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"COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE."

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WILLIAM DUNN,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.
Archibald McAllister, is an authorized Agent for the Chronicle at Gagetown, and vicinity.
Stephen Wiggins, is an authorized Agent for Grand Lake.

THE CHRONICLE IS SOLD, and may be seen free of charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 241 Strand, London. Professor Holloway is duly empowered to receive a 10s. notice due on our establishment in London, and whose receipts will be regarded by us as valid.

Mutual Assurance Company.
JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esq., President.
Directors—J. W. LEWIS, Esq., S. K. FOXON, G. H. EVANSON, JOHN A. SANDS, Esq., J. M. ROBERTSON, Esq., Secretary—ISAAC WOODWARD, Esq.,
Applications for Insurance sent Five to be made at the office of the Secretary, Wingfield Street, Grand Street, May 23.

WILLIAM H. LESTER,
GEOGRAPHICAL PROJECTION DEALER,
GEOGRAPHICAL AND CHARTS DEALER,
Good stock of all parts of the City free of charge.
September 19, 1859.

WILLIAM WEDDERBURN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
No. 14, Princess Street, St. John, N. B.
Petitions for Patents, Insurance Claims, and Conveyancing in all its branches executed with accuracy.
May 29, 1857.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Manney, Sturges & Co., 100 William Street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1857.

MR. W. P. DOLE,
Attorney and Real Estate Agent,
HAS REMOVED TO THE OFFICE lately occupied by Charles Watson, Esquire, in Messrs. Dugal's Building, Prince William Street, August 22, 1855.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC:The Subscriber having been lately appointed a Licensed AUCTIONEER for Queen's County, trusts from the Public a Share of Business, which he is desirous of obtaining, on most reasonable terms. RICHARD H. MALLISTER, Gagetown, August 22, 1855.

GEORGE WHITMAN,
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant
and DEALER IN FINE GOODS,
GROCERIES and HARDWARE.
Crawford Street, N. B.

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANTS EXCHANGE HOTEL,
230 Kings Street, Boston. Conducted on the European Plan.
Rooms per week, \$3.00.
Lodging, 37 1-2 cts.

N. B.—A Restaurant is attached, where Meals will be served at all hours of the day.
January 11, 1856.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY,
GEORGE WOODS,
Princess Street near Dam's Steam Saw Mill, a few doors from the corner of Germain Street.
St. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.
Ex. Ann Rankin, and Corcoran, from London to 100 BARRINGTON'S No. 1, White
1000 K. I. E. A. D.
P. A. I. N. S. I. S.
35 Kegs Yellow, Red, Black, Green, and Blue
35 Kegs Zinc Paint
30 Kegs Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL.
3 Bbls. Copal and O. K. VARNISH.
7 Cans Copal and White Copal do.
1 Cask Prussian Blue do.
5 do. Patent do.
50 do. Best GOLD LEAF.
For Sale at No. 1, North-end Market Square,
Nov. 14, 1856. W. O. SHEPHERD.

Oysters! Oysters!
JUST received per steamer "Sabbath" from the Cape. Also—On hand, a few barrels of Fresh Shell Oysters, which will be served up in any style required, at
JAMES KENNEDY'S
Fishing House Water street.
N. B.—MEALS served up at the shortest notice—
Day and Evening.
St. John, N. B., August 29.

COALS—On hand ex Vind: 1000 Chaf. Ore COAL; 50 do Newcastle do.; 500 Scotch do. For sale low by
JOHN WALKER.

PUR CAPS—In every variety of FUR—made up on the premises, in the latest styles.
D. H. HALL, 41, King-street.
October 21.

TEA—Just received and imported expressly for Family use:
10 chests S. S. TEA;
10 chests B. B. TEA;
10 chests Breakfast Oolong do;
10 chests choice do; do;
10 chests good talling do;—For sale low.
August 29.
JOHN M. COCHRAN.

