

The Provincial Westman.

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WHOLE No. 617.

Religious Miscellany.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Rev. John Wesley, M. A.

PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S TOMBSTONE, IN EPWORTH CHURCHYARD. By S. O. Fulton.

"Not being permitted to preach in the Epworth Church, I stood near the east end of it, on my father's tombstone."—J. W. KENT.

It was the holy hush of eve,

And Epworth's domes and spires,

Shone in the mellow sunset glow,

Like Dothan's chariot-fires;

And eager crowds came from the streets,

Converging at the spot

Where of the heralds of our God,

Had told of mercy sound.

No bell rings out inviting sound—

No chapel-portal ope—

No vaulted dome doth echo back

The words of faith and hope:

For he who that throng would preach,

Upon that balmy night,

Must stand without the Epworth Church,

Out in the waning light.

He led to the place of graves—

That silent, surging crowd—

"He sought the living 'mong the dead,"

The sleeper in his shroud;

And standing on his father's tomb,

He raised his hands and cried,

"Ye must be saved by grace, through faith"

In Christ the Crucified.

Soft, rose-tint hues were blushing there,

And many health and bloom,

And bending eye with silvery locks,

All quivering for the tomb;

They hearkened all—perchance the air

Was speaking through the son—

A voice from out the solemn grave,

It was for every one.

No angel-legions saw they there—

No chorists of fire—

No singing seraph hovering o'er,

All wrapped in pure desire;

Alas! for clouded human sight!

The holiest of that scene,

Was hidden by the mortal veil

Hung death and life between!

But mercy bathed her pinions in

The crystal sea of love,

And sweetly, swiftly hastened from

The shining world above;

And while the herald cried aloud,

She fluttered by his side,

And those that did unto her look,

She spoke them justified.

That summer's eve was ever dear

To some that stood and heard;

That Epworth labor was not lost

O Servant of the Lord!

The great Reformer of thy day,

'Twas thine to rise and break

The death-spell of the slumbering Church,

And cry to it, Awake!

A rich reward hath righteousness—

True greatness hath a crown,

That shall survive all worldly wealth,

And laurels of renown;

A mighty host on earth can stand,

And bless John Wesley's day,

A mightier host in heaven can rise,

And laud him there for aye.

There are, whose work it is to go

And break the fallow ground,

There are to bring the precious germs

And scatter them around,

There are to move a sinful world

Asleep in moral night,

There are to mold that world anew

And shed abroad the light.

A pebble cast into the sea,

Though it be seen no more,

A segment of the circle made

Will reach the farthest shore;

So with the surging sea of life—

Good deeds thrown in the flood,

Though they be small, will circle on,

And touch the throne of God!

Webster, April, 1861.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

"The Sunny South."

(Concluded.)

We now had an opportunity of cultivating a more intimate acquaintance with our friend the turpentine operator by becoming a boarder at his house. He gave us a sketch one evening of a scene connected with his brother-in-law's early operations in the same business, whom we shall call Smith. I subsequently received further particulars from Smith's co-oper who was present on the occasion.

Smith had commenced business on his own hook, that is to say, without the usual terms of a lease. Believing that it is good for man to be alone until he makes a fortune, which he felt resolved to do in the shortest possible time.

He and his co-oper and overseer therefore lived as they termed it quietly and cozily together, having the strictest regard to economy, and a vigilant eye to the negroes, lest they should fall to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

One morning Smith's negroes went forth to their work, and to their labour. In the evening (as was not unusual) they returned with a weary step. Their master had been for several days journalizing his books; calculating his losses and gains. His golden fleece had been pictured to "live and fleece" at the end of the year. But he now begins strongly to suspect that his fancy has been realizing too much—his balance sheet at the close of the year will stand "the substance of things hoped for," minus not an inconsiderable item. He has long been believing and throwing out hints to his negroes that they are not doing to the extent of their ability, and he has not a few times used the lash and paddle in order to test the matter. He now resolved to test it more thoroughly; to attain if possible, "the consummation so Jeovity to be wished." It is a cold, frosty night—all things have become quiet about the negro quarters—they have calmly resigned themselves to "live and fleece" as they say, but not so with the master and his sympathizing companions—they are discussing the physical ability of the slave.

The overseer declares it his opinion that they are all able to do more than they do, and especially certain ones he designates.—It is finally decided to make an example of the one they deem most tardy and delinquent.

They steal forth with hand-cuffs in hand—they silently approach the door of his cabin and enter. He is suddenly aroused from his slumbers, and e'er the images of his dreams have vanished, he is loaded with chains. He is carried to the place of correction, where his clothing is removed—his hands, which are tied together, are slipped over his knees, and a cane is passed under the knees and over the wrists: thus bound and fettered so as to be unable to move, he is left lying upon the cold frosty earth, while they proceed to kindle a fire, and the resinous pine, for the purpose of light to facilitate their purpose of cruelty, and their own personal comfort. They then with a light wood paddle, prepared as previously described, commence their barbarous work. The usual mode of procedure being, both in paddling and whipping, to inflict twenty blows at a time, resting some little time between each, usually filling up the interval with some light taunting remarks, such as "This is the wages of idleness. It's pleasant to receive them, is it not? Never give yourself any trouble, you will always get your pay. I hope you will sleep the better for this to-night; it will keep you warm; you will not be under the necessity of getting up to replenish your fire," &c.

