

throwing my door open, ran on deck to the fore-castle to see if I could get Charley to assist in securing the steward. I met the boy, who said, "Oh, Mr. Douglas what's the matter." When I got to the fore-castle, I saw Charley up and dressed. I thought this very strange, and I said to him, This is a horrid thing that has been done this morning. He said, Yes, but it can't be helped now, and you must take the vessel to the West Indies. It flashed on me at once, that here was a mutiny, for at meal times there was fault-finding, and very improper language, which pained me, was used. I went to the fore-castle, threw myself down, tried to collect my thoughts, and lift my heart above. The German and cook came, and asked me to help throw the captain over. I refused, and said "never!" The cook then said, Will you Charley? Who said I will, if the mate will go. With that the German Bill addressing me, said "Will I go?" Before I knew what I was about, I answered "yes." He immediately left, and I had not time to recall what I had said, which I was anxious to do, as I knew I had done wrong in giving permission. I supposed the captain was dead all this time, but while lying in the fore-castle, I heard a groan. I then wanted Charley to help me prevent them throwing the captain overboard. I went out, met the German and the cook coming forward. I said Oh, the captain is not dead, and asked where he was; the cook said by this time he is at the bottom of the sea. I trembled, and thought to myself, my turn comes next. It struck me that they wanted me then to take the vessel to the West Indies, because none were able to navigate her; and that my life would be safe. They wanted me to alter the papers, or make new ones, and take her to the W. Indies. I went aft with them and said to the Germans, We are too short handed to go to the West Indies. By this I wanted to take the vessel to the Nova Scotia coast. I thought that by that course I would get some one there to secure them. I said that I could do nothing, that if you want to take the vessel to the West Indies, you must do it yourselves. The papers were then brought up, when I overhauled them, and gave some private letters to the boy to destroy, endeavoring to make believe that it was necessary to destroy them. After overhauling the papers, I said it was impossible to take the ship to the West Indies without being found out. They said it could be done. They then called the cook, when I said if the papers were American there would be no difficulty, but they are English papers. It was stated on the trial I had plotted with the boy and German. (Here the mate seemed to be terribly in earnest.) *Is there any man in the bounds of Nova Scotia that will tell me, that if I wanted to do it, I could do it. I had a crew willing to do it, plenty of water and provisions. Yes, honorable Judges, if I had been asked to put my hands into boiling lead that morning, I would do it before I would put my hands into iniquity. We all then went into the cabin. The captain's clothes were brought out, to divide. I refused to accept any of them, when pressed to do so.* (Here the mate went on to say: I asked the boy why he did not call me before the deed was done. The boy said that he saw the cook take the belaying pin out of the rail, and that he afterwards heard the whistling noise, and no other. The young rascal was in the plot. I got that out of the colored man, on the evening he was sentenced. The cook then said that the Germans were as much in the plot as he was, and that they wanted to cast lots to decide who would do the deed, but he had volunteered to do it,—that the boy had said, If you can't get a chance at him on deck, you can below, where you can smother him in blankets. The cook said that he had a good mind to throw the captain overboard, that he was a bad man, that he wanted to cheat the Germans out of their wages. I told him it was wicked to think of such a thing. He went away laughing and said How religious you are.

I was told I must divide the clothes, when I refused. With that the steward said to me, here is the chronometer. I said I would take care of it. The boy was at this time overhauling the clothes to see what he could get for himself. I was again pressed by the steward and the Germans to take some clothes, but I refused them, as also the captain's quadrant, which Bill wanted me to take.

I went on deck and stood the ship in for the land. The crew were then quarrelling about the captain's watch, which the steward denied having. The captain had a diamond ring; nothing has come out about that, but I believe the steward got it, as well as most of his clothing. Charley asked me for some old iron; I told him where to get it, when this with the mattress and some carpeting was thrown overboard by him. The iron being put in to them.