New Furs.
RECEIVED ex John Barber and John Duncan, a superior assortment of FUR GOODS, in Black, Brown, French Seal, and Fox, and also Curra, and GARLANDS. Also—Chinchilla, Grey Squirrel, and Crimean CAPS.
D. H. HALL,
China and East India Goods,
Ex J. L. Dunlop & Co., 141, King-street.
For sale and stock on liberal terms, Wholesale & Retail, by
FRAS. CLEMENTSON,
29, Dock-street.
Oct. 17.

No. 16, Dock Street.
IN STORE
BUTTER, CHEESE, HAY, OATMEAL, &c.
40 FIRMS Prime Cumberland BUTTER
1 Ton do. New Milk CHEESE
10 Bbls. Fine Pot BARLEY;
9 do. Fresh ground OATMEAL;
10 Bbls. TOBACCO, 25 do. brands, 25 & 10s;
15 Choice fine Cornmeal SOUTHERN TEAS;
12 Bbls. do. Oiling;
20 Bbls. Java COFFEE, 10 do. Laguira do;
3 Bbls. Crushed SUGAR; 10 Granulated do;
20 Bbls. No. 1 High BRANDY;
10 do. P. Y. SOAP; 10 do. Com. do.;
10 Bales WICKING;
To be had by a general assortment of Groceries and Liquors, which are offered at lowest market rates by
T. & P. McCHRY,
No. 16, Dock Street
January 23.

TEAS, &c.
100 lbs. Dried APPLES, (sliced and coraly)
5 Tons CANNED FRUIT;
40 Packages RAISINS, in prime order
Zante and Smyrna Currants and Peaches;
3 Tons Rice; Family FLOUR, Oatmeal,
Ginger Bread, and Corn MEAL, Clark's
Cocoa Butter, HEN'S FARMER'S "OYSTERS",
Ginger, BROWN, Cocoa Paste, Prepared Cocoa and
CHOCOLATE; Scotch Marmalade, Wildow
GLASS and putty; FINEST BLEND,
Chamberlain's Salicylate in boxes, Creamed
Peppermint in vinegar and pickle, Candles and other
SOAPS; 20 bushels NEW BRUNSWICK
GRASS, SHEEP, Brass and Press, Sage and
Hens, Peppermint, and OATS; 10 boxes Tea and
10 M. CIGARS choice brands; 10 do. Woodcock
Pipes; fat SHAD, Mackerel and Labrador Herrings
To be had by a general assortment of Groceries,
interior to none in the City at lowest Market rates,
at No. 70 Charlotte street, St. John.
JAMES G. LESTER.
TO LET—The Hole in the Rock,
April 17.

KEATING'S Cough Lozenges.
THIS WORLD-RENOUNDED MEDICINE,
has been obtained such celebrity in all parts
of the Globe, in the cure of Cough, Asthma,
Hoarseness, Incessant Coughing, and other
affections of the Chest and Pulmonary Organs,
strongly recommended to suffering from any of
the above diseases, as one Trial will be sufficient
to prove their undoubted efficacy, being frequently
used under the recommendation of the most
distinguished Physicians in every part of the
World.
Prepared and sold in Boxes, and Tins of various
sizes, by **THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c.**
No. 19, St. Paul's Church Yard, London. Sold
Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine
Vendors in the World.
To be sent to the several KEATING'S COUGH
LOZENGES, are sold on the Government
stamp of each box, without which none are
genuine.
IMPORTANT TESTIMONIALS.
Recent Testimonial from a Native Medical man in
Bombay.
Aged Lane, Native Town, Bombay,
October 2nd, 1855.
Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in informing
you of the great good of your excellent
Lozenges, on my Pulmonary disease.
I am a Medical Practitioner in Bombay, and am
assisted with their good effects, and would feel
obliged to your sending me the wholesale price
for quantity.
I remain, Sir, yours, respectfully,
COWASJI RUTTOJI KHARAL.
T. KEATING, Esq.
Recent Testimonial to the value of Keating's
Cough Lozenges.
I cannot express what I suffered,—coughing
extending, and the respiration impeded
sufficient to say, I gradually recovered, without
any treatment, except by taking a few boxes of
Keating's Cough Lozenges. My lungs were so
much affected, and the general health so debilitated,
that I had but little hopes of recovery.
Sd Nov. 1856. (Signed) J. PICKERSGILL,
Sergeant 69th Regiment, Quebec.
To Mr. KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Church Yard,
London. Sold by Mr. W. GALE, Druggist,
October 31, 1856.