On the present occasion they resolved to proceed slowly—to give him ample time to breathe and recruit strength between each infliction. They would therefore sit down during each interval, and smoke their long reed stemmed pipes, and engage in friendly chat—sometimes continuing for half an hour. In the mean time the negro, stripped of his clothing, with his hands and feet drawn together, lay shivering upon the cold frosty earth, pleading in such piteous tones as would almost melt the rocks for his release. But a continuous over and over to hear his master say, as he resumed his paddle, "Well, Jack, you keep up such a murmuring, I think you can't be very comfortable; it's rather a cold night, Jack, and you are rather thin; I think you must be cold; it will do you good to have a little warming up, Jack." This was about the usual preface to each twenty paddles.

Jack's first pleadings were, "O, massa, please don't paddle me any more; I will do my work well, I will work as hard as I can every day; O, please don't massa! please let me go, O, do massa!" But as the evening advanced and he grew weaker, his pleas became, "O, massa do not take away my life; spare my life, O, massa do not kill me. I'll be good, don't whip me any more; O, massa don't kill me." Two hours have passed away, and Jack is still lying on the cold, pleading for his poor flickering life, and brained and mangled body. His strength is fast falling, the lamp is burning dim in the socket. He breathes a prayer to his crucified suffering Lord. "Blessed Jesus, receive my poor soul; O, take me to the New Jerusalem, where dare I rest for do poor turpentine nigger."

But he is again feeling the paddle—his brain swims and throbs for a moment, and his senses are gone, he has sunk into a swoon; another stroke, when his master perceives he is beating a senseless lump of clay. The stroke of the paddle ceases, and he says to his companions, "I believe he is dying." His shackles are soon removed, and they bear him apparently lifeless to the house; they bathe his feverish brow, and employ all the means at their command for his restoration. All night long they continue to administer restoratives—his senses have partially recovered—pulse by pulse life resumes its lingering hold. His blood is retreating, though thick and chill; his ear sings with uncouth noises; his sight is returning though thickened as it were with glass. But the spirit is grieved and outraged, and seems resolved to separate from the bruised and mangled body, till the corruptible shall put on incorruption. But the brittle distended thread of life still remains unsevered. He is placed the next day under the Doctor's care; but many long weeks passed away before Jack was seen again with his chipper in hand among the dark waving pines.

"Ah!" said his brother-in-law as he closed the sketch, Smith knew very little at that time of what a nigger could be.

A few nights after Jack had been given into the hands of the doctor, his companions became so enraged and desperate, that they assaulted the house at the hour of midnight. But Smith was absent from home, or, said my informant, "I have no doubt they would have taken his life." For the next six months he slept at the house of his brother-in-law.

While boarding with my friend I came in quite late one evening and found him absent. In answer to my inquiries for him I was informed that he had accompanied his neighbour to capture and whip one of his negroes. I inquired of his Bonne Femme as to whether the negro had run away, and what he had been doing of—the answer, they say he had not been going off—he ran well for several days—that he has not yet returned, but they fear he will soon, unless they get hold of him and whip him. What she meant by this last remark was, that the negro felt contented with his lot, that he knew his master's vigilant eye had discovered it, and that he would be made at the first opportunity the object of the lash or paddle, and to avoid which he had strong fears he would run away, as hundreds of others had done.

About ten o'clock our host came in, we inquired after the negro, O' said he, we caught him; he was just sitting down to his supper; it was about eight o'clock, he never heard us until we entered the door. The lantern was prepared and we accompanied him to the barn, as we supposed simply to take charge of his horse, but to our surprise we found his neighbour there with the negro. He had him stripped of his clothing and was tying his hands to a beam under the shed. After a light wood fire was built up he commenced his work of laceration. The first eighty lashes were inflicted upon the back, the next twenty alternately upon the back and abdomen. This last twenty was inflicted doubly severe, the strokes were very heavy; the mournful ejaculations and cries of the negro—the tones and tears with which he begged, are indescribable. Our feelings so overcame us, we gazed upon the bleeding lacerated body, and

listened to these closing strokes and cries, that we were obliged to turn from the scene and yield to the tender passions; while we breathed most earnestly a prayer to Him, who had said, "He shall have judgement without mercy who shows no mercy,"—that the time may soon come when man will no longer have the humanity or will to make his fellow mourn.

The negro was then liberated and started for his "Old Cabin Home," where the wife and children are mingling together their tears, and waiting his return for his supper. He had closed his day's work, travelled some four miles through heavy sand to his home, tired and hungry he seated himself at the table, but e'er he tastes his food, he is seized, loaded with iron, fastened with a rope to the neck of the horse, is driven three miles before his inhuman masters, is scourged as above described, is liberated, arrives at his home at the hour of mid-night. The weeping sympathizing friend of his heart bathes his wounds and binds them up with fresh turpentine, the only thing she had, he eats his corn cake, and lies down to rest from the labours of the day.

