, or which has already been commenced, will either involve the whole of the European Powers, and be overruled so as to visit many of them with those national punishments due to their national offences; or that it will be averted or arrested by negociation.

The political state of Europe is at present peculiar. The majority of its nations repose on a slumbering volcano. In Austria, France, and Italy, the fire of liberty is burning in the hearts of millions, which ever and anon sends forth a furid glare, as indicative of the flames glowing beneath the apparently frigid surface. A general continental war would serve to remove the covering from, and open wide the thousand mouths of the fiercely burning volcano, which in its subsequent fearful outbursts might send peril and destruction into the palaces of despotism. We look hopefully on the present array of hostile armies for the cause of constitutional liberty as well as of freedom of conscience; and consider the Russian Autocrat to be pursuing a policy most perilous to the permanency of his own despotic power and the safety of other European thrones established on the same basis.

We are believers in the doctrine of human progress, in religion, in arts and sciences, and in properly-understood constitutional government. We cannot believe that the majority of our race are always to be ground down and roughly ridden over by the iron heel of tyranny,—that individuals are to have access to, or be debarred from, the fountain of knowledge, at the option of political tyrants,—and that men and women are forever to be bound down, under severe penalties, to embrace certain religious dogmas, and observe a definite round of religious ceremonies, at the mandate of despotic, irresponsible Sovereigns.—Freedom of conscience, and political liberty, accompanied with suitable and necessary guards and checks, we regard as the inalienable birthright of every human being, but of which millions have been unjustly defrauded from time immemorial.

For this cruel deprivation, contravening, as it has done, the purposes of heaven, those nations guilty of, or which have connived at this immense fraud, have yet to give an account to outraged humanity and an offended God. The time may have now come when a heavy instalment of the long impending penalty is to be demanded by the moral Governor of earth, and to be paid by those nations most involved in guilt; and though for mutual safety, it may be deemed necessary to maintain present national bounds, perhaps with some modifications, such as the required independence of Poland and Hungary, the final issue may be that the forms of some of the present existing governments may be materially altered, the hitherto strong arm of despotism be broken, and a new order of things established. We are not now pleading for any one form of government more than for another, provided the personal liberty of the subject and the individual rights of conscience are respected and secured; but we are endeavouring to foreshadow what, in our judgment, will, in all probability, be the almost unavoidable consequences of the *present* struggle in the old world. From this tempestuous sea of disorder may emerge another state of things, and man, in his individual character, occupy a position more in accordance with the ultimate designs of Providence and the rights inalienably inhering in him, as the master-piece of God's earthly creation.

Under the whole length and breadth of despotic rule, lies a mine, deep buried for ages, from which every successive contest of the people with their tyrannical rulers, though for the time unsuccessful, removes a layer, thus rendering final access to it less and less difficult. The present aspect of affairs in the old world, justifies the belief that there is danger just now of that mine being sprung, and that too by one, whose most important interests are at stake, and who is as likely to suffer eventually by revolutionary movements as others of his class.

The cause of human advancement in civil, social, and religious matters, will move onward, though at times apparently retarded by unlooked for circumstances, and by the combination of powerful despotic rulers,—for God has not abandoned the earth, nor closed his ears to the sighs and prayers of the oppressed.

A contest at the present day between the notable Powers of Europe, would doubtless entail a vast amount of suffering, add greatly to the population of the dead, and arrest that portion of the globe in its career of commercial and of every other substantial prosperity; at the same time, the ambitious designs of Russia would be frustrated, and a fresh impulse would be given to the progress of constitutional liberty in the European and Asiatic continents, and the whole in all probability be overruled by a controlling Providence, to the overthrow of the barriers of superstition and fanaticism, and the entrance and extension of Christian truth.

The success of Russia, implying the subversion of Turkey as an independent empire, would result beyond doubt in the persecution of the adherents of Mahommedanism, with a hope of either their conversion to another faith, or their extermination; but the faith that would be substituted or attempted to be established by force, is not itself pure. The Greek Church is corrupt in doctrine, and nearly as superstitious in practice as the Church of Rome; and genuine Protestantism has nothing to hope for from the prevalency of that faith, and would have far less liberty under the tyrannic supremacy of the Greek Church, than it has now the prospect of possessing under Mahommedan rule, providing the policy of the present Porte shall be continued and be enforced throughout the entire dominions of Turkey.

(To be Continued)

French Methodism,

AND ITS ASPECTS TOWARDS ITALY AND SPAIN.

From the Continent, 18th. Oct. 1853.

Perhaps our friends may have been looking for some intelligence from us, as a sequel to the proceedings and decisions of our last Methodist Conference. Lest our silence should lead any of our helping, praying friends to imagine that we have lost courage, I just drop a line, *pour donner signe de vie*, as the French say.

One reason why we have nothing new to state is that our Committees, or *Commissions*, are busy in their several spheres of labour, and with their various schemes. Of course their labours can only be made public at the proper period, but I may be allowed to state a few particulars, without being deemed indiscreet.

The Book-Agent appointed by our Conference is not inactive. He has applied to the proper authorities at Paris, for the legal authorization required by every book-agent or book-seller and publisher. There is every appearance that he will succeed in his application. He is at the same time preparing his plans for the republication of some of our standard works—Wesley's Sermons, and so forth, and for a monthly issue of our new periodical, the *Archives du Methodisme*. An impulse will be given to our literature; it was much needed; it will be also well-timed.

The *Conseil Executif* of the Committee of Evangelization is endeavouring to carry out the decisions of that body with regard to the new openings proposed, and collecting in monies.—The *Italian Committee*, especially, is earnestly at work on the subject of two important posts, concerning which petitions have been addressed to Conference. Till the subject has been fully concluded it becomes me to be prudent in my statements. Suffice it to say, for the present, that those openings, should they prove to be what they are represented to be, and should they be finally accepted by the Committee, will be finally accepted by the Committee, will be such as it has never yet been the lot of Methodism on the continent to possess: the south of Italy and the north of Spain will then be at a short distance from our outposts, and native agents will be preparing for the first opening which it may please our gracious Master to vouchsafe, for the spread of the Gospel light in those benighted lands.

Your Correspondent is about to proceed on a visit of inspection and exploration in these places, and he may, should it be advisable, write from thence, giving sketches of the country and details on the openings presented. May he beg an interest in behalf of the labours of Methodism on the Continent in the prayers of your praying readers?

The regular work in our Circuits proceeds with encouraging success. The *Drome* enjoys the benefits of the late revival, in large congregations, overflowing class-meetings, and devoted fellow-labourers in the Lord, such as Local Preachers and Class-leaders. The newly appointed Preachers, Messrs. Massot and Emile Cook, are expected with pleasing anticipations for the coming year.

In the *Gard*, our oldest Circuit in the south, the cause is in a revived healthy state. Not only have sinners been brought in by scores, but backsliders have been healed, and some would-be-reformers, dissatisfied spirits have been put in a good frame of mind, and place anew their shoulders to the work. I am sorry to add that an old spirit of opposition to Methodism has reappeared among certain parties at Nimes and in its neighbourhood. The fact is, there are persons who cannot bear the idea of the existence and spread of Methodism without exposing themselves to a spasmodic fit, or something of the sort. A revival among the Methodists!—it puts certain people among us in a grin or a fury. Well, so much the worse for them, poor souls; especially if they should chance to be members with us of the Evangelical Alliance.

In the *Cevennes* there is a good spirit among the various denominations, who rank thus: National Church, Methodists, Independents, Plymouth Brethren. Good is doing among the people. We have a fair field in this hill-country,—large congregations of our own, access to the pulpits of the Establishment, and a general influence favourable to our cause and to religion generally.

From the Cevennes we have applications to Montpellier, (where we hope to go shortly,) to Narbonne, and as far as Perpignan,—cities quite on the frontiers of Spain. We may thus get near Spain in two directions from France, and the Missionary at Gibraltar from another. Is there not hope in this for the poor Spaniard?—And is it a thing impossible with God, that Methodism, destined as it is to benefit the world, should reach even Spain?

Our friends in the North are encouraged, as well as those of the Alps. The Swiss Methodists do not despair of seeing blessed days in their sweet country. The fact is, the formation of our French Mission into a distinct Connexion has put new life into our Society,—into pastors and people,—and opened fields of labour and facilities for embracing openings which it is truly delightful to contemplate.

The subject of the training of our candidates for the ministry, is still a matter unsettled, and yet it is becoming increasingly urgent. We have one youth from Corsica, on the Mediterranean; another from Norway; a third from the Meuse, in France; to say nothing of others from more privileged places. Now, by what means are these Christian youths to become so initiated into the doctrines and usages of Methodism, as to be able to take charge of stations such as ours generally are, where the preacher is far removed from a constant contact with other preachers of the Circuit?

Before closing my letter, allow me to turn aside from Methodist news, to give your readers a few details on the general state of matters among us. In religious affairs—nothing striking; the State Protestant Churches are more or less revived according to the character of the pastor they may chance to have. But in general, the revival takes place *without*, rather than within, the pale of the establishment.

As to politics, we slumber. People read and speak of other matters; and they do well.—Young men who have now no debating rooms, or political clubs to go to, betake themselves to learn music and form bands; or to feasting, and form dinner parties. The war with Russia hardly occupies the public attention: in the interior of the country, and without the walls of our French cities newspapers are at a discount.

But such is not the case with bread, meat and provisions generally. Everything is dear—dear; notwithstanding all the efforts of Government to encourage the introduction of foreign wheat and cattle. The vintage has been a failure, the silk worms in the south have failed, and vegetables and provisions generally are poor in quality, and high as to price.

Surely the Lord is visiting us; Oh! that the people would learn wisdom, and turn to God. War, famine, pestilence are threatening us; and the future looks dreary enough. But behind the cloud the sun of righteousness appears: the coming of a latter-day glory is foretold and hastens on. Even so Lord Jesus come.—*Corr. London Watchman.*

Weaving by Electricity.

The *Commerce Sericole*, a French commercial paper, gives an account of the remarkable invention by which it is proposed to utilise the electric current in the process of weaving. In the Jacquard loom, as is well known, the regulation of that particular order of the threads which determines the distinctive character of the fabric, and which was formerly effected by children crouched under the loom pulling cords, is at the present produced by the movement which the weaver gives himself to a treadle.—This invention, however admirable, is not without difficulties and certain defects, which it would be satisfactory to overcome by still simpler means. At each passage of the shuttle there must be a piece of cardboard of a certain breadth, pierced with holes arranged so as to correspond with the design; and when we bear in mind that for certain designs as many as 40,000 of these pieces of cardboard have to be used, and that 1,500 are required in ordinary cases for a design of the simplest coloring, and calculating that they cost about 15 francs (12s. 6d.) per hundred, it will be easily seen that these cards must be the cause of great expense, as well as inconvenience.

There are other objections, also, of more or less importance; such as the noise which the loom makes in working, the space which it occupies, and its constant liability to derangements. All these inconveniences are about to disappear by the introduction of electricity, the action of which is so powerful, so easy to be directed, and so prompt in its various operations. The treadle of the weaver lifts the thread and connects the extremity of each by means of copper wire with a current of electricity either positive or negative at will, and the result is, that without any noise some of the threads remain suspended, and others descend, according as the current is directed. By this means as great a simplicity is effected in the weaving of fabrics of the most complicated nature as in that of common cloth. To direct the electricity, there is no longer need of mechanism for transferring or tracing the design. A series of points are arranged in a line like the teeth of a comb, each point communicating with an electro-magnet. The weaver will only have to pass underneath these points the design, traced in varnish on a cylinder or on a metalic leaf, in communication with the battery.

The current will pass only where the varnish is wanting, and it will be the corresponding threads only which will remain suspended, and which by that means will reproduce the design as it came from the hands of the artist with a surprising exactitude. Instead of the expense of a design through the means of complicated cards, you have only that of the simple design, and of the tending of the battery.—Telegraphic experience proves how slight will be this last. There will be a saving in the most complicated designs of very nearly three-fourths of the expense, and in others certainly more than half. We shall be able, moreover, to correct and vary our designs by a few strokes of the brush; and their slight cost will permit a more frequent renewal. So soon as the patents of invention, which are being applied for in every country of Europe, and in America, shall be obtained, it is intended to exhibit at Turin an electric loom, worked side by side with a Jacquard, producing the same fabric and the same design, the public being freely admitted.

A Vow and not a Vow.

