

vided with a fine coach and horse and were driven twelve miles to St. George's, when I addressed an audience principally of soldiers and colored people. After I had come down from the pulpit I was warmly accosted by a lady who professed to be a Baptist. She seemed to be very much pleased to see me, saying that we were the only Baptists on all the Bermuda Islands, and that she knew I was a Baptist as soon as I began to speak. I told her I did not know that Baptist language was any different from Methodist. The colored people and soldiers clasped my hand with both theirs, and endeavoured to pour upon me all the blessings of heaven; I then returned to Hamilton where I attended a missionary meeting on Wednesday evening; on Thursday I bid my friends adieu for home.

The climate of Bermuda is fine and healthy. It is somewhat warmer in the summer than in Nova Scotia, and the winters are quite mild, sometimes freezing a very light skim of ice on the water, but never having snow. The islands are quite free from epidemics, and the yellow fever has never been known to originate there.

There are about eleven thousand inhabitants, including the soldiers and convicts. The majority of the inhabitants are colored people, and are as kind and humane as any we have in the Provinces. The products of the Island are limited to a few onions, potatoes, arrowroot and a small quantity of fruit. The natives being somewhat indolent, the ground is not cultivated but to a small extent; there are no inducements held out to the laboring classes, wages being but 1s. 6d. per day. The inhabitants are supplied principally by the government. There is not a Baptist church on the Island, and I was informed that there never was a Baptist preacher there before. There were a great many who flocked to see what kind of a creature a Baptist preacher was. I had a very warm invitation to remain among them. I told them I was not a Methodist, but they said it did not make any difference, so long as they could hear the gospel. I was asked by the clergyman (Mr. Moor, from Windsor, N. S.) why the Baptists did not have an interest there, but I could not answer the question. Indeed I am often puzzled to know why we do not do a good many things that are required to be done in our own province. There are many churches going to wreck for want of attention and care. My prayer is that God would make bare his arm and help us, but the day of miracles seems to be passed, and raves have enough to do to take care of themselves. I have early given myself to the Lord, and would be willing to go to Bermuda or any other place, where God and my brethren would have me.

Yours truly,

G. D. C.

## Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, AUGUST 27, 1862.

### Editorial Correspondence.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Aug. 21, 1862.

The editor of one of the St. John newspapers constantly addresses his readers from this city, where he resides. We expect to do so but once. Having the opportunity of making a flying visit to the capital of our neighbouring province, and knowing that we are expected to give account of ourselves, we beg respectfully to report accordingly.

We might, like some of our cotemporaries spin out a column of what we thought, and heard, and saw, on the way to Richmond and thence to Windsor, but as our readers generally, are pretty well acquainted with the beauties of the omnibus drive to the depot, we merely remark, that the addition of a number of our citizen soldiers in the afternoon to spend an hour or two at target practice, whilst it supplies the sinews of war to the omnibus proprietor, does not increase the accommodation to the travelling public. This is especially the case when the volunteers take their muskets inside with them, as they must, of course, each undergo a regular inspection. (Note. Fire-arms should not be allowed inside the public omnibusses.)

It will not be necessary to inform our readers that the beauties of Bedford Basin are brought to view from various aspects, as the cars are traversing the numerous curves which adorn the first few miles of the railroad. After leaving on our way a good number of persons and things destined for the gold diggings, in due time we were landed at Windsor, where we found a number of brethren from various directions ready to proceed on the same errand as ourselves—the

Convention at Moncton. A night's rest at the spacious and well-managed Clifton House, and we are looking out for the Emperor. At the time named, with her (forgive the impropriety of the pronoun) usual regularity, about 6 o'clock, a. m., she makes known her arrival by her hoarse whistle, when all hands wend their way to the wharf. Among the number are the Bishop of Fredericton and daughter, who had arrived by Cunard Steamer in Halifax at 10 o'clock on the previous evening, and by travelling all night over the old road, had just succeeded in reaching Windsor in time for the steamer,—a rate of travelling worthy of younger men. The placid surface of Minas Basin was like a mirror. The banks of the Avon, perhaps, never looked more beautiful. Not a speck on the sky or in the atmosphere, except the long line of smoke in the rear, interfered with the sun's rays, revealing all the glories of our inland sea, and the varied scenery by which it is surrounded. Blomendon with its festoons of foliage on one hand, and the cone-like Partridge Island on the other, soon brought us to a brief pause in our career, whilst we gave up some of our number who chose the more direct route across the mountains.