A few evenings after my arrival at the house of our friend he said to me, "There is one of my negroes that has been working very differently for several days. It was riding through the woods to-day and came upon him unawares; he was seated behind a large pine sharpening his chipper; he never saw me until I was right upon him, he started up somewhat nervously; I said to him, 'Well Sam, what has been the matter for these few days past?' You are getting old very fast, your joints are becoming stiff." Sam's reply was, "Massa Ise been having a very bad toothache; so bad I can hardly work at all."

Ah! said his master, that is it, if that is all I think I can cure it for you. He dismounted with his heavy overseer's whip in his hand to drop his chipper and ran, he pursued him for a short distance, but the negro was too fast for him, and was soon lost to his vision in the neighbouring swamp. Said he "I never was so angry in my life, I am glad now that I had not the gun with me, for I should have shot him dead." He added "It's the first time he ever ran from me, he has always been a very humble nigger; always before when I went to whip him, he would drop upon his knees the moment I told him to cross his hands."

But said he, "I think he will be in some time to-night; I went and told Ben about it, I can always depend upon him; I told him if he would bring him in to me I would give him ten dollars." Ben was a bright mellow, and very active and smart, his master called him the best nigger he had. Ben loved compliments and money, and could be bribed with these to do almost anything. He found him during the early part of the evening, and after a long talk, succeeded in persuading him that it would better to do and give himself up and take the whipping than to take the hard chances of the woods, and be punished more severely when caught, promising likewise to beg for him. About eleven o'clock I retired to my room—I had been in bed a few moments, when I heard the gate open, and the sound of foot-steps, the next moment I heard the voice of the master, "Well Sam is this day, you are not quite so wild as you were to-day. He returned to the room for a line to tie him, by the time he returned we were upon the piazza likewise. He cried out with a harsh shrill voice, "cross your hands you rascal." The negro dropped upon his knees and crossed his hands; while they were being tied, he kept up a constant apologizing and begging. "I ran from you master to-day, and I am very sorry for it, I never do so before, and I never will again, O, massa if you won't whip me to-night, I'll never run from you again, and I'll do my work well." But his master made him no reply. After he had his hands well secured, he said to him, "go along with you to the barn," while he held to the other end of the rope. I turned and went into the house; I found his wife sitting by the fire weeping; and as we were told by him who kept the grave of Lazarus, to "weep with those that weep," we sat down and sought with her to relieve our feelings by tears; perhaps your readers may think it womanly, but no matter.

Ben came in, in a moment for some fire, when she said to him in a trembling voice, "Ben now you beg for Sam to-night," he replied, "I will" and went on his way. After a few moments had elapsed, she said to me, "I wish you would go out and beg for him; I feel so bad; I am afraid my husband will not be merciful to-night; he was so angry because the negro ran from him; I think if you were out with him it would have an influence upon him, that it would tend to soften his feelings." I told her I would, and went out. Before I got half way to the barn, I heard the sound of the lash commencing.

I knelt down upon the earth, and offered a short prayer to Him who was wounded for our iniquities, who had the chastisement of our peace laid upon him, and with whose stripes we are healed.

Coming up, I found the negro adjusted as the other, with the addition of a heavy rail lying between his feet, to which they were tied. His hands are tied to a beam above his head, and his feet to the earth, his pants are dropped upon his ankles, and his shirt is rolled up tightly under his armpits. We knew there was no use of putting in a plea for him, till he had received one hundred lashes. His master had declared, during the evening, that if he got him again, he would not get away till he was properly humbled—that he would keep him in irons for a week, and give him, as he said, a little warming up each day.

We found the rule he was purposing to work by was to gage the number of lashes by his ability to bear. At the close of the hundred we gently put in our plea. We pleaded for his release on the ground of his coming in that night and giving himself up without being tied and whipped forcibly. Our plea finally succeeded, and Sam was released. Thus we closed up another day in the "Sunny South."

Our host had two women, and a girl about thirteen years old, he kept as house servants.—The names of the women respectively were, Henny and Milly. Henny was on the shady side of sixty. She had been the property of his father before him. Having been so long a time in the family, she had acquired the title among the children of "Old Aunt Henny," and she was known by this throughout the neighbourhood.

She was looking forward with brightening hopes and prospects to a "Home beyond the tide." Heaven seemed to draw very near in her fancy, while singing early on Sabbath morning, while attending to her daily duties—

"Dares a rest for the weary
On the under side of Jordan,
In de sweet fields ob Eden,
Where de tree ob life is blossoming,
Dares a rest for me?"

