EASTON GAZETTE.

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From the National Press.

ECCLESIASTICAL REMINISCENCES OF THE UNITED STATES. By the Rev. Edward Waylen, late Rector of Christ Church, Rockville, Maryland. Eleven years resident in America. New-York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1846. Pp. 504.

We have long looked forward to the appearance of this volume, which, we must say, has been got up in a style highly creditable to the publishers. The work itself is a reprint of a book written in England and published by the author, a young clergyman of our church, eleven years resident in America, with whom we had a personal acquaintance when in this city, and who from the amiability of his character, when felt assured would not write anything unkind respecting his brethren in the ministry. The perusal of these pages, therefore have so far, given us satisfaction; and we have no doubt Mr. Waylen's Ecclesiastical Reminiscences will be very generally read by the American people also with a coresponding interest.

We desire, indeed, to make numerous quotations, and have marked passages for that purpose, but lest by so doing we should diminish the sale of the book we will at present give such only as relate to some of the more prominent clergyman whose names are therein recorded.

Chapter iv. p. 15, 16. Describing his visit to Boston, the author speaks thus of the late venerable Bishop of the Eastern Diocese, whom he saw seated in the chancel of Trinity Church.

"But who is that venerable looking prelate seated in the episcopal chair which occupies the north of the altar? His features and scanty grey locks, bespeak a man of perhaps eighty; but no! his upright form as he rises to the awakening notes of the *Te Deum* and the fixed expression of his speaking eye tell that seventy winters have passed over his head. Right—he has performed the work of eighty years, during forty years of ministerial service, twenty three of which have been devoted to the duties of the episcopate. He is the 'Bishop of the Eastern Diocese,' and the Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States.

"I had heard & read of this distinguished ecclesiastic, and had seen his picture; but the impression I had received was a faint one of the original, which embodied all that the imagination paints as peculiar to a patriarch or an apostle. Frequently as I met him in after days, and much as I heard of his conversation in the most, retired moments of his life, this impression was never lessened. His features uniformly expressed scantity and benevolence, while his carriage combined dignity and the most childlike simplicity.

"The good bishop was present on a visitation of the Boston parishes, and after administering the apostolic rite of confirmation to a number of interesting youth he preached a sermon, which received the deepest attention from the numerous assemblage. The words flowed from his lips naturally and fervidly, and more than one moistened eye among the young recipients of the Holy Ghost, gave testimony to the force of his earnestexhortations."

In chapter 21, we find a truly honourable mention made of the Rev. Dr. Crocker, for more than forty-one years Rector of St. Johns's Church Providence whose exertions in extending the church in the State of Rhode Island have been ever arduous and unceasing. In the close of the said chapter Mr. Waylen speaks thus of the late Rector of St. Johns' who is now in charge of St Paul's Church Boston.

"Differing greatly in the latter characteristic from the rector of St. John's, the Rev. Dr. Vinton, rector of Grace Church (another parish in Providence) possesses Chalmer's strength of reasoning and vehemence of style. The latter has been carefully improved, as his sermons evidence in their purity of diction, copiousness, and terseness of expression. It would be no unqualified praise to call him the Barrow of the American pulpit; nor does he fall short of his great original in the vigour of his intellect or the fervour of his devotional ardour—while the peculiarities of Tillotson, seemed, in an equal degree, to appertain to his cotemporary; with whom during the period of my residence in Providence he divided the public favour. The comparison of a discerning writer between the two English divines will not inaptly apply to doctors Crocker and Vinton: 'While simplicity, languor and enervation characterize the productions of one, richness, vehemence and strength form the chief features in the diction of the other. To the former belong perspicuity & smoothness verbal purity and unaffected ease; to the latter, a fervid fancy, and a poetic ear, glowing figures, and harmonious cadences."