M. S. POWERS, Undertaker, &c.
Fourth Door North Trinity Church, Germain-st.,
St. JOHN, N. B.

WOULD inform the public that he has purchased
the business and stock of the late Mr. G. H. L. of the
Harris Lawrence, where he will furnish
himself to parties requiring the same, with a careful
driver.
He likewise attends to Funerals and furnishes every
article in the above line in a superior style, and
prices more moderate than any other establishment
in the City.
Orders from the Country attended to with care
at the shortest notice.

FURVITURE.
M. S. P. will make up all descriptions of
MATTING, WALNUT BUTCHERY, and
PIKE FURNITURE, at short notice, of superior
material and workmanship. Prices moderate.
A full description of Upholstery, Curtains,
Carpets, &c., attended to at short notice. Old
Furniture cleaned and repaired.
N. B.—On hand a beautiful lot of Coffins,
FLOUR STORE.
THE Subscriber will keep on hand the following
articles:
FLOUR in Barrels; do. in bags;
do. Extra do. for Family use;
CORN MEAL, in Bbls.; do. in bags;
EYE FLOUR, Horse Feed, and BRAN;
CORN and OATS, &c. &c., with other kinds
Mill Produce.
The undersigned intends carrying on the above
business in his recent one, in the Ship
adjoining the one he now occupies, and lately
concluded by adding her immediate return to
the ball before her absence could be noticed.
On her way back, the lady showed her
confidence in his honor by revealing her
name. She was the daughter of the Minister
of the French Emigrant, who had ended
to be of noble family, and, despairing
of the parental consent had persuaded her
to an elopement for the purpose of a private
marriage.
They reached the castle in good time, and
the fair Mademoiselle von E., was seen
smiling among the dancers, not once
whom was the wiser for her absence. This
romantic adventure ended in her marriage
to the officer, for nothing was ever heard
of the diamonds.
April 19, 1856. N. MITCHELL,
North Side King's Square

S. K. FOSTER'S
LADIES' FASHIONABLE SHOE STORE
LADIES' White and Black SATIN BOOTS;
LADIES' White and Black SATIN SLIPPERS;
LADIES' White and Black Kid SLIPPERS;
LADIES' Bronze Kid SLIPPERS;
LADIES' Finest English SLIPPERS, and several
other sorts for Ball parties.
29, Dock-street.
S. K. FOSTER.

BERRY.
INVOCATION TO SPRING.
BY RICHARD COE.
Spring! beautiful Spring!
Come to this dew-drooping world of ours,
Come to thy feast of bloom—thy gift of flowers
Thy gentle birds that sing
In sunny bowers;
Come to thy gleaming hours;
Spring! beautiful Spring!
Earth is reary of its winter sleep,
And longs to wake into life again;
To see the budding vines and grasses creep
Along the cheerful plain;
For soon will bring,
O! beautiful Spring!
These and like beauties in thy gentle train!

Come with thy children three—
The stormy March that weepeth all the day—
TheApril and the showery May—
Oh! I wisher to see
For up thy
Thy clear blue sky,
Like a bright benighted and eternal thing,
Spring! beautiful Spring!

What time the primrose with a keen delight,
Come peeping upwards from the fallow ground
What time the swallow in his rapid flight
About the barn-door stretches round and round
I love to walk abroad and trace
On nature's face
The gladdens of thy coming, and to sing,
With bird and flower, and bee,
Sweet praises unto thee,
Spring! beautiful Spring!
Come, then, sweet Spring!
Come to this dew-drooping world of ours;
Come to thy feast of bloom, thy gift of flowers;
Thy gentle birds that sing
In sunny bowers,
Come to thy gleaming hours,
Oh! beautiful Spring!
And bring, as I bring it now,
Sweet childhood to thy breast,
Joy, health, and freedom on thy dewy wing,
Spring! beautiful Spring!