"A curious illustration of the light in which Papists regard their vows in their dealings with "heretics," is furnished by a proceeding which took place on Monday in the registration Court at Morpeth. The Monks of the Order of St. Benedict, it is well known, take among other vows, that of poverty: the effect of which is, that the person who has taken that vow, cannot hold any property whatever. Notwithstanding this disqualification, seventeen monks belonging to a Benedictine Convent at Liverpool claimed to be placed on the register in respect of their being possessed each of a share in a freehold house and garden in Oldgate, Morpeth. The claim was eventually disallowed, as, independently of the question what effect the vow of poverty may have upon the legality of the alleged tenure, it turned out that the property on which the claim was founded, was insufficient in amount to sustain the seventeen votes claimed. But apart from this decision, the fact itself that such a claim has been preferred, and the manner in which the Monk endeavoured to evade the conclusions obviously following from his *status*, and from the vow he had taken, is highly characteristic. In his relations with the Papal Church the Monk recognizes the obligation imposed upon him by the vow of poverty, to lay no claim to any property; but the moment he has to do with "heretics," and the object is to establish a claim to political power in a "heretical" State, that sacred obligation dissolves into the air; the man who has taken the vow of poverty, swears that he is a holder of property just like any other proprietor.—Such is the genius of Popery. Under its deceptive light nothing has any real and proper existence. Everything is, or is not, simply what it suits the Papal Church that, *pro hac vice*, it should be, or not be. A vow or an oath is to-day a most sacred obligation, and to-morrow, if it be to the interest of Mother Church, it is nothing at all,—*vox et prœterea nihil*. Yet men with such a morality flowing from their creed, claim admission into the fellowship of human society, which has the obligation of truth and the sancity of an oath for its basis."—*John Bull.*

Hope for Italy.

That the sun of Italy should rise above the Savoy mountains, rather than beyond the Appenines, is a circumstance reconcilable to fact, if not to theory. Venice, Milan, Rome, Naples, all the old centres of Italian vitality, lie as it were, under a cloud of black serge—in which sits, with bloody talons and savage beak, the black eagle of the Austrian Nero. Above Turin alone, the sun shines and the light is spreading. With a boldness that reminds us of the Blakes and Cromwells of our own heroic time, the statesmen of this small Italian kingdom, though pressed on the side of France as well as on that of Austria by a priest-ridden emperor, proceed to carry into effect their great national reforms. The last instance is particularly remarkable. The great pest of Piedmont, as of nearly all Catholic countries, is the enormous number of worthless fellows, who, by entering one or another of the monkish orders, contrive to live upon its industry, while they escape from the usual duties and obligations of the citizen. To strike at this evil, even in idea, was an act requiring as much courage as to walk up to a masked battery; but the statesmen of Sardinia have done more—they have resolved in some measure to remove it. We hear from Savoy that Father Monachon de St. Ivoire, of the order of the Holy Family, has been seized, in spite of his shaven head and dirty habit, by the recruiting serjeant, put into clean linen, and enrolled in the national army. Of course, the "Holy Family" are indignant at these outrages, illeness and vermin being an estate of which they believed themselves to be in irresponsible possession. One can fancy Father Monachon's horror on being compelled to drop his filthy serge, and still filthier habits, and being forced to stand upright, brisk, clean, and wholesome, in the smart regimentals of the Savoy Rangers! Shall we have a papal bull against the application of soap to the sacred persons of the servants of the church? *Lloyd's Newspaper.*

Coughing in Consumption.

The Herald, of July 10th, states that, during the week preceding, fifty persons died of consumption, in New York city. Per contra, a gentleman called upon us yesterday, who actually escaped from the fangs of this disease some years ago; and we are induced to present the circumstances:

"You speak of coughing continually. Let me suggest to you the query, whether this is not unnecessary and injurious. I have long been satisfied, from experience and observation, that much of the coughing which precedes and attends consumption is voluntary. Several years ago, I boarded with a man who was in the incipient stages of consumption. I slept in a chamber over his bed-room, and was obliged to hear him cough continually and distressingly. I endured the annoyance, night after night, till it led me to reflect whether something could not be done to stop it. I watched the sound which the man made, and observed that he evidently made a voluntary effort to cough. After this I made several experiments on myself, and found that I could prevent myself from coughing, sneezing, gaping, &c., in case of the strongest propensity to these acts, by a strenuous effort of the will.—Then I reflected that coughing must be very irritating and injurious to the delicate organs that are concerned in it, especially when they are in a diseased state. What can be worse for ulcered bronchia, or lungs, than the violent wrenching of a cough? It must be worse than speaking. A sore on any part of the body, if it is constantly kept open by violent usage, or made raw again by a contusion just when it is healing (and of course begins to itch,) will grow worse, and end in death. Certainly, then, a sore on the lungs may be expected to terminate fatally, if it is constantly irritated and never suffered to heal; and this, it seems to me, is just what coughing does for it. On the strength of such considerations as these, I made bold to ask the man if he could not stop coughing. He answered no I told him what I thought about it, as above. He agreed to make a trial; and on doing so, he found to his surprise that he could suppress his cough almost entirely. The power of the will over it increased as he exercised it, and in a few days he was mostly rid of the disposition to cough. His health, at the same time, evidently improved, and when I last saw him, he was in strong hopes of getting out of death's hands."

This occurred eighteen years ago, and the man comes round now, an active business man, averring that he has not had a sick day since.

Education.

COMMON SCHOOLS OF NEW ENGLAND.—By the last official returns of the Public Schools in the six New England States, the whole number of pupils in attendance during the year was 610,083. The whole cost of instruction for the year was $2,055,131.65. In Vermont the average cost of each pupil was $2 22; in Maine $1.31; in Connecticut $1.35; in Rhode Island $1.64.—In Massachusetts the law requires each town to raise by tax at least $1.50 per child, between five and fifteen years of age, as a condition of receiving a share of the income of the State school fund. All the towns complied with this condition last year, and one hundred and eighty towns raised double the sum thus specified. The amount expended in Massachusetts last year for each child above named, was $4.54.

EDUCATION IN TEXAS.—The *Flag of the Union* says:—

"We have about 450 common schools in the State. These schools are in charge of teachers who are competent, generally, to bestow a knowledge of the initiatory branches of a practicle education. We have twenty-one high schools and colleges, chartered by our Legislature; eight female institutes, and thirteen male. Nine of these are classical in their course, and consequently we are not dependant on our enlightened sister States for the mental accomplishment of our youth. It is said there are 30,000 persons in Texas over twenty-one years of age who cannot read and write."

THE number of adults in the State of Georgia who cannot read or write, is 41,000, and the number of children whose parents are unable to send them to school are upwards of 38,000. According to official returns, the number of adults in Virginia who cannot read and write is 80,000—20,000 more than in 1840: and the number of children whose parents have not the means to educate them is 75,000.

Religious Items.

...The seamen's missionary employed by the New York City Tract Society, had supplied the crew of a vessel going from this port to Hayti with some tracts, and also with some religious books and papers.—These the men, when they reached their destination, made into a parcel and were taking on shore, when they were stopped by a custom-house officer; but a superior officer interfered, and directed that no duty should be charged upon the parcel, and promised the captain that whatever he might bring of the same kind should pass duty free. Just at that time the Emperor Faustin passed that way, and hearing what had taken place, immediately gave command that henceforward no duty should be charged upon Bibles, Testaments, or Protestant religious tracts, or books, or other publications. Then turning to the captain he said, "I shall be glad to have on this island as much of such reading matter as you can bring; and if any person interferes with you let me know it." This conduct of a sable emperor deserves the imitation of certain fair-complexioned monarchs.

...What, in the opinion of many, would be the effect on Christianity in the East, and especially on the labours of the Protestant missionaries in Turkey, should Russia succeed in her grasping designs on that country, will be seen by the following extract of a letter from a correspondent of the New York Times, who has recently returned from a two years residence in Europe:—

"As soon as Russia has gained the power it seeks in Turkey over the Greek Church, all those missionaries will be served as those of Scotland were, who were driven from the shore of the Black Sea about two years ago. They will have no place in Turkey or Greece. This has been the grand business of Nicholas for some years. He has converted hundreds of thousands of Lutherans and others, over whom Russia has stretched her government in late years, at the point of the bayonet driving such as he could, without resistance, into his Greek Church, and such as would not consent, into his prisons. The rapid increase of the evangelical and American view of Christianity in the Greek and Armenian Churches in Turkey, is giving alarm to the autocrat."

...The comet which has lately been visible has served a priest not far from Warsaw with materials for a very curious sermon. After having summoned his congregation together, although it was neither Sunday nor festival, and shown them the comet, a Russian priest informed them that this was the same star that had appeared to the magi at the birth of our Saviour, and that it was only visible now in the Russian empire. Its appearance on this occasion was to intimate to the Russian eagle that the time was now come for it to spread out its wings and embrace all mankind in one orthodox soul-sanctifying Church. He showed them that the star was now standing immediately over Constantinople, and explained that the dull light of the nucleus indicated its sorrow at the delays of the Russian army in proceeding to its destination, &c.'

...Unitarianism is said to be dying out in England. The Unitarian Almanac of 1853 does not venture to give the statistics of the denomination. Its two most noted ministers, Messrs. Fox and Martineau, have but few listeners. As a system, Unitarianism seems either to be entirely dead, or rapidly dying. "Its dry regulations," says an English correspondent of a United States paper, "being insufficient to hold a body of people together, many of those who formerly professed it have drawn off, some to more palpable forms of infidelity, others to join in the worship of evangelical Christians."

...We know of no city where quiet and good order is better observed on the Sabbath than in Boston. A favourable change has been wrought within a few months in this respect, owing mainly to the prompt action of the city government, and the efficient conduct of our departments. Our streets, though by no means deserted on the Sabbath, are as quiet as those of a country village. None but the most degraded beings who infest the lower haunts of the city, keep their shops open on that day, and these will not long escape the vigilance of our police. Our churches are well filled by attentive congregations. For the last two Sabbaths, not an item of criminal news has been recorded.—*Chronicle.*

...The *Crusader*, a new journal says:—We have been favored with the perusal of a letter from Italy, in which it is asserted on high authentic information, that Monsignor Bedini is to be recalled by the Papal Government. The preaching of Father Gavazzi, and the articles of *L'Eco d' Italia*, having been echoed by the free press of Sardinia, contributed no doubt to the quite unexpected decision of Pius IX.

...The Protestant Episcopal Mission at Cape Palmas, Liberia, will shortly be strengthened by the accession of Rev. W. Wright, Rev. J. Rambo, Rev. S. V. Berry and wife, Mr. H. Greene, with two or three ladies and probably a missionary physician who have either just sailed from Baltimore for their destination, or will shortly do so.

...Mr. Drummond said, in the House of Commons, the other night, that he "had produced in that house a work of Dr. Wiseman, in which it was stated that the *very perfection of Christianity* was to believe that black was white, and that white was black whenever holy Church required it!"

...Seventy-five tons of Bibles and Testaments, or 150,000 copies, have been circulated in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Northern Illinois during the past six years, leaving an indelible impress on the character of thousands.

...A family of Mohammedans, under the instruction of Mr. Dodd, missionary in Salonica, has renounced Mohammedanism, and embraced Christianity. The family consists of seven persons—the husband, wife, four children and the wife's sister.

...Sixteen States have already agreed upon the 24th November, this year, as a day of Thanksgiving, viz:—Pennsylvannia, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, Alabama, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire.

...The Greek Church keeps a *fete* of the girdle of the "Mother of God" on the 31st of August. The Virgin let it fall when being borne by angels to heaven, and St. Thomas picked it up!

...Images of Saints are seen in every Russian house; but in houses of ill-repute the law requires them to be *veiled*.

...A Chinese Testament has been forwarded to the London Missionary Society, and is sold for fourpence.

...The increase in membership during the year past, in the North Indiana conference, was near 2,000 members.

...It is said that the new Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, in his circular addressed to the clergy and people of his faith, had placed himself in direct opposition to Russia in its pretensions to act in behalf of the Greeks.

...Roman Catholic journals are often parading names of persons who have recently joined their communion; but it may be stated with safety, that where one unites with the Church of Rome, one hundred leave it. A church in Brussels which less than a dozen years ago only numbered twenty members, now contains one thousand, the greater part of whom were once Romanists. Many members of this Protestant Church are holding small meetings among themselves for worship, and are seeking to bring others of their former co-religionists under the influence of the truth.—*Montreal Witness.*

Gleanings for the Provincial Wesleyan.