Milly was perhaps about thirty-five; was very quiet and retiring in her manners; she had a large family of children to look after in addition to her other labours, such as washing, scrubbing, taking care of the garden, &c. One evening we returned from our labours at the *Papitagonia Institute* (so called, we suppose, for the sake of euphony) and found our host exercising himself at the wood pile. As he was a little weary we sat down and entered into a sociable chat on the subject of affairs in general, in the course of which he said, "I have been having a real scrape with my nigger women to day; I have been flogging the whole lot of them. I have been threatening them for some time; and I thought while I was about it I might as well make a job of it." "That girl," said he "beats all niggers I ever see." I gave her nearly fifty paddles before she would cry or beg. I had to whip her—say you will—till she is hardly able to walk, before I could properly humiliate her."

In answer to my enquiries as to where and how he had paddled them, he said, "I took them in the barn, tied their hands and feet, and drew them over a barrel, I gave 'Old Aunt Henny' seventy, and Milly fifty paddles." Now "Old Aunt Henny" was as old again as himself, she nursed him when he was a child. But neither the venerable name of "Old Family Servant," the hoary hairs of age, nor the gentle delicate name of woman, could render her sacred from the bruising, mangling paddle, and his shameful and disgusting accompaniments. But more barbarous and abominable still is the case of her suffering companion. True she is young, and receives less number of paddles, but then she is within a few hours of the time—shall I finish the sentence, or woo oblivion to open its mouth and swallow it up?—of the time when she gives birth to a child.

We have now given a hasty crayon sketch of a few of the scenes of cruelty and barbarity we witnessed, and received from the lips of those least liable to exaggerate, during our four years' sojourn in the "Sunny South." We have given them with few comments, and we shall close them without a peroration.

As some of your readers may have become sufficiently interested in our hero to feel a desire to know something of his future, and as we are in possession of the facts, it may not be deemed amiss for us to gratify them.

They will not deem it matter of surprise that he should now turn politician, seeing he has become a man of influence and position in the community; having raised himself by his own native talent.

The time for the election of members for the State Legislature arrived. The two principal political parties—viz: the Know-nothing and Democratic—were very equally poised. The spirit of politics, therefore, soon rose to about ninety degrees Fahrenheit. The Superior Court commenced its session just at this time, which brought a rather brilliant array of talent to our Court House, out of which each party sought to make what they could.

Hand-bills were posted the first day of the Court, announcing a political meeting for the next night in the court-room.

Our hero was present on the occasion, and was called out. He made what his party called a flaming speech. Of course we could not be considered a judge, nor being a politician.—About all we remember of it, was his introduction.

He rose very gracefully, stripped his coat sleeves up above his high wrist-band studs, made a low bow, and commenced with "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—This is a great nation, and we are a great people. The British can whip all the world, and all we wish to be British." He succeeded at least sufficiently well to receive a second call to the "stump" a few evenings after at Wilmington. He was not yet out of the first day of the Court, announcing a political meeting for the next night in the court-room.

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Religious Intelligence.

The Presiding Eldership in California.

This office is a stern reality on the Pacific coast. It reminds one of the times we read of. We had been so long familiar with its modern city aspects as to have considered it nearly a new institution, adjusted to later conditions of the Church and the world; having, now definable upon supervisory and connective grounds only. But I have found it when it blends with the forms of the past, and when it is a great traveling, preaching office. It has no railroad feature in it, allowing a man to sit upon a sofa and slip into town from his home, fifty or sixty miles, of a Saturday evening, after tea, to meet his appointments—no merely "Any complaints?" "Any appeals?" quarterly meetings. The San Francisco district is, I think, the smallest and easiest district in the state—a very garden patch compared with it includes only five counties, stretching around the bays and along the Pacific coast from Contra Costa to Monterey. And counties are counties in California; they would be states in New England. The presiding elder must utter a quarter of two weeks at a time away from home, or spend most of his secular days on the road. The travelling is much of the time splendid, by steamboat and stage, or by private conveyance. But during the rainy season it is often quite difficult. The roads, naturally the finest in the world, are great thoroughfares for heavy teaming; huge loads of eight, ten, and even twelve horses (or cattle) power; piled up "the deep," and the creaking of the wheels, on the wheels, up into your face, anywhere. Regular Young American mud cars for nobody. What of it, after all? I have seen just as muddy mud "down East." Seldom, however, never indeed such rains. It can rain "in the States." It can cloud up gradually, and blow a little. It can sprinkle and drizzle, and "thunder and lighten," and make it moist, and even wet sometimes, but it can't just spring up, and without ten minutes' notice drop right down in a sheet, or pour in a hundred million continuous streams nearly as large as a pipe stem, crowding and following each other for ten or twenty hours together. If any brother "at home" wants to obtain a vivid idea of Noah's flood, with the great breaking up, let him come and travel my district through the rainy season.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1861.

In consequence of the official relation of this paper to the Conference of Eastern British America, we require that Obituary, Revival, and other notices addressed to us, should be sent to the hands of the Superintendent Minister, Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence. We do not undertake to return rejected articles. We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of our correspondents.

Wesley's Portrait.

