THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL
J. A. ENGELHARD, Editor and Prop.
TO WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS MUST BE ADDRESSED.

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Wilmington Journal.

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Wilmington Journal.

WILMINGTON, N. C.:
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1872.

Our Campaign Papers

With the close of our State canvass, a Presidential campaign begins which will, perhaps, be the most exciting that has been known since 1840.

The JOURNAL enters the contest with the full determination of contributing its mite to promote the election of GREELEY and BROWN. In order to work with the greatest efficiency, we have determined to increase our subscription lists to the largest possible number. It is true our subscription is larger than ever before—but we want to make it still larger.

A splendid crop prospect is ahead of us. A most cheering and hopeful bow of promise arches our political skies. We can and will elect GREELEY and BROWN. Peace will be restored. Reconciliation and reunion will again bless the country. Immigration, railroads, capital, business will turn Southward. Immense harvests will, in a few weeks, reward the toils of the husbandman. Money will be plenty. Taxes will be easier, and there will be a feeling of security and confidence throughout the South. For such a consummation will we labor.

In order, therefore, to place the DAILY and WEEKLY JOURNAL in the reach of all, we will send them for a period of FOUR MONTHS for the following liberal rates:

DAILY JOURNAL.

One copy	$ 2 50
Five copies	10 00
Ten copies	18 00

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

One copy	$ 50
Five copies	2 50
Ten copies	4 00
Fifteen copies	5 75
Twenty copies	7 00
One hundred copies	30 00

In addition to these liberal rates, we desire to interest our old subscribers and friends in our welfare.

We will credit any person with a month's subscription who will send us a subscriber for one year at the usual rates to the edition to which he is a subscriber himself. It may not be convenient for subscribers to get up large clubs. But it may fall in his way, at odd times, to induce one or two others to subscribe, and thus gradually send us enough names to cover the expense of his own paper, without cash outlay to himself and with profit and encouragement to us.

We will not commend THE JOURNAL to its old patrons and friends. Its reputation and merits are known. What it has been it will be, independent, unpurchasable, unselfish, honest, faithful, earnest and bold. Can we depend upon the support of the people?

West Virginia.

The returns from the late election in this State, we are informed, are sufficient to indicate the result with some degree of certainty. It seems now that Governor Jacob, the independent candidate, has been re-elected by about 2,500 majority, and that the new Constitution has been ratified by a nearly equal majority, though the supplemental clause rendering negroes ineligible to office was defeated.

Some of our Richmond cotemporaries were disposed at first to read our party friends in West Virginia quite a lecture for having submitted to the people what they were pleased to term a "reactionary Constitution," and to attribute the anticipated defeat of the regular nominees to the dead weight they carried in the aforesaid reactionary Constitution. The lecture seems, however, to have been premature, if not altogether undeserved, for if the reports be true, the unfortunate "reactionary" turns out to be some 4,500 votes stronger than the regular nominees.

Senator Wilson—What he Knows About Truth!

When Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, the Radical candidate for the Vice Presidency, came to our city seeking to deceive our people with his cant and hypocrisy and falsehood we deemed it to be our duty as a public journalist to expose him. In performing this duty, though we were scrupulously careful not to go beyond what the facts warranted, we were not deterred by Wilson's position or by his pretences from holding him up to public gaze as a fit subject for ridicule, scorn and contempt. Wilson's speech at Hilton, taken in connection with the record of his life and that of public events for the last thirty years, satisfied us that he was a canting hypocrite utterly regardless of truth, and we so said.

Subsequent events have proved that the estimate we placed upon this man's character was well founded. With the proof that we present to our readers this morning it will be impossible for any man, who has any respect for truth, to have any respect for Wilson.

Since his candidacy for the Vice Presidency as was perfectly natural, Mr. Wilson's record has been subjected to the closest scrutiny. Among other acts of his life it was found that he had taken part in the great Know-Nothing movement some twenty years ago. It was thought and very properly too, that this fact would naturally alienate from him the vote of the very large, very respectable, and very intelligent foreign-born portion of our population. The charge was accordingly made in various shapes that he had been a Know-Nothing.

Seeing the disastrous effect the charge would have upon his political prospects, Mr. Wilson attempted to sneak out of the matter in the following characteristic manner:

NATICK, MASS., July 29, 1872.
J. O. CULVER, Esq.,
State Journal, Madison, Wis.

MY DEAR SIR: The mail has just brought me your note and extracts clipped from newspapers purporting to be speeches made by me. In answer to your inquiries I have to say that they and all thoughts and words of like character which have appeared in the papers are pure inventions, wicked forgeries, absolute falsehoods. Never have I thought, spoken, or written those words, nor anything resembling those words, nor anything that the most malignant sophistry could torture into those words. I could not have done so, for they are abhorrent to every conviction of my judgment, every throb of my heart, every aspiration of my soul. Born in extreme poverty, having endured the hard lot the sons of poverty are too often forced to endure, I came to manhood passionately devoted to the creed of human equality. All my life I have cherished as a bright hope and held and avowed as a living faith, *the doctrine that all men, without distinction of color, race, or nationality, should have complete liberty and exact equality—all the rights I asked for myself.* My thoughts, my words, my pen, my votes, have been consecrated for more than 36 years to human rights. In the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts; in eight years' service in her Legislature; in more than 17 years' service in the Senate of the United States; in 1,300 public addresses; in the press; in speeches and writings that would fill many volumes and make thousands of pages, I have iterated and reiterated *the doctrine of equal rights for all conditions of men.* Is it not, my dear Sir, passing strange that partisanship should so blind men to a sense of truth, justice, and fair play that they should forge and print abhorrent sentiments—sentiments insulting to God and man—and charge them upon one whose life has been given to the cause of equal rights at home, and whose profound sympathies were *ever given to the friends of liberty of all races and nationalities* abroad?

