

# New Brunswick Baptist

## AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

The Organ of the Eastern and Western New Brunswick Baptist Associated Churches.

Published on WEDNESDAY.

Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men.

[For Terms see First Page]

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### New Brunswick Baptist AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

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The New Brunswick Baptist and Christian Visitor—For 1861.

Will be enriched by regular contributions from the friends of the Union Society.

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### Poetry.

From the "Morning Star."

The Bow in the Cloud.

BY REV. THOMAS GOADBY, B. A.

"I do set my bow in the cloud"—Genesis 9:13.

"To the music of 'Beautiful Dove.'"

There's a break in the clouds that have darkened the sky,  
And gleams of bright sunlight stream down from on high,  
Though the rain is still falling, the storm will soon pass,  
And the flowers spring forth 'mid the long meadow grass.

Lo, the bow of sweet promise now beams on the sight,  
And the dark cloud is spanned with its radiant light.  
O symbol of hope, both of sunshine and rain,  
Bow in the cloud, we would hail thee again.

We have heard there is gold where it touches the soil,  
We have thought we might climb up its archway to find it;  
But the bow in the cloud, says the book of the Lord,  
Is the token that God will remember his word.

And the spot of bright gold is the promise this given,  
And the gospel of Jesus the bridge up to heaven;  
Fair pledge of our hopes, child of sunshine and rain,  
Bow in the cloud, we would hail thee again.

When the storms of adversity beat on the soul,  
And the waves of sorrow surge high over us roll,  
When darkness and doubt every prospect enshroud,  
We'll remember the bow God has set in the cloud;  
Hope shall shine on our path from that archway of gold.

And the promise be ours as 'twas Noah's of old,  
Sweet sign of God's grace, child of sunshine and rain,  
Bow in the cloud we would hail thee again.

### On Zebul.

On a Revival of Religion.

BY REV. D. NUTTER.

From our remarks in former articles, we may see who is to blame for the low state of religion in the Church. We cannot say God is to blame! He is the author of religion; and the giver of every good and perfect gift. But, his blessings are bestowed or withheld according to his own plan and wisdom. If his people are living and acting up to his will, as revealed in his word, we may expect He will come unto them and make his abode with them; but, if otherwise; if they forsake Him, He will forsake them. "I will go and return unto my sanctuary," He says, "until they sober themselves in the day of wrath, and shall seek to please me." It may be

the Minister. It may be the private members. It may be all and every one in the Church. But, in this paper, we propose to inquire what is to be done? or what we can do to secure and promote a revival of religion in the Church? As an individual, each should ponder over the subject; and say to himself, we are all wrong; we are living estranged from God; and I am one of the backsliders; I must put myself right! Thus conscience should be allowed to be faithful, and say as Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man." This is where we should begin; it is with our own hearts. And having made this discovery, we must humble ourselves before God.—We have a case exactly in point. When Peter fell from his profession, and denied his Lord and Master, "he went out and wept bitterly." And what else could he do? His was a grievous sin; but no greater than ours!

Here, then, is the first step to be taken. We must humble ourselves under the hand of God; "and He will exalt us in due time." "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart He will not despise." But how are we to obtain it? Every Christian knows; he has obtained it before; when he first knew the Lord, he cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And as by repentance, prayer, and faith in Christ, he became reconciled to God, so it must be now. He must, like Peter, be converted again. "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Every Christian needs to be converted often. Not regenerated. "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet only, but is clean every whit." If we have soiled our feet in our unholy walk, we must have our feet washed away, even though we have once been regenerated; and none but Jesus can do it for us. Thus we see what is to be done, on our part, if we would hope to see grace, faith, and love, revived in the Church. We must be revived in our own hearts, or we are not fit either to pray or labour for the prosperity of the Church.

When a Christian's heart is humble and tender, then he will be revivified by others, and his spirit will be likely to beget its like in others. A child can do more than a man in subduing the stout-hearted sinner or backslider. Hence we must be converted, and become as little children, if we would enter into the kingdom of heaven.

