

If the people either from necessity or choice, live in log-cabins they may with propriety worship God in a log church, but if they dwell in cities and houses when at home, they should seek their places of worship should be suited also. Our observation coincides exactly with that of Rev. Dr. Pierce, Bishop of the Methodist Church South, when he says: "I am now an old man, having been travelling preacher for fifty-five years, and being familiar with the common history of the country, I am fully posted on all general issues, and can affirm that I do not know a single settlement where the people have improved from truck patches to plantations, and from log cabins to cities, and yet have left the ark of God to dwell in its humble tent, or to be less figurative, have continued to meet for purposes of worship in the old meeting-house built in the days of their poverty, but left now as their monument of Divine respect, long after they had honored themselves with stately dwellings—I know not such a settlement, I say, where religion and religious influences are not wanting. In some of them it is utterly paralyzed, showing very clearly that to neglect to build God's temples of praise and worship is moral delinquency."—*Presbyterian Herald.*

TERMS AND NOTICES.

For one year, in advance, \$1.50.
PAYMENT IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE.
Any person sending us Ten Subscribers, with the money—FIFTY DOLLARS—we will send them one copy extra for their trouble. For Twenty Subscribers, two copies extra and for every additional ten, a copy.

Parties wishing to pay money in Saint John for the *Intelligencer*, can do so at the Bookstore of Messrs. Barnes & Co., Prince William Street.

ALL LETTERS FOR US, either on business connected with this paper or otherwise, should be directed to us at Fredericton.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Our terms of ADVANCE PAYMENT will be every one in future, we strictly adhere to.
Our Post Office address is Rev. E. McLean, Fredericton, N.B.

Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 26, 1862.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

This number of our Paper closes the Volume. With this issue many of our subscribers receive the last number for which they have paid.

We respectfully solicit early renewals. We have already alluded to the extraordinary rise in printing paper, vastly increasing the cost of publishing. Our subscription list needs a large increase to meet this extra cost. We know that our friends can greatly aid us if they try.

Our next number will commence a new volume, and we wish our patrons and friends to forward their subscriptions without delay.

All will remember our terms—PAYMENT IN ADVANCE. The "Religious Intelligencer" is published one quarter less than the other religious journals issued from the same printing office.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR for this paper, in advance! Subscriptions received for a term as short as four months, if necessary.

We intend to spare no labor nor pains in our power to bestow, to continue to make the "Intelligencer" as good a Family Paper as any other.

The approval and commendation bestowed upon it during the last few months, by some whose judgment we respect, encourage us to increased diligence and toil, to render it still more acceptable.

Still believing ourselves to be in the path of duty, and fulfilling the mission God assigned us, we gird up our loins anew, and address ourselves to the work in love.

All letters for us should be addressed to FREDERICTON.

Persons wishing to pay money for the "Intelligencer" in St. John, will please call at Messrs. Barnes & Co.'s Book Store, Prince William Street.

All Free Baptist Ministers are requested to act as Agents; and all local Agents will please continue to do what they can to obtain subscriptions.

Patrons—please do not fail to renew.

TEN YEARS.

With the issue of this number of the *Religious Intelligencer*, it will have completed the tenth year of its existence—the first, as a semi-monthly, and the remainder as a weekly journal. The whole number of copies issued during that time, is about one million five hundred thousand! Our readers, we presume, will indulge us in a few reflections at the close of the tenth year of our editorial labour. During nearly the whole of the first six years, we performed the duties of editor, unaided. During the last two years, we have done the same. Throughout these periods, the editorials were written by our own hand, and the selections were made by ourselves; and in addition to this, until we removed our residence to Fredericton, we attended to various other duties connected with its publication. We may also be permitted to say, that during nearly all this time, we discharged the duties of a pastor, and, we think, attended as many religious services, and preached as many sermons as any other minister in our denomination. We also spent a good deal of time in visiting other churches, and labouring with them; and while our journeys were not very long, we nevertheless, travelled thousands of miles, always in the prosecution of our mission, either in preaching the Gospel, or forwarding the interests of this journal. It may readily be seen that we have not eaten much idle bread—that the last ten years of our life have not been inactive ones. But we do not refer to these things boastfully—God forbid. We deeply deplore our unprofitableness while we reflect how God, in his providence, afforded us these opportunities for usefulness; and we feel ashamed, and blush before him, when we sum up the small results to his cause.