HENRY WILSON.

But this denial did not satisfy the people and accordingly a number of Brooklyn Germans, among whom were B. Flevert, T. Boedeker, Chas. Schiller, H. Lindemith, M. Maier, and John Fischer, about four weeks ago sent a letter to Senator Wilson, inquiring concerning his previous connection with tho Know-Nothing party, and asking him to inform them whether he was ever a member of it. Wilson sent a reply, written in German, of which the following is a literal translation:

NATICK, MASS., Aug. 26, 1872.

Messrs. BERNHARD, FIEVERT, *and others—Gentlemen:* I am in receipt of your honored favor in which you inquire whether the reports that I was once a member of the Know-Nothing party, are founded in truth, or are fictions created by political enemies. Let me say to reassure you that I have never been a member of the Know-Nothing party, and have never voted with it, but that I have always exerted myself to fight against its detrimental principles from the beginning of its existence, both by word and action, and upon every occasion. From the subjoined extracts in my speeches, which have appeared in several German papers, you may gather that I have always declared freely and openly the principle that adopted citizens of our Union ought to enjoy the same rights as the natives, and that whatever of oppression of any class of citizens exists because they differ from some other classes and principally because they are foreign born, is in striking contradiction to the principles of true religion, the fear of God, and the spirit of our enlightened age, and that such warring against our immigrated citizens is most unjust, inhuman, and impolitic.

These utterances are in perfect accord with the liberal views which I have always entertained during my long political career. On this basis rests the whole fabric of our powerful Republican party—the party of progress—whose immovable pillars are freedom, equality, and fraternity. This now is and will be my watchword as long as I live and labor. With the greater energy, therefore, I must denounce such a calumnious slander, and declare it a contemptible election maneuver which though without success, has been used against me several times, especially in the years 1855 and 1858, by the opponents of the Republican party. As you, honored gentlemen, are well able to distinguish truth from falsehood, you will, I hope, Sirs, favor me with your kind confidence in the future. In this agreeable expectation, and thanking you most heartily for your frank letter, I subscribe myself, with all due respect, your obedient servant,

HENRY WILSON.

How much truth there is in these denials of the pious Wilson, will be seen from the following

CARD FROM ALBERT PIKE.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR: "Was Henry Wilson a Know-Nothing?" You say that you are constantly receiving letters asking an answer to this question.

I will answer it. I was a delegate to and member of the National Council of the Know-Nothing Party, in the summer of 1855, at Philadelphia, and one of the seven delegates from a Southern State. I found the present Senator Henry Wilson in that body when I entered it, and he sat in it during the whole session, and helped settle the platform—being one of the seven delegates of Massachusetts.

To be there, he had to have the sign, word and grip; and necessarily had taken the same oath which we all had taken on entering the order, i. e., not to assist in any way in elevating to any office of trust or profit any person of foreign birth, or any Roman Catholic. The oath is as binding on him now as it was then.

My name will assure you that I know that of which I speak. I object to Mr. Wilson's sneaking out of the scrape, by both the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi.*

ALBERT PIKE.
Washington City, Aug. 22, 1872.

The absolute veracity of ALBERT PIKE is known to the whole country; and for it we don't not that every Mason in the land will stand a ready voucher. It is idle for us to tell men or Masons who Albert Pike is.

The following is the oath taken by Senator Wilson as a Know-Nothing in 1854, and we commend it to the especial consideration of our foreign born and Roman Catholic population:

In the presence of the true and ever-living God, and on these sacred Scriptures, His Holy Word, I do declare that I will truly fulfil all my obligations toward my brethren of the Order of Know-Nothings, and that I will keep sacred all the signs, tokens, pass and degree words, emblems and proceedings of said Order. * * And I further declare and solemnly swear that I will not knowingly vote for, appoint, or elect any person of foreign birth, or a Roman Catholic, to any office in the local or general administration of the American government; and I further declare and swear that I will use all the means in my power to counteract and destroy the influence of foreigners and Roman Catholics in the administration of the government of the United States, and in any and all parts thereof, both local and general. To all this, a free and voluntary obligation on my part, without reservation, and I pray that I may ever be able to remain true and steadfast, so help me God.

[Though this oath seems comprehensive enough, it was explicitly understood to compromise more; because on the occasion of taking it the formula was that "the President (of the Lodge) will address the brethren as follows:"]

"As a member of this patriotic Lodge, it will become your duty to disregard all personal interests and predilections in the service of your country, in order that the corrupt and evil influence of foreigners may be effectually combatted and destroyed, and here it will be understood, sons of foreigners and of Roman Catholics are included."

We venture to say that no man occupying the position that Senator Wilson does, has ever before in the history of America, been detected in such a gross, palpable falsehood.

When we remember General Grant's falsehood to President Johnson while Secretary of War *ad interim,* his falsehood in regard to the proposals made to Senator Schurz, as proved by General Pleasanton, and his notorious drunkenness, to say nothing of the unsettled question of veracity between this same Senator Wilson and the Rev. C. W. Denison as to the Senator's declaration "that President Grant drinks too much; I have told him so," the prospect for the country if these men shall be chosen to rule over us, is not pleasant.

Hark from the Tomb a Doleful Sound! More Troops!