Miscellaneous Selections.
ADVENTURE AT A MASKED BALL.
A letter from Berlin mentions a singular
adventure of a young officer who rode home
Passowitz, twelve miles, to Berlin for the
purpose of attending a court masquerade,
having left of absence for only a few
hours. He did not arrive in Berlin till late,
and found the friends he had expected to
accompany already gone to the ball. The
card of admission was left for Lieutenant
von H., however, and he lost no time in
seeking for a mask and domino. After
going to several places he found a white
silk domino with a very attractive
white tulle and a blue feather, and a head
of the same color, which had been
made expressly to order; but as it had
not been called for at the hour named, the
shopkeeper had no scruples about disposing
of the articles.
The young Lieutenant was soon equipped,
and in a quarter of an hour was among the
masked guests in the royal castle. He had
hardly walked through the room when a
lady dressed exactly as he was, came quick-
ly towards him, seized his arm and whis-
pered—
"For mercy's sake where have you been?
I have waited this hour, now, make haste!
Away!" She drew him quickly into the
ball and down the staircase. The officer
yielded willingly, for the slender form,
while hidden under a mask, and sweet, youthful
voice of his companion, gave promise of
a rare love-liness, and the adventure was
his taste. At her bidding he called one of
the hackney coaches that stood at the door,
and helped her in; then pausing with his
foot on the step, asked—where the man
should drive?
"I do not understand you," cried the lady
in a tone of reproach; "you know—no Hans-
denberg?" The lieutenant whispered to
the coachman to drive out of the farthest
gate, and stop at the first inn—and sprang
into the carriage.
"Ah, Pierre!" exclaimed the lady—
"now that the step is taken, I half repent! You
will not abuse my confidence!"
Her companion assured her he would not.
"Did you find any difficulty," she resumed
in selling my diamonds?"
"Oh! Monsieur Pierre has been selling
diamonds for an hour to himself, and who
knows what he has done with the money?"
He began to feel compassion for the
deceived one, and to ponder how he
should break the truth to her. To her
reproach for his silence he answered—
"I must confess that the step we have
taken—"
"Have you not urged me to it?" cried
the lady quickly. "You cannot forget how
warmly I consented."
"It is not too late to return; the step can
be retraced without awakening suspicion,"
said the gentleman in his natural voice.
"Gracious Heavens! Who are you?"
cried the lady in the wildest terror. How
came you in that dress, which has enabled you
to deceive me?"
The lieutenant explained all, and dwelt
on the supposition that the lover she expected
had gone off with her jewels. He con-
cluded by advising her immediate return to
the ball before her absence could be noticed.
On her way back, the lady showed her
confidence in his honor by revealing her
name. She was the daughter of the Minister
of the French Emigrant, who had ended
to be of noble family, and, despairing
of the parental consent had persuaded her
to an elopement for the purpose of a private
marriage.
They reached the castle in good time, and
the fair Mademoiselle von E., was seen
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romantic adventure ended in her marriage
to the officer, for nothing was ever heard
of the diamonds.
April 19, 1856. N. MITCHELL,
North Side King's Square

REV. C. H. SPURGEON—THE "MODERN WHITFIELD."
The following sketch of the world-known
preacher was written by Mr. J. A. B. Boyd for
the Boston Journal, from which we copy it.
It was written on the 20th of last month in
London.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is a preacher,
about whom every one is anxious to know,
and to form an opinion.

Mr. Boyd's description of this matter and
manner will assist the judgment of the
enquirer.

The interest excited by the "Modern
Whitfield" as some call him, the Rev. C. H.
Spurgeon, may perhaps be gratified in
some degree by another, who will add his
experience to that of old, and in so many
opposite respects, by others.

Mr. Spurgeon has renounced his services
in the large hall of the Surrey Gardens,
the scene of the lamentable accident a short
time since.