Of the Rev. Dr. Wainwright he writes:

"In the afternoon I worshipped in St. Thomas' church, Broadway, in expectation of hearing the celebrated Dr. Hawks. I was not disappointed in the intellectual gratification I received, though his place was supplied by Dr. Wainwright of Boston, whom I had frequently heard before, and always with increased pleasure. The sermon (from the text—My yoke is easy and my burden is light,' was a finished and elegant composition, not the less effective from the quiet, unimpassioned style of delivery, which is natural to this gentleman, and from which he should never depart. Dr. Wainwright's style is not feeble nor overloaded with finery, but its characteristics are elegance and diffuseness; these are well adapted to pulpit oratory in the city congregations of the higher classes, amongst whom his labours are confined, and in which sphere he is eminently useful. A *court preacher*, if by the term is understood a sycophantic time-server, he is not. His rebukes and exposures of the vices of the rich are frequent and pointed; and his fearless defence on a late memorable occasion of what he holds to be a point of orthodoxy, as well as a fact,* against a host of incidious opponents both from within and without the Church, and with about three exceptions, the whole press of the country, religious and secular, prove him to be an honest man, and one whose example would have given lustre to the best days of primitive Christianity."

Of the Rev. Dr. Higbee (page 181,) he says:

"I was greatly charmed with a sermon I heard one evening from Mr. (now Dr.) Higbee. His discourse bore marks of a mind well balanced, and a judgement fully matured; his language was elegant and florid; his descriptions fresh and vivid; at the same time free from that 'tinsel splendour' which frequently passes for eloquence in America, and of which some specimen orations and Congress speeches are choice examples."

Chapter 32. Mr. Waylen describes the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, rector of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, in just and well-merited terms, and (page 199) he writes thus:—

"His sermon was directed against dueling, and was called forth by a fatal meeting which had lately taken place near the city, and the peculiar circumstances of which had caused much excitement. Dr. Wyatt's pulpit style, though adapted to the class of hearers who compose his congregation, would be ill-suited to the mixed audience within the walls of an English Church, where happily (and may it always be so) the Church is the heritage of the poor man as well as the rich. As a masterly specimen of style, the doctor's pulpit compositions merit high praise. They combine elegance and idiomatic accuracy, the language being full and harmonius, and, though richly ornamented, free from the faults of that luxuriance of style which too commonly pervades the American pulpit. For purity of language, and simplicity of expression he is justly considered to excel his cotemporaries. In force, vehemence, and poetic imagery Dr. Hawks may stand alone in the class of popular preachers, and Bishop Eastburn in the smoothness and melody of his periods, and the manliness of his conceptions, but for naturalness and purity, Wyatt has no equal in the American Church. In the language of an eminent critic applied to the writings of the best British authors of Anne's reign, 'it is pure English undefiled, flowing in its own native channel, and reflecting home objects and scenes!"

"In the evening I entered Christ Church next to St. Paul's in point of size and beauty. The preacher was Dr. Johns, afterwards the rival candidate of Dr. Wyatt for the bishopric, mentioned above. His sermon was different in its character from that of the morning, being wholly extempore & unmethodical though delivered with considerable fluency. It was, however, marked by a disagreeable redundancy of words, & a want of naturalness in the preacher s action, which greatly marred the general effect, and which are faults only excusable in a very youthful preacher."

Bishop Henshaw he describes thus:—

"Before leaving Baltimore I had an opportunity of hearing Dr. Henshaw the rector of St. Peter's, now Bishop of Rhode Island. The congregation, though on a week day, was as large as the building would accommodate. Dr. H. showed great skill in treating his subject, which was on the *practical* effect of soundness in doctrine: a most important subject, less regarded both in America and England than it ought to be. The sermon was extempore throughout, and in the best style of pulpit address. With a portly figure and prepossessing countenance, Dr. Henshaw combines a fine voice and fluent utterance. His idiom is not loose, nor marked by the vulgarisms, and entire want of dignity which American extempore preachers in the non episcopal denominations frequently exhibit."

The author introduces to our notice Mr. Peter G. Stuyvesant:—

"The Sunday after our arrival I preached for Mr. Davies, whose congregation was occupying a temporary building whilst the church, which had been destroyed by an incendiary, was re-erecting. Among the worshippers was *Mr. Peter Stuyvesant* the lineal descendant of the immortalised Governor of New-York of the same name whose decision of character, statesmanship, and prowess are all recorded with historical fidelity in Washington Irving's 'History' of that state. I confess I never was so interested in a new acquaintance since my first arrival in America. What man, woman, or child in England, is not familiar with the deeds of 'Peter the Headstrong?' I next day had the gratification of seeing the original portrait of the hero at Mr. Van Rensselaer's, and of spending the day in the old hall of the present worthy representive of this truly noble house.