The religious work exhibits two extremes. In regard to the memory of the faithful departed. One is a branch of the hydra sin, idolatry; human reason forms a standard, and canonizes each devotee who goes beyond it. The other extreme has been produced, unquestionably, by a thorough detestation of this abject homage. It scrupulously avoids attaching any importance to the death or memory of earth's noble ones; if mentioned at all, detracts from the influence which their example might exercise upon the world, by representing the pathway in which they moved as prescribed, and by the strength by which they conquered as supplied by Divine Providence, in virtue of Christ's sacrificial atonement, and of his own distinguishing regard.

Mount Allison, Sackville, N. B., May 8, 1861.

The painting is extremely effective, and with the literary side of the mechanical additions makes one of the most ingenious displays of art we have ever seen. There is a musical box attached which plays several charming tunes. Capt. Hirschbuhl takes pride in his ingenious mechanism, and it certainly shows equal patience, skill, and artistic taste.

Obituary Notices.

If "the memory of the just is blessed," how desirable then it is to perpetuate that memory. If there be joy in heaven over one repenting sinner, doubtless there is holy rejoicing when a ransomed spirit, having served out its probation on earth, and triumphed through the atoning blood over sin and death, comes to share its inheritance with the saints in light. Such an event, then, is surely worthy of a record in the annals of the church militant, that they who are still fighting in the great warfare of life against sin and satan, may be stimulated to renewed vigilance and vigor—that they may seek large supplies of that faith and grace by which they too shall conquer, and ultimately "pass thro' death triumphant home."

DE. SAMUEL BAYARD OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

The subject of this sketch, for many years an eminently devoted christian, and a highly esteemed member of the Methodist church, departed this life, after a short illness, on the evening of the 11th inst., in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He was the youngest son of the late Col. Bayard, of very precious memory, to whose sanctity of life a well-merited tribute is paid in the Memoir of the Rev. Wm. Black by the Rev. Dr. Richey, p. 316, 322.

A short time subsequent to the death of his father, Dr. Bayard, then resident in Annapolis, N. S., was converted to God, and became united with the Methodist Church; and it is believed, his course of life from that period was one of unblemished piety—his constant aim being in every way to walk as becometh the Gospel of Christ. The religious character of the Dr. presented under several aspects a striking resemblance to that of his venerated parent; nor is it unworthy of note that the christian lives of father and son were about of the same duration, the religious experience of each having extended to a period of nearly thirty years.

Among the numerous friends of Dr. Bayard, it is presumed, but one opinion is entertained with regard to his christian excellence. His piety was whole-souled, and was exhibited in his unassuming demeanor, in his deep and unaffected humility, in his ardent and steady attachment to the cause of God, and in his deeply-cherished and oft-expressed convictions of indebtedness to redeeming grace. It was not at all an uncommon occurrence for him to be overpowered by his feelings in attempting to narrate his religious experience, or when engaging in prayer in social meetings. On such occasions copious tears would course down his face, while his utterance would become so choked as, for some moments, to prevent him from proceeding—so greatly did his heart overflow with gratitude for the great mercies of the Lord.

He was during several years a consistent witness of that inestimable blessing of perfect love which casteth out all fear, and was accustomed to bear his testimony in regard to his possession of this grace by saying, "I love the Lord my God with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my mind, and with all my strength; nor will his last public exercise soon be forgotten, in which he earnestly pressed upon his christian brethren and sisters the desirableness of their reaching forth for the attainment of the same fulness of salvation which he so happily enjoyed, and which, he felt assured, was the purchased and promised privilege of every child of God. His cherished sense of his obligations to Divine mercy, and at the same time his experience of the joys and hopes of the christian, cannot, perhaps be more appropriately expressed than in some of the familiar and favorite lines of our poet, and which he was accustomed frequently to repeat, especially the following:—

"The chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."
And also,
"The glorious crown of righteousness
I have not reached until, I soon shall seize,
Conquer through Him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due."
"The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
My hope is full—O glorious hope!
I see it all, I see it all, I see it all,
I see it all, I see it all, I see it all."

Six weeks ago, special religious services were commenced, which have been continued uninterruptedly, twice each day, until now, with manifest and signal tokens of the Divine blessing in the revival and sanctification of the church, and in conversion of very many from the error of their ways. During the first two weeks of these services our beloved brother Bayard was able to be with us, and took an active part in endeavouring to promote the work of God; nor was he removed to his reward until his martyr and fervent prayers were largely answered in the down-ferretting of God's Holy Spirit.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the removal from the church below of one so consistent, so devoted, and whose life was a life of prayer and of faith, is a heavy loss. But our loss is his infinite gain.

"Nor can we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free."

He has escaped "the windy storm and tempest," and is safely lodged in the "House of our Father above," there singing the song of praise to redeeming love, which, here below, he learned to sing. "The memory of the just is blessed," "He being dead yet speaketh." A discourse on the occasion of Dr. Bayard's death was preached in the German St. Church on Sabbath evening last, from 2 Tim. iv. 6, 8.—The crowded congregation then present affording evidence that his worth was not unappreciated.