Long before the hour for public wor-
ship, we found ourselves amidst a dense
mass of human beings, all hurrying with
the same object. Having secured tickets, which
are sold at one shilling each, (the proceeds
devoted to the erection of a new church),
we had to do the best of our way to the
place where the service was to be held, for
the reason he had not much notice and
even among those who should be the first
to give him their approval. But for this
he cares little. He stands on no ceremony
when souls are perishing. When the ship
is sinking, he feels that it is not the time
to attend to one's toilette. We admit such a
character. The people love him, and why?
Because he has "pluck" (excess of the word)
to tell them in a manly direct way, their
faults, and also the means of escape. We
forget the foolishness of a Peter in his
earnest devotion; the vehemence of a
Luther in his manly exposure of error; the
violence of a Knox in his fearless integrity.
Then why here dwell upon slight defects,
and allow these to out weigh the more
striking excellencies?

In the bright sunshine of an April day,
the occasional showers serve only to clear
the air, and by contrast render it more
beautiful.

Such our preacher; those which some
regard as defects, only serve to show more
clearly his beauties with which they are sur-
rounded.

I can hardly describe his personal appear-
ance. In the print shops, portraits of him
are to be seen. In stature he is short
—in build; he has a pale full face, with
a large regular shaped mouth and minute
facial features. He has not the
appearance of a great student of either men
or books although he must have carefully
studied both. In the former, I think the
lower and working classes have been his
chief study; in the latter, the Bible and the
Puritan Divines, such as Flavel, Bunyan,
Dawson, Howe, Channing, and others of this
stamp, whose writings he treasures and
uses. It was told that he was intended for a
Vocational Surgeon, but a friend who noticed
his peculiar ability as a Sunday School
Teacher induced him to enter the ministry.
Such is C. H. Spurgeon—a great tribulation
is before him. Four and twenty centuries
have not yet passed over him, and the influ-
ence he exercises is most powerful. On
his selection as his public ministrations,
thousands who never enter a place of wor-
ship look to hear him, and hundreds who
used to mock, begin to pray! The full
results of his mission eternally alone will
disclose. Let us be careful how we join in
the outcry against him. The day will
declare his worth—if it be of men it will
come to naught; but if it be of God, we
cannot overthrow it, but happily we be
found even to fight against God!