"The occasion was the visit of the Bishop of New Jersey to the parish to administer confirmation, when he was accompanied by several of his clergy. The clerical party, with other neigboring gentry, were entertained by Mr. Stuyvesant in a manner rarely exceeded in the highest English circles. The house itself is the most baronial looking country mansion I have seen in the United States; and stands in the centre of a park dotted with clumps of forest trees. Its owner is the third man in the country for his wealth, which is seen in every part of his fine establishment.—His hospitality is unbounded, and his religious and charitable endowments and gifts are on an equal scale of munificence.

The whole party attended the evening service of the church; after which music, paintings, books, and works of *virtu* occupied the attention till supper, which was cold, and for its variety and the character of the viands was as *recherche* as the most fastidious London *gourmand* could desire."

Of the Rev. Mr. Price, rector of St. Stephen's, he says he "is the third successor in that parish of the late Bishop Moore of Va. He is one of the loveliest christian characters, I met with in the country, and in addition to excellent oratorical powers, the best reader of the church service I ever heard."

Of the Rev. Dr. Seabury he thus expresses himself—"he is the grandson of the first American bishop, consecrated in Scotland, and one of the most distinguished lights of the church. He inherits all the devotion to her cause, and the staunch orthodoxy of his ancestor, with added brilliancy of talent as a writer and controvertialists. No man is better armed for polemical warfare, both from his life, scholarship, extensive reading, and the wide grasp of his mind. Romanist, non Episcopalian, and infidel, have each entered the lists, and been successively worsted The *Churchman*, of which he is the Editor, is the official organ of the New-York bishop with his diocese, and, in some respects the established organ of the whole American church. The leading articles of this able sentinel are not surpassed by the ablest writers in the "British Quarterlies and Monthlies." As a preacher, he speaks of Dr. S. thus: "The sermon was equal to my highest expectations, & was listened to by a full attendance of worshippers with close attention, which its argumentation and skilful context drew forth; though the preacher aimed at none of the flights of elocutionary display. He has little animation and preserves nearly the same tone of voice throughout the address, but the attention of the hearer is kept up to the last, by the rich vein of thought that runs through the whole."

*Nulla Ecclesia sine Episcopo.

CURE FOR DISPEPSIA.

From the Boston Commercial.

Messrs. Editors:—I saw in your paper, some time ago, a cure for the *Dispepsia*.—Having been afflicted with that dreadful disorder for several years, which brought me near the grave, a friend, laboring under the same disorder, who had experienced the benefits of a diet of *curds and whey*, recommended to me to adopt it. According to his directions I put a piece of Rennet or Runnit, of the size of a dollar, into half a tumbler of soft water, and let it stand over night. In the morning, I poured the water into a bowl of warm milk, which it turned in a few minutes to a curd of the consistence of a custard. Finding this agreed with my stomach, and that I digested it easily, I continued the use of it for two months, at the end of which time I found my digestive organs perfectly restored, and my general health better than it had been for years. I can now eat any thing, even the coarsest of our coarse cooking. I have recommended it to several friends, all of whom have experienced from it the same benefit as myself. *Proof Publico.*

HANDSOME MEN.—One of our exchanges contains the following sensible remarks relating to handsome men:—

"If you are ever threatened with a handsome man in the family, just take a clothes pounder while he's yet in the bud, and batter his nose to a pummice. From some cause or other, handsome men are invariably asses, they cultivate their hair and complexion so much, that they have no time to think of their brains. By the time they reach 30 their heads and hands are equally soft. Again we say, if you wish to find an intellectual man, just look for one with features so rough that you might use them for a nutmeg-greater."

The fire in Nantucket consumed three hundred and forty eight buildings—a larger number than were burned at the great fire in New York a year ago. The loss of the Nantucket fire is estimated at a million dollars, and the insurance at about $350,000.

Lieut. DEAS, who it was reported at the time, had been attracted by some Mexican damsel, on the banks of the Rio Grande opposite Fort Brown, but who in reality had swam the river in search of the lamented Col. Cross, and was captured by the enemy, has been restored to his company.

HAYDON, THE ARTIST.