J. McMURRAY,
St. John, N. B., April 26, 1861.

P. S.—The foregoing was sketched before the Wesleyan of the 24th inst. came to hand, containing something like a rebuke to the St. John Brethren for not having sent for publication an obituary notice of Dr. Bayard. The Editor, upon reflection, will probably see that his remarks were premature and uncalled for. The Revival referred to has been a very glorious one. The three Circuits have shared therein. Carleton has received "showers of blessing."

J. MCM.

Henry Clay's Secret of Eloquence.

Henry Clay said: "I owe my success in life to one single fact, viz.: that at the age of twenty-one I commenced, and continued for years, the practice of daily reading and speaking for years, the contents of some historical and scientific books. These off-hand efforts were sometimes in a corn-field, at others in a forest, and not infrequently in some distant barn, and the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of oratory that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your power of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Great controlled men by exercising their fears; Cleo by captivating their affections; and weary their passions. The influence of one speech with its author, that of other continues to this day."

of love and charity diffused among kindred institutions. Its ministers no longer break the bread of life to famishing thousands, with necessary sorrow thus, while their locks are dripping with the dew of heaven. The world has learned to appreciate their labours, honour their office, and supply boundlessly their wants. We feel to no denomination this palm, once so severely won, now so willingly conceded. Where poverty and persecution once abounded, comfort and unanimity do now much more abound. The work of art to which this article refers, will remind us, in these our days of prosperity and honour, that our system, so complete and wonderful, originated amid the pioneer labours, and self-sacrificing trials, of our faithful forefathers.

And yet another voice has that tombstone pulpit—the unyielding bravery and perseverance of Christ's soldiers. There was not the sullen determination to dispute a point, or maintain a privilege, merely because of their imagined superiority of judgment. It was not the vindictive spirit of opposition which led the supporters of early Methodism to carry their operations to the very doorway of the enemy's camp. It was the consciousness of their possessing the true panacea for all the ills of sin-smiten humanity; and this consciousness being the best of all evidences—the experimental verity of Divine Truth.

"What we have felt, and seen,
With conscience we tell,
Was not only their oft-repeated hymn, but also their frequently enforced principle of inductive reasoning. They would preach. Excluded from the church, they occupied the humble cottage. Excluded from this, they stood under the broad canopy of heaven. That they were humble men, we believe; that they revered men of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, their writings afford conclusive evidence. Yet, when any unscriptural restraint was unreasonably laid upon them, their reply invariably was,—"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." Then, Priest and Prelate, mire and crozier, were alike forgotten in the intense desire to glorify God and elevate man. All honour to the utter exclusion of the ering, time-serving spirit of the last century. When Southey said of a certain hero in the ranks of Methodism, that "he would be a martyr," he knew but little of the unflinching flame which glowed and expanded in the good man's heart, threatening to consume his existence if it found not vent in the words of burning, saving truth.

There is but one shade of sorrow blended with the stream of joyous light which falls upon Wesley's life, and we gaze upon it with a ready belief that there is any work of God but among themselves. "I thought," he goes on, "it might be a help against this, frequently to read, to all who were willing to hear, the accounts I received from time to time of the work which God is carrying on the earth, both in our own and other countries, not among us alone, but among those of various opinions and denominations." The early Methodist Preachers often met the Society for this purpose, and gave general information respecting the work of God. At every alternate meeting strangers were allowed to remain. On one such occasion, Mr. Benson says, "the whole congregation seemed as if moved to the place, and unwilling to go away." The joy of the people was great at such times. The catholic spirit was cultivated while they listened; and they cheerfully sang the hymn of "Thanksgiving for the work of the Gospel:—

"All thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least and meanest,
His favour of grace.
By the victory given,
The praise let him have,
For the work He hath done!
All honour and glory to Jesus alone!"

And earnestly did they send up their prayers, after listening with thankful joy to the details of the work in other places:

"O Jesus in our hearts,
Thy name, and Thy blood,
Thy Word, Thy salvation, and teach the new song
To every nation, And people and tongue."

Such publications as the "News of the Churches," "Evangelical Christianity," "The Book and its Mission," and the various Missionary periodicals afford abundant thanksgiving to God, on account of the grace bestowed on Christians of many denominations, and the churches of many lands.

The catholicity of the early Methodists did not diminish their attachment to their own cause, or their interest in its advancement. Their readiness to contribute to its support was promoted by the manner in which they were made and kept acquainted with the object of their contributions. It is probable that the Yearly Collection was explained in the Society-meetings, so as not only to influence the amount received from each individual member, but to make each one a "cheerful giver." And the need of Home Missionary efforts in our day may well be shown, while that collection is being made in the classes from year to year. The other Connexion funds would suffer nothing from being occasionally explained to the Society.

The literature of the body is an honour to it, and it is advisable in these meetings often to recommend its use. The Commentaries of Wesley, Benson, Watson, Sutcliffe, Coke, and Clarke do credit to the biblical zeal of our fathers. But it is to be feared that many of our people have not one of these works in their houses. Those who, after reading a chapter in the Bible, turn to the third index of the Hymn-Book, and see there a hymn upon that chapter, will occasionally find a commentary of no mean value.