FRANK'S DREAM.
"We haven't set our prayers, mother."
"Never mind, dear, I'll hear them in the morn-
ing."
"Please to hear me say, mine, mamma!"
The earnest pleading tones in which these words
were uttered, made the mother hesitate for a
minute before she replied, "You know mamma's
in a hurry, dear. There is company in the parlour,
but don't leave them in the morning." And with
a kiss and a look of an earnestly fondling heart
upon each of her little boys, the young, beau-
tiful, and loving, but careless, daughterly mother
descended to the parlour, leaving the four boys,
that if the little ones should call for anything,
they could be the more dutifully heard. The wind
blew in this evening, making the light of the can-
dle flicker, until at last was extinguished. There
was silence in the room for some time, when
Cien a sweet silver voice asked, "Are you asleep
brother?"
"No," was the reply.
"I wish quite was come home to-night?"
"Why?"
"Because she would listen to my prayer."
Another silence followed. Then again a sweet
voice asked, "Let us get up and say our
prayers, brother?"
"Why is it all dark, Willie?"
"Never mind; we will take care of each other's
bed, and you know God can see us in the dark,
just as plain as if it were light."
"But it's so dark."
"We won't stay in the cold bed; and we will
soon get warm again, when we get back into bed."
"Will you mother?"
"Mother said it was no matter; she said she
would hear them in the morning."
"May be God will not take care of us until
morning, if we do not ask Him to, brother. Will
you come?"
"Mother knows best, and she said never mind."
After another silence there was a slight rustling
in the room.
"Where are you, Willie?"
"By the bedside, brother. I will pray for you
too."
Some few minutes elapsed, when again a slight
movement was heard, which showed that the little
figure accompanying her, was not. "Oh, how cold
you are, Willie!" was the exclamation, as her feet
touched his footers.
"I do not mind it, brother, I am so happy. I
wish you had prayed, too; but I asked God to take
care of you, too, tonight, and I think He will—
Brother, I should like to-night. I would not be
afraid. I don't think it is hard to die."
"I do. I never want to die, and leave you and
ma."
"I would be willing to leave me and go, to live
with God in heaven, and be always happy and
always good." "What's that?"
"No! I think it is a great deal pleasanter
here. I don't like that they have any life or
love in heaven."
"But you know now says that the little angels
have crowns of gold on their heads, and harps in
their hands, and that they play such beautiful
music on them and sing such pretty hymns. Oh,
I'd like to be in heaven with them."
"I would rather play my top, than play tunes
on a harp."
But it isn't like playing common tunes; it is
praising God! O, brother! if you would only
pray, you would love and praise Him! I do not
mean to say your prayers after mother or nurse,
although it is very pleasant to have them teach
us pretty ones. But I mean to ask God for
what you want, just as you do ask me, and to
tell him to make you good. Oh how I wish, mamma
papa, and you would learn to pray!"
"Where is nurse, mother? she has not been in
our room to-night."
"Then she did not get home last night. She
said that if her sister was worse, she would stay
all night with her. But where is Willie?"
"He is asleep yet; I spoke to him, but he did
not awaken."
"Then I will keep some breakfast warm for him
and we will let him sleep as long as he will. I do
not think Willie is well. Did you notice dear?"
continued the mother, turning to her husband,
"how heavy his eyes looked yesterday? But
when I asked him if he was sick, he answered in
his usual gentle way, 'Only a headache, mamma;
don't be worried.'"
"I did not observe that he looked ill," was the
reply. "But if it does not appear well to-day
you had better send for a physician."
"O, I had such a funny dream last night, about
Willie and I," exclaimed little Frank.
"What was it my boy?" asked his father, will-
ing to be amused with the prattle of his child.
"Well, after mamma left us last night, the light
blew out; and Willie wanted me to get up, and
the cold dark with him to say our prayers, and I
wouldn't because mamma said that we needn't
say them till morning, and I thought she knew
best. But Willie got up and said his, and when
he came to bed again he was as well as if he had
never been ill over to touch him. But he said he
didn't mind it, he was so happy, and he talked a
great deal about flying, and about the angels in
heaven, until he fell asleep, and it was that which
made me dream, I suppose; for I thought Willie
and I went to bed just as we had done, and that
he said his prayers, and that I wouldn't say mine.
But I thought the window was raised, and that
the shutters were wide open, so that I lay on the
bed looking up at the sky, and the little stars
shining in the moon and stars looked, when I saw
way up in the heavens, further up than the stars,
two tiny moving dots, that looked alike; but they
kept flying down till they reached the lower
stars, and then I saw that they were angels; but
they looked so small at such a distance that I
thought them baby angels, but as they came near-
er and nearer, they grew larger, and when they
passed through the window into our room, they
looked like two very lively Jakes, with crowns on
their brows, like Willie told of. But one seem-
ed father younger than the other, and the appear-
ance to look up to the other angel, as if to be guided
by her. But O, such beautiful voices as they had!
When they spoke it sounded even sweeter than
the church organ, which I have very much heard
of. When they came towards me, I saw that they
had not the devil's horns as I have heard of, but

and why all this? There was no passion
appeal—no violent declamation—
not solemn home truths, uttered by one and
in a manner which left no doubt that the
speaker himself felt in all his power those
strictures.

Here then is one grand source of the
preacher's power.

His own soul seems warmed and elevated
with his subject. In his analysis of the
human heart you follow him willingly,
because you see these spread before you
the workings of your own. Into his de-
scriptions of his scenes you readily enter,
because all these you have seen again and
again, and his arguments you receive, for
while they possess all the force and strength
of the most logical arrangement, they are
presented in a manner which even a child
may understand.

While we often hear the expression, "the
man of the people," he is emphatically
the preacher of the people; and yet the desire
to hear him is not confined to one class. On
this occasion, there were among his auditors,
Lord John Russell, Lord Stanley, the Lord
Chancellor, &c., and it is rumored that the
Queen has expressed her intention at some
future time to hear him, and as Her Majesty
is herself one of the people, in feeling, I
have no doubt she will carry out this
intention.