Like many other parts of the voyage of life the first part was the most pleasant. After getting past Isle Haute a veil of fog was let down upon us, or rather we ran into a cloud; turning the genial warmth of summer into chilliness suitable for November. We nevertheless kept on our way, occasionally blowing the steam-whistle to ascertain the nearness of land, and to warn any other craft of our near approach.—And so after a voyage of about 9½ hours from the time of leaving Windsor, we stepped on to New Brunswick soil, and found comfortable quarters at Esty's American House.

St. John makes more appearance of business than Halifax, yet we everywhere heard complaints occasioned by the American troubles. The little lumbering being done here, throws many of the working-men out of employment. Many of the saw-mills on the St. John River are either partially, or totally stopped. The next morning, finding that two fine steamers,—the *Heather Bell* and the *Anna Augusta*,—were inviting the public to take a trip to Fredericton at the low fare of half-a-dollar, we resolved to pay a visit to this good city. The diversified scenery on either side of the river St. John, especially at this season, presents no ordinary attractions. From the steep, rocky, frowning embattlements, to the long reach of gentle slopes, dotted here and there with thrifty-looking farm-houses, in the midst of smiling cornfields, the river is a succession of beautiful landscape scenery, such as would well repay the tourist from any more famed countries. After a few miles of a comparatively narrow channel, the river expands into a broad lake; we then proceed through a variety of fine fertile land, with trees of much beauty in many places, until arriving at the mouth of the Oromocto. Thence, for about 12 miles to Fredericton, the river is narrower and the country is perfectly charming.

The capital of New Brunswick, although to all intents and purposes a city, yet has but few of the characteristics common to most cities. It is rather an extensive country town, with its military garrison and public offices. It consists of three or four parallel streets about three quarters of a mile in length, with others intersecting them. The one fronting the river is, however, the principal business street, on one side only of which are stores. These are not inferior to the majority of those in St. John. The University and Cathedral are perhaps the edifices of the greatest pretensions. The former shews well from the river, nestled in trees on the hillside. It is a square building, with but little of the ordinary ornament given to educational institutions. But the Cathedral is really a handsome and substantial structure. Its oak carvings, and arches supporting the central roof have an appearance of solidity highly suitable to church architecture. Its stained glass windows, especially the one in the chancel, is perhaps unsurpassed in the provinces. Desiring to see as much of its beauty as possible, and finding the doors open, we entered and found the 6 o'clock service just commencing. Although the formularies and ritual service of the Episcopal Church ordinarily affords to us but little satisfaction, yet in Fredericton Cathedral, we were glad to embrace the opportunity of remaining. We supposed that the arrival of His Lordship the Bishop would have induced quite a number to come and join in the service with him; but we were disappointed, for only about 20 persons, scattered over the cathedral, were present. We took a seat in the aisle, as the vergers had not the politeness to offer us one of the many empty seats.

