SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, [illegible] FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1851.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 13. "Opposition without faction, and Measures irrespective of Men." Number 44.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,
is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Devoe & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:—
12s. 6d., in Advance;—$3 if not paid until the termination of the year:
But as the Proprietor intends to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* contribute for those who *never pay*, he offers the following

Inducements for Clubbing,
by which means parties will be able to procure a valuable Family and Business Newspaper at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered in this Province. He proposes to send
For $10 IN ADVANCE, 5 copies of the Chronicle, *to one address*, to any part of this or the Sister Provinces, for One Year;
For $20 in advance, 11 copies for One Year;
For $40 in advance, 24 copies for One Year;
Mind! IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

☞ BY THE YEAR.—The rate of advertising by the year is six pounds per column, and *half, quarter, or eighth* part of a column in the same ratio.

No Paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid up, except the descretion of the publisher.

All letters, orders, communications, &c., must be post paid, and addressed to
WILLIAM DURANT.
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.

July.		H.	Sun s.	Moon R.	H. W.	
12 Saturday,	- -	4	28 7	41	3 47	11 11
13 Sunday,	- -	4	29 7	41	rises.	11 4
14 Monday,	- -	4	30 7	40	8 46	morn.
15 Tuesday,	- -	4	31 7	40	9 20	0 15
16 Wednesday,	- -	4	32 7	39	9 49	0 49
17 Thursday,	- -	4	33 7	38	10 15	1 22
18 Friday,	- -	4	34 7	37	10 40	1 55

Last Quarter, 21st day, 6h. 0m. morn.

Mutual Insurance Company.
THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.

National Loan Fund
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF London.
EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.
Capital, £500,000 sterling.
Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £51,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B
(Office Nelson street.)
ROBERT F. HAZEN, Chairman.
Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq
John H. Gray, Esq.
Medical Examiner . Wm. Bayard, Esq. M. D.;

Advantages offered by this Society.
PERFECT SECURITY, arising from a large Capital totally independent of the Premium Fund.
LOANS.—Two-thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.
LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.
DIVISIONS OF PROFITS.—The Bonus in this Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in Cash, in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus are permanent.
Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly.
Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.
A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies
Every information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.
California.—Parties proceeding to California can effect insurance on liberal terms.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.
Bathurst—Theophilus Desbrisay, Esq.
Chatham—William Carman, junior, Esq.
Dorchester: Albert J. Smith, Esquire,
Dalhousie—William S. Smith, Esq.,
Fredericton: J. Henry Phair, Esq.
Hampton: Samuel Hallett, Esq.
Hopewell: Thomas B. Moore Esq.
Moncton (the Bend) Elias Botsford, Esq.,
Newcastle: Edwards Williston, Esq.
Richibucto: William Kennedy, Esq.
St. Andrews: George D. Street, Esq.,
Shediac: W. F. Bass Esq.
Sussex and Cambo: Richard C. Scovil, Esq.
Woodstock: James Rankin, Esq.
WILLIAM J. STARR,
February, 1850. *Manager. St. John, N. B.*

BOSSERT'S
Merchant's Exchange Hotel—Post Office Building
State Street, BOSTON,
TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per day.
HAMMOND RIVER HOUSE.
THE Subscriber grateful for past patronage from the travelling community, begs to inform the friends and the public at large, that he has greatly enlarged and improved to the above Hotel, 15 miles from the City, on the North of Kennebec River, which he is prepared to entertain Travellers on as moderate terms as any other house.
DINNERS, &c. &c., served up at shortest notice.
Constantly on hand, a choice supply of WINES &c. &c.
Comfortable and commodious Stabling attached to the Premises, manned by an experienced ostler.
February 2, 1848 WASHINGTON ALLEN.

