

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD.]

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1870.

Whole No. 883.

FALL IMPORTATIONS!

OCTOBER, 1870.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Has now opened a large and well assorted Stock of

NEW GOODS,

Embracing all the leading fabrics and newest styles in

DRESS GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

SATEEN SERGES,

PERSIAN CORDS,

MARELS,

BROCHES,

EPINGLES,

CLAN TARTANS,

FRENCH MERINOES,

FRENCH TWILLS,

Tweeds and Winceys,

WOOL SHAWLS,

CLOTH and VELVETEEN JACKETS,

White, Black and Colored Mantle Cloths,

Black and Colored VELVETEENS,

GLOVES AND HOSIERY,

CLOUDS, SONTAGS, BODICES,

FINGERING YARNS,

CANADIAN & ENGLISH BLANKETS,

SAOXNY, LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE

Flannels,

SHIRTING FLANNELS, in great variety,

Grey and White Cottons, Prints, Swansdowns, Tickings,

PARKS' WAIRPS, at St. John Prices.

Every description of COTTON and LINEN GOODS,

Small Wares, &c., &c.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredricton, Oct. 28, 1870.

MISS THE PORT.

"The winds and the waves, the strangely sounds—

Ride heavily; the fierce winds hollow sweep;

Mocking the sounds of human lamentation."

It was a day long to be remembered by the

mariners exposed to the fury of the tempestuous

sea. The heavens were mantled in gloomy

clouds, the rain descended in torrents, and the

harsh winds blew into the mouth of the harbor,

rendering the narrow rock-bound entrance exceedingly dangerous.

Many persons had gathered along the shore

and stood watching the waves dashing against the

massive stones that lined the pier. Some were

anxious faces, and were thinking of absent

friends exposed to the perils of the great deep; some moved by a common sentiment of

humanity, were waiting for an opportunity to

succor the distressed, and all were alike ready to aid in saving those about to perish.

Shouts of joy arose from each spectator as one

storm tossed bark or another sailed into the

harbor, and anchored beyond the reach of the

raging billows.

As the day advanced the winds increased in

fury, and the frowning clouds cast a yet deeper

gloom over the angry waters. It was almost

sun-set, when all eyes were turned to a large

seamanship with every sail spread, rapidly

approaching the shore. Each voice was hushed

into silence, and all stood in breathless suspense,

doubting whether she would safely enter the

narrow mouth of the harbor. Suddenly the

silence was broken by an aged sailor, who threw

up his arms and exclaimed, "Missed port, gone

lost." The next moment the noble vessel

struck the projecting rocks, was dashed to

pieces, and every soul on board perished.

Reader, you are sailing over life's tempestuous

sea. You are beset by storms, and are

ed about by rude winds. Take the Bible as

your chart, compass and guide, and steer

without delay to the haven of rest, or it may

be recorded that your frail bark "missed port,

The Intelligencer.

THE "RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER"

For 1871.

Two numbers after the present will conclude the

current volume of this paper. It will then enter

upon its eighteenth year.

In reviewing its course during the seventeen

years of its existence, a pardonable degree of satisfaction

may be indulged. Financially, it has not

been so great a success as many of its contemporaries;

yet it has lived, while journals previously

and subsequently started, have ceased to be. As

monetary gain was not had in view in its publication,

there need, therefore, be no regret that it has

not been a profitable speculation in that way.

The chief cause of satisfaction is that it has

faithfully and successfully been striving to

fulfill its mission. Uncompromising in its advocacy

of truth, it has ever defended the right and

condemned the wrong. Its motto—"That God in all

things may be glorified through Jesus Christ"—has

not been forgotten.

Its course in the past is its guarantee for the future.

It will continue to be faithful to the work its originator

intended it to accomplish. Its

summary of

TRUE PROTESTANT TONE

can never be mistaken; and its utterances concern-

ing all matters of interest to the church and the

world will be outspoken and fearless. Its summary

of

RELIGIOUS NEWS

will be fresh, readable and interesting. The various

Christian enterprises being carried on throughout

the world will receive due prominence, and their

successes will be promptly chronicled. Its

GENERAL READING

always good—will not be inferior to that heretofore

furnished. As great a variety as possible of

sound, interesting, instructive matter will always

be found in these columns. The

NEWS DEPARTMENT

will be full and reliable. All events transpiring,

both at home and abroad, will be noticed accord-

ing to their importance. During the session of the

Local Legislature a correct report of proceedings

will be published. The doings of the Dominion

Parliament will also be chronicled. In a word, a

synopsis of all local and foreign news of note will

be carefully prepared for the readers of the INTELLIGENCER.

THE MARKET REPORTS

are prepared weekly, and are important to farmers,

as furnishing reliable intelligence up to date of

each report. They are prepared expressly for this

paper, and can be depended upon.

That the INTELLIGENCER is

SECOND TO NONE

in the Provinces as a religious and family news-

paper is generally admitted. Of its sound moral

and religious influence upon the families which it

enters, many assurances have been received. By

fidelity to the truth, it is hoped to retain its present

reputation, and its present patrons.

THE INTELLIGENCER is

PECULIARLY SUITED

to those who are unable to take but one paper.

They wish to have religious reading, and they are

also anxious to know the secular news of the day.

This paper supplies such a demand, as can be seen

at a glance.