There is now no disease to which the body politic is liable for which Radical Doctors do not unhesitatingly prescribe "more troops." Of course the prescription is filled by Dr. Grant, the great political apothecary. Calomel and Jalap, Castor Oil and Ipecac, all had their day and have gone to the place where all things go that have played out. Nor are pin root and lozenges and bitters any longer equal to the emergency. "Dead shot" is the thing now. Grant is the Doctor and the poor South is the *enfant terrible* that is so much afflicted.

We learn from the New York *Herald* that Dr. Grant has been informed by friends of the family in Salisbury that we are again troubled with symptoms of outrages, and that he now has it under advisement whether or not to give us another precautionary dose of "dead shot," labelled in curious lingo after druggists' fashion "R more troops, to be well shaken before taken. Grant, M. D."

We presume the Salisbury "Outrage" grows out of the ejectment of Windy Billy Henderson from a Salisbury Hotel for disgraceful and criminal conduct and some attacks made by Henderson and his friends upon the editor of the Salisbury *Tribune* for publishing the facts in the case.

We trust all the facts in the case will be brought to light, and published at the North. As their publication here can do no good we shall not shock public decency by referring to Henderson's conduct, save in the most general terms:

We do not fear the United States Troops, nor do we fear anything that may be made out of this "Salisbury Outrage."

Let the troops come. They will not harm us nor will we molest them. The day for all that sort of thing has gone by. The force of habit is a wonderful thing, and under its powerful influence men have come in the course of time to swallow without grimace, even the most nauseous doses. Southern men know something of late years about the growing capacity of men to swallow things they do not like.

We have not, indeed, arrived at the point where we can swallow "dead shot" kindly, but we have become so reasonable now, such good children, that if we thought a good dose of "more troops" or any other "dead shot" would purge the body politic of the tape-worms in the shape of carpet-baggers and scallawags, like Windy Billy Henderson, who have so long preyed upon it, we believe we could be induced to gulp it down even without anything "to take the taste out of our mouths."

Who are the Brutes?

We venture to say that the whole country was shocked by the telegram from Washington City, announcing that

"The pardon of the four persons imprisoned at Albany as Ku-Klux has been postponed upon the representations received at the Attorney General's office from official sources in North Carolina."

The New York *Tribune,* a paper that cannot, certainly, be said to have any sympathy with the Ku-Klux, called upon GERRIT SMITH, as a philanthropist, to enquire into the cases of the men in prison under sentence from Judge Bond.

Mr. SMITH, the well known Abolitionist and a most earnest advocate of the re-election of President Grant, complied with the request, and invoked Executive clemency in behalf of certain of the unfortunates.—President Grant listened favorably to the suggestion of mercy, and sent his chief detective, one Whitely, to examine into and report upon the matter. Whitely obeyed his orders, and he, too, though not at all a philanthropist either by nature or by his calling, reported to the President the names of four persons to whom, in his opinion, mercy and pardon might be extended without offense to the majesty of the law. One of these poor wretches, if we mistake not, is a trembling, white haired old man, tottering on the brink of the grave; another is a mere youth, daily visibly sinking under the ravages of that fell destroyer, consumption; and both of them are poor, ignorant, unlettered creatures, untutored in the ways of the world, save as seen in their own little neighborhood, and if criminals at all, mere tools in the hands of others.

The President turned not a deaf ear to the representations made to him. We do not here assert, nor do we care, that he did so from interested motives. The fact stands out indisputable that he ordered pardons to be prepared for his signature on his return to Washington; his dreams, doubtless, not unpleasantly disturbed by the fact that he was resolved on an act of mercy.

But alas for the quality of human mercy. The President returns and asks for the pardons of the poor wretches who so eagerly desire to draw one full breath of pure, free air before they sink into the cold, dark grave; he asks for the pardons of the poor wretches who, wasted by disease and by Time's relentless hand, humbly, pitifully, perhaps unmanfully, beg of their fellow-man, as a last boon upon earth, that they shall not be required to go, without stop, from a felon's cell to the bar of God; he asks for the pardons of the poor wretches who seek only the poor privilege of dying as freemen, and instead thereof he is presented with remonstrances "from official sources in North Carolina!"

And has North Carolina come to this?

Who are these inhuman wretches thus incapable of pity?

Can it be that North Carolina has given birth to brutes with desires so wolfish and so bloody; to beasts so starved and ravenous for human agony and human woe?

Who are these inexorable dogs that have infused themselves into the bodies of men, whose bowels of compassion neither human helplessness, nor bended knees, nor piteous sighs, nor dying groans can move?

Foul abortions of humanity—accursed spawn of hell—we pray to Heaven that it was not upon Carolina's soil that ye first saw the light!

Which is Master and which is Man, Grant or Duncan?

As our readers know, Blanton Duncan and a handful of men claiming to be democrats, or rather "straight democrats," have resolved themselves into a Convention to meet in Louisville next Wednesday.

These "straight democrats" cannot abide the action of the party at Baltimore and think that nothing will ease their misery but another Convention. This is the second attempt of these men to relieve themselves of their superabundant democracy; nor do we blame them much, for it is apparent that it has soured badly on their stomachs.

Their first essay was at Baltimore, when under the auspices of this same Blanton Duncan an effort was made to organize a Convention of seceders or bolters from the Democratic Convention. This effort would have been a complete success but for the reason that there were no seceders or bolters to organize. Duncan and his men were therefore compelled to "cut and come again." This time they turn up in Kentucky, but they are no longer bolters or seceders. They have attained to the dignity of delegates to "the Louisville Convention" and are brim-full of sour democracy.