It was then settled that the ship should be scuttled. I asked them to allow me to take the vessel to the port of destination. They said they were afraid I would trick them. They then went to work to scuttle the ship, and I tried to prevent them, but they would do it. About 4 o'clock we made the land, and they cut the vessel's sides. I asked them to let me take the vessel into harbor, and allow them to escape in a boat, but they would not. I found I had to yield to them. I saw it was no use to sacrifice my life for the value of a vessel, as I understood that the captain was a corpse when brought on deck. If I had known that there was a spark of life in the capt. then, I would have died to have saved that spark. Two ships came down then, when the boat which was taken out was taken in. They made me then stand in off the land, for fear the vessels would see them. The next morning a schooner passed our stern, when the ship's name was painted out by Bill, by the cook's orders. They told me that I was to stand in close to the land, and get the boat out. I had to yield to them. I took no command. Throughout, I knew my duty, wanted to do it,

but had no power.—Was more like a child than a man—no strength in me. They caulked the boat, and I overheard them say that if I told they would all swear I had done the deed.

I asked the cook on the evening he was sentenced why he said I had struck the first blow, he said because you told first, and you brought me here. He said he was determined to stick to it, and do all the good he could for me! After the deed was done they discussed what story would be told, but Charley's story prevailed. I took part in the story. On board the ship I did so to save my life; when I came on shore and saw how the matter stood, I saw the law was a very slippery matter for me to deal with and the cook had threatened my life.

I thought by going to the mainland, I could get assistance, but I mistook where I landed for the mainland. The German ran off. I said to the cook and the boy, why don't you run away? No, said the cook, I'll stick to you till I see the last of you. He followed me into the magistrates. I couldn't get clear of him. I yielded to tell a falsehood, and am now suffering for the sin. I have a clear conscience before God and man,—have been wrongfully accused. I don't see how the Jury were justified in convicting me, but God Almighty shall judge my wrongs. I trust in him, and I am not afraid to meet a thousand deaths. I can say that no man can feel himself justified to pass a sentence of death on me. I am perfectly innocent, and was not neglectful of my duty. Where I did wrong was in telling Bill to help throw the body overboard. I would have recalled that if he had stopped a moment. Honorable Judges, you that have seen the innocence of my case, I humbly beg of you to accept my thanks. May the blessing of a widowed mother, of a fatherless child, and the only son of a widow, rest on you alone. This is all I have to say.

Douglas sat down considerably affected, and much feeling was manifested by the large audience present.

THE SENTENCE.

The Chief Justice then addressed the prisoner as follows:—

John C. Douglas.—The appeal you have just made, however effective or persuasive it may be thought, it is not for us to consider. The Judges are here to administer the law according to their best judgment and their conscientious convictions. The sentence demanded by the law must be pronounced, and you are brought here for the purpose of receiving it. The verdict which was found by the jury against you and Harry Dowey, the cook, for the murder of Colin C. Benson, the master of the vessel in which you were shipped, having been deliberately reviewed before a full bench and sustained by a majority of the Court, it has become my painful duty, as the Judge who presided at the trial, to pass upon you the sentence of Death. Whether this sentence shall be carried into execution or no, rests with the Lieutenant Governor, and for the reasons I gave at large in my judgment in open Court, and it is not my intention to express any further opinion on this case, or to interfere in any way with the exercise of His Excellency's discretion and that of his Council. Neither is it incumbent on me to enlarge on the enormity of the crime, or to address any appeal to you. These topics I will leave to your spiritual advisers, who will better know how to approach your conscience, and to awaken or stimulate your remorse. If, indeed, the term of your mortal life is drawing to a close, as it may be, may you attain that state of mind which best befits so awful a position. And remember that time, and the opportunity for reflection and repentance have been conceded to you, which were denied to the victim of this frightful tragedy, by whomsoever it was committed. The sentence of the Court is, that you be taken back to the place from whence you came, and be carried from thence to such place, within this County, and at such time as shall be appointed by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, and specified in the warrant of execution, and that you be then and there hanged by the neck until you are dead, and May God have mercy upon your soul.

Religious Intelligence.

GUYSBORO.—We are glad to hear from our friend Christopher Jost, Esq., that "Our young pastor is proving himself very acceptable. We hope soon to see the fruit of his labors in the Lord." Mr. J. adds, "The field here is too extensive. The church here ought to be divided, and Manchester take in the Sand Point and Tracadie Churches, and many about the shores. We hope soon to see it executed. I believe there has been a quickening in the Tracadie Church."

TRACADIE.—We learn from Mr. Jordan the clerk of the church at Tracadie, that since his last letter, eight more have confessed their faith in Christ and have been baptized in his name; whilst a number have been restored to fellowship who had been under discipline. Rev. D. Shaw's visit, appears to have been the occasion of a revived state of religious feeling in the church and community.