We soon perceived that this ancient gentleman in his canonicals, had other matters occupying his attention. He brought in, after the service had commenced, a large brazen pitcher filled with water, and by unceremoniously uncovering the large font standing on a mahogany cross, and pouring in the water, it became evident that the initiatory rite of the church was to be administered. A carriage soon appeared with the little neophyte and its sponsors. At the proper time the two clergymen, in their immaculate surplices, came from the chancel to the lower part of the cathedral, where the font was situated; all here had been arranged in proper order, and now due attention was secured in the parties concerned, excepting the little observed of all observers,—the baby; and he, not only would not attend, but gave evident indications of his unwillingness to be a participator in the blessings intended to be conveyed to him. Notwithstanding his infantile protestations, he was made regenerate and a member of Christ's flock, at least so the clergyman said, to those who promised and vowed on his behalf to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. The sponsors were duly warned to teach the child the Lord's Prayer, and the ten commandments in the vulgar tongue, the church catechism, and other things necessary; and so soon as he had learned these, they were enjoined to bring him to the Bishop for confirmation. We could not help thinking that these things were all very nicely arranged, but it continually recurred to us,—What saith the Scriptures?

In the evening after paying a visit to the Baptist Seminary, and having a pleasant interview with its worthy and much respected Principal, Rev. Dr. Spurden, we attended the evening Meeting in the Baptist chapel. Although disappointed in not hearing a sermon from the pastor of the church, Rev. J. C. Hurd; yet we had a very good discourse from Rev. Mr. Esty, a native of Fredericton, but now pastor of a church in Maine, spending a few days here with his friends. At the close of the meeting, we were pleased to receive introductions to several friends, known hitherto only by name, one of these being the Rev. Mr. McLeod the Free-will Baptist minister, and editor of the *Religious Intelligencer*, the organ of that body. His presence and readiness to take part in the service in the Baptist Church, shewed him to be a man of the same excellent spirit indicated by his paper, with which we have long had the pleasure of exchanging.

We had been recommended to the Brayley House, and soon found that our expectations were more than realized; and that the friend who had done so, had conferred on us a favor, and laid us under an obligation to do a similar service to others. Visitors to Fredericton who wish to find good, quiet, clean accommodations with moderate charges, we advise to go direct to the Brayley House.

Coming down the river, was as near as possible like going up. The principal differences were 1st, that a heavy shower of rain attended us the greater part of the way up, but on returning the sun shone out in all its brilliancy; and 2ndly, that in going, we had on board the Bishop of the Episcopal church, but on returning we had the Bishop of the Baptist Church at Fredericton.

### Hostility to Britain.

The feeling of hostility in the Northern States against England seems to grow more bitter, the deeper they sink into difficulty and trouble. The fact that Britain has not pronounced against the South, will not be soon forgotten or forgiven by the party now in power. The religious papers seem stronger in their antipathy than the secular. The following is from the Boston *Watchman & Reflector*.

RETRIBUTION ON ENGLAND.—England is suffering severely to-day, and must suffer for the sins of her rulers and people. The mills at Manchester are nearly empty of cotton, with no prospect of a speedy supply. The merchants of Liverpool look on loaded warehouses, experiencing slight depletions from American demands. The cotton lords tremble, on the one hand, lest their great staple of wealth may fail, and thousands of hands be left idle, and thousands of hungry mouths unfed. The merchants tremble, on the other hand, lest their largest and best market be lost, and an enormous tariff shut their goods from the ports of the United States.

The fears of both parties will probably be realized. We see no probability of any large supply of cotton from the Southern market.

The national distress of England, we say, is a just retribution for her selfish greed and folly. Her leading statesmen looked on with ill-disguised pleasure while the Southern States rushed into rebellion and treason. They could not wait the arrival of our ambassador, but before

his coming announced that the rebellious States were a belligerent power, and entitled to equal rights, on the sea and in port with the general government. They hurried to proclaim that the Union was at an end, and could never be reorganized. They agitated the question of recognition. They declared it to be cruel oppression to wage war against sovereign States. They seized eagerly on the Trent affair, as a plausible pretext for war, and sent over by the first mail an ultimatum, without waiting to hear from our government a simple statement of facts, or proposing negotiations. It is no exaggeration to say that many prominent English statesmen rejoiced in the prospect of a dismemberment of the Union, and the growth of two rival nations.