If it should be found that Louisville is too large for "the straight-outs" to hold their Convention in, comfortably, we beg leave to suggest Smithville, or Wrightsville or Masonboro' Sound, as places of adequate accommodations and some soda in their whiskey. And then, too, Blanton Duncan knows the ground so well.

Our citizens well remember this Duncan as the man who, after printing Confederate Bonds in South Carolina, came here during the war as a volunteer aid on the staff of the lamented WHITING. They well remember, too, how summarily he was compelled to resign his position because he had become engaged in the blockade business. They well remember, also, how summarily he left the country when the Conscript Camp threatened to draw him into its dreaded embrace. It has not been many years since Duncan's portly form was a familiar sight on our streets.

This same Blanton Duncan is the Chairman of the "straight democratic" Committee. It is always the duty of a Chairman to issue a circular. Duncan did his duty. Here it is:

ORGANIZE!

The Straight Democratic Committee earnestly urge upon the friends of the cause the importance of immediate and thorough organization, to the end that work in behalf of principles and candidates may be conducted with system and regularity, and that the documents forwarded by the committee may be promptly and properly distributed. [Here follows a suggestion as to the plan of organization.] District conventions should be convened by the 20th of August, to select two delegates to attend the Louisville Convention of 3d of September. * * * The names of delegates, as selected, should be sent to the Chairman of Executive Committee, and also telegraphed by Associated Press. * * Communications can be made in the respective States to Samuel J. Bayard, Camden, N. J.; Hon. A. H. Stephens, Crawfordville, Ga; Hon. J. M. Hanks, Helena, Ark., [and others whose names we omit.]

BLANTON DUNCAN,
Chairman, etc.

So far, so good!

The next thing to be done was to circulate the circular. To some people this would have been a difficulty, but it was no difficulty at all to a man of such resources as the jolly old blockader.

We venture to say that it gave him far more trouble to escape from the clutches of Colonel Peter Mallett's Conscript officers than it did to circulate his circulars, and that, too, free of expenses. An ordinary man might have racked his brain for a week and then would not have struck out any easier or cheaper way to have circulated the circular than to have mailed them under proper stamps.

But Duncan's fertile brain told him here was another opportunity to spoil the Egyptians. How he took advantage of it we see from the following document:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30, 1872.

DEAR SIR—Please send the enclosed circular to active Democrats in your district, who do not support Mr. Greeley, and will co-operate in the Louisville Convention. Send me a list of such men in each county immediately.

J. M. EDMUNDS, Secretary.

Now, just here comes in the "moral" of our story. Who is this J. M. Edmunds, who thus interests himself in circulating Duncan's documents? Kind reader, we will tell you.

Mr. Edmunds is President Grant's postmaster at Washington City, a member of the resident (Grant) Congressional Committee at Washington, and in the year 1868 President of the Union League of America!

Phew! how sour Duncan's democracy is on his stomach!

If this is not a genuine "clasping of hands across the bloody chasm," it is certainly a first class counterfeit, but whether it is "spoiling the Egyptians," we are in some doubt.

To evil-minded people this sort of thing would seem suspicious, but we are not evil-minded. Not at all.

Duncan himself seemed to fear something of the sort, for we find him writing to the New York *Express,* and asserting "that he is not working in the interest of Grant."

So that matter is settled. We have the sporting old blockaders' word that he is not working in Grant's interest, and of course we believe what he says.

Upon reflection, we rather think that public opinion has "put the boot on the wrong leg," (*vide* Pearson C. J. *passim.* On Slang,) and that it is Grant who is working in the interest of Duncan. At any rate we find Grant's Postmaster mailing Duncan's documents. And we all know how Grant loves Southern men, and how obliging he is to them!

It is said, too, that Duncan's claim for over fifty thousand dollars against the United States Government has made greater progress toward adjustment in a few days recently, than it had made in as many years previously. This, too, would have looked like a genuine clasping of hands across the bloody chasm, had not Duncan spoilt its beauty by denying its truth, saying he did not have any claim of any sort against the Government. Of course we believe a gentleman, and a blockader, and a sportsman, when he pledges his word.

This is a grave question, so grave that we repeat it. Is Grant working in Duncan's interest, or is Duncan working in Grant's interest? We desire a straight-out answer.

Carolina Narrow-Gauge Railroad.

There was a large meeting held at Lincolnton on the 27th looking to the building of a narrow-gauge Railroad from Chester, S. C., to Lenoir, N. C. There were representatives from Chester and York, South Carolina, and Gaston, Lincoln and Catawba, North Carolina, present.

The amount of stock required by the charter was represented. Dr. A. H. Derega, of Chester, was elected President, B. T. Wheeler, of York, J. T. Smyer, of Gaston, W. H. Motz, of Lincoln, and O. G. Foard, of Catawba, were elected Directors.

Delegates from the several counties pledged their counties to build the road through their respective counties. The prospects for building the road are very flattering. When completed it will be almost one hundred miles long, and runs through a very fine country.

Edward Warren, M. D.

We notice that Dr. EDWARD WARREN has been elected Professor of Surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore. This is a new institution, organized under favorable auspices.

Dr. WARREN has won much reputation since he has been a resident of Baltimore. He bore himself so successfully in the management of the medical and chemical examination of witnesses in the celebrated Wharton trial, that he has now a national reputation. We wish him greater fame and prosperity in his new Professorship.

From the Morning Star.