...Silk worms are said to have been first introduced at Constantinople by two monks in the time of Justinian, A. D. 551. The Romans were long ignorant of the manner in which silk was made.

...Table-cloths were not in use among the ancient Romans, but began to be used under the Emperors.

...The age of puberty or marriage among the Romans was from fourteen for men, and twelve for girls. A plurality of wives, or polygamy, was forbidden.

...Hieroglyphics, or certain signs and symbols, were first contrived by the Egyptians, by which means they represented several things by one figure.

...Letters were first introduced by Cadmus, the Phœnician, there being then only sixteen in number; Palamades added to these, in the time of the Trojan war four others; and four more were added afterwards by Simonides; thus making the Greek alphabet complete.

...Meteoric stones, or Aerolites, are solid metallic substances, which fall from the atmosphere. They are supposed by some to be earthy matter fused by lightning; by others, the offspring of terrestrial volcanoes; and by others, to come from the moon.

The Provincial Wesleyan.

General Intelligence.

Newfoundland.

STATE OF THE POOR—ITS CAUSES.—The prospects of a large number of our population for the coming winter have of late been largely discussed by most of our contemporaries; and though differing in some respects, we find them in agreement on one point—that the aid of government will be required to a considerable extent. Employment on the roads, as far as it goes, is confessedly the most desirable mode of ministering to the wants of the destitute; and on this subject we are glad to learn that the government have withdrawn certain restrictions placed a short time ago on the Road Boards, which would have limited their operations to an amount of expenditure far below the present exigencies of the people. We trust therefore that the Commissioners will apply themselves vigorously to the service, so that the monies may be expended while the season is yet fit for road work—thus securing real value to the country while relieving the necessities of the industrious poor.

There are several causes contributing to the lamentable position of many of our people at this time—the short fishery—the potato failure—and the suspension of the Telegraph works by which many of our best men have lost their season's wages. The concurrence of such untoward events would at any time produce serious want and suffering, but we cannot disguise from ourselves that there is another potent influence at work in the state of things before us. Who can pass through our streets without seeing that Intemperance has acquired a fearful ascendancy, and that its effect upon the population—apart altogether from its moral bearing—is an appalling material waste. The revenue from Rum is on the increase, while we have to record a falling off in the resources of those who pay for it. And when we consider the amount of the earnings of labour spent to purchase the Rum now consumed here, with the consequent loss of health and physical power, it seems vain to expect prosperity amongst those thus suicidally enslaved; and though the fishery were fair, the potato sound and Telegraph claims met, we should still have to confront wretchedness and misery to a vast extent.

The Rum traffic is demoralizing and pauperising our people, and we can hope but for little real improvement while it continues to hold its palmy position amongst us.—*Newfoundlander.*

Between 7 and 8 o'clock on the evening of Saturday 22nd instant a number of very large and brilliant meteors was observed here in the northern division of the heavens Many of them pursued a north-west course and seemed to issue from a point immediately below the stars Mizar and Benetnasch in Ursa Major. They continued visible from 2 to 5 seconds and ran over a space of sky varying from 10o to 40o Their velocity in each case was clearly planetary —*Hubour Grace Herald Oct, 26.*

More than 30 persons have already died at New Harbor, Trinity Cay, of typhus fever. Dr. Shea was sent thither by the Government sometime ago to report upon the nature of the disease and, as we understood, the state of the settlement generally, but we have never been able to ascertain what the Doctor did in the premises, or whether anything in the shape of medicine, nursetenders, or diet resulted from his visit. No doubt the worthy doctor took care to furnish the government with his Bill. Thirty deaths in New Harbor are equivalent to about three thousand in St John's. No matter, the deceased are only out harbor people!—*Ib Nov, 9.*

A remarkably fine exhibition of samples of the agricultural products of this district, such as we apprehend might rival in excellency many of those raised in the neighbouring provinces, took place at the market-house in this town yesterday. There was a very numerous attendance of farmers and others interested in the agricultural prosperity of the country; the cultivation of the soil having been gradually extended over a period of several years, and with a measure of success much beyond any general anticipation of it.—*Ledger.*

United States.

IRON ORE.—We understand that an iron ore bank of immense extent and value has recently been discovered on the lands of Mr. Enoch Lefevre, about six miles from here, in the direction of Littletown. Some of the ore has been tested and found to be of excellent quality. We learn too, that iron ore of similar quality has been found in great quantity on the farms of Mr. Jacob Sterner and Messrs. Joshua and Abraham Biehl's—both adjoining Mr. Lefevre.—*Hanover Pa., Spectator.*

MISSISSIPPI COTTON CROP.—The Editor of the Port Gibson Herald says: "After travelling through forty-eight counties of this State during the past summer, we feel prepared to say that the cotton crop of Mississippi will fall one third below the crop of last year. The boll worm and the rot have together visited every cotton field we have seen, and the injury sustained is immense.

IMMENSE RAILROAD RECEIPTS. The Erie Railroad receipts for October have been of unprecedented magnitude—no less than $225,809 from passengers and mails; $327,186 from freights —total $552,995. This is an increase of $176,000 over the same month last year. The receipts of the Hudson River Railroad were $153,258—an increase of near $50,000 from the last year. The expenses for the same time are not given

DECIMATION.—As an average calculation we believe it would be fair to say that the yellow fever has decimated all the communities it has visited. This estimate, if erroneous, may be considered as below rather than above the mark. The proportionate loss is perhaps smaller in New Orleans than any other town, but here it may be considered as embracing fully one-tenth of our population. This was our loss in three months and a half. Mobile was decimated in one month. So of Galveston, Vicksburg, Thibodaux, and other towns. Natchez with a population estimated during the summer below three thousand, lost in two months three hundred and fifty. But perhaps the severest loss was in a small village of Lake Providence, where, in a population never estimated over two hundred, the loss was one hundred and twenty.—*New Orleans Delta*

TERRIFIC HAILSTORM.—Letters from Portoferraio (Elba) of the 7th, in the Tuscan Monitore, mention a hailstorm of unparalelled violence which visited the island on the preceeding day. It lasted a quarter of an hour, during which several cattle were killed in the fields, and many more seriously injured. All the almond, olive, and lemon trees were completely stripped of their fruit. Several of the hailstones (says the same authority) were found to weigh 16, 17, 20, 26, and even 32 oz.

THE COTTON CROP OF THE UNITED STATES.—According to the article by Dr. Daniel Lee, as published in the Agricultural Department of the Patent Report for 1852 and '53, at this time the average crop of cotton in the United States is estimated at 3,000,000 of bales, at 400 pounds each. In 1821, the export was only 124,893,000 pounds, while in 1849 it had increased to 1,026,602,000 pounds. These figures show an advance of more than 800 per cent, in twenty-eight years, and the prospect is that the demand is equal if it does not exceed, the supply for many years to come. Hence the production of this article is destined to increase much faster than the population: for as civilization and commerce extends, the number that will consume cotton fabric and the annual consumption of each person, by reason of his greater productive power, will extend in a still greater ratio. In other words, the same causes that increased foreign demand more than 800 per cent. in 28 years, will augment the amount now imported 300 per cent: in the next quarter of a century. Dr. Lee thinks that we have the land and climate most desirable for the annual growth of 9,000,000 of bales, and that we shall probably have the labour and capital needed for the economical production of such crops. At half a bale per acre, only 18,000,000 of acres would be planted, to realize the crop named, while the four States of Georgia, Alabama, Missisippi and Texas contain four times that number of acres of choice cotton lands.

THE HOLLAND DEBT.—A Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says the Treasury has just redeemed the Holland debt, which was contracted by the cities of Washington, and Georgetown, in the year 1827, and was assumed by the Government in 1836. The original amount of the debt was one million of dollars, being the sum which the cities subscribed for the Chesapeak and Ohio Canal. The cities never paid a dollar on the principal, and Congress from time to time appropriated $70,000 to pay the annual interest. The balance of the debt due was $660,00, and the Government has purchased it at twelve and a half per cent. premium.

DEATH PRODUCED BY A BEAR.—We learn (says the Atlanta, Geo., Intelligencer) that on Thursday last, as Mr. George W. Bryant was passing by Rogers' tannery in that city, a bear, which jumped over the fence of a neighboring lot pursued him, and having thrown him down, inflicted a very severe wound on his left leg, of which he died on Saturday night. We presume the bear to have been mad, as it is the first instance of the kind within our knowledge. Mr. Bryant was about thirty-one years of age.

SUGAR.—There is a capital of $80,000,000 invested in the culture of cane in the States of Florida, Louisiana, and Texas. These States produce annually about 300,000,000 pounds of sugar, besides which foreign importations are made to the extent of about 350,000,000 pounds. Even a short crop of sugar at the South, which reduces the usual production only 100,000,000 or 150,000,000 pounds, invariably advances the rate of sugar from one to one and a half cents per pound; which on the entire consumption of 65,000,000 pounds, is equal at one cent to $6,500,000; at one and a half cents, to about $10,000,000.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.—*Washington, Nov.* 10.—The Rev. Mr. Rittenhouse, the Presbyterian Pastor at Washingtonville, Penna., who had just finished his new church edifice, and had been anxiously awaiting the day of dedication, yesterday accompanied other ministers to the church to perform that ceremony. Just as he entered the church door Mr. Rittenhouse fell dead from a disease of the heart. The deceased was well known and respected here. M.

The wife of the Rev. William Butler, a Methodist clergyman in Westfield, Mass., was walking across the room last Friday, when she suddenly uttered a scream, and fell lifeless on the floor. She was 22 years of age, and is supposed to have died of disease of the heart.

REMARKABLE CURIOSITY.—One of the most remarkable curiosities ever exhibited in this country is now to be seen at Carroll Hall. The body of a man completely petrified and turned into stone is here to be seen, as well as a most remarkable collection of minerals, embracing some truly singular fossil remains.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

CONSOLIDATION OF BOSTON AND ITS SUBURBS.—The Boston Transcript says that a plan for enlarging that city by annexing all the towns within five miles, and thus make it equal in size and population to the third city in the United States, will be presented for the early consideration of the next Legislature of Massachusetts.—If this movement should be successful, the consolidated city would be entitled to one hundred representatives in the State Legislature.

BUFFALO, Nov. 7th.—Lucius H. Pratt is the name of the forwarding house which failed on Saturday. His liabilities are stated at more than $200,000 an assignment has been made.

A SPANIARD IN CONGRESS.—The New Mexican papers inform us that the Senor Don Jose Manuel Gallegos has been elected delegate to Congress from the Territory of New Mexico.—The papers add that he does not understand a word of English.

☞ We learn by telegraph, that in consequence of the election of the "Maine Law ticket," in Baltimore, nearly all the taverns were closed yesterday in that city.

Later from California.

The steamship Star of the West, Captain Tinklepaugh, from San Juan, 31st ult, with 600 passengers, and $1,299,644 in gold on freight and $480,000 in the hands of passengers, reached her dock at New York about 12 o'clock on Wednesday night 9th inst She brings San Francisco dates, per the steamer Sierra Nevada on the Pacific side, to 2 o'clock, P. M., on the 16th of October.

We have advices from Panama to October 19th Valparaiso to the 1st, and Callao to the 10th.

Business was brisk at Valparaiso, and flour quite active at $9 50. Freights to California nineteen dollars.

Peru was quiet, and no likelihood of war with Bolivia.

The bark Emma, from Nantucket was destroyed by fire at Payton on the 16th, with 600 barrels of oil.

Hon. Balie Peyton, U. S. Minister, and Wm Duer, late U. S. Consul, sailed from Valparaiso on the 25th of September, in the clipper ship Mischief, for San Francisco.

Gov. Wood, the new U. S. Consul had been installed in office.

We extract the following summary of a fortnight's news from the Alta California of October 16th:

The city of Sonora was again burned to the ground on the night of the 3d inst. Loss estimated at $300,000.

The affair of the Artow, an English brig, seized on the 30th of September, has attracted a great deal of attention during the last fortnight. It was taken in possession by the United States troops. The matter was then carried into the State Courts, and the Sheriff took possession under a writ of replevin.—The captain of the vessel was arrested, but has been let out on a writ of habeas corpus. The leader of the expedition is William Walker, Esq. He alleges that the expedition is peaceable in its intentions, and has for its purpose the working of the mines of Sonora. Walker has sued General Hitchcock for damages caused by the seizure. It is said an expedition of five or six hundred men was to have been sent by land to meet the Arrow at Guayamas: that of course opposition was expected from the Mexicans, and the invaders would defend themselves, declare the State independent, and organize a government.