Do any enquire what have been the financial returns from these ten years' labour? We are ready to answer. We have managed to supply food and raiment to those whom God made depending on us, with a very limited share of education. We have no funds in farms, or ships, or mortgages, or bank stock, or any other investments. Our labours have not enriched us with goods; we have not found preaching, nor publishing a religious newspaper, a profitable business, in a commercial point of view. While others have increased in wealth, and grown rich, we have grown poor. While others have enlarged their possessions, ours have diminished. So that, so far as commercial returns are concerned, the verdict of men will doubtless pronounce our ten years' labour a failure.

But there is another side to this picture. So far as financial reward is concerned, we have not been disappointed. It is desirable and right that every man should have a reasonable remuneration for his work. "The labourer is worthy of his hire," but this formed a very small portion of the programme of the future which we marked out for ourselves when we entered the ministry; or at a later period, when we commenced the publication of this paper. It is, however, but just to God, and to our own conscience, to record our firm conviction here, that had we trusted in him more, we should have been saved many an anxious hour, and many a bitter disappointment. A firm trust in the God whom we serve, has an important relation not only to success in our work, but also to the supplying of our wants while performing it. When we have trusted in him, we have never been confounded.

It is by no means pleasant for us to refer to the foregoing; but some peculiar circumstances seem to require that we make a passing allusion to it.

We are aware that we have had difficulties in our way, and obstacles to contend against in the prosecution of our work, of no small magnitude. Some of these may have arisen from our own lack of wisdom or discretion; others have been beyond our province of control, and we think have often pained our best efforts. But we have long believed that a cause, or work, that cannot endure a liberal share of coldness, scorn, and opposition, is unworthy of a life consecration. We believe that the tiniest atom of creation displays the wisdom and power of its Maker; and the most insignificant of creatures has its own peculiar mission to perform. Much less can we suppose that human life is an accident, or a chance. Each individual is intended to supply some useful place in the world's theatre. Our aim has been to find ours, and fill it.

Ten years of editorial labour—ten years constant connection with the religious press—the circulation of a million and a half sheets of religious reading matter, has not been a work of little labour, nor a small responsibility. We are sure it has left its mark. Indelible, as if "graven with an iron pen, and laid in the rock for ever," have been the impressions made upon our minds, and their influence will live when we are forgotten. But why this labour—this responsibility? Why a life consecration to a work so little remunerative, commercially, and so coldly received by many of those to whose special interests it has been devoted?

We answer. We have an unshaken conviction that we are in the path of duty; that no sinister or selfish motives prompted us in originating this journal, or have ever controlled us in conducting it. Planted in the providence of God, religiously, in the Free Baptist denomination, we had from the first an ardent desire to labour for its prosperity in particular, and the cause of Christ in general. To benefit the people among whom we belong, was the first object we had in view; although determined from the beginning that our paper should be free from all improper sectarianism, and be catholic in spirit and sentiment. How far we have maintained our intentions, our readers can judge.

We have seen times during the ten years that are past, in which we felt nearly disheartened; and then we have looked to God, and laboured on. The consciousness that we were in the path of duty, has strengthened us more than any other reward we have received.

We do not believe that because we have obstacles in our way, oppositions to meet, and misrepresentations to surmount, that, therefore, we should abandon our duty, and leave our work undone. We should be as willing to endure as to do—to suffer as to serve. We do not know how much we shall accomplish in the work to which we have consecrated our energies and life; but we shall continue to try to do what we can, and leave the issue with God.