But, in promoting a revival of religion, we want as many engaged in the work as possible. All who have forsaken their first love, must return to God. And now must commence the united effort of the Church.—The Church wishes and ardently desires a revival of religion. And can't they have it? Why not? Elias was a man of like passions with us; and he prayed, and there was no rain on the land of Israel for three years and six months. And when he prayed again, the windows of heaven were opened, and there was an abundance of rain! And cannot the prayers of two, or three, or a hundred, open the windows of heaven, and bring down the blessed shower of God's love on his redeemed church? Why not? The widow moved the heart of an unjust judge, who neither feared God nor regarded man; and will not God hear his own elect, when they cry day and night unto Him?

But, my brethren, pray right! Lift up to God the heart in union. "If two or three of you shall agree as touching any thing that ye shall ask of the Father, in my name, He shall do it for you," said the Saviour to his disciples. But, another characteristic of these prayers must be, confidence, or faith in God and his promise. Ask in faith, nothing wavering, and ye shall receive, and your joy shall be full. It is this confidence, or faith in God, that will help us to persevere in prayer. What good or what use would there be for a man to pray to God for a blessing, and at the same time doubt whether God will hear him? It is not doubt an insult to doubt the veracity of his word and promise? It is then, "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man that availeth much." This was the kind of prayer offered by Jacob, when he prevailed like an angel. This is the kind of prayer of the Syro-phenician woman, whom Christ compared to a dog!—This believing, united, persevering prayer broke Peter's chains, laid the guards into a deep sleep, burst open the iron gates of his prison-house, and set the captive free! prayer was made for him of the church all night, and before that prayer-meeting closed, Peter was restored to them, by the agency of an angel of the Lord!

Many other things are desirable in connection with these,—as brotherly love, church discipline, exhortation, &c. But, if the spirit and course here recommended, exist, all the rest will soon come right. "It is like chain shot;" for if we can get a spirit of prayer and faith, this will draw all the rest after it.

God has promised great things to Zion, in the latter day. He commands his Church to "awake, to put on her strength, to put on her beautiful garments," and to go forth, and take possession of all the kingdoms of the world. But before this can be done, there must be a great and radical change, a thorough and universal reformation amongst Christians. Every friend of Christ must feel that he has a work to do, and in the name and strength of God be determined to do his part. When we expect that the Lord will answer and shake heaven and earth, and return and overturn, until the whole earth shall be filled with his glory. Even so come, Lord Jesus!

### Temperance.

Band of Hope Union.

Concluded.

The Rev. Mr. Acworth, vicar of Plumstead, said he had a very important resolution to present to the attention of the meeting; it was, "That this meeting, believing that the success of the efforts of those engaged in religiously instructing the young is greatly neutralized by the drinking system, earnestly commends to all such, and to Sunday-school teachers especially, the importance of furthering by their own personal example the total abstinence movement." The resolution spoke of example. One of the earliest copies he was taught at school was, "Example goes before precept," and he believed that a proverb the truth of which they all admitted. He saw its truth illustrated in his own immediate neighborhood, for he lived in a parish close to the garrison town of Woolwich. Numbers of "awkward squads" came there to be drilled; they were recruits, and were destined to serve her Majesty in different parts of the habitable earth. When they came their shoulders were up, and they had a sort of clumsy, clod-pole gait. When they were being trained one of the directions given was, "Hold your head up, sir; right foot foremost;" but then, in addition to that verbal order, there was the corporal, erect as a dart, and he showed them how they were to move their feet; and they learnt far more by the instructive example of the corporal who was drilling them than they would by the precepts of the whole officers of the garrison. We could preach much better by example than by precept. He would give them his own experience. He preached for thirty years, "Be not drunk;" "Drunkards should not inherit the kingdom of God; but everybody knew that he kept an exceedingly good cellar of wine, and he could not conceal that fact had he tried. About three years ago, after having been a great friend to moderate drinking, he attended one of Mr. Gough's lectures, and took his seat among the crowd thinking he might not be observed. The oration had such an effect upon him that he (Mr. Acworth) said to his better half, who was by his side, "Well, I have been preaching for precept for thirty years; I have preached very little by example; what shall I do?" Mrs. Acworth replied, "Why, go and take the pledge!"—(hear)—and he took the pledge. He had since been the means of inducing others to become abstainers. He congratulated the chairman on presiding at such a meeting as the present, and confessed that he had never seen a finer sight in all England—(cheers).