The new Board of United States Land Commission rendered the first decision on the 12th, They decided four claims. They confirmed two rejected one, and confirmed another, the celebrated 'Pulgas Ranch,' near thirty six miles from the city, to part of the land claimed. The news of the latter decision created a great excitement, and a number of persons immediately got horses and rode out to squat upon a beautiful valley declared to be United States land.

The State Railroad Convention, to deliberate on the best plan to hasten the construction of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, was held on the 3d and 4th of October, but it was a poor affair, and did nothing of importance, and has been the butt of the press.

The news from all parts of the mines is encouraging, and large amounts of dust are coming into the market every day. A number of good sized nuggets have been found during the last night, but none of extraordinary weight. The importance and necessity of association, and the application of machinery to mining, have caused the organization of numerous companies, many of which are engaged in very bold, and some in very profitable, enterprises.

A private expedition has gone out from Stockton to survey Tulare valley, east of the lake, for purpose of colonization.

The work of turning the San Diego river has been commenced under the direction of Lieutenant Derby, and is energetically prosecuted

On the 5th instant, Lieutenant Beales, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the State, had a talk with about twenty chiefs in Grass Valley. The tribes represented number one thousand. Lieut. Beales proposed to remove them to a reservation in Tulare Valley.—They hesitated to remove, but agreed to send some of their young men to see the reservation and live on it awhile

Recent observations seem to establish the fact that the coast about Bay is rising from volcanic action.

The steamer Sea Bird, cast away on this coast some months since, has been raised and brought into the harbor.

The San Francisco and San Jose Magnetic Telegraph has been put in working order, but has not been delivered over to the company.

An affecting death occurred in this city on the 10th instant. A Spanish mother missed her child, only a year old. She supposed that it had lost itself in the street, and advertised for it, but could learn nothing. On the 13th, she had occasion to open her camphor wood trunk, and there lay her child, dead. It had fallen into the trunk, and in trying to get out pulled down the lid, which closed with a spring and fitted so closely that the child had smothered to death.

CHOLERA IN YUCATAN.—A private letter received by a mercantile house in this city, dated Merida, Oct. 11, 1853, states, for the past fifteen days the cholera had been prevailing in that city with some virulence. On the 10th there were 152 deaths, and there had been as high as 300 a day. Merida is a city containing some twenty thousand inhabitants. We also learn from a gentleman who has just arrived from Merida, that the Federalists had attacked that city notwithstanding the imprisonment of their leaders, Barbachino and Zetina, and succeeded in making General Le Vega prisoner. He subsequently escaped, however, joined his troops, and in turn attacked the Federalists whom he completely put down after four days' hard fighting. Every thing was quiet when our informant left. All communication between Campeachy and Merida had been cut off in consequence of the ravages of the cholera at the latter place.—*New Orleans Pic.*

LATER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—By the arrival at San Francisco of the clipper brig Boston, 25 days from Honolulu, we are in possession of late and interesting intelligence from the Sandwich Islands, confirming our previous advices respecting the resignation of Dr. Judd, and the appointment of Hon. Elisha H. Allen, as Minister of Finance. The appointment of Hon. E. H. Allen in place of Dr. Judd is considered a great advance towards the annexation of the Islands to the United States, as Mr. Allen is the avowed champion of annexation. His appointment has given the most unqualified satisfaction to the people; and a torchlight procession was to come off on the evening of the 10th, the day the Boston sailed, and a grand illumination of the city. In fact, there seems a general rejoicing among the populace, which must tend eventually to hasten great political changes.

HOLLAND.—The Dutch Government has just published returns of the commerce and navigation of the Netherlands during the year 1852 They show considerable increase under the several heads of imports, exports and transit. The total value of the imports was more than 322,000,000 florins; or 19,000,000 more than that of the previous year; and the total value of exports in 1852 was 272,000,000 florins, 30,000,000 more than in 1851. The total value of the transit trade is represented by 115,000,000 florins, being an augmentation of 17,000,000 florins compared with the former year.

LATER FROM MEXICO AND TEXAS.—NEW ORLEANS, Nov 5.—The Picayune has advices of the arrival of a Government express at San Antonio, from El Paso, which brings intelligence of the marching of five thousand Mexican troops upon the latter place.

Late accounts from Texas represent the yellow fever as ravaging the coast.

LATER FROM PORT AU PRINCE.—By the arrival of the barque Clara Windsor, Capt Button, we have advices from Port au Prince to Oct 16th. We learn from Capt B. that the fever is prevailing at that place to a large extent.

Items.

In Camden country, New Jersey, the Maine liquor-law Legislative ticket, has been elected.

Dates to the 1st inst, represent the epidemic as at an end, and the health of Galveston, Texas, fully restored.

Advices from Campeachy states that the Cholera was raging terribly at Yucatan. There was 100 deaths daily in the town of Moyda.

The Rome Sentinel says a gentleman of an adjoining town was so badly bitten in the hand by a grasshopper that he came near losing his arm, and in truth his life.

Lines of Magnetic Telegraph are extending themselves throughout the length and breadth of California. Between Auburn and Nevada a line has recently gone into full operation.

The Historical Society of Pennsylvania celebrated on Tuesday, Nov, 8, at Reading, the one hundred and seventy first anniversary of the landing of William Penn.

The Emperor of Russia has in contemplation to build a railroad from Moscow to the River Amou on the Pacific Ocean, to secure the tea and China trade.—*N. Y. Express.*

Wrongs may try a good man, but cannot imprint on him a false stamp.

TO CURE POVERTY.—Sit down and growl about it. By so doing you will be sure to get rich and make yourself agreeable to everybody.

In Warsaw it was found that 90 per cent, of those who died of cholera, had been in the habit of drinking ardent spirits to excess; and at Tiflis, in Russia, a town of 20,000 persons, *every drunkard was carried off by cholera.*

The word "Besika" means "cradle" in Turkish. The Emperor of Russia, in a late caricature, is represented rocking the two fleets in their cradle, whilst the British Queen is looking on in admiration.

It is proposed to establish by subscription an asylum for shipwrecked crews and vessels near the Goodwin sands, by constructing outside the sands a breakwater of 2000 feet, 70 feet high, with a tower of 100 feet, a lighthouse, and an asylum.

There are in the city of New York nineteen parks, valued at $9,151,000. The Battery containing about 11 acres is valued at $3,000,000; the City Hall park containing about 10 1-2 acres, is valued at $2,500,000.

The passengers arrived at Aspinwall by the British mail steamship Lima, report that they saw the barque Emma on fire in the harbor at Paita, on the 14th Oct When they arrived there, she had already burned to the water's edge, having on board 546 barrels of oil, all of which were a total loss.

The Boston Post says that "a young man a member of an evangelical church," advertises in a New York paper for board "in a pious family where his christian example would be considered a compensation."

Two citizens of Portland have circulated statements to the effect, that there is more intemperance and more liquor sold and drank in that city and State, at the present time, than before the passage of the existing liquor law, and more than there has been at any other time for twenty years, the *Advertiser* of that city contains a reply signed by 430 residents, in which those statements are said to be most grossly and palpably erroneous and unfounded. The document bears the names of the ministers and very many leading men of the city. Many more signatures could readily be obtained. A bad cause has always weak arguments, and to assert that a law must be repealed because there are some who will not obey it, is weak reasoning.—*Montreal Witness.*

EXPORTS.—The following quantities of our staple articles were exported to Great Britain from this port during the quarter ended the 10th October last, viz:—Deals, Battens and Boards, in British ships, 22,013,000 feet; in Foreign ships, 29,600,000—making, altogether, 51,613,000 feet. Pine timber, in British ships, 31,073 tons; in Foreign ships, 1043 tons—making, altogether, 32,116 tons. Birch Timber, in British ships, 2521 tons; in Foreign ships, 724 tons—making, altogether, 3245 tons.—*St. John, N. B. Courier.*

DIGBY, Nov 8.—Charles R. Crowley, Esqr., was found dead in his store yesterday (Monday) morning. He had been complaining for some time, but still attended to his business. An inquest was held on his remains, and a verdict rendered of "death by fit of apponlexy." He has left a wife and a large family of young children. —*Tel to Yarmouth Herald.*

By Telegraph to the News Room.

NEW YORK, 17th.

The Mail Steamer Arabia arrived at 9 A. M. The latest and most important intelligence, by submarine telegraph, is that an engagement had taken place in Wallachia, between the Turks and Russians; the former having attacked the town Giurgeos.—A Russian force was dispatched to the assistance of the town, when a battle ensued, attendant with considerable slaughter.—Another engagement took place near Kalafat between 4,000 Turks and a like number of Russian cavalry. THE RUSSIANS WERE REPULSED! The Russians have also been defeated at Circassia!

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF TAPE WORM CURED BY THE USE OF

Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge.

NEW YORK, October 15, 1852.

☞ This is to certify that I was troubled with a tape worm for more than six months. I tried all the known remedies for this dreadful affliction, but without being able to destroy it. I got one of Dr. M'Lane's Almanacs, which contained notices of several wonderful cures that had been performed by his celebrated Vermifuge. I resolved to try it; and immediately purchased a bottle, which I took according to directions; and the result was, I discharged one large tape worm, measuring more than a yard, besides a number of small ones.

MRS. M. SCOTT, No. 70 Cannon St.

P. S. The above valuable remedy, also Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all the respectable Drug Stores in the United States and British Provinces.

☞ Purchasers will please be careful to ask for, and take none but Dr. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public.

Agents in Halifax, WM. LANGLEY and JOHN NAYLOR. 13

☞ We invite those who would use pure toilet soaps to be sure and buy Babbitt's Fanariston and Cytherean Creams advertised in another column.

☞ Methodist Almanacs for 1854, expected hourly at the Book-room. Single copies 4d.—per dozen 3s. 6d. Please send your orders in soon. A good supply will be on hand.

"Veritas" received, but does not deal with the *facts* of the case. Will he inform us how his locality compares with other places in the matter concerned?

☞ Don't forget Caugbey's Revival Miscellanies—a valuable and interesting volume. Twenty-fourth thousand edition. Price $1.00.

☞ Communications on hand, with obituary noticed in our last, will be disposed of next issue.

Letters & Monies Received.

(See that your remittances are duly acknowledged.)

VOL. V.

Rev. Mr. Sprott, Musquodoboit, (5s.); Mr. Wm. Mounce, Newport, (new sub. 10s); Rev. H. Pope, Jr., (alterations made).

SUPERNUMERARIES AND MINISTERS' WIDOWS' FUND.

Rev. H. Pope, Senr., Windsor, £1 0 0

☞ Remittances for the above fund are earnestly requested. The Treasurer has no funds to meet the *monthly* investments.

Commercial.

Halifax Markets.

Corrected for the "Provincial Wesleyan" up to Wednesday, November 23rd.

Bread, Navy, per cwt.	21s. 3d.
" Pilot, per bbl.	18s. 9d. a 22s. 6d.
Beef, Prime, Ca. none.	
" " N. S.	45s.
Butter, Canada, none.	
" N. S. per lb.	10d.
Coffee, Laguyara, "	
" Jamaica, "	8d. a 8½d.
Flour, Am. spfi. per bbl.	42s. 6d.
" Canada sfi. "	41s. 3d.
" Rye,	32s. 6d
Cornmeal,	25s.
Indian Corn, none.	
Molasses, Mus. per gal.	1s. 6d.
" Clayed, "	1s. 4d. a 1s. 4½d.
Pork, Prime, per bbl.	70s.
" Mess, "	90s.
Sugar, Bright P. R.,	35s. 6d. a 36s. 3d.
Bar Iron, com. per cwt,	16s.
Hoop " "	24s.
Sheet " "	25s.
Codfish, large	17s.
" small	15s. 6d.
Salmon, No. 1,	70s.
" " 2,	65s.
" " 3,	55s.
Mackerel, No. 1,	50s.
" " 2,	42s. 6d.
" " 3,	37s. 6d.
Herrings, No. 1,	16s.
Alewives,	17s. 6d.
Haddock,	11s.
Coal, Sydney, per chal.	35s.
Fire Wood, per cord,	19s. a 20s.

Prices at the Farmers' Market, corrected up to 3 o'clock, Wednesday, November 23rd.