THE REVIVAL AT GRAND MANAN.

Grand Manan, December 16, 1862.

MY DEAR BROTHER McLEOD,—Feeling that many of the readers of your excellent paper are interested in the building up of the Redeemer's kingdom in any locality, I feel it my duty to give you a brief account relative to the cause with us.

The Lord is still carrying forward the good work of revival on this island of the Sea, and many hearts have been made glad. Husbands and wives together have forsaken the ways of sin, and enlisted under the banner of the Cross. Children and parents are rejoicing together in the salvation of our God. The work is now in progress at both ends of the island. The North end has been more especially blessed of late, or more particularly since the District Meeting at Campobello. The three last Sabbaths I have baptized 11 happy converts. I can assure you we have a number of good brethren and sisters here that have been long praying and labouring for this precious work of grace that we are now enjoying. Yesterday was a happy day to many hearts as well as my own. Two of our good brother Carlisle's sons, of Douglas, have given their hearts to the Saviour, and have been baptized; one last Sabbath and the other the Sabbath before. To God be all the praise.

Yours in the Gospel.

J. N. BARNES.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONCERT AT BLISSVILLE.

Mr. Editor—On Sunday the 14th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., the Sabbath School in connection with the F. C. Baptist Church, on the South Branch of the Oromocto, met in the spacious meeting house recently erected in this place for the purpose of holding its first concert.

To give anything like a detail of the proceedings would be by far too lengthy a communication, but suffice to say that the whole performance was splendid. The children did themselves much credit in the many ways in which they delivered their recitations before so large an audience.

The intervals between the recitations and speeches were, well improved by the Choir, instructed by Mr. D. Mott, who has been teaching a singing class in this place for the last few weeks, and who was himself present on the occasion.

The speeches too were short but very much to the purpose, being delivered as they were, first by Mr. Thomas E. Smith (son of the late Deacon Daniel Smith of this place), to whom alone we feel ourselves indebted for getting up the whole performance.

Our next speaker was Albert C. Smith, and the closing one by Elder Pennington, was listened to with much attention, being directed chiefly to parents, and concerning the bringing up of children; a very appropriate theme.

In the evening we met again, and Elder Pennington preached a sermon in connection with the Sabbath School; text—"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

The choir was present again in the evening, and added greatly to the interest of the meeting. But I have already trespassed upon your columns, and must close my letter hoping soon to have the pleasure of attending a similar performance.

A WORD FROM THE DYING YEAR 1862.

I have not long now to live, for my journey is nearly finished, and perhaps while some of you may be reading this I shall be gone. But listen for a few moments to my words, as I bid you a long farewell. It seems but yesterday when I first became acquainted with you, and now that acquaintance is about to be severed, for my journey here is done. So many are the thoughts which cross my mind.

Many that I knew, who enjoyed my society and really loved me, have been torn away from me, and their places are filled by others, as cheerful and as fond of me as they who now lie lonely in the still graveyards. I well remember their opening youth, or noble manhood, or mellow age; but the bud was nipped, the strength failed, and the bowing tree fell to the ground, never to rise any more. Their bright laugh and bustling footsteps I hear no more, for they are gone without much warning—they had to leave me to go to their long, long vacation.

I knew others who, too, have passed away from my side, who seemed weary of me, for the green fields and sunny sky never met their weary eyes. Tossing on affliction's couch, they anxiously looked in the dark night for the first rosy streak of dawn, and then again in turn looked for the coming of the hour of sleep; but neither brought the fugitive health. And some bright, ruddy morn, or gentle eve, I looked into the sick-room, and peace had come at last—but in death. Everybody nearly loved me; but I have missed very many from the circle of my friends—the lowly and the great, the rich and the poor—for I was the friend of all alike. And now, before I go too, I have been looking back, and thinking of my lost friends, and of the great difference there was in their end. Some went rapidly from me, others slowly—some upon land, others on the deep wild sea; but I don't refer to that. I mean the mental and spiritual end they came to.