Among the items of painful interest brought by the last steamer, was the announcement of the suicide by Mr. B. R. Haydon, the eminent painter, one of whose pictures, "Christ Entering Jerusalem," is, we believe, in the possession of the Academy of the Fine Arts, in this city. Poverty led to the act, and the despair which sat upon his heart, and clouded his reason, must have been deep and sore. The sum of a life of labor was a little fame and starvation, and while his deep love for his art made him seize the first, and incited him to renewed exertions, even in the sunset of his life, the fear of the other had power to break down his fortitude, and steep him so utterly in misery, that death became the welcome means of escape.

We find in the London Illustrated News, a report of the proceedings at the Coroner's Inquest, and the testimony rendered, proved him to have been exemplary in all his domestic and public relations, and one eminently deserving of the prosperity he vainly strove to win. During the examination, a manuscript volume was produced, in which were recorded the thoughts of the unfortunate man, and it having been given in charge to his step son, with the request to select from it such passages as might be necessary to inform the jury concerning his state of mind during his last days, the following were read:

April 4—The first day of my exhibition being opened. It rained all day, and no one came, Jerrold, Bowring, Fox, Maule, and Hobhouse excepted. How different would it have been twenty-six years ago. The rain would not have kept them away then.

Receipts first day.	Receipts first day.
Christ Entering Jerusalem—1820.	Banishment of Aristides.
£19 16s.	£1 1s. 6d.

In God I trust. Amen.

April 13—Receipts, £1 3s. 6d! An advertisement of a finer description could not have been written to catch the public, but not a shilling more was added to the receipts. They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push—they fight—they scream—they faint—they cry "help!", and "murder!" They see my bills, I warrant, but do not read them. Their eyes are in them, but their senses is gone. It is an insanity—a *rabies furor*—a dream of which I would not have believed Englishmen could have been guilty. My situation is now one of extreme peril; more so than when I began Solomon, thirty-eight years ago. Involved in debt, mortified by the little sympathy which the public display towards my best pictures, with several private engagements yet to fulfil. I awoke, as usual, at four o'clock, this morning.—My mind was immediately filled with the next picture of my series. I felt immediately, "Is it the whispering of an evil or good spirit?" but, believing it to be for good, I called on my Creator, who has led me through the wilderness for forty years, not to desert me at the eleventh hour.

May 4—I have just received a lawyer's letter—the first for a long time. I have called on the writer, who is an amiable man, and has promised to give me time.—I came home under mingled feelings of sorrow, delight, anxiety, and anticipation, and sat down to my palette under an irritable influence. My brain became confused, as I foresaw ruin, misery, and a prison before me. I went on with my picture, and rejoiced inwardly at its effects, but my brain, harassed and confused, fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake for an hour. I awoke cold—the fire out—and went again to my picture.

May 14—This day 42 years I left my native Plymouth for London. I have closed my exhibition, with a loss of £111.—No one can accuse me of showing less talent or energy than 20 years ago.

May 21—Worked hard at my picture, and advanced immensely. Felt uneasy because I could not give my dear son money to go and see his college friends.

June 3—Called on my dear friend Kemp, who advanced me some cash to get over my difficulties. By the time my pictures are finished they will be all mortgaged; but never mind, so that I get them done.

June 13—Picture much advanced, but my necessities are dreadful, owing to the failure of my exhibition at the hall. In God I trust. It is hard—this struggle of forty-two years' duration; but Thy will, and not mine, be done.

June 14—O God, let it not be presumption in me to call for Thy blessing on my own works. Let no difficulty on earth stay their progress. Grant this week Thy Divine aid. From sources invisible raise me up friends to save me from the embarrassments which want of money must bring upon me, and grant that this day week I may be able to thank Thee for my extrication.

June 15—Passed in great anxiety, after harrassing about for several hours in the heat of the sun.

June 16—Sat from two to five o'clock staring at my picture like an idiot, my brain pressed down by anxiety, and the anxious looks of my family, whom I have been compelled to inform of my condition.—We have raised money on all our silver, to keep us from want in case of accident. I have written to Sir Robert Peel, to ——, and to ——, stating that I have a heavy sum to pay. I have offered "The Duke's study" to——. Who answered first?—Tormented by——, harrassed by pulic business, up came the following letter:

"Whitehall, June 16.