For the Christian Messenger.

Mrs. Cape Breton.

My Dear Brother—  
I need not tell you that my heart has been cheered of late by seeing the work of the Lord

prosper. It is really blessed, after having laboured almost constantly for 3 years past, and seeing scarcely any fruit gathered for Christ, to witness the manifestation of the Spirit's power and love, in the restoration of the wandering child of God, and in the conviction and conversion of souls to Christ. I can safely say, this I have witnessed of late.

For seven long years past the church in Mira have been struggling along through much darkness. Many of its members appear to have forgotten that they had ever vowed to live for God. But still there were a few brethren and sisters who stood and wept and prayed for God to spare, and restore, and save. This thought has given me a great deal of comfort and encouragement for a year past,—that some of God's children were crying to Him, day and night, for the bestowal of His Spirit. I felt that these supplications must prevail, and they did prevail. God heard them, and He is now verifying His promises to them. To His name be everlasting praise. Let what he has done encourage both us and others, who may read these lines, to "wait upon God," feeling sure that He will cause them to triumph in the end.

The weather proved so exceedingly stormy on the 23rd and 24th of Nov. last, the time appointed for our C. B. Quarterly Ministerial Conference, that only brethren T. H. Porter, Jr, and William Boggs and our excellent Bro. Deacon Peters, from Sydney, came to meet with us from abroad—and even after they arrived the rain fell fast; and there seemed no prospect even of getting the people together for meeting. My heart felt almost in an agony of anxiety sometimes, that God would be with us, and bless the exercises to our good and that of the people. Yet the prospect seemed so dark that—I confess it—my faith almost failed me.

But a goodly number of the church met on Saturday in Conference, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and God was present. A deep sense of sin and departure from God rested on the brethren and sisters. This was manifest to all present.

Our brethren remained with us till the following Friday. Meetings were held morning and evening of each day. Great seriousness prevailed with nearly all the people; and many appeared to bemoan, bitterly, their wandering from God, and their sin against the church. The unconverted, too, were convicted of sin, and bowed before God, in secret, to implore pardon and salvation from God.

It was very evident that a work of grace had commenced. I was not surprised, therefore, that only the next morning after our brethren left, the news came to me that one soul had been set at liberty from the shackles of sin, and made to rejoice in the pardoning love of Jesus.

Since then the work goes on. We hold no extra meetings. But every few days we are called on to rejoice with the angels of God over the repenting and the forgiven sinner. Thirteen have been led to tell of hope in God, ten of whom have been buried with Christ in baptism. Others are evidently under deep conviction of sin. I confidently expect to see them brought into the fold of God.

I have been particularly pleased with the appearance of the work. There is nothing that looks like undue excitement, which, I fear, is often witnessed in so-called revivals.

We desire to give all praise to God for what has been done; and also to ask the prayers of God's people that the glorious work may continue.

I am, dear brother,  
Yours in Christ,  
J. F. KEMPTON.

Colonial and Foreign News.

New Brunswick.

THE TEMPERANCE MEN of St. John are manifesting some activity and life in promoting the work entrusted to them. Several of the Ministers have of late preached on the subject. We learn from the Visitor that "the Messenger and Sons of Temperance Journal, to appear about the 20th, is to be published, say 2000 copies, by Messrs. Barnes & Co., under the auspices of the Grand Division Committee, for gratuitous distribution. We are informed that there are to be special public gatherings as follows:—

On Thursday, the 18th inst., in the new City Hall, Carleton, a Mass Temperance Meeting—speakers, Hon. Mr. Tilley, Mr. O. D. Wetmore, and Mr. C. N. Skinner.

On Friday the 19th inst., at the Institute, the Boys' Meeting, when Mr. Tilley will by special request address the children on the subject of Temperance. We hope all the boy and girls in the City, and adjoining Parish will be present. The Teachers should make special efforts to get the children to this Meeting. Mr. Tilley's powers are never so great as when addressing the young, and it will be almost impossible wholly to forget impressions of an address, on such an occasion, from him."

MELANCHOLY.—The Frederick Reporter records the death of Dr. Goodridge, of that city, under very melancholy circumstances.