Some of them wanted to leave me, for brighter hopes than I could give animated them. Their sick-chamber seemed a small heaven. Sunny smiles played about their pale faces even when the "Death Angel" came. An old book—a message from my Master—was their chief treasure and joy, and its wondrous influence was such that, although they were passing through the furnace of affliction, no morrow escaped their dying lips. Their end was indeed peace. Then I remember who had gone; but how unlike the last. Affliction had robbed them of all their joys, and now in dying nothing was left them. I remember how convulsively they clung to me, and besought me to stay with them. I can also see the haggard look, the despairing eye, and at times I almost hear their last agonising shriek for mercy, so long abused. No joy filled their souls, no heavenly smile beamed over their dying faces. Without God and without hope they went never to return.

All that have left me have gone more or less in one or other of these two ways; and whatever those looking on at their departure thought, I know that they will form units in one of the two great—and only two—classes before the "White Throne."

Dear friend, I too am about to follow them, and before I go, let me warn you of the great danger in putting off your soul's salvation. Not one of those who died in this way I have described meant to die like that; but you see, because they sought not the mercy of God in Christ, they did die like that. Listen then, for a few moments while I try to induce you to yield yourselves up unto God, ere the dread messenger comes to you. Some of you have had many friends like me, and you have outlived them all, and you expect to survive. I may, however, see you go first; be that as it may, I shall meet you again. You cannot be ignorant of the fact that I have been the bearer of multifarious blessings. Health, strength, wealth, friendship, &c.; pastors, teachers, and means of grace in profusion, all have been faithfully delivered up to you; I cannot number them up, nor at all estimate them. As I presented you with each blessing a voice accompanied it, "where much is given much will be required." Some of you yield the "required," fruit even "unto holiness," but others of you have taken the great gifts without a thought of the giver or his requirements. I want to tell you how that I shall have to appear before the great tribunal by and bye to condon any of these unimproved mercies, unless by the grace of God you listen to my warning voice. My voice did I say? All things stem vocal with the same appeal in significant eloquence.

The wintry blast, the snow covered, the wild-sea-hurricane only satisfied with its human life, the quiet sepulchre—are not these voices? The echoes from the sanctuary, the word of life—perhaps alike despised—the living tones of friendship, "the man within the man," and last the gentles tones of a heavenly visitor—are not these voices, breathing in unison the startling cry, "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation?" Yes, you say, "we agree with all that we have heard these voices and mean to listen—perhaps when your successor comes." Alas! many said the same thing to my predecessor, and when I came I found them not! They were gone. And it grieves me, moreover, to think that every day these voices will grow fainter and fainter, until soon through the adamant shield of the soul, their tones cannot penetrate. Listen then to my last words; you all alike treasure them up in the heart's cabinet. You remember the bright and holy saying that quivered on a dying mother's lips, or the hopes that sparkled like an eye and lip, when a darling child went home to be a cherub above. Listen then to my words; they are from an "old book" which tells of a cross and a world's sacrifice. Let me then fling them into your heart, with all the forcefulness of my expiring solicitude, and may the Holy Spirit graven them there. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thought; and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