Fresh Beef, per cwt.	30s. a 32s. 6d.
Veal,	2½d. a 3½d.
Lamb, per lb.	2½d. a 3½d.
Bacon, per lb. none.	
Pork, Fresh,	3½d. a 4d.
Butter, per lb.	11d. a 1s.
Cheese, per lb.	5d. a 7d.
Eggs, per dozen,	1s.
Poultry—Chickens,	1s. 3d. a 2s.
Geese,	1s. 9d. a 1s. 10d.
Ducks,	2s. 3d. a 2s. 6d.
Turkeys, per lb.	5d. a 6d.
Calf-skins, per lb.	6d.
Yarn, per lb.	2s. 6d.
Potatoes, per bushel,	2s. 6d. a 3s.
Oatmeal, per cwt.	17s. a 18.
Peas, per bushel,	5s.
Apples, "	3s. a 5s.
Homespun Cloth, (wool,) per yard,	2s. 6d.
Do. (cotton and wool,) per yard,	1s 7d. a 1s. 9d.

WILLIAM NEWCOMB,
Clerk of Market.

Marriages.

On Tuesday morning, 15th inst., by the Rev. P. G. McGregor, Mr James M. NELSON, of Shubenacadie, to Miss Matilda LOGAN, of Gays River.

On the 1st November, by the Rev. John Sprott, Mr. James KIRKER, of Greenfield, Bay of Islands, to Miss Charlotte HECTOR.

At Leicester, on the 14th inst. by the Revd. Wesley C. Beals, Mr. Ralph DONCASTER, to Miss Sarah Jane HOLT.

At Dartmouth, on Sunday, 13th inst., by Rev. Mr. Morris, Mr. William CRAIG, to Miss Matilda CROWELL, of Porter's Lake. Also, Mr George CRAIG, to Miss Mary Ann HAMPTON, both of Halifax.

At Digby, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. Archibald Gray, Mr. James T. THOMAS, of St John, N. B., to MARY ANN, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Lightfoot, of Digby.

At St John's, N. F., on the 5th inst, by the Rev. R. Walsh, Mr. James EWEN, mate of schr Medway, of Halifax, to Miss Mary Ellen MCQUILLEN.

At Annapolis Royal, on the 8th inst, by the Revd. G. M. Barratt, Wesleyan Minister, Mr. Robert HASSAM, merchant of St. John, N. B., to SARAH J., third daughter of Andrew Henderson, Esq.

On the 11th instant, by Rev. W. T. Carey, at the Wesleyan Mission House, Mr. George McCONNELL, of St. John, to Miss Mary Ann FOLTARD, of Fredericton, N. B.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. R. Knight, Mr George LAW, to Miss CATHERINE, second daughter of Mr. George Elliot, all of Westfield, N. B.

Deaths.

On Tuesday morning, KATHERINE C., only daughter of Wm. H. Moody, aged 19 years.

In Lower Stewiacke, Colchester, on the 16th inst, ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. Elisha Godfrey, aged 70 years.

At New Orleans, on Monday, 5th September last, of yellow Fever, Mr. Henry W. FREEMAN, of Liverpool, N. S., in the 26th year of his age, youngest son of the late Mr. Nathaniel Freeman, of that place, deeply regretted by a large circle of relatives and friends.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Timothy GIDNEY, in the 25th year of her age.

At Five Islands, Nov. 6th, after a short but severe illness, John ADAMS, in the 61st year of his age, a native of the County of Antrim, Ireland, much respected both in his native and adopted countries.

In Hospital, at New York, on the 18th June last, after an illness of eight days, Mr John CONROD, a native of Halifax, and for many years an able Shipmaster out of this port. The deceased was a first rate Pilot on these Northern Coasts, in which capacity he was frequently employed in H. M Ships and vessels engaged in the protection of the Fisheries.

At Bedford Basin, 17th inst., Mary E. OAKES, aged 8½ years, daughter of Eleanor Ann Oakes.

At Arichat, on Friday, 11th inst., a lingering illness, DAVID, eldest son of David Barry, Esq., merchant, in the 24th year of his age.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

WEDNESDAY, November 16

Brig Thomas Redley, Hanachan, Lisbon, 31 days.
Brigt Advalorem, Murphy, Montreal, 13 days.
Schrs Caroline, Larkin, Argyle.
Volant, Young, Lunenburg.
Trial, Redden, Prospect.
David, Campbell, Bear Island.

THURSDAY, November 17.

Schrs Sarah, Griffin, Baltimore, 10 days.
Lucy Alice, McPhee, Montreal, 21 days.
John Eason, Curry, Montreal, 20 days.
Trusty, O'Brien, St John, N B, 11 days.
Betsy Bridge, Sydney, 10 days.
Alexander, Bollong, North Bay.

FRIDAY, November 18.

Brigts Orion, Goodwin, Liverpool, G B, 31 days
Halifax, O'Brien, Boston, 3 days.
Mutu, Cleverly, Boston, 4 days.
Government schr Daring, Daly, Sable Island.
Schrs True Blue, Benoit, Montreal
Margaret, O'Dell, Burin, 16 days.
John & Charles, Martell, Burin, 12 days.
Mazeppa, Thorburn, Labrador.
Isabella, Hadley, Guysborough.
New Messenger, Stetson, Miramichi.
Lady Seymour, Young, P E Island.
Swift, McInnes, Sydney.
Integrity, McDonald, Sydney.
James Patrick, Burke, do; Rambler, Martell, Trial, Eliza, Shannon, Lama, Regulator, Emma, Brittannia, Margaret Barrington, and C. M., Sydney.
Hope, Amagent, Joseph, Wilmot, Rising Sun, Gold Hunter, and Elizabeth, P E Island.
George, Pugwash; Western Packet, Antigonish.
Flirt, Cape Breton; Two Brothers, Canso.
Sea Flower, Ebert, Arichat.
Kent, Magdalen Isles; Mariner, do.
George, Port Hood.

SATURDAY, November 19.

Barque Louisa Munro, Murphy, Liverpool, 41 days
Brigs Iris, Gillitly, Liverpool, 43 days—bound to Quebec—leaking badly.
Frederick, Parker, Gloucester, G B, 43 days—bound to Shediac.
Goojerat, Bellam, Boston—bound to Sydney.
Brigt Emily, Smith, Sydney—bound to Boston.
Schrs Galaxy Wilson, Philadelphia.
Isabella, Muggah, Sydney—with crew of brigt Spray and Newfoundland Mails.
Francis Bredley, P E Island.
James McNab, Turner, bound to Quebec—returned from sea.
Pioneer, McCulloch, bound to Quebec—returned from sea—leaky.

SUNDAY, November 20.

Brigt Vivid, Kendrick, Malaga—reports, Kaloolah, Lawson, at Malaga, 15th ult, from Port Mahon, would sail soon for New York; Malaga for Halifax about 22nd with a cargo of fruit.
Brig Charlotte, Liverpool, G B, 60 days.

MONDAY, November 20.

R M Steamer Ospray, Corbin, St John's, N F, via Sydney, 4½ days; reports passed new screw steamer Curlew going into St John's.
Brig Aleona, Sydney, 4 days.
Schrs Jenny Lind, Townsend, Sydney.
Ensign, Charner, P E Island.
John Hastings, Boudroit, P E Island, 7 days—bound to St John.
Responsible, Curry, Picton, 26 hours.

TUESDAY, November 22

Brig Velocity, Langenburg, Rum Key, 24 days.
Brigt Ino, McLeod, Placentia.
Schrs Mio, DeBourdier, Burin.
Ianthe, Fenton, Burin, 5 days.
Magdalene, Chessany, P E Island.
Maria, Siteman, Miramichi, 10 days.
Olive Branch, Bouchie, P E Island.
Ariel, McCormack, P E Island.
Amelia Adelaide, Bouchie, Arichat.

CLEARED.

November 16.—barque Maxim, Eldington, Buctouche; schrs Nancy, Boudrot, Magdalen Isles; Princess Augusta, Cormier, Magdalen Isles; Mackarel, Briand, Magdalen Isles; Seal, Boudrot, Magdalen Isles.

November 17.—schrs Herald, Crowell, Boston; Mary Jane, Winchester, St John, NB; Margaret, Querrie, Shippegan; Active, McNutt, P E Island; Mary, Kemp, George Town; Sea Flower, Doyle, Magdalen Isles; Lady, Arsenau, Magdalen Isles; Marie, Arsenau, Magdalen Isles; Velocity, Munn, Souris.

November 18.—brig Belle, Meagher, Boston; schrs Uncle Tom Locke, Newfoundland; Eugenie, Vigneau, Magdalen Isles; Sophie, Jumph, do.

November 19.—Coronet, Cohoon, Liverpool, G B; Citron, Bettinson, Baltimore; Fame, Nickerson, Portland, U S; California, Byrne, Newfoundland; Speedwell, Bragg, Port aux Basque.

November 22.—brigt Halifax, O'Brien, Boston; schr Magnet, Bird, Placentia.

MEMORANDA.

Boston, November 12th—arrd schr Palmyra, Halifax; John Thomas, do; Stirling, do. 14th—brigt Anziko, Pictou via Halifax.

New York, Nov 13—arrd brigt Enterprise, Drew, Arecibo; Clyde, Windsor.

Schr D. E., Deagle, master, of and for P E Island, from Boston, with 20 passengers and a general cargo, was driven ashore at Lawrence Town in the S E gale on Monday, 14th inst; crew, passengers and part of cargo saved—vessel total wreck.

Schr Eaudeville, of and from Pugwash for Liverpool, G B, with a cargo of deals, was stranded at Merrigonish harbour in the gale of the 10th; vessel and cargo condemned.

Barque Annie Hall, Wilkie, of and from Charlottetown for Richibucto, was lost on a reef off the west side of St Peter's Island, 4th inst—condemned.

Am barque Sophia, from Boston for Pictou, got ashore on Cape Porcupine, Gut of Canso, 7th instant; where she remained at last accounts.

Brig Thomas Ridley spoke, 20th Oct, in lon 15 10, lat 41 26, schr Snipe, of London, from Oporto bound to Fortune Bay, N F—all well—desired to be reported.

The brigt Stewart, of Halifax, laden with grindstones, was driven into Musquash on Wednesday, during the gale, and when boarded, she was found to be deserted, but not apparently much damaged. As the boats were missing, it is presumed the crew had taken them and left for the shore.

Schr James McNab not wrecked as reported by schr Pioneer, at Canso—all safe.

Pkt brigt Spray, from St John's, N F, for Halifax cast away 15th inst at Gaberus—all hands saved and arrived at Sydney 16.

Louisa Munro, reports, spoke Oct 22, lat 46 00, long 22 50, ship Swan, from Callao to London, out 137 days, short of provisions—supplied her.

CARD.

WE avail ourselves of this opportunity to thank our friends and the public for the support afforded to our Line of Packets, running for several years between this port and Boston, and beg now to inform them, that after this date our vessels will be dispatched from T wharf, Boston, instead of Forthill, as heretofore—where every facility will be rendered for the accommodation of Passengers and Shippers. Convenient Stores for the reception of property intended for our Line, will be provided both at Boston and Halifax.

B. WIER & CO.

☞ Agents at Boston—
Messrs. SPRAGUE, SOULE & CO. T. Wharf.

Halifax, Sept 29, 1853. 2m.

CRUSHED SUGAR.

Landing ex Moro Castle from London.

400 BBLS London Crushed SUGAR, 20 bbls do. do.
In Bond. For Sale by
November 10. W. M. HARRINGTON.

New Advertisements.

☞ *Advertisements intended for this Paper should be sent in by 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning.*

Robert G. Fraser,
DRUGGIST,
NO. 139 GRANVILLE STREET, has constantly on hand a well assorted Stock of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Soaps, Sponges, Brushes, Combs, Spices, and every article usually kept by Druggists and Apothecaries, prime quality.

Nugent's People's Nova Scotia ALMANACK for 1854.

THIS ALMANACK having maintained since its publication in 1851, an extensive patronage, is now offered to the public. The No. for 1854 is now in course of preparation, the Country Statistics, information and tables, to be given, will be of a more copious character than heretofore, and be found equal to, if not superior, in every respect to those previously published. The Astronomical department has been prepared with care, and in addition to the usual matter, will be found Legal, Magisterial, Legal, Local, Miscellaneous, Statistical, and much valuable Statistical information, compiled from authentic sources, useful to Merchants, Traders, Importers, Speculators, Travellers, Inquirers, Navigators, Farmers, Agriculturists, and all classes and interests in and out of the Trade, Manufacturers, Fishermen, Seamen, and Emigrants of Nova Scotia. The People's Almanack is to be obtained at the Bookstores of Messrs. Fuller, Grant, Pemberton, McKinlay, Crosskill, and at the office of the proprietor. 4w
Nov. 3.