JOHN WESLEY AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

BY REV. R. S. MORAN, D. D.

The Life and Times of John Wesley: By L. Tyerman. In three volumes crown 8 vo. cloth, $2 50 per volume, Harper & Brothers. Also Lives of Wesley by John Hampson, Dr. Coke and Henry Moore, Dr. Whitehead, Southey, Richard Watson, Henry Moore and Miss Julia Wedgwood.

No work lately issued by the English or American press has attracted such general attention or elicited so many hearty expressions of commendation as the first of the above named biographies of the Founder of Methodism. Though far from faultless, it must be admitted, on a general survey, that it is one of the most interesting works of its class in our language, and beyond a doubt the most complete descriptive account yet given of that glorious spiritual springtime awakening which has made the 18th century for ever memorable in the annals of Christianity. John Wesley, whom God had evidently raised up and thrust forward as the most prominent agent in this remarkable movement, is here represented, not in that unreal seraphic light in which the saints of the Calendar shine, nor yet as possessed of those exaggerated supramundane perfections of the heroes of romance—but with some exceptions to be noted in the sequel—he is faithfully set forth just as he was and as he actually seemed to be to the men of his own generation—to the wise and the virtuous, who could comprehend and appreciate him—to the vulgar and the vicious, who misunderstood and maltreated him.—Nothing is overdrawn in order to magnify his wisdom or worth, and nothing is timidly kept back or glossed over to conceal his weakness or extenuate his faults. With equal fidelity to truth and justice the lights and shades, the beauties and blemishes of his character are distinctly brought to view, and the reader is left to form his own judgment as to the aggregate merits of the qualities thus combined in him. Mr. Tyerman does not hesitate to relate even the most derogatory things said of Wesley by influential opponents, perfidious friends and implacable enemies. To these, however, he rarely condescends to make any reply, but after quoting with apparent indifference their most abusive paragraphs and pasquinades, he contemptuously dismisses them without so much as one word of comment or criticism—nor was one word necessary—for their "violent dealings" came "down upon their own pates."

The labor of collecting from so many various sources of information and arranging in chronological succession such an immense mass of *memorabilia* concerning one man, must have been enormous—the plodding patience of Mr. Tyerman is unrivaled. Yet the result of his laborious efforts is not so satisfactory as the admirers of Wesley or the friends of Methodism could wish.—He presents an exhaustive array of facts and incidents illustrative of the sublime career of this marvellous man, but with the exception of their orderly chronological arrangement in the narrative, they are brought together apparently without unity of plan or purpose, and with a singular disregard of the effect which they are likely to produce on the mind of the reader. Mr. Tyerman makes no attempt whatever to reconcile the numerous discrepancies, inconsistencies and incongruities which he records, gross and glaring as many of these appear on his pages; though assuredly most of them are capable of such modifications as would divest them of that sharp angularity of form and distinctness of outline in which he has presented them. He garrulously relates several adventures in Wesley's life which are, at least, of doubtful propriety; and often summarily pronounces things that Wesley said and did to be "silly," "foolish," "absurd," "preposterous," &c., yet seldom or never deems it expedient to seek for any explanation of such apparent anomalies in the life of a man whom he elsewhere declares to be "as perfect as we ever expect man to be this side of Heaven." In some instances it must indeed be conceded that he acted wisely in giving a simple statement of conflicting facts without attempting to harmonize them; since the subject of his memoirs was not exempt from the common infirmities of our nature, and any evasive effort to conceal or cover up these would be but a *fraus pia*—the besetting sin of writers in this department.

But whatever infirmities of character Wesley may have had, his genuine intellectual and moral greatness, goodness and unselfishness cannot now be questioned by any reasonable man. To these superlative qualities of mind and heart, his works, known and read of all men, indisputably establish his claims. But notwithstanding all his admirable qualities, he had much of human frailty withal, which exhibited itself betimes in ways which, to the popular apprehension seem quite incompatible with that sanctity and self-devotion for which he has been so generally and justly credited. Mr. Tyerman, always on the *qui vive* for such things, eagerly siezes on every little incident of this nature and draws attention to it. For this and other reasons, which need not be stated here, we should not be surprised if much of the profound veneration in which Wesley is held by many of his followers would diminish in proportion as these volumes are read and circulated. Nor should we look upon such a result as a calamity, either to Wesley or Methodism. The tendency to man-worship is always great, and the danger is still greater. Whenever, therefore, a blind, unreasoning veneration for even so great and good a man as John Wesley has the effect of converting the people called Methodists into spiritual vassals, to whom his every word is law—a phenomenon not unfrequently witnessed—the sooner this covert assumption of his infallibility is demonstrated to be no less groundless than absurd, the better it is for all parties concerned. With all Wesley's scholarly erudition, logical acuteness, honesty of purpose and purity of intention, Tyerman shows plainly enough that his judgment was at times warped by prejudice, biased by passion and misled by those in whom he had reposed undue confidence—especially by that honest but bigoted churchman, his brother Charles. Free from guile himself and sharing somewhat largely with his great contemporaries, Dr. Johnson and Blackstone, in that credulity which the prevailing skepticism had, by reaction, produced in a few of the best intellects of his age—hypocrites often won his confidence and enthusiasts enlisted his sympathies. Instances of this kind might be cited *ad libitum* from the volumes before us: and they all but enforce and confirm the practical wisdom of the Divine precept, "Call no man your father upon the earth."