Our readers will bear in mind that the week for special prayer by all Christians, on the invitation of the Evangelical Alliance, draws nigh. There can be no reasonable objection to a response to this invitation. There was surely never a time in this country when prayer—fervent, earnest prayer in faith, was more required than at present. It is remarkable, however, how few Christians really believe in the "power of prayer" as they should. Our contemporary the *Colonial Presbyterian*, of last week, well says:—It is lamentable to think how little confidence is placed in the efficacy of prayer in these lands, and also in father lands, as compared with what we find in Germany and elsewhere on the Continent of Europe. In a little book called "Praying and Working," by the Rev. W. F. Stevenson, of Dublin, issued in this country by Messrs. Carter & Brothers (and great part of which appeared in "Good Words"), we have several striking modern examples of the power of prayer. In a lecture recently delivered on Miracles by Mr. Spurgeon, he illustrated the subject principally by the examples contained in this little volume. He might be pardoned for applying the term "miracles" to the results. The case of Francke, a poor German pastor, who by prayer alone provided the means of sustaining 15,000 poor children at the school of Falk, who, when he lost his four children, adopted four outcasts, and afterwards increased their number to 300, whom he fed, clothed and educated by no other apparent instrumentality, are as remarkable examples of this sort as that of the great and latest work of the same kind, carried out by Miller of Bristol. He has at present at least 700 orphan children under his care; indeed, we believe that number has been increased, and yet he never solicits aid of any kind. He seeks it at the throne of grace, and the necessary supplies ever arrive from unexpected and as yet unknown doors. All this is detailed at length in his "Life of Trust." There are other such cases. Mr. Spurgeon referred to two others in the following terms:—

A third instance was that of Dr. Wicham, of Hamburg, who, in 1860, began a movement in that city for providing and retaining juvenile offenders; the first succeeded in obtaining subscriptions, and established a society; but that fell through, and he (the Rev. lecturer) was not surprised, for he believed that a society to an extent man, was no better place

of utility than was Saul's armour to David. He believed that God worked by individuals, and he believed societies induced those who belonged to them to take credit for all that the society did, while doing little or nothing themselves. Well, the society failed. Wicham went to work by himself. He eschewed a large house, and invited the wild outcast children—the Arabs of Hamburg streets—to come. After a few days, four came, then more, until at length he had 400 boys and 120 girls under his and his wife's care. These he reduced to obedience and to habits of order, honesty, industry, and religion. He never resorted to coercion, love being the guiding and only rule of the home. There were houses and workshops for the boys, a place for the girls, and a chapel on the ground, erected principally by the boys themselves; and so well were these children trained, that they could always command employment in Hamburg in preference to others. Dr. Wicham expended over £7,000 a year on this establishment, though he began it with nothing. Another instance was the German pastor, Gossner, who, a Roman Catholic priest, but a preacher of the gospel, nevertheless, began at the age of fifty-six to work in the missionary cause, and at the age of eighty-five, when he died, he could say, that without the aid of the missionary societies, secretaries, collectors, or any of the machinery of those institutions, he had done as much as the greatest of them. And so he had, for including the missionaries' wives, he had sent out in connection with Presbyteries, Baptists, and other denominations, no less than two hundred missionaries, all of whom he had himself trained. He likewise trained a number of deaconesses, who attended the hospitals as nurses, and laboured as scripture readers to the poor in the streets—and all this without any other aid than that which he drew from his own prayers, and as the consequence of his faith."

How little do we know of such faith and prayer! And why? Among other reasons, because we do not make sufficient proof of such an instrumentality in private and in public. Will we not be encouraged by such examples to seek united prayer, and the blessings of grace, the blessings we so greatly need for ourselves, our churches, our country, and the whole world?

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

The *Presbyterian* regrets that we have not in New Brunswick such an organization as the Evangelical Alliance of England. We agree with our contemporary, and think with it that such a body might frequently perform useful services. For the last two or three years many persons in this Province would have rejoiced to see a day of public thanksgiving appointed, in which the manifold blessings which a gracious Providence has heaped upon us might be acknowledged. The Government, though urged by the press, have refused to pay any attention to the matter, and there appears to be no good reason why the matter should be left in their hands. An Evangelical Association, representing the different denominations which might approve of it, could easily arrange such details, so as to secure a large measure of uniformity in observing a day of thanksgiving. It might also help to publish authentic intelligence in this Province of religious movements on the Continent of Europe; the cruel persecution of Christians in Spain; the progress of the Gospel in Italy, and, also, to some extent, in Portugal. There is need that the facts of all such cases be made known: sometimes, also, it would be well to extend sympathy and aid to those who suffer for conscience sake. There will doubtless be a great struggle ere civil and religious liberty will be fully established in christendom, so called, on the ruins of intolerance, bigotry, and persecution. The attempt to crush the freedom of the platform in Great Britain and Ireland, and even of the debating room, as at Birkenhead, by sheer force, by bludgeons and brick-bats, admonishes us afresh that "constant vigilance is the price of Freedom." It would be well that all the facts bearing upon such cases were collected and diffused by such an association as that to which we have referred.