Mr. Spurgeon has departed from the
beston track of pulpit eloquence in this
country, as Father Taylor and Henry Ward
Decker have done in yours, and for this
reason he has had much more notice and
even among those who should be the first
to give him their approval. But for this
he cares little. He stands on no ceremony
when souls are perishing. When the ship
is sinking, he feels that it is not the time
to attend to one's toilette. We admit such a
character. The people love him, and why?
Because he has "pluck" (excess of the word)
to tell them in a manly direct way, their
faults, and also the means of escape. We
forget the foolishness of a Peter in his
earnest devotion; the vehemence of a
Luther in his manly exposure of error; the
violence of a Knox in his fearless integrity.
Then why here dwell upon slight defects,
and allow these to out weigh the more
striking excellencies?

In the bright sunshine of an April day,
the occasional showers serve only to clear
the air, and by contrast render it more
beautiful.

Such our preacher; those which some
regard as defects, only serve to show more
clearly his beauties with which they are sur-
rounded.

I can hardly describe his personal appear-
ance. In the print shops, portraits of him
are to be seen. In stature he is short
—in build; he has a pale full face, with
a large regular shaped mouth and minute
facial features. He has not the
appearance of a great student of either men
or books although he must have carefully
studied both. In the former, I think the
lower and working classes have been his
chief study; in the latter, the Bible and the
Puritan Divines, such as Flavel, Bunyan,
Dawson, Howe, Channing, and others of this
stamp, whose writings he treasures and
uses. It was told that he was intended for a
Vocational Surgeon, but a friend who noticed
his peculiar ability as a Sunday School
Teacher induced him to enter the ministry.
Such is C. H. Spurgeon—a great tribulation
is before him. Four and twenty centuries
have not yet passed over him, and the influ-
ence he exercises is most powerful. On
his selection as his public ministrations,
thousands who never enter a place of wor-
ship look to hear him, and hundreds who
used to mock, begin to pray! The full
results of his mission eternally alone will
disclose. Let us be careful how we join in
the outcry against him. The day will
declare his worth—if it be of men it will
come to naught; but if it be of God, we
cannot overthrow it, but happily we be
found even to fight against God!

ADVENTURE AT A MASKED BALL.
A letter from Berlin mentions a singular
adventure of a young officer who rode home
Passowitz, twelve miles, to Berlin for the
purpose of attending a court masquerade,
having left of absence for only a few
hours. He did not arrive in Berlin till late,
and found the friends he had expected to
accompany already gone to the ball. The
card of admission was left for Lieutenant
von H., however, and he lost no time in
seeking for a mask and domino. After
going to several places he found a white
silk domino with a very attractive
white tulle and a blue feather, and a head
of the same color, which had been
made expressly to order; but as it had
not been called for at the hour named, the
shopkeeper had no scruples about disposing
of the articles.
The young Lieutenant was soon equipped,
and in a quarter of an hour was among the
masked guests in the royal castle. He had
hardly walked through the room when a
lady dressed exactly as he was, came quick-
ly towards him, seized his arm and whis-
pered—
"For mercy's sake where have you been?
I have waited this hour, now, make haste!
Away!" She drew him quickly into the
ball and down the staircase. The officer
yielded willingly, for the slender form,
while hidden under a mask, and sweet, youthful
voice of his companion, gave promise of
a rare love-liness, and the adventure was
his taste. At her bidding he called one of
the hackney coaches that stood at the door,
and helped her in; then pausing with his
foot on the step, asked—where the man
should drive?
"I do not understand you," cried the lady
in a tone of reproach; "you know—no Hans-
denberg?" The lieutenant whispered to
the coachman to drive out of the farthest
gate, and stop at the first inn—and sprang
into the carriage.
"Ah, Pierre!" exclaimed the lady—
"now that the step is taken, I half repent! You
will not abuse my confidence!"
Her companion assured her he would not.
"Did you find any difficulty," she resumed
in selling my diamonds?"
"Oh! Monsieur Pierre has been selling
diamonds for an hour to himself, and who
knows what he has done with the money?"
He began to feel compassion for the
deceived one, and to ponder how he
should break the truth to her. To her
reproach for his silence he answered—
"I must confess that the step we have
taken—"
"Have you not urged me to it?" cried
the lady quickly. "You cannot forget how
warmly I consented."
"It is not too late to return; the step can
be retraced without awakening suspicion,"
said the gentleman in his natural voice.
"Gracious Heavens! Who are you?"
cried the lady in the wildest terror. How
came you in that dress, which has enabled you
to deceive me?"
The lieutenant explained all, and dwelt
on the supposition that the lover she expected
had gone off with her jewels. He con-
cluded by advising her immediate return to
the ball before her absence could be noticed.
On her way back, the lady showed her
confidence in his honor by revealing her
name. She was the daughter of the Minister
of the French Emigrant, who had ended
to be of noble family, and, despairing
of the parental consent had persuaded her
to an elopement for the purpose of a private
marriage.
They reached the castle in good time, and
the fair Mademoiselle von E., was seen
smiling among the dancers, not once
whom was the wiser for her absence. This
romantic adventure ended in her marriage
to the officer, for nothing was ever heard
of the diamonds.
April 19, 1856. N. MITCHELL,
North Side King's Square