CHARLES W. STOCKTON,
Attorney & Barrister at Law,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.
EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE
ABANDONED BY
Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.
SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.
Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, South-wark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (the deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNESBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent that *the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign; go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after Sour Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astonished and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"
Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, JOHN PIRIE, Mayor
IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chigo-foot, Yawns and Cocoa-bay.
Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.
THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!
N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.
Sold at PETERS & TILLEY's, No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B

Phœnix Foundry,
POND STREET.
THE Proprietors of the above Establishment having erected a new *Moulding Shop* on the Premises occupied by the late firm of THOMAS BARLOW & CO. are now prepared to Manufacture STEAM and FIRE ENGINES, Steam Boilers, Force Pumps, MILL MACHINERY, Turning Lathes, Screw Presses, Bark Mills, Patent Purchases and other Ship Castings, Hoisting Wheel Gear, &c. &c.
On Hand—CAMBOOSES; Cooking, Close and Franklin STOVES; Oven and Furnace Mouths; Side-Hill, Double Mould Board, Sod D, Improved D, E, and other pattern PLOUGHS; Fanning Mill Wheels; Truck and Barrow Wheels; Waggon and Cart Boxes, &c. &c.
FLEMING & HUMBERT.
☞ *Brass and Iron Castings made to order. Brass and Iron Turning. All kinds of Machinery repaired.*
St. John, October 16th, 1849.

SOAP & CANDLE
MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
CONTINUES to manufacture Wax-wick MOULD CANDLES, which for brilliancy of light, and length of time in burning, cannot be excelled—made expressly for the parlour table.
Constantly on hand, DIPT CANDLES, of all sizes, made out of the pure hard Tallow, and undertakes to sell cheaper than can be imported from any part of the world. April 27.

NEW BOOKS.
Received per "Creole,"
HARPER'S Magazine for January;
Peterson's National do. do;
Godey's Ladies' Book, do. do.;
Appleton's Mechanics' Magazine and Engineers Journal for Jan., a New Periodical, 15s. per an.
Singleton Fontenoy, R. N., by James Hanny;
Cruise of the Crescent, by Sir A. Fisher;
Alpaca Locke, Tailor & Poet, &c. &c.
January 17. E. O'BRIEN.

Spring and Summer Clothing.
GENTLEMEN who like a neat Garment, will find the best Cutter, Finest Textures, and as low prices as any house in the trade, at FALLS CLOTHING STORE, *Prince William Street*, next opposite Steam Arcade.
May 9. JAMES T. HALL, *Proprietor.*

Agricultural Garden and Flower
SEEDS.
THE subscriber has received a fresh assortment of Agricultural, Garden, and Flower SEEDS of superior quality. For sale at low prices.
April 25. JOHN G. SHARP.

Removal.
THE Subscriber would acquaint his friends and the Public, generally that he has REMOVED his PAPER HANGINGS and STORE [illegible]
[illegible]
May 16, 1851. S. L. TILLEY.

Miscellaneous.

Recollections of a Police Officer.

MARY KINGSFORD.

[*Concluded.*]

"Bless you—bless you!" she gasped in the intervals of her convulsive sobs.

"There is some wretched misapprehension in this business, I am quite sure," I continued; "but at all events I shall bail her—for this night at least."

"Bail her! That is hardly regular."

"No; but you will tell the superintendent that Mary Kingsford is in my custody, and that I answer for her appearance to-morrow."

The men hesitated; but I stood too well at head quarters for them to do more than hesitate; and the cab I had ordered being just then announced, I passed with Mary out of the room as quickly as I could, for I feared her senses were again leaving her. The air revived her somewhat, and I lifted her into the cab, placing myself beside her. She appeared to listen in fearful doubt whether I should be allowed to take her with me; and it was not till the wheels had made a score of revolutions that her fears vanished; then throwing herself upon my neck in an ecstacy of gratitude she burst into tears, and continued till we reached home crying on my bosom like a broken-hearted child. She had, I found, been there about ten o'clock to seek me, and being told that I was gone to Astley's had started off to find me there.

She still slept or at least she had not risen when I left home the following morning to endeavour to get at the bottom of the strange accusation preferred against her. I first saw the superintendent, who, after hearing what I had to say, quite approved of all I had done, and intrusted the case entirely to my care. I next saw Mr. and Mrs. Morris and Sophia Clarke, and then waited upon the prosecutor, a youngish gentleman by the name of Saville, lodging in Essex Street, Strand. One or two things I heard, made necessary a visit to other officers of police incidentally as I found, mixed up with the affair. By the time all this was done, and an effectual watch had been placed upon Mr. Augustus Saville's movements, evening had fallen, and I wended my way homewards, both to obtain a little rest, and to hear Mary Kingsford's version of the story.