The children then sang "The Christian's Rest," with the chorus "There is rest for the weary; there is rest for you."

The Rev. Newman Hall, in seconding the resolution, said: Oh! sir, what a joy it is for us to know that there is "rest for the weary" sinner. What a blessing it is that we can go to the most degraded drunkard and say "There is rest for you;" that we can say it not as a matter of mere theoretical speculation, but that we can turn to the words of Him who could not lie, and who said "Come unto me all that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." No one so burdened or more burdened than the poor drunkard—Oh! the blessing of being able to tell him there is rest in Christ and rest in heaven, even for him! Oh! the joy of knowing, as we meet to-night, that this total cause has been, under God, the instrument of bringing many poor drunkards to the enjoyment of that rest! Ay, there are persons in this hall, no doubt, to-night, who were weary under the yoke of sin, but are now rejoicing in the rest that Jesus gives; and there, "on the other side of Jordan," they are eating of the fruit of the tree of life. At this very time there are hundreds and thousands of wretched sinners who, through the instrumentality of teetotalism, have been brought to that land of rest and joy. Thanks be unto God for this gift of His!—(applause) Mr. Hall then proceeded to the consideration of the resolution, which, he said, related to Sabbath-schools; and he supposed he had been asked to second it because he had the honor of presiding over a church connected with a Sunday-school organization of a somewhat remarkable character.

Those schools contained four thousand five hundred children, instructed by four hundred teachers; and, from the enlarged experience which the presidency of such a system gave him, he was able most confidently to assert, what the resolution stated—namely, "that the success of the efforts of those engaged in religiously instructing the young is greatly neutralized by the drinking system." It was neutralized, first, by the multitudes of children that were altogether kept from the schools, through drink. Very few of the children of drunkards attended the Sunday-school; and those for whom ragged-schools were provided were generally the children of drinking parents. It was neutralized, thirdly, by the children under instruction being absolutely tempted to drink while children. Parental facts might be detailed in reference to those children who in the afternoon were being taught Bible, hymns, and catechism, and who in the evening might be found in gin-palaces and drinking saloons. It was neutralized, fourthly, by the fierce temptation to which children, especially the lads, were exposed when they grew up. Almost the first thing that a boy saw in a workshop was the drinking can; his footing was spent in drink, and he was expected to drink. The moral certainty was that, drinking, he would