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Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DUNN, at his Office in the Brick Building of Messrs. L. H. DUBOIS & SON, West side Prince William Street.
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Good stock of all parts of the City free of charge.
September 19, 1859.

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Petitions for Patents, Insurance Claims, and Conveyancing in all its branches executed with accuracy.
May 29, 1857.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Manney, Sturges & Co., 100 William Street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1857.

MR. W. P. DOLE,
Attorney and Real Estate Agent,
HAS REMOVED TO THE OFFICE lately occupied by Charles Watson, Esquire, in Messrs. Dugal's Building, Prince William Street, August 22, 1855.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC:The Subscriber having been lately appointed a Licensed AUCTIONEER for Queen's County, trusts from the Public a Share of Business, which he is desirous of obtaining, on most reasonable terms. RICHARD H. MALLISTER, Gagetown, August 22, 1855.

GEORGE WHITMAN,
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant
and DEALER IN FINE GOODS,
GROCERIES and HARDWARE.
Crawford Street, N. B.

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANTS EXCHANGE HOTEL,
230 Kings Street, Boston. Conducted on the European Plan.
Rooms per week, \$3.00.
Lodging, 37 1-2 cts.

N. B.—A Restaurant is attached, where Meals will be served at all hours of the day.
January 11, 1856.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY,
GEORGE WOODS,
Princess Street near Dam's Steam Saw Mill, a few doors from the corner of Germain Street.
St. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.
Ex. Ann Rankin, and Corcoran, from London to 100 BARRINGTON'S No. 1, White
1000 K. I. E. A. D.
P. A. I. N. S. I. S.
35 Kegs Yellow, Red, Black, Green, and Blue
35 Kegs Zinc Paint
30 Kegs Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL.
3 Bbls. Copal and O. K. VARNISH.
7 Cans Copal and White Copal do.
1 Cask Prussian Blue do.
5 do. Patent do.
50 do. Best GOLD LEAF.
For Sale at No. 1, North-end Market Square,
Nov. 14, 1856. W. O. SHEPHERD.

Oysters! Oysters!
JUST received per steamer "Sabbath" from the Cape. Also—On hand, a few barrels of Fresh Shell Oysters, which will be served up in any style required, at
JAMES KENNEDY'S
Fishing House Water street.
N. B.—MEALS served up at the shortest notice—
Day and Evening.
St. John, N. B., August 29.

COALS—On hand ex Vind: 1000 Chaf. Ore COAL; 50 do Newcastle do.; 500 Scotch do. For sale low by
JOHN WALKER.

PUR CAPS—In every variety of FUR—made up on the premises, in the latest styles.
D. H. HALL, 41, King-street.
October 21.

TEA—Just received and imported expressly for Family use:
10 chests S. S. TEA;
10 chests B. B. TEA;
10 chests Breakfast Oolong do;
10 chests choice do; do;
10 chests good talling do;—For sale low.
August 29.
JOHN M. COCHRAN.

New Furs.
RECEIVED ex John Barber and John Duncan, a superior assortment of FUR GOODS, in Black, Brown, French Seal, and Fox, and also Curra, and GARLANDS. Also—Chinchilla, Grey Squirrel, and Crimean CAPS.
D. H. HALL,
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For sale and stock on liberal terms, Wholesale & Retail, by
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