THE REVIVAL IN HAMILTON.

Last week we published a notice from a Canada paper of the work of God in Hamilton, under the labours of the distinguished evangelist Mr. Hammond. From the *Canada Advertiser*, received since, we copy the following:—

The meetings were kept up last week, not only with unabated fervor, but with increasing interest. The meeting in Knox's church on Sunday, 3 p. m., was the largest ever held for religious purposes in the city. The prayers of the congregation were assisted by over two hundred persons. The evening services in the same place were marked by special evidence of the Divine presence. The enquiry meeting having been held nearly one o'clock on Monday morning, Dr. Irvine, Mr. Hammond, and others remained conversing and praying with the anxious. The closing meeting was held with the children in Mr. Inglis' church at 8 a. m. Dr. Isaac of Buffalo, Mr. Bennett of Lockport, Mr. Fuller, Mr. Burton, Mr. Hammond, Dr. Irvine, Col. Hoot and others, were present, delivered addresses and offered prayers. Mr. Hammond left on Monday, but he could hardly tear himself away from the children, who, with those of larger growth, being much attached to the Evangelist, and inspired by the same spirit as the converts at Ephesus, accompanied Mr. Hammond to the depot, where like the Evangelist of old, he sang and prayed with them. Unlike the Ephesian converts who, parting with Paul, wept with grief because they should see his face no more, Mr. Hammond's children rejoiced because he promised to see them again. We have a number of letters, addressed to Mr. Hammond, by the young converts, which we regret to say can too late for this week. They will appear next week. Meetings every evening this week in the Wesleyan chapel, John St. This being communion week in Knox's church, there will be Divine Service, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE EXAGGERATOR.

One of the editors of the *N. Y. Observer* tells the following story, which will give our readers an idea of how the marvellous things they read in some of the literary papers are got up. It is amusing and instructive:—

The other day I was riding up town in a Fourth Avenue car. By the side of me sat a young man with two or three copies of the same paper in his hand. It was a popular weekly journal, the character of which was well known to me, and I also knew something of its "ways and means." As we rode on we fell into conversation, and a remark of his led me to perceive that he had some relation to the paper he had with him. At length I asked him if he was one of the editors. He said "not an editor, but a regular contributor—he furnished an article every week, for which he was paid by the week a salary, and each communication was expected to be about a certain length." I then enquired what department he filled, and he opened the paper and showed me his production. It was entitled,

"THE RATS OF BRAZIL."

I read part of it, and being filled with wonder at the marvellous stories, their numbers, size, ferocity and power far exceeding anything that I had heard of before from Brazil or any other quarter of the world, I finally, ventured, in a very confidential and yet knowing manner, to insinuate the faintest shadow of a doubt as to the strictly accurate character of the exceedingly interesting, graphic and startling account he had permitted me to read. Pleased he evidently was with my simplicity, "veracity" he may call it, when he serves us up as I am now serving him; answering me with a familiar smile, he said:—

"That?—well, that is a joke, to be sure: true!—what has that to do with it. My business is to write an article that will sell, and sell the paper. I suppose my department might be called 'The Exaggerator Department.' I take a subject and work it up into a readable, entertaining, exciting paper. Who cares whether the rats of Brazil are a foot longer or shorter or more or less in numbers. There are plenty of rats everywhere, and when people read about them, they want to read something they never heard before. Everybody loves a 'big story,' and I love to tell it."