"Sir—I am sorry to hear of your continued embarrassments. From a limited fund which I have at my disposal, I send as a contribution for your relief from these embarassments the sum of £50. I remain your ob't. servant.

"ROBERT PEEL.

June 21.—Slept horribly—prayed in sorrow—and got up in agitation.

The next was the last entry, made evidently immediately before the world closed upon the unhappy man. It ran thus:

June 22. God forgive me. Amen.—Finis.

B. R. HAYDON.

"Stretch me no longer on this rough world." *Lear.*

The end of the 26th volume.

It is something to ponder on—to reflect how the heart must have been torn while that record was being made. How swayed with fearful passions, and how gradually the bitter sense of the world's neglect forced down the better influences of the soul, and gave a rank luxuriance to the growth of that desperate feeling, which demanded the sacrifice of his life.

French Opinion of the Mexican War.

From France the accounts are of some interest. All the Paris papers have published Gen. Taylor's despatches, and the opinion appears to be unanimous, that the American arms cannot fail to succeed over those of Mexico, and that the Mexicans will be routed as often as they oppose themselves to the invading General. It is not with Mexico so much however as with England that the Paris press is inclined to think this country will find itself embroiled, and one of the papers, *The Siecle*, takes occasion to say, that it has received intelligence from a high source at London, to the effect that the British Ministers had held a Cabinet Council, and had come unanimously to the conclusion, that it was their duty to their country to resist, even by force of arms, the annexation of the Californias to this country—an annexation, which it is assumed, the United States have already determined, upon. The other papers also anticipate a serious misunderstanding with Great Britain from this attempt, and even state that the admiral commanding the British squadrons in the Pacific, has positive orders to prevent the American fleet taking possession of any place on the California Coast; and some of them actually surmise that before this time a conflict has taken place between the two fleets.

These stories, of course, are almost, if not entirely without foundation. The Paris correspondent of the European Times, seems to look upon the intervention of France for the protection of Mexico against this country as altogether probable, and quotes an article from *L'Epoque*—the organ of M. Guizot—to sustain his opinion. If the newspaper is to be taken as authority, the views of the letter writer are not unworthy of consideration, for the article is full of ill-will towards this country, in relation to its late proceedings in Mexico.

The *Journal des Debats*, too, the great organ of the Government, exhibits like feeling, and thus concludes an extended article, in which this country is represented as altogether the aggressor.

There is, however, among the maritime nations, some third power, to which this insatiable humor which pushes the Cabinet of Washington, in 1845, towards Texas, and, in 1846, towards the Californias, and, consequently, towards the domination of the southern seas, may give offence. And Mr. Polk, if he procures to-day to the Union the magnificent acquisition of the Calafornias, perhaps exposes it to-morrow to the greatest peril; for can it be possible to maintain for a long time unity in a federal republic, extended over a space so prodigously vast at that which runs from the Calafornias and Texas to Maine, and in climates so different?

There is little in the way of local news in the papers. The session of the Chambers has closed, and the new elections will take place on the 1st of August.

A BRILLIANT BRIDAL.—A London correspondent of the Boston Traveller says that great preparations "have been made in Russia for the forthcoming nuptials of the Duchess Olga, daughter of the Emperor and the Hereditary Prince of the Wirtemberg. This ceremony will surpass in magnificence anything of the kind that has taken place in Europe in modern times. The Duchess O'ga is represented as a very beautiful woman, and surpassed in personal appearance by none of the Princesses of Europe. A series of grand *fetes* will be given, and continued for three days. The Empress of Russia will be present, and join the throng of crowned heads. These *fetes* will take place at the Emperor's summer palace and garden at Peterhoff, on the borders of the gulf, and two hours' drive from St. Petersburgh. They will be the most brilliant and expensive ever got up in Europe. The artists of every nation have for a long time been employed to contribute their handicraft or talents to render every thing unequalled in modern times. It is supposed that amongst the entertainments there will be a grand review of fifty thousand men. Every regiment of cavalry will have a different colored horse, and every horse in each regiment, even to a spot will be alike. Such a military display, it is said cannot be equalled in the world."

The corner stone of a Presbyterian Church was laid at Annapolis on Saturday.

From the Army.