FALL IMPORTATIONS.

THE Subscriber having completed his FALL IMPORTATIONS, per Alpine, Canadian, Scotia, Michael Moro Castle, and now offers to the public the largest and most varied Stock he has ever yet imported.

CONSISTING OF

Cloths	Moleskin	Coburgs	Carpeting
Casimeres	Vestings	Merrins	Druggets
Doeskins	Satinets	Orleans	Door Mats
Tweeds	Blankets	DeLaines	Hearth Rugs
Beavers	Flannels	Lustres	Damasks
Pilots	Kerseys	Repes	Moirees
Whitneys	Shirtings	Poplins	&c. &c.

Cloakings & Shawls in great variety.

Ladies Silk Velvet Mantlas	Silk Velvet Bonnets
" Cloth "	" Plush "
" Chenil "	Blk & cold Silk Bonnet
Childrens Cloth "	Bonnet Shapes

With a general assortment of all kinds of FANCY GOODS.

Also--10 Cases Furs--comprising.

Stone Martin	Grey Squirrel
French "	Ermine
Mink	Musquash
Fitch	Sable

(which owing to their late arrival will be sold very low)

Gents Paris Silk

The Provincial Wesleyan.

A Drop of Water.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

It is a little thing, 'tis true,
But o'er the aching, burning brow,
It falls with healing power;
One cooling drop may life impart,
And bring pulsation to the heart,
Where all was still before.

One drop may soothe and ease a pain,
And bring back joy and life again,
And tranquilize the mind;
That little drop we deemed so small,
Or little worth, if prized at all,
Will live in memory's shrine.

'Tis thus one kind and soothing word,
Soon as its lute-like sound is heard,
'Twill soothe the careworn breast;
One well-timed word, when whispered low,
In friendly voice, may banish woe,
And lull each care to rest.

One tear drop shed on sorrow's shrine,
Will dwell within the thinking mind,
For days, for months, for years!
No gem could e'er be shrined so dear,
As that bright drop that pearly tear,
It flowed to soften tears.

And oh, if all could know the power
Of little things in sorrow's hour,
There might be less of grief;
One word may wound or break a heart,
Or add a pang to sorrow's smart,
One word may bring relief.

The Launch.

BY WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZER.

Well may they deck the ship to-day,
With colours flaunting free,
Well may she wear her best array,
So soon a bride to be;
Long hath the dainty beauty kept
Her lover from her charms,
But now her last lone sleep is slept,
We give her to his arms.

Ah, guard our darling from the storm:
Thy bosom never bore
A prouder or more faultless form,
A fairer love before.
Tame down thy billows thundering shocks,
Thy foaming wrath, O Sea!
And keep her from the angry rocks
That lie along her lee.

Her home has been where green hills kiss
The river's rippling tide,
But, ah! our eyes must learn to miss
The Ocean's new made bride.
Where white-capped waves for ever rise,
Where sea-birds skim the foam,
Far off, beneath the sea-kissed skies,
Our Beauty seeks her home.

Ah, proud may be the mariners
That stand upon her deck;
They little fear, in strength like hers,
The tempest or the wreck;
And proudly may her ensign fly
Far o'er her beauteous spars,
The peace that builds a ship like this,
Is worth a thousand wars!

Temperance.

The Musquito and the Rumseller.

WHERE a little brook flows through a piece of thick, shady woods, between high rocks, a man was sitting alone. He was a rumseller; but as business happened to be rather dull with him, and, besides, the people had got up an excitement about the Maine Law, and were saying some hard things about gentlemen of his trade, he thought he would shut up his grog-shop, and refresh himself with a nap under the shade of a tree. He soon found a flat stone, where he sat down, to watch a little patch of foam, about as broad as a dollar, that was turning round and round in a pretty basin of clear water, where the run was hemmed in by rocks. It was a nice place for a hot day in August, and it was not long before the rumseller was sitting as still as a fish, thinking. First, he thought if that little patch of foam were a big pile of silver dollars, and they were all his, what he would do with them. Then he thought how hard it is for honest people to get hold of money, and this led him on to think of "inalienable rights," and of the blood our fathers shed to gain our independence, of which his father never shed a drop, unless his grandfather may have got his head broken in a row in Ireland or Germany, during the year '76.

"Buzz, buzz!" said a mosquito, which had been dozing all day in a crevice of a rock; "I am hungry and thirsty, for a drop of blood," at the same time alighting on the rumseller's hand. There he walked about for some time, surveying the field, stalking with his long legs over the short hairs which were on the back of the hand.

"What are you about there?" said the man, turning his eye from the foam to the mosquito.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" said the latter. "I am looking for a convenient spot to insert my bill."

"What! do you intend to suck my blood?"

O, don't be alarmed; you will have plenty left. Why, that jugular vein, which I see begins to swell out so much that I could soon fill my sack, contains enough of blood to drown me and all my kindred."

"But, thief! what right have you to suck my blood, even if I have plenty of it?"

"Right! verily, that is a strange question. Don't you know that we mosquitoes have an inalienable right to suck blood?—Did you ever hear of the great battle our fathers fought in Egypt, in the days of Pharoah?" Here the mosquito stretched himself up to his full height, so as to appear very large; at the same time he drew out a nicely-polished spear, which he always carried with him, and rubbed it with his right forefoot.

The rumseller watched him, but said nothing, for he did not know exactly what to say.

The mosquito went on: "Besides, I should like to know if this is not a free country? and if mosquitoes have anywhere a right to suck blood, we who are hatched in American mud-puddles surely have."

"Well, I have travelled a little, and I think you are all very much alike, from the gallinipper of the south to the no-see-them of the north. You all live by robbery."

"Mr. Rumseller, the world owes us a living, and we intend to have it. Therefore, if one doesn't bleed you, another will."

"But you ought to get your living in an honest way. You regard neither law nor conscience."

"There, sir, you mistake. We are all warm friends of the license law, passed by the great council of grave and wise mosquitoes, which meet on the first warm day in May. This law gives to every one the privilege of bleeding men when he gets a chance. Every mosquito will defend this at the point of his lance. But any law opposed to this we hate as we do the oil of pennyroyal, or, which is the same thing, as rumsellers hate the Maine Law. As to conscience, every one of my acquaintances has a conscience just as long as his sucker, and beyond this he never goes."

"Well, I would not regard the loss of a little blood, if you did not poison me every time you insert your pump."

"Poison, indeed!" exclaimed the mosquito, holding up both his hind feet at once. "My great grandfather, who was born three weeks ago, lost his life by sucking poisoned blood. He alighted on a poor drunken fellow, who lay sleeping by the wayside, and, deceived by the bautiful crimson color of his nose, he tapped it; but the first sip proved his death—the fellow's blood was so highly charged with alcohol. Why rumseller, into how many veins have you poured poison! You poison the fountain of domestic peace and public morals. Blame me for sucking a drop of blood, while you suck away the time, and the money, and the reputation, and the life of your fellow-men—and all the time you pour poison into their hearts, and the hearts of their wives and children! If the biography of every mosquito was written, from his wiggletailhood to his death, you would not find one guilty of such meanness. Nay, if ten millions of us were compounded into one great musquito, with a proboscis like the sword of Goliah, which could pierce the heart and drink down its warm blood at a single gulp, he would not deserve to be feared and execrated as the man who lives on the tears, and sorrows, and blasted hopes of others."

Here the rumseller lifted his hand to crush the mosquito; but he flew away, and as he did so, he pointed one of his long fingers at the man, and cast upon him such a look of loathing and disgust, that the rumseller, for the first time in his life, felt something akin to shame.—*Cent. Christian Herald.*

Agriculture.

Food of Plants.

All that portion of plants which disappear in burning, is derived from the atmosphere and from water—only the small quantity which remains in the form of ash, is obtained from the soil. This ash is composed of silex, iron, lime, potash, soda, magnesia, sulphur, phosphorous and chlorine.

These substances exist in all plants, and being essential to their growth and perfect maturity, must of necessity be contained in all fertile soils.

By a wise provision of nature, these mineral ingredients are diffused with few exceptions over the whole earth, in the quantities and small proportions required for the spontaneous production of an almost endless variety of shrubs and trees.

Whenever vegetation is suffered to decay and mingle with the ground on which it grew, these earthly matters are returning to the soil, which in that case suffers no deterioration, but is on the contrary enriched by the annual deposit of vegetable mould. But when the vegetation is removed as is the case with the cultivated grains, grasses and fruits, a certain portion of the soil is taken away.

Even in the most fertile soils, the whole quantity of earthly matter which is necessary to the growth of plants, is only about 14 per cent., while some of the most important, like potash, sulphur and phosphorous, do not reach more than half of one per cent.

If, therefore, the produce of the soil is annually removed without any provision for restoring the earthly matter thus taken away, the quantity will, in a few years be so nearly exhausted as to be below the amount required for the growth of farm crops, and if longer continued, barrenness will be the inevitable result.

Let every farmer see that the fertility of his fands is maintained, by an application of mineral manures equal to the annual loss by tillage.—*Indiana Farmer.*

Shoeing Horses.

The following are the regulations of the British army upon this subject. They were prepared by a mixed commission of officers and eminent experienced professional men, and have recently been issued:

1. The shoe is to be beveled off so as to leave a space and prevent pressure to the sole.

2. It is not to be grooved or fettered, but simply punched and the nails countersunk.

3. Calking is to be applied to the hind shoe only, and is to be confined to the outside heel. The inside heel is to be thickened in proportion.

4. The weight of the shoe is to be from twelve to fifteen ounces, according to the size of the horse.

5. Horses are to be shod with not less than six nails in the fore, and seven in the hind shoe; nor is the shoe to be attached with less than three nails in each side.

6. In preparing the foot for the shoe, as little as possible should be pared out; and the operation should be confined to the exfoliating parts of the foot only.

7. Both the fore and the hind shoes are to be made with a single clip at the toes.

These rules may be of some value to blacksmiths and horse-owners.

EXTRAORDINARY CROP OF WHEAT.—Capt. J. C. Ragland, of Saluda township, in this county, raised during the last season, on twelve acres of land, two hundred and ninety-six bushels of wheat, weighing over sixty-three pounds per bushel. What is still more remarkable the ground was sown last Fall, but the grain sprang from the crop on the ground the previous year. The ground the previous year having been prepared with a sub-soil plow, was of course far more mellow and moist than if it had been skinned over in the manner too common among many of our farmers.—*Madison (In.) Banner.*

LICE ON COWS.—A correspondent of the *Southern Planter* says:

I saw in some agricultural work, that the water in which Irish potatoes have been boiled, if applied to cows, would kill lice upon them. I tried it several times with signal success, the vermin all taking their departure.

VALUE OF THE TURNIP CROP.—In England, where the humid climate is more favourable than ours to this crop, and where the mild winters save much labour in securing it from frost, its annual value is estimated to exceed a hundred million dollars.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—The character of the young men of a community depends much on that of the young women. If the latter are cultivated, intelligent, accomplished, the young men will feel the requirement that they themselves should be upright, and gentlemanly, and refined; but if their female friends are frivolous and silly, the young men will be dound dissipated and worthless. But remember, always, that a sister is but the guardian of a brother's integrity. She is the surest inculcator of faith in female purity and worth. As a daughter, she is the true light of home—The pride of the father oftenest centres in his sons, but his affection is expended on his daughters. She should, therefore, be the sun and centre of all.

Miscellaneous.

The Mocking Bird of America.

The American mocking bird, says Audubon, is the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and, besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming bird to the eagle. Pennant states that he had heard a caged one imitate the mewing of a cat, and the creaking of a sign in high winds. Barrington says his notes come nearest to the nightingale of any bird he ever heard. The description, however, given by Wilson, in his own inimitable manner, as far excels Pennant and Barrington, as the bird excels his fellow songsters. Wilson tells us that the ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening to and laying up lessons, mark the peculiarity of his genius. His voice is full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accents he faithfully follows his originals, while in strength and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native woods upon a dewy morning, his song rises above every competitor; for the others appear merely as inferior accompaniments.—His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at most, five or six syllables, generally uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor for half an hour or for an hour at a time. While singing he expands his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music; and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He sweeps around with enthusiastic estacy; he mounts or descends as his song swells or dies away; he amounts aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recall or recover his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain. A bystander might suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill—each striving to produce his utmost effort, so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic.