The number of our Magazines in circulation is small when compared with the number of our members; and though an improvement has lately taken place, there is yet need to pursue the old course—to urge the people to read our own publications. There is need, also, to caution them against heresies which a cheap and popular literature is sometimes found to favour. The power of the press is, to a lamentable extent, in unchristian hands; and the watchmen of Israel have to caution the people of their charge against "reading such books as do not tend to the knowledge or love of God," it may be equally kind to warn others against reading none at all, and to exhort them to "add to their faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge; to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The necessity for pointing attention to domestic duties still exists. Family-prayer is as essential as ever was. Family-singing has lost nothing of its value as a branch of domestic happiness. "The voice of rejoicing" should be "in the tabernacles of the righteous." Our Congregational singing is not to degenerate, our family-singing must not decay. Our Catechisms also deserve continual recommendation, and their use may be urged as a weighty and profitable department of parental duty.

While we observe in Mr. Wesley's addresses a large variety of topics, we see that he was ever exhorting the Societies to give themselves fully to the Lord. The most earnest and active devotedness to God was constantly pressed upon them. Tale-bearing, gossiping, evil-speaking, and doubtful disputations were all condemned. Each individual Christian was stirred up to work for Christ. Sometimes the Prayer-Leader

So headed in the original Hymn-Book.

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We may expect the approaching annual exercises at the Mount Allison Academies, to be more than usually pleasing and interesting, by taking a glance at the List of officers and students, now in attendance, with a knowledge of the additional modern appliances and materials, which have been furnished, affording the greatest facilities to the pupils prosecuting their studies in the various departments of the Faculty of Science, but more especially in that of Music.—On this subject, the report of the M. A. Ladies' Academy, recently published, says:—During the winter term, a new instrument, the Harmonium, was procured, of superior quality and tone, for lessons and practice. Eight pianos are placed at the service of the pupils. The Institution is also furnished with a superior Organ, and Harmonium, with four Stops and Pedal Bass attachments, on which both melodeon and organ pupils practice. The popularity and efficiency of this department may be inferred from the fact, that there are now one hundred and twenty four pupils in instrumental Music. The best selections in Music are made from the first publishing houses in Boston and New York. Instruction on the Piano, Melodeon, and Organ, as well as for Vocal Music, always on hand.

The valetudinary address is to be delivered by the Hon. Joseph Howe.—Borlase.

We learn from the Colonial Empire, that Mr. William Davidson, a resident of Berwick, N. S., and Postmaster at that place, was found murdered at the Market Wharf, St. John, N. B., on Tuesday morning last. The deceased was on his way to the States, but missed the American boat on Monday morning. He had a considerable quantity of money with him, about \$200 having been found loose in his pockets when picked up. Mr. Davidson had a wife and four children in Berwick, and his remains were conveyed to Windsor on Wednesday in the steamer *Esperanza*.

Canada.
The coroner's jury empanelled to inquire into the circumstances connected with the death of the late Mr. John Sheridan Hogan, M. P. P., concluded their investigation at Toronto, on the 22nd inst., by rendering a verdict of willful murder against Jane Ward, James Browne, and John Sherrick. The parties are all in custody.

FIRST SHIP OF THE SEASON.—Yesterday evening (April 22nd) about 6 o'clock, the first ship from the ocean, arrived in our harbour and anchored on the opposite side of the river. Owing to her being a vessel of less draught, she was unable to communicate with Point Levi all but impossible, we have been unable to ascertain her name, or other particulars, in spite of repeated efforts up to a late hour.—Quebec Advertiser.

Newfoundland.
To Jessie Hoyland, Pictou, May 5, 1861.
Newfoundland line of telegraph still in hands of mob. They would not allow the repairer to put it up. Cannot get particulars of riots, several persons have been killed and wounded. Several districts disinfranchised by proclamation of Governor.

From the United States.
(By Telegraph to "Evening Express.")
BOSTON, May 1, 1861.
We have now twenty thousand troops at Washington, true and loyal to the Federal Government, and ready to defend it to the last. The utmost enthusiasm exist among the troops. Notwithstanding the trouble in Baltimore, Maryland has come out true for the Union. We have just received intelligence from Mississippi that a great famine existed there. The blockade of Southern ports was enforced on Saturday.

Three vessels of war fitting out at the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard, to take part in enforcing the blockade.
From Reporter.
BOSTON, May 2.
The Federal Government has authorised a new loan of fourteen million of dollars. The Congress of the Southern Confederacy assembled at Montgomery yesterday. Jefferson Davis speaks in his message hopefully of his own lively and gratifying recollection of the hearty reception which he met with at the hands of the people of the Colony over which your Lordship presides. Believe me, &c.
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MISICK WOOLEN MILLS.—It will be gratifying to the people of this Province to learn that, by the Steamer this morning to Boston, 500 yards of New Brunswick Kersey, for the use of the United States troops, has been shipped for the use of the Federal Troops. This Kersey has been manufactured at the Misick Woolen Mills, and is shipped to order. We hope the success of this business; it is a new feature in the exports of New Brunswick.—Col. Empire.