drink too much, unless he had been previously trained by the teaching and example of his Sunday-school teacher in habits of total abstinence. It was fearful to think of the multitudes who left our schools, but were not found afterwards in connection with our churches. Mr. Smithies, in his valuable statistics, had shown that a very large number of those who were convicted for crimes and imprisoned in our gaols had passed through our Sunday-schools, and they confessed that their first step in ruin was indulging in strong drink. If these things were so, were not Sunday-school teachers to be earnest in counteracting that which was counteracting their labours? Sunday-school teachers were the Christian minister's best coadjutors—(hear). He honoured them for their zeal, their piety, and their disinterested devotedness; but he implored them that, to careful study, earnest prayer, and punctual attendance, they might add a practical recognition of that of which the resolution spoke—the importance of furthering by their own personal example the total abstinence movement—(applause). After referring to the interest excited at Temperance gatherings, the Rev. gentleman concluded as follows:—And now, sir, to turn to the general question. And before I sit down I will use just one illustration which may interest the young people as well as the old. I am reminded of the last occasion on which I was on this platform. It was at the meeting of the London Missionary Society on Thursday morning. There were missionaries present from all parts of the world; and among them was a missionary from India, who told us of what was being done there. We were not harrowed by those recitals of atrocities to which we used to listen years ago; but one was reminded of some of those fearful tales we used to be told of the fearful procession of Juggernaut. You children have seen pictures of it—the car of the idol, the hideous image, the multitude dragging the car along with ropes, and then victims, men and women, throwing themselves down under the wheels, and those wheels rolling down into the dust, and their blood flowing along the road; and you could see where the car had been by the blood of the victims that had been crushed beneath it. Oh, Mr. Chairman, and follow teetotalers! oh, ye youthful aids and allies in our great cause, we have a Juggernaut at home—a fearful Juggernaut car, a Juggernaut procession, Juggernaut victims—human victims they are. I seem to see the image of the idol now right before me, borne along upon his ponderous car. The car rolls upon six mighty wheels. The first pair of wheels resemble beer barrels; the second pair of wheels look like wine pipes; the third pair of wheels are of enormous dimensions, they look like spirit casks. Upon the car rises a lofty tower, many sided; on each side there is a beautiful portico, and under each portico there stands a priestess of the god attired like a harlot, with winning smiles and many blandishments inviting the people to come and offer their tribute to the god, and promising to give them in return the god's benediction. Up on high there is an image of the great spirit, spangled with gold and with gems; it's name, Alcohol. The secondary names of the god are seen inscribed in flaming letters all about the tower. There, in one group, you read, "Beer, Porter, Stout;" yonder you read, "Port, Sherry, Madeira, Champagne;" and yonder, in another group, in letters of gas, brilliant in the extreme, you read, "Rum, Brandy, Whisky," and brightest of all, the word "Gin;" and the multitudes stare, and repeat one to another, "Gin! Gin! Gin!" The trophies of the god are hung around his car. There are the pens of philosophers and historians and poets, who have been dragged, as victims, at the wheels of that chariot. There are the swords of mighty generals, who, after having conquered powerful armies, have themselves been conquered and cast to the dust. There are the coronets of proud peers who have become the basest of slaves. There are the mitres of dignified ecclesiastics, who have been made the serfs of the lowest priests of that infernal god. There are the sceptres of great monarchs, who, though they have swayed those sceptres over millions of subjects, have themselves been subjected, and done homage to a mightier than themselves, as to their prince paramount. In front of the idol-car are two heralds, and they proclaim—one of them the oblivion of all sorrow, and the other the prospect of all that is good. Thousands of men and women have hold of the ropes, and are dragging along that car. Look in front of it: the fields are smiling, and covered with rich harvest, the gardens are beautiful with flowers, the ploughman is whistling at his work, and the wife and the children that you just see if you peep into that half-open cottage door are enjoying all the peace and plenty of a happy home. Those villages smile with beauty; those towns resound with joyful industry; all things are bright in the happy sunshine.

But look be kind; oh, how dark and terrible the scene! Tempest broods over the fields; fire is consuming the towns and the villages; here and there you see, amid the gloom, many a gallows and many a victim hanging, just visible in the flickering light, quivering in his death agony. Pale wan shrieks from the streets; red battle stamps his foot and mounts his fiery car; a hideous hum comes up to us of domestic rage and fiendish cruelty and despairing woe. Those multitudes that are applauding—do they not hear those sounds of agony? No; for the priests are making such a din with their trumpets, and