In confinement he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. He repeats the tune taught him, though it be of considerable length, with perfect accuracy. He runs over the notes of the canary, and of the red bird, with such superior efficacy and effect that the mortified songsters confess his triumph by their immediate silence. His fondness for variety, some suppose, injures his song.—His imitation of the brown thrush is often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue bird are mingled with the twittering of swallows, or the cackling of hens. During the moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters in their nocturnal excursions, know that the moon is rising, the instant they hear his delightful solo. After Shakspeare, Barrington attributes in part the exquisiteness of the nightingale's song to the silence of the night; but if it is so, what are we to think of the bird which, in the open glare of day, overpowers and often silences all competition? The natural notes of the American mocking bird are similar to those of the brown thrush.

Rapid Progress.

Four years ago the MUSTANG LINIMENT was first offered to the public as a sovereign remedy for all diseases, complaints or accidents, requiring an external remedy. Before it was offered for sale, or recommended to the afflicted, such experiments had been made with it as to satisfy the proprietors that it would cure the diseases for which it was recommended. It was also tested by several medical men of the highest eminence in their profession, and by the Sisters of Charity in their Hospital, at St. Louis, Mo., in Chronic Rheumatism, Fistula, and the most loathsome ulcers and sores that were considered incurable, and the effects were magical! In every instance a cure was effected. These and other cures were soon noised abroad, and the fame of the wonderful preparation spread like the rays of the morning sun. The demand was unprecedented, and still continues to be so. Its popularity spread far and wide over the Mississippi valley, from the Aleghany Mountains to the far-off Western prairies, and from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico and California. Over five millions of bottles have been sold, and thousands who were considered cripples for life, have been made whole and sound.

"The lame have been made to walk, the deaf to hear, the blind to see," and the sore and stiff jointed, leaped for joy, because they were cured! Cancers were perfectly eradicated. Palsied and withered limbs were restored to life, sensibility and activity; old Ulcers and Scrofulous Sores were healed; Piles of years standing were cured, and one universal shout of praise has gone forth from the thousands of sufferers who have been made whole and restored to health, usefulness and happiness by the use of the Mexican Mustang Liniment. And thus it still continues to go, "like an angel, with healing on its wings," and will bring joy and peace where pain and suffering exist. There is no exaggeration in these statements; they are plain sober facts, for which we have the documents to prove. For fresh cuts or wounds, Caked Breasts or Sore Nipples, Sprains, Braises, Burns or Scalds, it is efficacious, prompt and successful in giving relief and effecting a cure. It is the best remedy ever discovered, for lameness, sore eyes, pain or inflammation, and is equally applicable to man or beast. It is a guaranteed remedy for Spavin, Ringbone, Sweeney or Scratches on horses. No farmer or owner of stock will be a day without it, who knows its value. Last spring we crossed the Alleghanies with it, and established a house in New York, from which we have sent it forth on its mission of health, to the furthest confines of the Union, and to the British Provinces, and a voice is rolling back upon us from other thousands who have been set free from their infirmities! Reader, try one bottle—if it does not give satisfaction, call on us and get your money back. We can say no more.—*American Paper.*

"I say, Sambo, does ye know what makes de corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it?"

"No, I don't hardly, 'cept it makes de groun, stronger for de corn."

"Now I jist tell ye. When de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de 'fumety, so it hurries out of de ground', and gits up as high as possible, so as not to breave de bad air."

SIX GOOD REASONS.—The late Orin Fowler, in a letter to a young nephew published in the Appendix of Uncle Toby's book on Tobacco, gives the following six good reasons for advising him "never to use or touch this wild weed." "First, The use of Tobacco, will injure your health—Second, It will injure your mind. Third, It may lead to drunkenness and the ruin of your character. Fourth, It will waste your property. Some persons spend for Tobacco, in thirty years, money enough to buy a farm. Fifth, It will undermine your constitution and may bring you to an early grave. Sixth, It may ruin your soul forever. For these good reasons I hope you will remember now, never to meddle with tobacco."

A story is going the rounds, of a party of young ladies who were caught in a shower, having the color washed from their cheeks. A lady at our elbow thinks the color of some gentlemen's noses will not wash out at present.

A rowdy thus accosted a lady in the street: "Madam, can you inform me where I can see the elephant?" "No," was the reply; "but if I had a looking-glass you might see a very large monkey!" He "stepped."

FACETIAL.—A methematician being asked by a stout fellow, "If two pigs weigh twenty pounds, how much will a large hog weigh?" he replied, "Jump into the scales, and I will tell you immediately."

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.—*Spanish Maxim.*

The Guardian Angels;

OR

JAMES MASON AND HIS VISION:

AN APPEAL

IN FAVOUR OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE,

AND

A Prohibitory Liquor Law.

BY EUGENE MORTIMER, Esq.

CONTENTS:

CHAPTER I.—A Child's Thought.
II.—A Battle and a Victory.
III.—In which there is a Passing Glance at Two Characters.
IV.—The Vision.
V.—Guardian Angels.
VI.—A Singular Assault.
VII.—The Warning.
VIII.—The Surprise.
IX.—A Friend Indeed.
X.—A Narrow Escape.
XI.—A Hopeless Case.
XII.—A New Position.
XIII.—An Alarm.
XIV.—The Sacrifice.
XV.—A Scene in a Cellar.
XVI.—The Upper Ten.
XVII.—Day Dawning.
XVIII.—A Prediction Assuming Form.
XIX.—A Powerful but Neglected Instrument.
XX.—First Fruits of a Coming Harvest.
XXI.—A Problem Solved.
XXII.—Indictment and Proof of Guilt.
XXIII.—Showing some Sheep-heads are not deficient of Brains.
XXIV.—Home in a Nut shell.
XXV.—Light Thrown on a Dark Picture.
XXVI.—A Bright Idea.
XXVII.—In which appears a Short but Important Episode.
XXVIII.—Perpetual Motion
XXIX.—Did You ever Cipher It Out?
XXX.—Sowing to the Wind and Reaping the Whirlwind.
XXXI.—More Spokes in the Wheel.
XXXII.—A Dangerous Position—A Minister between Two Fires.
XXXIII.—An Encounter—But no Blood Shed
XXXIV.—An Old Debt.
XXXV.—A Strong Hold Stormed and Carried, despite a Powerful Enemy.
XXXVI.—A Vision of the Future.

The above work is recommended to the favour of Temperance men in the Province, under the persuasion that they will find it a valuable auxiliary in the work in which they are engaged. The Author saves from "puffing" would prefer that the work should be judged of by its own merits.

☞ Owing to the work extending to a greater number of pages than was at first anticipated, a small increase of the proposed price has become unavoidable.

☞ Price, single copies 1s 10½d.; a discount of 20 per cent will be made to those who order 25 copies and upwards, to one address.

☞ Persons wishing to act as Agents for the sale of the above work, in any part of the Province, to whom the above discount will be allowed, will please address the Author, post paid, to the "care of the Editors of the *Athenæum*, Halifax, N. S."

Halifax, October 15th, 1853.

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS, &c.—We direct attention to the advertisement of this valuable and important volume which appears on our third page.

Having been favoured, as we have before intimated with the perusal of this admirable production in *manuscript*, we have much pleasure in repeating the favourable opinion we formerly expressed, now on its near approach to actual publication.

For the satisfaction of all who are interested in the subjects of which it treats, we would say, that "*The Guardian Angels*" is exceedingly interesting in its manner of discussing the points of difference between the friends and the enemies of Total Abstinence and a Prohibitory Law—while the arguments employed in support of its positions are convincing and unanswerable. The work is full of striking incidents, and abounds with scenes described with graphic power—some of which are in a high degree humorous, and others by their solemnity and pathos, calculated to stir the soul to its very depths and to produce a profound impression. In our judgment, it has strong claims on the attention of Temperence men and Temperance Societies throughout this Province, and we believe that a wide and general circulation of it can not fail of greatly subserving the interests of *Total* Abstinence and accelerating the passage of a Prohibitory Law. *It is just the work required in the present state of the Temperance cause in this Province*, to focuse attention and produce the desired effect; and, at the same time, equally well adapted for the same purposes to other localities, where an effort is being made to obtain a Legislative suppression of the traffic.

On these grounds we earnestly urge on all who are friendly to the objects of this work, as stated in the Title Page, the propriety of seeking to introduce "The Guardian Angels" into every village and town, as well as to circulate it widely in Halifax, and other cities of the Provinces, from which the most beneficial results may be confidently anticipated. The volume must be read to appreciate to the fullest extent the adaptation of this masterly "Appeal" to produce deep and heartfelt conviction of the absolute necessity of Total Abstinence and a Prohibitory Liquor Law—so dear to the hearts of the thousands of the Temperance men, now happily found in every part of the world. We can scarcely express our sense of obligation, under which we believe the cause of Temperance is placed to the author; and our earnest hope is that the work may speedily receive that patronage which it justly merits, and which will render the issue of another edition necessary in a short time. Friends procure it—read it—circulate it! A few dollars spent by those who can afford the outlay, in *gratuitously* circulating it among those who, from prejudice, are not likely to purchase it for themselves will be well bestowed, and may result in winning over to our cause some whose example and influence our cause requires.—*Athenæum.*

CITY STOVE STORE!!

213 HOLLIS STREET, NEAR H. M. ORDNANCE.

PER late arrivals a very large supply for wholesale and retail, and the most varied assortment of STOVES of latest and improved shapes and of stoutest material—very moderate prices for cash—or 3 to 6 months credit. AIR-TIGHT COOKING 4 sizes, Nos. 2 to 5, of above patterns exact; UNIONS ditto, improved with heavy plated and enlarged fire places, Nos. 2 to 6.

ELEVATED OVEN ditto, now proved a superior stove for baking and every Cooking purpose—all the above fire places lined with stone for use of coals—and with extra cast oven cases for use of wood.

SCOTCH UNION Cooking Stoves and round double barrel and small dumpys for Shops ditto—PLYMOUTH brass mounted improved square CABOOSES of sizes for vessels of 50 to 800 tons made very substantial and with copper plates, &c., the cheapest and best caboose fuel saver ever offered in this market.

James' Nos 5, 6, 7 & 8, oval Cabooses with rings, Cabin Stoves of all sizes small two Boiler Cooking Stoves Galvanized and sheet iron Stove Pipe necks and knees all sizes to fit Stoves and pieces at shortest notice. Charcoal Furnaces and potters complete for cooking or heating in, oven mouths, a variety of useful utensils for Cooking Stoves, consisting of Wire Bread Toasters, Cinder Shovels, Fancy Washington Cake Pans, Andirons and Brushes, packages of Fire Kindler, best Stove lead in Packages, cast iron kitchen sinks for builders, Farmers large Franklins with hook for cranes, Farmer's 12 to 40 gallon Portable Boilers.

PARLOR and bed-room, gothic portable FRANKLINS—a good improvement in the old shapes, sizes No 1 to 4 of the above patterns exact—lined with stone with grates and cinder pans for coals; plain open brass mounted Franklins No 2 & 4 for use of wood or coals.

GOTHIC REGISTER GRATES, Parlor Franklins Cooking apartments to close over very neat and ornamental, Russia Sheet Iron Air Tights with cast tops and contain an oven inside and place for boiler in back, very useful and neatly made, co moth Air Tight assorted sizes, plain Franklin for wood or coal, ornamented Star Air Tight with doors to close in front and urn tops, suitable for fashionable Halls and Stores, &c, Ornamented Close Stoves, 4 sizes with holes on the top, no. 1 & 4 fluted Cylinder Stoves; VARNISHES, viz: A superior invented glossy back Varnish, suitable for stoves, at a low price per gallon, worth the attention of Founders and on retail for general use, Blue patent Varnish for Gothic Grates, boxes Hand Leadin papers. On hand a small assortment of Cooks and Hone made Cooking Franklin and 18, 21, 24, 27, and 30 and 36 and 27 and 30 and double do. close Canada STOVES for Churches.

☞ Orders from the Country, P. E. Island, Cape Breton and Newfound and answered with despatch.

☞ Dealers in Cash at wholesale will find prices to suit, and early orders for any quantity of above answered immediately. Also for Spence's Improved Cooking Ranges.

J. M CHAMBERLAIN,
General Importer Agent, and Dealer in Stoves and Grates.
Halifax, September 8, 1853. 3m.

WASHING

MADE EASY AND PLEASANT BY THE USE OF

BOSTON

Chemical Washing Powder.