It can hardly admit of doubt, that if England, at the outset, had disclaimed all sympathy with the South as a slave empire, and had withheld the rights of a belligerent, the rebellion would have perished almost with its birth, and trade would have suffered little interruption. The assurance of English sympathy, and the hope of English recognition has been the mainstay of the leading conspirators, and still cheers them in despondency. If that were gone, their courage would soon fail, and their resistance be undermined.

But England cannot at this late day reverse her policy, nor dare she venture to recognize the Confederacy at the risk of a war with the national government. She is reaping, and she must reap, the harvesting of her own folly. The longer the war is protracted, the more severe must be the sufferings of her operatives, and the sharper the apprehensions of her manufacturers. The longer the war, the less profitable will be the American market for her goods. If the Southern Confederacy, even, should attain a national existence, a high tariff is inevitable, to meet the interest of its vast indebtedness. If the Union is re-established, and what sober mind doubts the certainty of this issue, a higher tariff than has ever before been imposed, will place severe restrictions on English trade, and stimulate American ingenuity and enterprise. Englishmen may well feel desponding, as they look on the bitter fruits of their national folly.

The *New York Chronicle* is perhaps more absurdly hostile. Such ravings might create no surprise in the *N. Y. Herald*, but in this organ of a portion of the Baptist body we can only grieve to find so much of the spirit of this wicked world.

If after the last shameful conduct of England towards us we do not adopt and adhere to a policy as hostile to her oppressive and enslaving commercial policy as possible, we ought to be ashamed of our manhood. Unable, not only to blush, and confess her shame, for fastening the curse of slavery upon us, swelling with sanctimonious arrogance in mock philanthropy over the woes which she herself inflicted, she is now longing to glut her brutal pride and selfishness over our disruption. If one of the fruits of this dreadful war shall be, to complete our emancipation from British oppression, it will be worth all the money it may cost. It is a duty which this nation owes to the liberties and the civilization of the age, of the world, to take the lead in the great and good work of prostrating a system which has so long corrupted and enslaved so large a portion of the world. The groans of impoverished, barbarized, degraded millions, in Ireland, in India, on the shores of the Mediterranean sea, and in the West Indies, have risen to heaven, and call for retribution.—Our beloved country, now rent by civil war, has long arrears with her, and we may thank God, that we too, are not her vassals, ground down under colonial oppression and slavery.

The signs of the times indicate the approach of the downfall of British power to impoverish and enslave the nations. One or two more serious wars, and she is prostrate, her power is broken forever.

Let us not emulate, nor in any degree imitate her detestable centralizing, impoverishing and enslaving policy. Let us resist its operations, effectually, on ourselves, by a wise protective system, and let us do what no other nation can do, to break it down, by raising the price of raw cotton to her manufacturers, and lowering it to our own. In bringing about this mighty social revolution, in the benefits of which the whole civilized world will share, we shall do a worthy service to the impoverished millions in England herself, who have for ages been the toiling victims of this monstrous system.

England is filling up the measure of her iniquities, and when it is full, then will her day of retribution come. Her cry has been—cheap cotton, cheap sugar, cheap corn, and cheap labor, and high prices for manufactured goods. What is this but the very essence of slavery? Can we wonder that the starving millions of her own island and of Ireland, are crushed under one of her ponderous feet, while the negro of the West Indies, and the Hindoo, the Malay, and the Chinese of the East, are ground into the dust under the other? Why is it that she has propped up Moslemism in Turkey, in Brahminism in India, and Popery in Ireland, while she asks our sympathy as the "bulwark of the Protestant faith?" While like the iron-footed oppressors of the ancient times, she boasts of her freedom, it is freedom only to her own favored few, and slavery to the suffering millions. Is such a power a Christian, a Protestant government? Shame on such pretence.

Who can retain any respect for a government, making her professions, that will yet give her moral support and her sympathy, and watch for opportunity to give her military power, to destroy the freest nation on the face of the earth, in order to put in power a rebellion unparalleled in infamy, steeped in theft, robbery, perjury, treason, and every crime against nature, and