their drums, and their shoutings, that those sounds of sorrow are inaudible. See how the votaries of the god are rushing out; they are bringing their offerings. Here is one who has just sold his paternal estate, and he lays all his money down before the idol; here is another with his last shilling, and he throws it down before the priestess; here is another with the dress of his wife, and he offers it to the god; there is another coming, and in his hand he brings the shoes of his little children; and yonder there is another who has just snatched the last bit of bread from his famishing family, and he brings that and offers it to the god. Yes, here they come; one offers his intellect, another his affections, another his conscience. On they come; they cast themselves down before the car; they cast their bodies down, they cast their souls down; and that murderous car rolls over them, crushing them down to the grave and down to hell—taking only half the estimated number—three every hour, upwards of seventy every day, upwards of thirty thousand every year. Oh, what a mangled heap of carcases! and oh, how fearful to contemplate that which you cannot see—the state of the souls that once dwelt in those bodies! And yet the multitude applaud, ay, and intelligence, and beauty, and virtue, and piety, look on and smile; nay, I will not say that, but I will say that multitudes possessing intelligence, and beauty, and virtue, and piety look on and smile, and pour out their dainty libations to that god. Oh, be none of you amongst his worshippers. Dash the wine cup from your grasp, rush amongst the maddened crowd, persuade them of their folly, their sin, their peril. Brace every nerve, combine your energies, invoke the help of God; hurl down the tower, shatter the image, trample it under foot, upset the car; and in reference to the drinking customs of your country, let your watch-word ever be—"Overturn! overturn! overturn!"—(immense applause).

The Chairman said that the last time he had the pleasure of occupying the chair was on the occasion of the last oration delivered in that hall by Mr. Gough. That was in July last, and on that occasion he was induced, after having thought much on the subject before, to sign the pledge—(cheers). He did not sign on the mere spur of the moment; and he had not any cause to regret what he had done. Some of the speakers had referred to the fire that was in the meeting; but he thought there was not only fire, but a great deal of "ardent spirits" as well, although it was a teetotal meeting—(cheers and laughter). There had been told by the treasurer that there were in London one hundred and forty Bands of Hope with about one hundred members in each, making a total of about fourteen or fifteen thousand. In the country there were about five thousand Bands of Hope, and taking the average number of members in each to be about one hundred, there would be a total in the provinces of about five hundred thousand members. What a fine body of young volunteers this was. Neither of the speakers had referred to the habit of smoking, and he had never smoked a cigar or a bit of tobacco in his life. He had the greatest detestation of the habit, and he hoped the pledge present would not only keep the pledge against drinking, but add to it a determination never to use tobacco in any form—(cheers).

Mr. Joseph Payne, Assistant Judge of Middlesex, supported the resolution in a characteristic speech. Referring to Bands of Hope as an auxiliary to Sunday-schools, he said that while the work of the Sunday-school teacher consisted in gathering in the masses, forming them into classes, and furnishing them with passes, it was absolutely essential that they should also guard them against glasses. The Band of Hope movement wages war with sinning, works its way by dining, and was certain sure of winning. The effects produced by it were considerable clearances, respectable appearances, unchangeable adherences, and determined perseverances. The learned gentleman concluded with his 1,573rd poetical line-piece, and resumed his seat amidst loud cheering.

The resolution was carried unanimously. Mr. Thomas Hudson said he sympathized most heartily with the views of the honourable chairman with reference to the tobacco as well as the drinking question. It had been said by a great authority that the man who would "perpetrate a pun" would "pick a pocket," but he saw no reason for such an opinion, and considered the phrase more correct in alliteration than sound in reason; and he might be allowed to say to the young friends that he wished them to remember that although, in the estimation of some people, smoking might be very manly, he rather thought that it was only manly for boys, and in the estimation of all persons of correct taste, the habit was dear, dirty, and disgusting; while the habit of drinking was dear, dangerous, and demoralising. He had risen to propose "That the best thanks of this meeting be presented to Samuel Gurney, Esq., M. P., for his kindness in presiding on this occasion." It was not always they could get a member of Parliament to preside at such a meeting; but he trusted the time would come when not only the members of the House of Commons, but the House of Peers would join the movement, and the coronets of our nobility would reflect the rays of the sun in cold water—(cheers).

The Rev. Hugh Allen seconded the resolution, coupling with it a vote of acknowledgment of the services of the children and their leader, for the pleasure they had afforded the meeting by their excellent singing.

The resolution was carried by acclamation, and briefly acknowledged by the chairman.

Another melody was sung and the proceedings terminated.

### THE DISRUPTION OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

(From Blackwood for July.)