While, however, we admire the frankness and candor of Mr. Tyerman in "stating facts like these, just as he finds them," we cannot always commend his judgment and discretion in stating other facts without accompanying explanations. Few persons have such strong faith in John Wesley as he, and fewer still are so conversant with the history of his eventful life. Circumstances which may, therefore, seem too transparent to his mind, to need any explication, may appear very opaque to others; and we doubt not that the attempt to reconcile some of the occurrences which he relates, with the lofty character ascribed to Wesley will "puzzle" and "perplex" many persons who are, by no means, predisposed to judge uncharitably of him. We will here cite but two of the numerous examples of this kind which we have noticed in the work before us. The first may be found in vol. 1st, page 192, and relates to what seems to be a self contradictory statement of Wesley, in regard to his own religious experience, and one which our author declares to be "extremely puzzling." Here Wesley is represented as denying in the most explicit and positive terms that he himself was a christian, nearly one year after his conversion! But instead of attempting to explain Wesley's meaning, Tyerman carelessly remarks: "The reader must form his own opinion and grapple with the difficulties thus presented as he best can." After such a hasty disposal of the case, the reader will doubtless be surprised to discover by reading ten pages further on, that when Tyerman recurs to the same subject again he seems to have strangely forgotten that there were any "difficulties" whatever involved in the aforesaid statement, because, says he, "Wesley, taught by the Herrnhuth Moravians, confounded it" (the doctrine of entire sanctification) "for a time, with what he called the witness of the spirit—the full assurance of faith." Now this is a most bungling and unsatisfactory way of treating such a grave subject. Why did he not give this obvious explanation of that apparent self-contradiction at once, without "puzzling" himself and "perplexing" his readers with imaginary "difficulties?"

The second is taken from vol. 3, page 449, where he thinks Wesley guilty of "great inconsistency" in calling himself a member of the church of England, and affirms that "to reconcile Wesley's practice and profession in this matter, during the last seven years of his eventful life, is simply impossible." In this instance, however, though he charitably suggests that "great allowance must be made for Wesley, "he does not trouble himself in the least degree to show why or wherefore such "allowance must be made." Had he even attempted to do so he might possibly have discovered the necessity of revoking his judgment, as in the other case, and owned that the "practice and profession" in question are so obviously self-consistent that they require but little ingenuity to "reconcile" them. If Mr. Tyerman were not in avowed sympathy with Wesley and Methodism such representations as the above would, of course, be taken *cum grano salis,* and no great injury could probably result from them, but the known relations between the parties are such that there are very few of his readers who will not accept his damaging judgments as the most lenient that charity itself could render, and fewer still who possess either the time or the talent which a revision or rectification of them would demand.

While, therefore, we cordially join in the acknowledgment that Methodism throughout the world owes Mr. Tyerman a heavy debt of gratitude for furnishing us such a full and exact synopsis of all the leading events in the life of Wesley—a desideratum heretofore—we are bound to add that as a complete portraiture of his character, the volumes before us are *essentially defective.* Indeed, we could not expect it to be otherwise after reading the following extraordinary statement in his preface: "I have not," he says, "attempted what may be called the *philosophy* of Wesley's life.—I leave that to others * * * My one object has been to collect, collate, and register unvarnished facts." Now, with all due deference to Mr. Tyerman's judgment, we venture to affirm that no greater mistake than this could be committed by one who undertakes to write the biography of such a man as John Wesley. Every man of mark has, and of necessity must have, his own special plans, purposes and aims—his great salient motives and regulative principles of conduct. These form the basis of his character and determine the style of his superstructure. They impart a moral cast and color to everything he does. They furnish the *rationale* of many things in his history otherwise inexplicable, and give unity and coherence to the whole series of events controlled by his agency. In short, they constitute the true philosophy of his life—in the light of which only its outward phenomena can be rightly understood or duly appreciated.

But obvious as these *postulata* are, they are utterly ignored by Mr. Tyerman, though they stand out as the fixed stars, to which all distinguished biographers ever look for guidance in the interpretation of facts and circumstances involved in darkness and obscurity. "Intelligent readers," observes Mr. Tyerman, "wish only to be possessed of facts. They can form their own conclusions, and care but little for the opinions of those by whom the facts are collected and narrated." This is certainly erroneous; for the "intelligence" of any reader may well be questioned when he exhibits a disregard "for the opinions" which a man of good understanding may have formed on any special subject which he has *thoroughly investigated*—an assumption which must be made in behalf of every author *worth reading.* Nor can Mr. Tyerman justify his deliberate resolve not to "attempt the philosophy of Wesley's life" (see his Pref.) by the shallow sophism that "The man is best known by what he did;" for, though it is generally true that a man should be judged by his acts, it is equally true that in many important cases the *acts* must be judged by the *man.* Two men may, from different motives, perform the same outward act, may, for instance, give a certain amount of money to relieve the necessitous poor. Knowing the men and their actuating impulses, however, we should be compelled to discriminate between them—to regard the *one* as an act of disinterested benevolence, the *other* of selfish vanity or ambition. But if, as our author maintains, each of these men "is best known by what he did," and "it is needless to speculate about his motives," we should be forced in such cases, as we have supposed above, to adopt the self-contradictory conclusion that *opposite* characters are *identical!*

This, then, is the radical defect, the fundamental error of Tyerman's Life of Wesley—a work which in some other respects is so admirably executed. His "one object (as he truly enough informs us in his preface) has been to collect, collate and register unvarnished facts," and in the accomplishment of this "one object" his success is without a parallel—but he has not written "a Life of Wesley worthy of the man." *That* is a work yet to be accomplished—a work greatly desired heretofore, but one which is rendered indispensable now by the publication of Mr. Tyerman's "*unvarnished facts;*" it is a work, however, which demands for its performance a more accomplished pen and philosophic brain than his: for as Macaulay truly observes, "Wesley is a subject which requires *all the qualities of a philosophical historian.*"—*Miscellaneous Writings, page* 100.