It is desirable that the new year should be com-

menced with an increase of subscribers. To those

friends who have interested themselves to increase

the circulation thanks are returned. Their con-

tinued interest is solicited. Friends have repeatedly

said if the paper is once introduced there is

no fear of its being discontinued. It has, there-

fore, been thought advisable to offer

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS OF NEW SUB-

scribers

as follows:

The INTELLIGENCER will be sent one year—

To a club of five for..... \$8 00

To a club of ten for..... 13 00

To a club of fifteen for..... 21 00

To a club of twenty for..... 28 00

It will be seen that the above offers are extremely

low; much lower than can be afforded were it not

for the hope, that with the paper once introduced

it will be continued.

VEVUSIUS AND ITS ERUPTIONS.

[Cor. to N. Y. Observer.]

We tarried at Brindisi just twelve hours

longer than we wished to, landing at seven in the

morning and leaving at seven in the evening.

It is a very good place to stop at, pro-

vided you do not have to stay. The day

passed wearily and heavily, with nothing to

see and nothing to do but wait for the evening

train. It was rainy without, and the new

"Grand Hotel des Indes Orientales" was

dripping with wet within, the stone walls

having had no time to dry. We meditated

on rheumatism and fever while we sat there

and waited for the cars to bear us away. We

reached Forgia about midnight, and Sturza

at four in the morning, where we took the

diligence across the mountains, the tunnel not

being completed. We were reminded of the

proximity of Italian brigands, even cousins to

those in Greece, by the fact that the con-

ductors manifested to keep our passenger car-

riages and the luggage carts together. Those

brigands have an unpleasant habit of picking

up stragglers and keeping them for a ransom,

and of picking off baggage, when they have

a chance, and never sending it home at all.

It was bright morning when we came into

Neapolitan territory, and beautiful was the

sight of the familiar soil. There is no part of

Italy under higher cultivation, or having a

more charming aspect, than the country north

of Naples. Long before the city was in sight,

we had a fine view of Vesuvius, which has

always been to me the most fascinating of

mountains. Its outlines are more graceful

than those of the celebrated Fujiyama in

Japan, which all Japanese adore, and which

it resembles not a little. And then there is

that never ceasing breath of vapor, like a pure

white cloud, ascending slowly from its peak,

now moving off gracefully in one direction

and now in another, giving one the idea that

the mountain is a living, breathing being. As

often as I have caught sight of it from the

streets of Naples, from the road to and at

Pompeii, or from Camaldoli, or from whatever

point, if it has been a hundred times a day, it

has struck me with the same force and with

the same freshness as a first view. I know of

no other mountain that has the same effect.

I do not think it would lose its lively, almost

living interest, if I saw it every day in the

year and every hour in the day.

Vesuvius appears tame and mild at ordinary

times. One would hardly suppose, in gazing

upon it now, in its quiescent state, that it

could ever get up such a commotion as it

often makes. Several years ago, I went to its

summit and looked into the crater, and it

did nothing but yawn, being then in a decid-

edly sleepy mood. But, a few days after, the

mountain was taken with a violent sickness at

the stomach, and continued for weeks to do

nothing but throw up. The lava flowed down

its sides in wide streams, filling up the valleys,

travelling onward toward the sea in ancient

times, circling the green trees in its course,

which, when encased with the melted rock,

generated steam, and then exploded with a

terrible noise, scattering the heated lava in all

directions. At night the scene was brilliant

beyond description.

But all other eruptions have been trifling

in comparison with that which occurred A.D.

79, when the cities of Herculaneum and Pom-

peii were overwhelmed. The mountains, burn-

ing for nearly two thousand years, had been

inactive for a long period, but in the year 63,

during the reign of Nero, its fires began to

kindle up, and an earthquake shook the ad-

jacent cities, partially destroying them. While

the inhabitants were repairing damages, the

dark night came on; both Herculaneum and

Pompeii were overwhelmed. And so they

remained, the very sites being unknown for

seventeen centuries. Fortunately we have a

graphic and accurate account of this fearful

catastrophe, by the younger Pliny, who was

an eye witness of the scene, and whose de-

scription has the deepest interest even at the

present day. He says that about one in the

afternoon, his mother called the attention of

his uncle, who was at Misenum, across the

bay, to a cloud that overhung the plain of

Naples, in shape like a huge pine tree shoot-

ing up to a great height and stretching out

its branches. This singular aspect of the

cloud, which seemed to be composed of earth

and cinders, excited his curiosity, and he en-

barked in a boat to cross the bay and examine

into it. As he approached the coast, the red-

hot cinders and stones fell into the boat, and

he was obliged to retreat. He proceeded to

Stabia, where he went to pass the night with

a friend, and retired to rest and fell asleep.

The court, in the course of the night, being

filled with the cinders and ashes, the com-

pany consulted whether it would be most

prudent to trust to the houses, which now

shook from side to side with frequent and

violent convulsions, or fly to the open fields,

where the calcined stones and cinders, though

light indeed, yet fell in large showers and

threatened destruction. In their distress they

resolved upon the fields as the less dangerous.

They went out with pillows tied upon their

heads, as their sole defence against the storm

of stones that fell around them. Here the

sulphurous flames appear to have enveloped

them, and the elder Pliny fell dead, probably

afflicted by the noxious vapors. The younger

Pl