We are doubtful whether the indignation of the American Unionists at our imputed want of sympathy is simulated or real. It is possible that they expect to find a cry so popular as abuse of England is sure to be very convenient at the present juncture. But we are assured by journals and correspondents that the feeling of injury is universal, and that no subsequent policy which we may adopt, and which may be more in harmony with their sense of what is due to them from us, will avail to restore us to their favour. And prepared as we are to allow for the inevitable supremacy of passion over reason in a time of national agitation, and in a country where the impulses of the many swamp the logic of the few, we think the present outcry unreasonable beyond all precedent. For in what cause are our sympathy and co-operation demanded? Not in the cause of the happiness or welfare of the American people: for these our friendly feelings might have been reasonably invoked; but it has never been shown that these are threatened by secession. It is demanded of us that we should be as anxious as Americans themselves are for the stability of their political institutions. And, even in this case, we are not called on to sympathize with the American people, but with one section of the people against another section, equally entitled to our regard, which declares that a continuance of the Union is contrary to its interests and happiness. Thus the only way in which we could meet the requirements of the North would be by aiding nineteen millions to maintain a confederacy from which nine millions are anxious to withdraw. Before such claims can be recognized, it must be shown that secession is contrary either to the interests of the American people, to our own interests, or to some greater principle of right; and, until this is done, they would in any case, be unreasonable, but in the present case especially so. For the Union was framed on the ruins of British authority; and, to judge from the language used by the Americans ever since, they consider the establishment of their independence as the issue from a gloomy and grinding tyranny into perfect freedom. If the jubilant outcries which, from that time to the present, have resounded in and out of season, through the States, without any risk of producing satiety at least at home, are to be accepted as evidence of the facts, it would appear that England's rule of her colonies was an oppressive and barbarous despotism, and that freedom existed there only in the breasts of a suffering people till the happy moment, when flinging off the yoke, the new nation sprang forward on its unrivalled career, leaving its ancient oppressors immeasurably behind in all that constitutes the greatness and happiness of a people. This is what American oratory, parliamentary stump, or post-prandial—what American newspapers, American histories, and American demagogues generally—have meant in their incessant and innumerable references to their condition as a colony, and as an independent nation. In these sentiments England has good-naturedly acquiesced; at least, she has not set herself in any way to contradict them. Yet, while granting that the extent and importance of the transatlantic colonies were such as to entitle them to an independent existence, that they have grown great and prosperous in independence, and that the separation is to be lamented neither by them nor by us, yet it cannot be supposed that we have heard with particular pleasure the vaunts, the glorifications of themselves, and the depreciation of European institutions, that always accompany those never-ending declarations of independence, which Americans of every degree imagine themselves entitled to fling in the face of the universe, and especially in the face of England. No Englishman believes that George III. was a reckless and cruel tyrant who wished to reduce his colonies to slavery. Nobody who is not an American believes that the Republic shows at all points a resplendent superiority to the English monarchy. People may even be found, on both sides of the Atlantic, who doubt whether the States of America ever enjoyed such true freedom and happiness as under British rule, and who, judging from the course of American history and English history since the establishment of independence, see in that event no special cause for congratulation. It is precisely because we do not share the admiration of America for her own institutions and political tendencies, that we do not now see in the impending change an event altogether to be deplored. In these institutions and tendencies we saw what our own might be if the most dangerous elements of our Constitution should become dominant. We saw democracy rampant, with no restriction on its caprices. We saw a policy which received its impulses always from below. We saw the wisdom and moderation of the nation tossed like weds upon the popular surge. It is sufficient that we listened without anger to the boasts which perhaps may have been considered by the more sensible and reflective of those who uttered them as conducive to the sentiment of nationality, and so far politic, if not true; and that we have sought to meet the aggressive and arbitrary acts of American diplomacy in a conciliatory spirit. But we can feel no special interest in the

maintenance of a union whose origin was in the violent overthrow of British supremacy, nor need we affect particularly to lament the exhibition of the weak point of a constitution that has always been systematically placed in disparaging comparison with our own, and the disruption of which leaves entirely untouched the laws and usages which America owes to England, and which have contributed so powerfully to her prosperity.