This is no unjust disparagement of our author. He is a ready, racy writer, but unfortunately somewhat random in his method, and altogether regardless of logical consistency. He labored diligently and successfully in collecting the scattered materials for the work he had taken in hand, but, beyond doubt, he lacks that philosophical genius—that quick, intuitive insight—that penetrative power of perception necessary to condense those chaotic materials and give unity and coherence to the whole.

For this reason it is not much to be regretted that he "tried," as he assures us in his Preface, "to practice self-denial" in resisting the great temptation to moralize," by which he "was oft" beset; for on the few rare occasions of self-indulgence when he weakly succumbs to this "temptation," he signally betrays his incapacity.

Let one instance suffice to illustrate this statement and justify its apparent severity. On page 106, vol. 2nd, where he gives an account of Wesley's unfortunate conjugal relations he yields to this "temptation to moralize" and accordingly pauses in the narrative in order to give vent to the following sage and original (?) reflections: "A man who attains to the age of forty-eight without marrying, ought to remain a bachelor for life, inasmuch as he has, almost of necessity, formed habits and acquired angularities and excrescences which *will never harmonize* with the relationships and duties of the married state." Wesley remained a celibate until he had attained "to the age of forty-eight," when he committed "one of the greatest blunders he ever made" in leading Mrs. Vazeille to the hymeneal altar. This was unfortunate enough for him, but, in the paragraph just quoted, the poor bachelor is doomed to a sterner fate in being thus mercilessly "moralized" into a sort of scapegoat, upon whose luckless head is laid the shame and blame of all the discord and misery in which the hapless benedict and his innocent spouse became involved for life! (*Cœlebs quid agas?*) Yet on page 114 (2nd vol.) *mirabile dictu,* he assures us that Wesley's letters to his wife "have been preserved" and then in flagrant defiance of all his own philosophy, Tyerman declares that these letters "display the *tenderest affection,* and justify the opinion that had it been his happiness to be married to a woman that was worthy of him he would have been one "of the *most loving husbands that ever lived!!!*" This is but a fair sample of our author's logical consistency and philosophical acumen and the volumes before us are occasionally marked and marred with the same inconsequent, self-contradictory kind of "moralizing" about Wesley from beginning to end.

It is a curious fact that no "Life of Wesley," worthy of that wonderful man, has yet been published. It has often been attempted but without success.

John Hampson—(Memoirs of John Wesley, &c., 3 vols. 12 mo. 1791.) first undertook the work without having any qualifications at all for it. Disappointed in his little selfish ambition, and becoming strongly disaffected toward Wesley, he dissolved his connection with him from motives of personal pique, because forsooth his name was not inserted in the list of the "Legal hundred."

Dr. Coke and Henry Moore (Life of John Wesley, London, 8 vo. 1792.) Wesley's literary executors, published a crude collection of materials with the title included in our brackets—which, in truth, was a misnomer.

Rev. John Whitehead, M. D. (Life of Rev. John Wesley, &c., &c., 2 vols., 8 vo., vol. 1st, 1793—vol. 2d, 1796) was more competent and careful than either of the preceding writers. But he wrote amidst a storm of controversy and his work was greatly vitiated by the partisan spirit which the times had engendered.

Robert Southey, L. L. D. (The Life of John Wesley; and the Rise and Progress of Methodism, 1820, 2 vols. 8 vo.) Of all the Lives of Wesley yet published, this is unquestionably the most attractive and popular in style, though the most erroneous and defective in matter. The author himself frankly acknowledged the glaring imperfections of this work afterwards, and endeavored to remove them in a new edition which he had prepared for the press. In regard to this new edition he stated in a letter to a friend that it was his "intention to correct every error that has been pointed out," and "make such alterations in the book as are required, in consequence of having judged injuriously of Mr. Wesley." Had he lived to put this corrected and amended edition through the press it would have largely contributed to the just fame of Wesley, as well as to his own—but unfortunately his death devolved the work of publication upon his faithless son, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, who was justly stigmatized in the *London Quarterly Review,* September, 1753, for a deliberate *suppressio veri* in concealing every indication of his father's altered sentiments. The following sentence, written by that gifted genius, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, will show the estimation in which this Life of Wesley, with all its imperfections was held by him: "The favorite of my library" he exclaims, "among many favorites; the book I can read the twentieth time, when I can read nothing else at all."

Henry Moore (Life of John and Charles Wesley, and Memoirs of the Family. 8 vo. 1824.) published but little that had not been well known to the Methodist public long before—in a more attractive form.—His work should hardly be ranked among "The Lives of Wesley."

Richard Watson's Life of the Rev. John Wesley, Founder of the Methodist Societies, London, 1831—12 mo., is the most generally read and best known Life of Wesley. But it is little more than a full sketch "prepared," as its author says, "with special reference to general readers." See "advertisement" to his work.)

Miss Julia Wedgwood (Life of John Wesley; in preparation, 1870) has, it is presumed, written only a mere outline of Wesley's life, like many other similar productions which we have not space to mention. We have not seen the work, however, and do not even know that it has yet been actually published.