The result of my inquiries may be thus summed up. Ten days before, Sophia Clarke told her cousin that she had orders for Covent Garden Theatre; and as it was not one of their busy nights, she thought they might obtain leave to go. Mary expressed her doubts of this, as both Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who were strict and somewhat fanatical Dissenters, disapproved of play-going, especially for young women. Nevertheless Sophia asked, informed Mary that the required permission had been readily accorded, and off they went in high spirits; Mary especially, who had never been to a theatre in her life before. When there they were joined by Hartley and Simpson, much to Mary's annoyance and vexation, especially as she saw that her cousin expected them. She had, in fact, accepted the orders from them. At the conclusion of the entertainments, they all four came out together when suddenly there arose a hustling and confusion, accompanied with loud out-cries and a violent sawing to and fro of the crowd. The disturbance was, however, soon quelled; and Mary and her cousin had reached the outer door, when two police-officers seized Hartley and his friend, and insisted upon their going with them. A scuffle ensued; but other officers being at hand, the two men were secured, and carried off. The cousin, terribly frightened, called a coach, and were very glad to find themselves safe at home again. And now it came out that Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been told that they were going to spend the evening, at my house, and had no idea they were going to the play! Vexed as Mary was at the deception, she was too kindly tempered to refuse to keep her cousin's secret; especially knowing as she did that the discovery of the deceit Sophia had practised would in all probability be followed by her immediate discharge. Hartley and his friend swaggered on the following afternoon into the shop, and whispered Sophia that there arrest had arisen from a strange mistake, for which the most ample apologies had been offered and accepted. After this matters went on as usual, except that Mary perceived a growing insolence and familiarity in Hartley's manner towards her. His language was quite unintelligible, and once he asked her plainly "if she did not mean that she should go shares in the prize she had lately found?" Upon Mary replying that she did not comprehend him, his look became absolutely ferocious, and he exclaimed; "Oh, that's your game, is it? But don't try it on with me, my good girl, I advise you." So violent did he become, that Mr. Morris was attracted by the noise, and ultimately handled him, neck and heels, out of his shop. She had not seen either him or his companion since.

On the evening of the previous day a gentleman whom she never remembered to have seen before, entered the shop, took a seat, and helped himself to a tart. She observed that after a while he looked at her very earnestly, and at length approaching quite close, said, "You were at Covent-Garden Theatre last Tuesday evening week? Mary was struck, as she said, all of a heap, for both Mr. and Mrs. Morris were in the shop, and heard the question.

"Oh, no, no! you mistake," she said hurriedly and feeling at the same time her cheeks land'e into flame.

"Nay, but you were though," rejoined the gentleman. And then lowering his voice to a whisper, he said, "And let me advise you, if you would avoid exposure and condign punishment, to restore me the diamond brooch you robbed me of on that evening."

Mary screamed with terror, and a regular scene ensued. She was obliged to confess that she had sold a brooch in keeping she was at the theatre on the night in question, and Mr. Morris after that seemed inclined to believe any thing of her. The gentleman persisted in his charge; but at the same time vehemently iterating his assurance that all he wanted was his property; and it was ultimately decided that Mary's boxes, as well as her person should be searched. This was done; and to her utter consternation the brooch was found concealed, they said, in a black silk reticule. Denials, asseverations, were in vain. Mr. Saville identified the brooch; her cousin swore to its being in her possession; but how to establish it by satisfactory evidence is another matter. I must take her to Bow street the day after to-morrow."

"Good God, how dreadful! Can nothing be done? What does the prosecutor say the brooch is worth?"

"His uncle, he says, gave one hundred and twenty guineas for it. But that signifies little, for were its worth only a hundred and twenty farthings, compromise is, you know, out of the question."

"I did not mean that." I took it out of the desk in which I had locked it up, and placed it before her. It was a splendid emerald, encircled by large brilliants.

My wife twisted and turned it about, holding it in all sorts of lights, and at last said, "I do not believe that either the emerald, or the brilliant are real—that the brooch is, in fact worth twenty shillings intrinsically."

"Do you say so?" I exclaimed; as I jumped up from my chair, for my wife's words gave color and consistence to a dim and faint suspicion which had crossed my mind. "Then this Saville is a manifest liar, and perhaps confederate with——. But give me my hat: I will ascertain this point at once."

I hurried to a jewellers shop, and found that my wife's opinion was correct; apart from the workmanship, which was very fine, the brooch was valueless. Conjectures, suspicions, hopes, fears, chased each other with bewildering rapidity through my brain, and in order to correct and arrange my thoughts, I stepped out of the whirl of the streets into Dolly's Chop House, and decided over a quiet glass of negus, upon my plan of operations.