THIS Soap Powder, prepared by a practical Chemist is superior for washing clothes, cleaning paint work removing grease from woollens and takes the place of other soaps for cleansing purposes. One package with five minutes labor makes two gallons of pure soft soap. Thousands of families have adopted its use and give it the preference over all other saponaceous compounds.

Manufactured by BECK & Co., No. 120, Washington Street, Boston.

Retailed by Grocers and Druggists generally.

D TAYLOR, Jr., 45, Hanover street, Boston, general Agent for the Provinces to whom all orders must be addressed.

Sold in Halifax wholesale and retail by W M. Harrington, John Harrington, John Eason & Co, John Lithgow, Alex McLeod, Grocers, and by Morton & Co., John Naylor, Avery, Brown & Co., Druggists, and by dealers generally. November 17.

TOILET PREPARATIONS.

ISAAC BABBITT'S

SUPERIOR TOILET SOAPS,

CYTHEREAN CREAM OF SOAP, PANARISTON SHAVING CREAM, PANARISTON SHAVING SOAPS, IN SOLID ROLLS, PANARISTON SOAP FOR MEDICAL USES, AND SHAVING POWDER

These choice Soaps and creams enjoy the highest fame for their superior excellence, both in this country and in Europe. Medals have been awarded from the best institutions, and testimonials of their virtues by thousands who have used them.

CYTHEREAN CREAM OF SOAP, for Ladies, softens the skin, removes freckles, purifies the complexion, and is free from all impure or irritating properties, and is admired by all who use it.

PANARISTON SHAVING CREAM takes the place of all other Soaps as a preparation for the razor, and those who use it once will never after use any other.

PANARISTON ROLLS are put up in a neat portable style suited to travellers convenience.

The following are a few from the many testimonials received:—

Rev. John Pierpont says of the Shaving Soap, "it is unequaled, as a preparation for the razor, by anything that I have found." Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer, says of the Cytherean Cream, "I have never met with any Soap Compound, which, in cleansing the most delicate skin, would, like this, leave it perfectly moist, soft and healthy." Dr. Walter Channing says, "I have no memory of so good an article." Dr. Luther V. Bell, Superintendent of the McLean Asylum, says, "it is superior to any other saponaceous compound I have known." Hon. Horace Greely, of the N. Y. Tribune, says, "we have tried it, and found it perfect; no other soap is worthy of being mentioned the same day" Dr. Baily, editor of the National Era, says "it is in all respects the very best soap we have used." Mrs. Swisshelm, editress of the Pittsburg Saturday Visitor, says, "it is superior to anything in the soap line either soft or hard." Mr. Prentice of the Louisville Journal, says, "the Cytherean Cream of Soap is probably the best for preserving the purity of the skin which has yet appeared" The New York Literary World, says, "Mr Babbitt will be the Soyer of soap, the great regenerator."

Sold wholesale and retail by Beck & Co., proprietors, 120 Washington street, Boston.

Manufacturers of Toilet Soaps of all kinds, Colognes—Perfume Extracts—Dentifrices—Hair Oils and Hair Dyes. General Agents for Dr. Adam's Colcassian Ambra—a Hair Preservative.

Retailed by Druggists and Traders generally, throughout the United States and Canada.

D. TAYLOR, Jr., Boston, General Agent to whom orders must be directed.

Sold in Halifax by Morton & Co. John Naylor, H. A. Taylor, and T. Durney. November 17.

PERRY'S HUNGARIAN BALM.

For Restoring, Preserving, and Beautifying the Hair.

MUCH might be said in favor of this invaluable Compound, but it is deemed unnecessary, as the proprietor feels that the fact will convince the most incredulous of its rare and manifold virtues. Therefore,

If you have lost your hair and wish to restore it,

If you are losing your hair and wish to preserve it,

If you are troubled with Dandruff, and wish to remove it,

If you have any Humour of the Scalp, and wish to cure it,

If you are troubled with Nervous Headache, and wish to cure it,

If you have Hair Eaters at the roots of the hair, and wish to destroy them,

If you have harsh, dry, and wiry hair, and wish it to become soft, pliable, and beautiful as silk, and if you wish to preserve rich, graceful and luxuriant tresses to the latest period of life,

USE PERRY'S HUNGARIAN BALM.

Price 25 and 50 cents—in large bottles.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by BURR & PERRY, No 1 Cornhill, Boston.

D. TAYLOR, of Boston, General Agent for the British Provinces to whom all orders must be directed.

For sale in Halifax by John Naylor, Morton & Co., Avery, Brown & Co., R. G. Fraser, H. A. Taylor, and T. Durney, and by dealers generally.

November 17.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

THIS article has been thoroughly introduced, and is now universally used throughout the entire Union, British Provinces, Canada, Bermudas and West India Islands, and its power and influence is fast becoming felt wherever civilization has obtained a foothold. Its mild and soothing influence upon diseased parts—effectually curbs in all cases—virtues so diametrically opposed to all other medicines of the kind used—has obtained for it its world wide reputation. A brief summary of its powers is given in the following beautiful

ACROSTIC.

Mustang Liniment! The mass hail with joy
Earth's healing treasure, whose virtues destroy
Xerasia, that foe to luxuriant hair;
Itch that the finger nails hopelessly tear;
Cancers, whose gnawings so fearfully tell;
Acute Chronic and Rheumatism as well;
Neuralgia, Toothache, that agony swell!

Mustang—thy progress is upward and on!
Ulcers yield to thee like dew to the sun,
Scrofulous sores that the doctors perplex;
Tumours of all kinds, that bother and vex;
Aches, Cuts, and Bruises and vile running sores—
Nuisances—keeping us within doors;
Gout, palsied limbs, and a host of such bores.

Lame stricken cripples are raised on their legs,
In joy, quaffing pleasure a bright cup to the dregs.
Nature's great remedy—on with thy work!
Inflamations expelling wherever they lurk,
Men, women and cattle like mist must bear,
Each one in like manner this blessing can share.
Next thing we say—though in truth may sound strange,
That if it don't cure, we give back the change.

To Farmers and Livery Stable Keepers,

And all who have the charge of horses, or other animals this LINIMENT is of immense benefit. All the express companies in New York City are using it, and have unanimously certified in its favour.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

Every store should be supplied with this valuable LINIMENT, as it gives good satisfaction and sells rapidly.

PRICES.—In consequence of the increased demand for the Liniment, we are now putting up 25 cent, 50 cent, and $1 bottles. The 50 cent bottles contain three times as much as the 25 cent bottle, and the $1 bottle contains three times as much as the 50 cent bottle: so that money will be saved by buying the large bottles.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., Proprietors.
394 Broadway, New York.

D. TAYLOR, Jr., Boston, General Agent for the Provinces to whom orders must be directed.

Sold in Halifax by Morton & Co. John Naylor, H. A. Taylor, and T. Durney. November 17.

Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica

FOOD,

FOR DIGESTION, &c.

THE distinguishing characteristic of DuBARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD is succinctly described by one of the sufferers who have been relieved by it, as having "done all that medicine failed to effect." Without recourse to medicine, it affords a perfect cure in the most inveterate and distressing cases of disease connected with the nervous, stomach, liver, kidneys, and intestines, an exhibited in an innumerable variet of malignant forms.—The list of those who have taken the trouble to acknowledge personally the benefits they have derived from the Food now considerably exceeds FIFTY THOUSAND and includes persons of all classes, from the peer to the artisan, Honest Sergeant Neels, of H.M.S. *Crocodile*, who declares that he has been restored to health and life by it, and "wishes every poor creature labouring under disease could become acquainted with the Food;" as explicit in his thanks as Lord Stuart de Decies, Major-General King, the Ven. Archdeacon Stuart, &c, &c, &c. Mr. J. S. Newton, of Plymouth, declares to the same effect:—"For the last ten years I have been suffering from dyspepsia, headaches, nervousness, low spirits, sleeplessness and delusions, and swallowed an incredible amount of medicine without relief. I am happy to say that your Food has cured me, and I am now enjoying better health than I have had for many years past."

For sale in Canisters at 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 13s. 9d 27s. 6d., and 4lz. 3d., by JOHN NAYLOR,
Nov. 18. 162 Granville St.

NEVER FAILING REMEDY.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A CRIPPLE SETS ASIDE HIS CRUTCHES AFTER TEN YEARS SUFFERING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thompson, Chemist, Liverpool, dated August 20th, 1852.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

DEAR SIR—I am enabled to furnish you with a most extraordinary cure effected by your invaluable Ointment and Pills, which has astonished every person acquainted with the sufferer. About 10 years ago, Mr. W. Commins of Sidney Street, in this town, was thrown from his horse, whereby he received very serious injuries; he had the best medical aid at the time and was afterwards an inmate of different infirmaries, yet he grew worse, and at length a malignant running ulcer settled on his hip, which so completely crippled him, that he could not move with out crutches for nearly 10 years; recently he began to use Your Ointment and Pills, which have now healed the wound, strengthened his limb, and enabled him to dispense with his crutches, so that he can walk with the greatest ease, and with renewed health and vigour.

Signed) G. THOMPSON

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A DREADFUL SKIN DISEASE WHEN ALL MEDICAL AID HAD FAILED.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Hird, Draper, of Keady near Gainsbro', dated March 1st, 1852.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR—some time since, one of my children was afflicted with dreadful eruptions over the body and limbs. I obtained the advice of several eminent Surgeons and Physicians, by all of whom the case was considered hopeless. At length I tried your Ointment and Pills, and without exaggeration, the effect was miraculous, for by persevering in their use, all the eruptions quickly disappeared, and the child was restored to perfect health.

I previously lost a child from a similar complaint, and I firmly believe, had I in her case adopted your medicines she would have been saved also. I shall be happy to testify the truth of this to any enquirer.

(Signed) J. HIRD, Draper.

ANOTHER SURPRISING CURE OF ULCERATED BAD LEGS, DEBILITY, AND GENERAL ILL HEALTH.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. J. M. Clennell, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, dated September 20th, 1852.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

DEAR SIR—I am authorised by Mrs. Gibbon, of 31 Bailey Street, in this town, to inform you that for a considerable period she has been a sufferer from debility, and general ill health, accompanied with a disordered stomach, and in great derangement of the system. In addition to this she was terribly afflicted with ulcerated wounds, or running sores, in both her legs, so that she was totally incapable of doing her usual work. In this distressing condition she adopted the use of your Pills and Ointment, and she states, that in a wonderfully short time, they effected a perfect cure of her legs, and restored her constitution to health; and that she is now enabled to walk about with ease and comfort. Several other persons in this neighbourhood have also received extraordinary benefit from the use of your invaluable medicines.

I remain, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) JOHN MORTON CLENNELL.

CERTAIN REMEDY FOR SCORBUTIC HUMOURS—AND AN ASTONISHING CURE OF AN OLD LADY SEVENTY YEARS OF AGE OF A BAD LEG.

Copy of a Letter from Messrs. Walker and Co. Chemists, Bath.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

DEAR SIR—Among the numerous cures effected by the use of your valuable medicines in this neighbourhood, we may mention that of an old lady living in the Village of Preston, about five miles from this City. She had ulcerated wounds in her legs for many years, and latterly they increased to such an alarming extent as to defy all the usual remedies; her health rapidly giving way under the suffering she endured. In this distressing condition she had recourse to your Ointment and Pills, and by the assistance of her friends, was enabled to persevere in their use, until she received a perfect cure. We ourselves been greatly astonished at the effect upon so old a person, she being 70 years of age. We shall be happy to satisfy any enquirer as to the authenticity of this wonderful case, either personally or by letter.

A private in the Bath Police Force, also, has been perfectly cured of a scorbutic affection in the face, after all other means had failed. He states that it has proved by the use of your Ointment, and speaks loudly in its praise.

We remain, Dear Sir,
Your's faithfully
April 6, 1852. (Signed) WALKER & Co.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

Bad Legs,	Cancers,	Scalds,
Bad Breasts.	Contracted and Stiff Joints.	Sore Nipples,
Burns,	Elephantiasis,	Sore throats,
Bunions,	Fistulas,	Skin Diseases,
Biles of Mosche toes and Sandflies,	Gout,	Scurvy,
Coco-Bay,	Glandular swellings,	Sore Heads,
Chiego-foot,	Lumbago,	Tumours,
Chilblains,	Piles,	Ulcers,
Chapped-hands,	Rheumatism,	Wounds,
Corns (Soft)		Yaws.

☞ N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot and Box.

Sub Agents in Nova Scot