Such and so various have been the unsuccessful attempts to write the "Life of Wesley—a man who, taking him all in all, is without a peer in the perfect and harmonious development of his physical, intellectual and spiritual powers—and without a parallel in his capabilities of action and endurance." Nor in these respects only is he pre-eminent. "I consider him," says Southey, "the most influential mind of the last century—the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums hence." "He was," says England's greatest historian, "a man whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have rendered him eminent in literature; whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu, but who, whatever may have been his errors, devoted all his powers in defiance of obloquy and derision to the salvation of souls. (See McCaulay's review of Southey's Colloquies on Society—*Edinburg Review,* 1830). To contemplate such a man in his sublime career is the luxury of a lifetime—"a feast of reason and a flow of soul" which no one who has the capacity to relish and enjoy should voluntarily forego.

It cannot fail to awaken our admiration and inspire our loving enthusiasm for that peerless man, to see how steadily he held on his glorious way despite all opposition. For though violently assailed on streets, highways and market places by mobs, magistrates and even by ministers, and though lampooned satirized and stigmatized by press, platform and pulpit in every way that scoffing scribblers could adopt, scholarly critics invent or rancorous bigots employ, he rarely turned from his course to chastise the curs of high or low degree that were incessantly barking at his heels, and never stooped from his lofty, serene, spiritual elevation to render evil for evil or railing for railing to any man.

Wesley was a wonderful worker. He performed an amount of labor which would have exhausted the energies of four ORDINARY men. We see him, as a preacher, delivering not less than eight hundred discourses annually, for fifty years, and performing an incredible amount of pastoral visiting besides—as an author publishing about two hundred volumes, including translations and abridgments, on an immense variety of subjects, together with a prodigious number of pamphlets and contributions to the religious and secular journals of his day—as a traveller, averaging during the last fifty years of his life about five thousand miles annually, and most of this performed on horseback, over all sorts of roads, and in all kinds of weather—and as the recognized head of a powerful religious organization which became rapidly extended over all parts of the Old and New World—the inspiring genius, animating, directing and governing the whole movement with such practical wisdom and foresight that even Buckle (the celebrated skeptical author of "The History of Civilization in England,") pronounced him "the first of theological statesmen." To write the life of such a man, as it should be written, requires no ordinary degree of philosophical discernment, but of such discernment Mr. Tyerman, his last, and in some respects his best biographer, seems to be utterly destitute. It is to be hoped, therefore, that his failure will prompt some man possessed of the necessary qualifications to make one more effort to supply a desideratum so long and so deeply felt by many—and now, more deeply, perhaps, than ever before. We know of *one* such man, at least, whose talents and acquirements preeminently fit him for the work. If *he* could be persuaded to devote his gifted pen to it, he would perform a service for the denomination everywhere, second only to that which he has rendered by his unique "History of Methodism."

AMENITIES OF JOURNALISM.

The Trials and Troubles of Printing a Newspaper.

[From the Printing Gazette.]

Few people are aware of the inside workings of a printing office, nor of the annoyances attendant upon the publication of a newspaper. It is impossible to form anything like a correct idea of the number of men there are in every community who make it a point about every other time they meet you to tell you of some important fact that ought to be noticed by the paper *pro bono publico.* Generally, however, it turns out that the item referred to is one in which the informant has an axe to grind, and the newspaper is to be the free horse on which he expects to ride into public notice and confidence. Or, if not that, he is constantly annoyed by a multiplicity of communications, which are always lengthy, and contain nothing that anybody cares to see in print, or know anything of whatever except the writer, and perhaps one or two other particular individuals, and for whose exclusive benefit it was written, it not for a moment occurring to the writer that communications for a newspaper should be such as would interest thousands of readers. The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small. The proprietor risks a large amount of money for smaller profits, and the editors and printers work harder and cheaper than the same number of men in any other profession, requiring the given amount of intelligence and training. The life has its charms and pleasant associations scarcely known to the outside world, but it has its earnest work and hours of exhaustion, which, likewise, are not known to those who think the business all fun.—The idea that newspaperdom is the charmed circle, where the favored members live a life of ease, free from care, is a mistaken one. Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is the one that is run on a square business footing, with the same system as a banking establishment.

The Virginia Elopement.

The alleged elopement of James F. Clark, late editor of the Manassas (Va.) Gazette, with Miss Fannie Fewell, daughter of the depot agent at that place, their journey West, their return, and the arrest of Clark for abduction have been reported by telegraph. Clark was arrested at the residence of Wm. Lee, his father-in-law, near Fredericksburg, where his wife and children had been remaining during his absence. The counsel for Clark were Messrs. J. L. Mayre, Jr., and Charles Herndon. Clark pleaded entire innocence of the charge and ignorance of the circumstances until within a few days ago. He said that he had gone to the West to look out for business, when he learned by the papers that he was charged with running away with Miss Fewell, and returned to deny the charge. The fact that Miss Fewell got back home about the same time and told the whole story as it had before been told in the papers, made against the plea of the prisoner. The matter is to be thoroughly investigated, however, and he will have the benefit of all the testimony that can be produced in his favor.

The Belle of Newport.

A correspondent of a Boston paper, writing from Newport, says: "The belle of the season here is a Philadelphia lady, who has been a belle for over half a century, and whose hair is white. She is charming. She is never 'out of practice' when asked for music; she is ready to entertain any one, and she does it as few young ladies can do. 'I should be furiously jealous,' said Kate, last night, after watching her hold court in the hotel parlor, 'were I her husband.' I do not believe this better half of hers ever felt more proud when he led her to the altar, than he did last night when he carried her off up stairs from among an admiring crowd."