The next morning there appeared at the top of the second column of the "Times" an earnest appeal, worded with careful obscurity, so that only the person to whom it was addressed should easily understand it, to the individual who had lost or been robbed of a false stone and brilliants at the theatre, to communicate with a certain person—whose address I gave—without delay in order to save the reputation, perhaps the life of an innocent person.

I was at the address I had given by nine o'clock. Several hours passed without bringing any one, and I was beginning to despair, when a gentleman of the name of Bagshawe was announced: I fairly leaped for joy, for this was beyond my hopes.

A gentleman presently entered, of about thirty years of age, of a distinguished though somewhat dissipated aspect.

"The brooch is yours!" said I, exhibiting it without delay or preface.

"It is; and I am here to know what your singular advertisement means."

I briefly explained the situation of affairs.

"The rascals!" he broke in, almost before I had finished. "I will briefly explain it all. A fellow by the name of Hartley at least that was the name he gave, robbed me. I was pretty sure, of this brooch. I pointed him out to the police, and he was taken into custody; but nothing been found upon him, he was discharged."

"Not entirely, Mr. Bagshawe, on that account. You refused, when arrived at the station house, to state what you had been robbed of; and you, moreover said, in presence of the culprit, that you were to embark with your regiment for India the next day. That regiment, I have ascertained, did embark, as you said it would."

"True; but I had leave of absence, and shall take the overland route. The truth is, that during the walk to the station house, I had leisure to reflect, that if I made a formal charge, it would lead to awkward disclosures. This brooch is an imitation of one presented me by a valued relative. Losses at play—since for this unfortunate young woman's sake I must out with it—obliged me to part with the (signal; and I wore this, in order to conceal the fact from my relative's knowledge."

"This will, sir," I replied, "prove with a little management, quite sufficient for all purposes, you have no objection to accompany me to the superintendent?"

"Not in the least; only I wish the devil had the brooch, as well as the fellow that stole it."

About half past five o'clock on the same evening the street door was quickly opened by the landlord of the house in which Mr. Saville lodged, and I walked into the first floor, where I found the gentleman I sought languidly reclining on a sofa. He gathered himself smartly up at my appearance and looked keenly in my face. He did not appear to like what he read there.

"I did not expect to see you to day," he said, at last.

"No, perhaps not; but I have no news for you Mr. Bagshawe, the owner of the one hundred and twenty guinea brooch your deceased uncle gave you, did not sail for India, and—"

The wretched cur, before I could conclude, was on his knees begging for mercy with disgusting abjectness. I could have spurned the scoundrel where he crawled.

"Come, sir!" I cried, "let us have no snivelling or humbug; mercy is not in my power as you ought to know. Strive to deserve it. We want Hartley and Simpson, and cannot find them: you must aid us."

"Oh yes; to be sure I will," eargerly rejoined the rascal. "I will go for them at once," he added, with a kind of hesitating assurance.

"Nonsense!" *Send* for them, you mean, Do so, and I will wait their arrival."

His note was despatched by a sure hand; and meanwhile I arranged the details of the expected meeting. I, and a friend, whom I momently expected, would entrench ourselves behind a large screen in the room, while Mr. Augustus Saville would run playfully over the charming plot with his two friends, so that we might be able fully to appreciate its merits. Mr. Saville agreed. Rang the bell, an officer appeared, and we took our post in readiness. We had scarcely done so, when the street-bell rang, and Saville announced the arrival of his confederates. There was a twinkle in the fellow's green eyes which I thought I understood. "Do not try that on, Mr. Augustus Saville," I quietly remarked: "*we* are but two here, certainly, but there are half a dozen in waiting below."

No more was said, and in another minute the friends met. It was a boisterously jolly meeting, as far as shaking hands and mutual felicitations on each other's good looks and health went. Saville was, I thought, the most uproariously gay of all three.

"And yet, now I look at you, Saville, closely," said Hartley, "you don't look quite the thing.