Mr. George Montgomery Campbell, Private Secretary to His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, has been appointed pro tem, to the Professorship of Mathematics in the University of New Brunswick, from which Dr. Jacob has been finally dismissed. Mr. Campbell took high honors at the University of Cambridge, both in Classics and Mathematics, and held a Fellowship there, until his marriage, which, by the rules, compelled him to resign it.—ib.

We may expect the approaching annual exercises at the Mount Allison Academies, to be more than usually pleasing and interesting, by taking a glance at the List of officers and students, now in attendance, with a knowledge of the additional modern appliances and materials, which have been furnished, affording the greatest facilities to the pupils prosecuting their studies in the various departments of the Faculty of Science, but more especially in that of Music.—On this subject, the report of the M. A. Ladies' Academy, recently published, says:—During the winter term, a new instrument, the Harmonium, was procured, of superior quality and tone, for lessons and practice. Eight pianos are placed at the service of the pupils. The Institution is also furnished with a superior Organ, and Harmonium, with four Stops and Pedal Bass attachments, on which both melodeon and organ pupils practice. The popularity and efficiency of this department may be inferred from the fact, that there are now one hundred and twenty four pupils in instrumental Music. The best selections in Music are made from the first publishing houses in Boston and New York. Instruction on the Piano, Melodeon, and Organ, as well as for Vocal Music, always on hand.

The valetudinary address is to be delivered by the Hon. Joseph Howe.—Borlase.

We learn from the Colonial Empire, that Mr. William Davidson, a resident of Berwick, N. S., and Postmaster at that place, was found murdered at the Market Wharf, St. John, N. B., on Tuesday morning last. The deceased was on his way to the States, but missed the American boat on Monday morning. He had a considerable quantity of money with him, about \$200 having been found loose in his pockets when picked up. Mr. Davidson had a wife and four children in Berwick, and his remains were conveyed to Windsor on Wednesday in the steamer *Esperanza*.

Canada.
The coroner's jury empanelled to inquire into the circumstances connected with the death of the late Mr. John Sheridan Hogan, M. P. P., concluded their investigation at Toronto, on the 22nd inst., by rendering a verdict of willful murder against Jane Ward, James Browne, and John Sherrick. The parties are all in custody.

FIRST SHIP OF THE SEASON.—Yesterday evening (April 22nd) about 6 o'clock, the first ship from the ocean, arrived in our harbour and anchored on the opposite side of the river. Owing to her being a vessel of less draught, she was unable to communicate with Point Levi all but impossible, we have been unable to ascertain her name, or other particulars, in spite of repeated efforts up to a late hour.—Quebec Advertiser.

Newfoundland.
To Jessie Hoyland, Pictou, May 5, 1861.
Newfoundland line of telegraph still in hands of mob. They would not allow the repairer to put it up. Cannot get particulars of riots, several persons have been killed and wounded. Several districts disinfranchised by proclamation of Governor.

From the United States.
(By Telegraph to "Evening Express.")
BOSTON, May 1, 1861.
We have now twenty thousand troops at Washington, true and loyal to the Federal Government, and ready to defend it to the last. The utmost enthusiasm exist among the troops. Notwithstanding the trouble in Baltimore, Maryland has come out true for the Union. We have just received intelligence from Mississippi that a great famine existed there. The blockade of Southern ports was enforced on Saturday.

Three vessels of war fitting out at the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard, to take part in enforcing the blockade.
From Reporter.
BOSTON, May 2.
The Federal Government has authorised a new loan of fourteen million of dollars. The Congress of the Southern Confederacy assembled at Montgomery yesterday. Jefferson Davis speaks in his message hopefully of his own lively and gratifying recollection of the hearty reception which he met with at the hands of the people of the Colony over which your Lordship presides. Believe me, &c.
R. BRUCE, Major General.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Supreme Court on Saturday last, after a long and elaborate statement of the case, decided that it did not consider itself to possess jurisdiction in the case of the Rev. Dr. Jacob against the Senate of the University; and consequently referred it to the Lieutenant Governor, as Visitor, whom it at the same time declared bound in that capacity to act and judge in absolute independence of the Executive Council. The appeal has therefore been presented to His Excellency.—Head Quarters.

We understand that 500 yards of New Brunswick Homespun were shipped yesterday morning by Messrs. Anslay & Tully, per steamer *Nov Brunswick*, for the use of the United States troops. This article was manufactured at the Misick Woolen Factory, and was ordered by the Federal Government; orders were also received from the same quarter for 15,000 yards of Bunting, the same quantity were forwarded by the same steamer, which was all that could be obtained in the city at the time. We are pleased to learn, however, that the Misick Factory have been highly gratified to hear of this new opening in the United States for New Brunswick manufactures.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Lieutenant Governor, as Visitor, has rendered his report of the late deficiency between the students and the President of the College. The document is lengthy. Dr. Hea is censured for irritability of temper, and in other grounds; the students are also severely dealt with. The University is now in a state of suspension, and