Here I interposed a question as to the line of his studies: Do you confine yourself to Natural History?

"Not always, but just now I am mostly in that way. I am getting up a splendid article on the 'COCKROACHES IN JAPAN.'"

"Are there any there?" I asked, hastily.

"What has that to do with it?" he answered. "I take it for granted there may be, and nobody who reads will care enough about the matter to make any enquiries—so the thing will be read, wondered at, and forgotten: it is copied into other papers, goes the rounds, dies out, and by and by comes up again. Then some traveller, merchant, missionary, or what not, pitches into it and sends to the religious papers (here I winced a little) a communication denying the truthfulness of a statement he has seen going the rounds of the papers about the cockroaches of Japan: he knows from personal observation, having resided seventeen years last July, and having just returned, that the statements are altogether unworthy of credit, and must have been made by some person not himself familiar with the natural history of that mysterious and hitherto secluded empire."

Here my neighbour paused to take breath, and I rewarded his eloquence by telling him that truth is the basis of all excellence in a newspaper, as well as a man, and I thought it a great pity that a youth with so much imagination as he evidently possessed would not employ it in illustrating and adorning the *true* rather than in inventing the *false*. The word struck him harshly: the blow was not expected, and he went upon another tack immediately.

"It is bread, sir: it's a question of meat and potatoes, sir. I must live, you know, sir."

"No," said I. "I do not see any necessity of your living at all. What good do you do? What is your life worth to the community? What loss would it be to this city or the world if a man should die who earns his bread by exaggeration; by telling the public what he knows to be without foundation in fact, and which misleads and misinforms everybody who reads."

We had just reached this point in our conversation and Fourth street at the same time, where he said he must get out. He looked a little hurt by the bluntness of my remarks. He was of the same class with the "Dreadful Accident makers," who startle the public with their ingenious fabrications.

THE NEWS.

DECEMBER 26, 1862.

The new Chief of Police in St. John has inaugurated a system of reforms which the morals and peace of the city have long loudly for. Developments are being made by no means creditable to the late Chief. It would almost seem as though the late system of Police was intended to protect and regulate (7) disorderly houses and dens of infamy, rather than to suppress and destroy them. And the fact which has recently been more especially brought to the notice of the public, that the worst houses in the worst places in the city, licensed taverns, is by no means creditable to the Mayor of the City, or those who control the granting of licenses. The summary manner in which those who are now dealt with who are found selling liquor without license, as well as the imposing of fines upon those who sell at unlawful hours, or keep disorderly houses, will doubtless do much to restore quietude in certain localities in the city. But until a thorough reform is effected in several other respects, licentiousness and infamy will have their public resorts. The licensing of houses known to be of the worst character, is a disgrace to all law and order, and the public officer or Board granting such licenses ought to be hauled from their places.

But there is another evil to which we wish to refer. We allude to the publishing in the morning papers of the thickening, disgusting, and loathsome details of what is seen and transacted in some of the lowest dens of infamy, and by the most shameless characters. Surely no good can result from such details, while they are certainly calculated to debauch the thoughts and minds of many who read them. An inspired Apostle has told us, in speaking of similar transactions, that "it is a shame to speak of those things which are done of them in secret." Details like these have a vicious influence, and we believe are calculated to do far more harm than good, and we should be glad to see the practice of publishing the details of the Police Court abandoned.

S. S. CONCERT.—Our S. S. Concert in the Free Baptist Church, Fredericton, on Tuesday evening, was numerously attended, and came off admirably, and to the satisfaction we believe, of all present. We shall give our readers the programme of it next week, with remarks.

The result of the examination of the Grammar School on Friday last was all that could be desired. In both departments the pupils acquitted themselves creditably, and the satisfaction of the examiners—the members of the Board, Dr. Donald, on their behalf, expressed himself well satisfied with the proficiency evinced, and the progress made, during the term, according great praise to Dr. Paterson and the other teachers for their carefulness and skill. The holidays extend to the 31st January. The examinations have also taken place in the Madras and Superior Schools, which, the papers say, resulted very creditably to pupils and teachers.—*Fre.*

The receipt of the first instalment from St. John, of £1000, in aid of the Lunashire operatives, has been acknowledged by J. Wilson Patten, of Bank Hall, Warrington, England.