OLD-FASHIONED COURTSHIP.—Lord Bacon, in his history of Henry VII, says—"When the King was ancient he had thoughts of marrying the young Queen of Naples, and sent three ambassadors, with curious and exquisite instructions, for taking a survey of her person, &c.—The following are some of his items in these instructions:—5. Item. Specially to mare and note well the age and stature of the said young Quene, and the featurys of hit bodye. 6. Item. Specially to mark the favour of hit visage, whether she be paynted or not, and whether it be fatte or leene, sharp or rownde, and whether oir countenance be chierful and amyable, frowning or malincolyous, steadfast or light, or blushing in communication. 7. Item. To note the clarness of hir skynne. 8. Item. To note the colour of hir hire. 9. Item. To note well ies, browes, teethe, and lippes. 10. Item. To mark well the fascion of hir noze and the heithe and brede of hir forhidde. 11. Item. Specially to note hir complexion. 13. Item. To see hir hands bare, and to note the fascion of them; whether the palmo of hir hand be thikke or thynne; and whether hir hands be fatte or leene, longe or shorte. 14. To note her fyngers, whether they be longe or shorte, smale or grete, brode or narrow before. 17. Item. To marke whether there appere any here about her lippes or not. 18. Item. That they endevor theym to speke with the said young Quene fasting, and that she may telle unto theym some matter at lengthe, and to approach as nere to hir mouthe, and to speake as softly as they honestly maybe, to thentent that they may fele the condicion of her brethe, whether it be swete or not, and to marke at every time when they spoke with hir, if they fele any savar of spices, rose waters, or muske, by the brethe of hir mouthe or not. The answers of the ambassadors were equal to the emergency, as will appear by some extracts from their report. To the 13th article:—As to thys articule, we saw the hands of the said Quyn bare at the sondry tymes that we kyssed hir said hands, whereby we persavoyed the said Quyn to be rigghte faire handye and accordeynge unto hir personage they be somewhat fully and softe and faire and clene skinned. To the 18th article:—As to thys articule we could never come unto the speichie of the said Quyn fasteynge, wherefore we cowde nor mygght not attayne to knowliche of that part of this articule. To the 22nd article:—The said Quyn ys is a good feder and eats well hir meit twyes on a daye, and drynkithe not often, and that she drynkithe most commonly water, and some time that water ys boyled with synamon, and some time she drynkithe ypocas, but not often.

☞ The following beautiful extract we copy from the writings of an English Clergyman, the beauty, brevity, force and truth, we think will recommend it to the reader; even as a piece of mere composition, it will repay a careful perusal:

The Word of God.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF LONDON.

The bible is God's book, written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and therefore free from error. "Holy men of God were as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." It contains God's law, the church's history, and Christ's gospel. It reveals God, opens heaven, and directs man. It makes known God's thoughts, the world's doom, and the church's blessedness. It unfolds eternity to time, brings heaven to earth, and makes invisible realities known. It was written for sinners, has been preserved by a special providence, and is the humble man's treasure. Infidels scorn it, angels study it with wonder, and the saints delight in it. It is a token of God's love, a proof of his regard and a display of his wisdom for our welfare. This word of God contains the law, commanding, condemning, and cursing;—the gospel, unfolding, and directing;—the promises, predicting, exhorting, and comforting. It contains a rich variety, a divine fulness, and is exactly adapted to meet the case and condition of sinners. Its *histories* are true, instructive, and impartial. Its *precepts* are just, holy, and good. Its *conditions* are wise and useful. Its *exhortations* are proper and profitable. Its *reproofs* are just and suitable. Its *directions* are [illegible] and plain. Its *instructions* are great, numerous, and invaluable. Its *warnings* are solemn, preventing, and tender. Its *threatnings* are awful, alarming, and just. Its *parables* are simple, instructive, and edifying.—Its *types* are significant, impressive, and suitable. Its *examples* are bright, winning and worthy. It is in every part, and every way worthy of a God.

We have this blessed book as God's free gift, procured for us by our adorable Redeemer, and bestowed upon us through the Holy Spirit. Its revelations were delivered first orally, then written, then printed; first given to a few, then written for many, then printed for all; first freely bestowed, then hard to be obtained, and now easily to be gotten. Given by God, opposed by the devil, blasphemed by many, rejected by more, unknown to thousands, but highly prized by a few. It is suited to youth, adapted to manhood, but peculiarly applicable to age. It is the child's lesson book, the learner's class book, and the proficient's text-book. Many study it, but none fully comprehend it.