While performing an operation upon a virulent tumour on the finger of a patient, the Dr. imbibed a portion of the virus through the puncture of a rose thorn on his own finger, and died from the effects in four days.

The Miramichi Gleaner, one of the oldest papers in New Brunswick, has been discontinued. The St. John News says:—"It died a victim to the credit system, which is the bane of newspapers."

The Editor of the Gleaner in retiring says:—"Time with its accustomed steady flight, has brought us to the termination of another year. This terminates thirty-eight volumes of the Gleaner, and forty of our Editorial life, which we have spent in Miramichi. We write to-day Finis on the Journal which has been so long under our immediate control; and close it with but one regret—that we did not do so many years before—for had we, we feel persuaded we would be healthier in body; richer in purse; been spared much expense, care, anxiety, mental labor, and other annoyances to which all Editors are more or less subject, but of which we have reaped a large abundance."

Canada.

RECIPROCITY AND CONFEDERATION.—A Canadian correspondent of the Wesleyan writes in the last number:—

"We are having, commercially, a most prosperous year. Whatever Brother Jonathan may think in his heart of the Reciprocity Treaty, he has been making good use of it this fall and winter. Cattle, pigs, and sheep have recently been purchased at enormous prices, and gone by thousands to the other side—and now a very serious onslaught is being made upon Geese and Turkeys. Question—If all these eatables are absolutely necessary to preserve the proportions of Bro. Jonathan physically, what would be the effect if Reciprocity was abolished? With no physical proportions to spare, there must be a sudden and alarming collapse.

Since Confederation has been talked of, the Lower Provinces have suddenly attained to a great value in the estimation of Upper Canadians; and the leading papers give us many leading articles on your advancement and prosperity. I think in our geographical position, beside a great and powerful neighbour, ever casting longing eyes across the boundary, it we think of maintaining a direct nationality, with a government and institutions according to our predilections the Confederation of the Provinces becomes an absolute necessity."

HON. MR. BROWN'S RESIGNATION is still the subject of much discussion in political circles. An early break-up in the coalition government is anticipated by many. Mr. Brown promises to support the government in all other measures but the one in reference to which he resigned.

QUEBEC.—A resolution was recently passed in the City Council to prohibit smoking in any public garden, square, promenade, or other place, not being a street, to which the citizens are in the habit of resorting for public amusement or recreation.

ALMOST DROWNED.—The Huntingdon, (C. W.) Gleaner, says that a lady who was skating on Chateauguay Bay, near Georgetown, had a narrow escape from drowning. Alex. Gardner and Mr. Arch. Ogilvie saw her go down. She was carried under the ice ten yards, and then, seeing her red dress through the ice, Gardner lay down, the other gentleman holding him, broke the ice with his hand, and dragged the body out. Life seemed extinct, but she is now recovering, although she was fully ten minutes under the ice.

LATEST FROM THE U. STATES.

The United States are prohibiting the importation of foreign cattle for fear of disease, but the cattle plague is reported to have broken out at Nunda, Illinois.

RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 5.—An exchange of pistol shots took place in the hall of the Capitol between Henry R. Dollard, of the Examiner, and Nat. Tyler and William D. Coleman, of the Enquirer. Six shots were fired without damage, except knocking off half the tassel in the case of the marble statue of Washington. The House of Delegates was in session at the time of this occurrence, which produced great excitement. The parties were arrested by the sergeant-at-arms and brought before the bar of the House.

MEXICO.—If we may judge by the statements of the N. Y. Herald's correspondent, Maximilian is in a difficult position. He says:—"The Emperor is burdened with a debt of nearly Eighty million dollars, only eight millions of which have been expended for the public service, the rest having disappeared in interest, commissions, payments of the French army, presents to favorites of the Emperor, private expenses of Maximilian and remittances to Miramion."

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANNIBALISM IN ERROMAGA.—Jabez Barnard one of the men who went out in the Day Spring has written home to his father in Charlottetown, stating that "Another murder has been committed in Erromaga. They killed a white man, cut him in pieces, and handed the pieces round to be eaten; and the lives of all the whites on the island have been threatened."

There is at present living in Sweden a young man aged 19, who is nine feet five inches in height; at eight years of age he was five feet four inches. Barnum should send an agent for him.