Within the memory of living men, the thirteen independent states of America agreed to a union as a remedy for the evils which followed the recognition of their separate sovereignties. It was intended to substitute concerted action and the supremacy of general law, for disorganization, confusion, and conflicting legislation. The preamble to the articles of the Constitution is as follows:—

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Nothing can be clearer than that this union, as well as the confederation which it superseded, was formed from motives of pure and simple expediency. States that had always been independent of each other, had found that they had common interests which union would foster, and common difficulties and defects which union would remove. They had proved that separate existence, even in the modified form of a league or alliance, was full of inconvenience. They were not numerous or extensive enough to render more than one confederacy desirable, and they took refuge in the alternative of union. No great principle was involved in this measure; nor did the Convention claim to be guided, by any loftier impulse than the desire to escape from what Mr. Motley, in his recent valuable pamphlet, calls the darkest period of their history. And granting, of course, that this motive for union was excellent and sufficient, we would ask the most enthusiastic Unionist whether he sees in anything especially sacred or holy. There are constitutions whose origin must for ever be interesting and admirable to mankind. In the union of a forcibly dismembered and once glorious nation—in the confederacy of kindred states against a common and formidable oppressor—in the sudden rise of a crushed people from debasement to self-direction and self-control, we see causes for respect and sympathy. But years had passed since the American States had achieved their independence. Their liberties were not threatened. They had never been united except by the temporary tie of a common revolt—and their bond, necessary and judicious, was as prosaic as the establishment of a mercantile firm. Yet we are now called on to mourn as if some celestial light were about to vanish from earth with the American Constitution, and to look on those who have sundered it as enemies to humanity.

It was natural that a people whose chief boast was the unanimity and promptitude with which they had revolted from the shadow of oppression, should, in framing their Constitution, provide against the possible supremacy of any power of the state. They accordingly took such pains to guard against this contingency, that the weakness of the executive power strikes at once the most superficial inquirer into the nature of the Constitution. The President has the command of the army—but that army is raised and supported by Congress, and is too insignificant in force either to threaten liberty or to support the state. Relying only on the popular pleasure for re-election, the President is little more than a weather-cock to indicate the direction of the popular will, and he holds office for too short a period to hope greatly to extend his personal influence. The sovereignty of the people being the basis of the Constitution, popular impulse is the great motive power, and occasionally assumes even the direction of the administration of the laws; while, in other cases, territory has extended so far beyond the grasp of the executive power, that it has been found expedient to supply the absence of law with the rude and summary justice of self-elected judges and executioners. Men accustomed to live under such conditions bring back with them into civilized life a certain lawlessness, with which they leavev society; and in no great country is life so insecure, violence so common, and the right of private quarrel and revenge so undisputed, as in America.

Yet, notwithstanding the inefficiency of the executive and the turbulence of the population, it is not to be wondered at that for a time the Constitution answered its purpose. The machinery of each State worked better than before, because there were no longer serious points of collision, and it worked to a common instead of a divergent end. The credit of the Union was established abroad, while no causes of internal danger were apparent. The lower classes had all the political power they could desire—in a system of universal equality they saw nothing above them to excite their envy—and the most dangerous elements of the population found safe vent in the vast fields of enterprise open in the prairies and backwoods. Thus intestine troubles were obviated, and the Government were secure against foreign foes; for though the power of the President would probably have been insufficient to obtain from the people materials for a long and sustained aggressive war with a great power, yet, for all purposes of defence, the population, the territory, the resources of the country, and its geographical position,

the maintenance of a union whose origin was in the violent overthrow of British supremacy, nor need we affect particularly to lament the exhibition of the weak point of a constitution that has always been systematically placed in disparaging comparison with our own, and the disruption of which leaves entirely untouched the laws and usages which America owes to England, and which have contributed so powerfully to her prosperity.