This divine testimony is exceedingly useful; for it produces morality in the world, spirituality in the church, and good in all who believe it. It enlightens the dark, instructs the ignorant, and comforts the desponding. It directs the lost, encourages the seeking, and assures the waiting soul. It warns the wayward, threatens the unruly, and condemns the impenitent. It invites the weary, strengthens the weak, and consoles the dejected. It alarms the careless, accuses the indifferent, and confounds the worldly-wise. It cautions the venturesome, reproves the heedless, and gives promises to the diligent. It frowns on the thoughtless, caresses the profane, and damns the hypocrite. It urges the halting, exhorts the obedient and rewards the persevering. It liberates the captive, feeds the hungry, and clothes the naked. It naturalizes the alien, bids the reserved make free, and provides the outcast with a home. It debases man, exalts the Saviour, and glorifies God. It astonishes angels. It is God's will, the saints' treasure, and the devil's eyesore.

This holy writing is intended for earth it is placed before our eyes, to be copied into our memories, and observed in our lives. The world has it, the church owns it, and every part of god's family may equally enjoy it. It is intended for the whole of this life, to be used through the whole of our journey, but will be dispensed with when we get home. It is here in written characters, there in substance, and both here, and there prized and enjoyed. It is here read, believed, and tasted; but its fullest blessings are reserved for that better land. Now we need it, while on earth we cannot dispense with it, but in heaven we shall be able to do without it.

GRAND DEMONSTRATION AND TEA-PARTY OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—This order, for the first time in this town, made a grand demonstration in the Music hall, Bold-street, on Tuesday evening last. There were upwards of 350 persons present, and they partook of an excellent tea. It may not be generally known that this body took its rise America, and has only within the last few years been established in England.—The principles of the order are those of temperance, peace, and amity among them, combining the advantages of a benefit society affording relief in periods of sickness and distress. The various divisions, together with their officers, were dressed in their regalia. Mr. William Brown occupied the Chair in the absence of Mr. Crossfield, who was unavoidably prevented from being present.—On either side of the chairman the platform was covered with the sons and daughters of temperance. After a few introductory remarks, the chairman called upon Mr. R. S. Chadwick, of Manchester, who at some length advocated the cause of total abstinence. Mr. John Hawkins, generally known as the "Birmingham Blacksmith," who during the last seven years has been in America, then came forward amid long continued cheering. During a humorous speech he observed that his hope was in the cadets of temperance; upon them they must bestow care and attention—upon them they must rely for a sober and intelligent generation to come. He had little hope of a large harvest for the present, but the time would soon come when men would be more thoughtful and less blind to their own interests and those who depended upon them. During the whole seven years he had been in America he only saw one American drunk; but of Englishmen there he could say but little. They were there, as here, a disgrace to every sober and respectable citizen; and many a time during his absence had he felt shame when the finger of scorn had been pointed to a drunken Englishman, and the remark was made, "There goes your countryman." The speaker was warmly applauded throughout his address. After the singing of a hymn the company separated.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

IGNORANCE OF GREAT PHYSICAL TRUTHS.—How few men really believe that they sojourn on a whirling globe; that each day and year of life is measured by its revolutions, regulating the labor and the repose of every race of being. How few believe that the great luminary of the firmament, whose restless activity they daily witness, is an immovable star, controlling, by its solid mass, the primary planets which compose our system, and forming gnomon of the great dial which measures the thread of life, the tenure of empires, and the great cycles of the world's change. How few believe that each the millions of stars, those atoms of light which the telescope can scarcely descry, may equal, if not surpass, our own. And how very few believe that the solid pavement of the globe, upon which they nightly slumber, is an elastic crust, imprisoning fires and forces which have often burst forth in tremendous energy, and are at this very instant struggling to escape—now finding their way in volcanic fires—now heaving and shaking the earth—now uprearing islands and continents, and gathering strength for that final outburst which is to usher in the new heavens and the new earth, "wherein dwelleth righteousness." Were these great physical truths objects of faith as well as deductions of reason, we should lead a better life than we do, and make a quicker preparation for its close.

DAGUERREOTYPE PORTRAITS.—Mr. Bread, of King William street, has recently added another to the many improvements in this successful art, making it the Daguerreotype process. This latest improvement consists of a mode of transferring the silver plate, by means of which it is not liable to be tarnished, and it may even be washed like an old painting, without sustaining any injury. The advantages does not stop here, however, for under improved methods the colouring imparts a brilliancy and depth of tone hitherto unattainable, and some of the specimens now exhibited in Mr. Bread's [illegible] with the best [illegible]