The election in Victoria County takes place on the 5th of January. There are several candidates in the field.

The Canadian Ministry have abolished the office of Superintendent of Public Works.

The citizens of New York have contributed \$120, 619, and the British residents there \$20,338 towards the relief of the poor Lancashire operatives. Provisions to the value of \$24,749 have also been contributed.

The editor of the *Montreal Advertiser* says that he has seen a private letter from an influential and well known member of the House of Commons, received by the North American, in which the opinion is expressed that the Emperor of the French will recognize the Southern Confederacy whether or not Great Britain and Russia would join with him in doing so.

Ten thousand copies of Bishop Colenso's book have been sent in England, and the work is now stereotyped.

COMMERCIAL.

The deal shipping business continues reasonably brisk. The clearances for the past fortnight have been in 11 vessels, of 8,841 tons, taking away 4,992, 000 feet of deals, 3,789 tons of pine, and 688 of birch. Half of the deals went to Liverpool, to which port St. John shippers have sent this year 74,415,000 feet of deals, 13,997 tons pine, and 3,111 of birch. The whole amount of wood goods sent this year to Great Britain and Ireland, and one or two French ports, has been 139,182,000 superficial feet of deals, 22,819 tons pine, 5,892 tons birch, in 250 vessels, of 170,792 tons weight.

Shipments to Liverpool from 72s. 6d. to 75s.; London (nominal), 80s.; Clyde, 80s.; British Channel, 81s. 3d. to 82s. 6d.; East Coast Ireland, 82s. to 90s.; West Coast do, 100s. We have only one engagement to note, a vessel of 1,314 tons to Liverpool, at 25s. for timber, and 75s. for deals. The whole number of ships in port on Tuesday was 14, of the burden of 10,938 tons, against 10, of 7,474 tons in 1861, of which 5 are loading for Liverpool. The harbour would have been pretty clear of ships ere this, were it not for the cold and stormy weather, which has interfered considerably with the loading of deal carrying vessels.

Salt continues heavy, with little demand. Last sales, ex ship, were at 50 cents per sack. In flour, provisions and groceries we have no particular change to note, a vessel of 1,314 tons to Liverpool, at 25s. for timber, and 75s. for deals. Exchange is 2s. 6d. per cent. discount.—*Fre.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Interesting and very encouraging statements have been submitted to the Atlantic Telegraph Company by Capt. Duskyn, who took soundings on the steamer Porcupine, and from Mr. Varley, the electrician.

The English Government has ordered to be delivered as soon as possible 1200 miles of cable to complete the telegraphic connection with India.

The French Government has concluded contracts for the supply of the army in Mexico for two years. A prolonged occupation is inferred from this.

The cotton famine and distress in France were increasing in latter in the last week of the year.

A sum of £130,000 was recently submitted at a single county meeting held in Manchester on behalf of the unemployed operatives, exclusive of Manchester subscriptions, Lord Denbigh contributing \$8000, or about \$25,000 of New Brunswick currency. It appears that the Manchester central and local committees have raised £250,000, £40,000 of which comes from the colonies, £100,000 to England at large, and the remaining £40,000 to Lancashire. Such unheard of liberality will surely stop the grumbling of the *Times* and correct rash statements made in various quarters. Several mill-owners are supporting their idle hands at an expense of £1,000 a week, besides paying the enormous sums now levied for poor-rates, &c., &c.

The *European Times* of Dec. 6, says:—It was officially announced yesterday that the marriage of the Prince of Wales will take place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and not, according to precedent, at the Chapel-Royal, St. James's. It is added that the Lord Chamberlain has