The steamship James L. Day, Capt. Griffin, arrived at New Orleans on the evening of the 18th inst., from Brazos Santiago, having sailed thence on Wednesday the 15th instant. The news is four days later, and of some interest; especially so is the announcement that a deputation from the British Navy arrived at Fort Polk' upon business with Gen. Taylor, calculated to excite curiosity and speculation.

The troops were being sent forward as fast as the means of transportation and the high waters would allow. The Louisiana Volunteers were being concentrated above Matamoros. The Washington and Col. Dakin's Regiments were a short distance above that place. The Andrew Jackson Regiment left for Reynosa on 9th, and Col. Davis moved up the river on the 10th instant. The Tennessee Regiment relieved Davis' command at Burita.

Majors Dimmick & Morris, Capt. Burke and Lieuts. Fremont and Magruder, of the U. S. Army, came passengers in the Day.

An article in the American Flag, of the 10th inst, informs us that broils occasionally break out amongst the Volunteers and Mexicans, resulting in death. That paper states that Gen. Taylor uses every exertion to prevent persons attached to the army from disturbing the citizens of Matamoros. The Mexican authorities are urged to more attention in keeping their citizens in order and dispersing them when engaged in riotous proceedings. Some of Canales' men are supposed to be lurking about Matamoros for purposes of rapine & murder.

Considering the leniency shown by Gen. Taylor towards the captive city, in permitting the people to pursue their wonted avocations, and the courts of law to administer justice, it behooves the civil police to be diligent in suppressing disorders and sending away dangerous persons. A young American soldier was found near the office of the American Flag, on the 6th inst., with his throat dreadfully cut and his heart pierced with several dagger wounds. The murderer has not been discovered.

The Rio Grande was yet rising on the 10th. In several places about Matamoros it had overflowed its banks.

A correspondent of the Picayune writting from Fort Polk, under date of July 14, says—

No news or material changes since my last. The rain, if any thing, has risen, completely cutting off transportation by land between this and Matamoras—particularly at the several ravines the other side of Palo Alto, which appear to be the old bed of the river, and through which the water flows with quite a rapid current and of considerable depth.

The high water has been of incredible injury to the crops on the Rio Grande, some asserting that even three fourths of the cotton and corn in the bottoms have been destroyed. It will not only go hard with these "from hand to mouth" people, whose only thought is of the day, but I am fearful that it may occasion difficulty in giving Gen. Taylor the means of subsisting his troops to the extent he anticipated from the appearance of the crops a short while since. Three weeks ago, when I went down on the Aid to Matamoros, there never was as good a promise an abundant harvest, and all were cheerful; now the poor Mexicans are stalking about waist deep in the corn fields, the families have been driven off to the high grounds, and every face is shrouded in gloom. The war has been of service real service to the inhabitants on the Rio Grande but the freshet has ruined them.

The last report is that the water is at a stand, perhaps falling, having caused the removal of all the camps save one.

Troops continue to arrive almost daily and soon afterwards move up and take position upon the river near Burita. The 7th Regiment of Infantry has gone to Reynosa or Camargo.

The weather, together with the inactivity of the troops, has caused considerable sickness among them. I learn there are several hundred in hospital at Matamoras, and the measles has broken out in one of the camps.

"Curiosity runs high" to know the object of a visit of two British naval officers to General Taylor, who arrived here in a vessel of war from Tampico. Communication being cut off, they sent their despatches by mail to their Consul at Matamoras, to be laid by him before the Consul General. *Nous verrons.*

Appearances vindicate a move of the army into the interior as soon as the waters subside.

Report says Gen. Paredes has sent a proclamation to the people of Matamoros, calling upon them to treat our regulars with every kindness and consideration, because of the *unparalleled* kindness and attention to his wounded, as well as prisoners and citizens. He takes occasion to score the Texans, &c. If this be true, it argues more favorably than otherwise.

SANTA ANA.—The New Orleans Picayune, in connexion with the news from Mexico, has the following paragraph respecting the banished Ex-President:

The advices brought by the Hope Howes, from Mexico and Havana, lead us, to infer that Santa Anna's schemes are, for the time being, entirely baffled. We learn verbally that he had disposed of his game cocks, sold his furniture and given up his house, preparatory to his return to Mexico, but that the news received from Vera Cruz by the Clyde had changed his purpose, and that he will remain in Havana till some-

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