Poetry.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Lines,

COMPOSED WHILE SAILING DOWN THE LAHAVE RIVER.

By M. E. H.

A stranger to these shores I came,
With scarce a hope, desire, or aim;
No more a stranger, I depart
With tearful eyes and saddened heart.
Fair river, gliding from my view,
Ye green and sloping banks, adieu!
Each wooded cliff, each sunny glade,—
Each cot embowered in rural shade;
Ye waving fields, ye orchards fair,
Whose fruits perfume the balmy air.

Yet not with these, I mourn to part,
Though dear is Nature to my heart;
Though every flower, and every tree
Yields food for happy memory;
And often, midst the scenes of art,
And often, in the crowded mart,
Shall pictures of the past arise,
These waving woods, these genial skies,—
And I shall vainly pine to be
Once more, with Nature, gaily free;
Once more, o'er hill and dale, to rove,
Or wander through the moon-lit grove,—
Beneath the spreading oak to rest,
When by the noontide heat oppressed,
And gaze, until the vision tires,
On all the soul with rapture fires,—
And feel my heart, within me, swell,
And cry, "He doeth all things well!"

But thou hast other charms than these,
Oh, land of pleasant memories!
Can I forget each kindly heart,
From whom, to-day, I mourn to part;
Can I forget each gifted mind,
Each soul exalted and refined,—
With whom the hours so quickly fled,
We scarcely marked how time had sped?
When Nature's charms lent added grace,
To friendship's fair and glowing face;
When the frank smile, and kindly word,
The soul's best, purest feeling stirred,—
And, unrestrained by quilling art,
Each heart communed with kindred heart;
Together viewed the sunset skies,—
Or the pale moon in glory rise;
Marked how the solemn woods grew bright,
Beneath her pure and peerless light,—
Or paused to watch, reflected clear,
Her image in the lake appear.

Sometimes, in silence we pursued
Our rambles through each solitude,—
For language seemed too poor and weak,
Our rapture and delight to speak;
Or, lower then our voices fell,
As though afraid to break the spell,
The charm that reigned o'er all that hour,
And swayed our souls with magic power.

These scenes are past, though nevermore,
May I behold thee, much-loved shore,—
Yet still, in fancy, I shall be,
A wanderer, again, on thee;
Shall hear, once more, the welcome true,
And kindly friendships glad renew.
But, must it *fancy* only be,
That can restore my friends to me?
Ah, I will hope, we yet may meet,
And, even here, each other greet,
And our long parting only seem,
The memory of some sombre dream,
From which we, starting, wake at last,
Joyful to find the vision past.

Thus may it be; dear friends, and true,
Once more, I bid a fond adieu!
And pray, that choicest blessings be,
The lot of those, whose care for me,
Within my heart, shall ever dwell,
'Till memory fails,—farewell, farewell.

Miscellaneous.

From the Morning Chronicle.

Syria and the Holy Land.

Being the substance of a Lecture delivered by Gregory M. Wortabet, Esq., at the Temperance Hall, Halifax, N. S., September 10, 1856.

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY H. OLDRIGHT.

[Although an admission fee of 7½d. was taken this evening, at the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. McGregor the evening previous, the room was still crowded. This small fee was charged in order secure comfort to the speaker and audience, by the Hall's not being so uncomfortably filled, and that some noisy boys who had obtruded themselves at the second Lecture might be excluded. The Lecturer was opposed to it, as he said that he wished *every one* to know about Syria, and did not in any sense of the word want to *beg*. He finally consented however.]

I rise to address you for the *last* time.—There is something in the words "*the last time.*" Parting is to me always sad.—Even on leaving a hotel for the last time, I feel sad. You may imagine then how deeply pained I must feel at parting with you. For the peculiar kindness which I have received, the manner in which you have opened your hearts and your homes to me, and the attentive hearing you have given me, I beg leave to tender my thanks.—A number of gentlemen who kindly called and left their cards, I have not been able to see. I hope they will take the intention for the deed. I cordially thank those gentlemen who have so kindly given me their time, and invited me to their homes. My home is in Syria 7000 miles away, and I cannot hope ever to visit you again, nor can I expect that you will leave your duties to come to see me. We shall see each other no more until we meet at the great tribunal. Once more I thank you for your hospitality and kindness to me, and now friends to our lecture. (Enthusiastic and continued applause.) I thank you for the applause, but please leave it until the close of the lecture. Our subject is one of deep interest to you Anglo-Saxons who have spent your money on it,—and what is infinitely more valuable than money,—your *blood*. I am about to show you how Syria and the Holy Land, are connected with the War, and how the War took place. I shall also explain to you the late Treaty, and the results which have just begun, and which must inevitably follow from it. Syria must always be a place of vital interest to England and the Anglo-Saxon race. Imagine that you have a map of Europe before you. There away up to the north is Russia, and below her, to the southward, Austria and Prussia. Then to the east of the latter two countries, and to the southward of the former you find Syria, Africa, and Egypt. France through her first Napoleon once said, Give me Syria and I will conquer Constantinople, and break down the Turkish Empire.—Russia says the same, and they are right, too; for Syria is the key to the possession of Turkey. Russia says, Give me Turkey, and I can soon conquer Austria and Prussia. If she gets Syria she will soon overrun Austria and Prussia, and ten years hence there may be France alone on the continent to bear the brunt of the whole Russian empire. France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia are all clamoring for the possession of Syria, but England steps in and says, "Gentlemen, none of you can have it; if any one must have Syria, I must have it myself." (Applause.) But England says, If I take it, I will be vulnerable at that point. Russia will be constantly attacking me there, and it would cost me another national debt to fortify it. England, therefore, determines to insure its possession to Turkey, and defend her in the possession of it; and this is what is called *preserving the integrity of the Ottoman empire.*

Much has been said about the danger of India, if Russia should become possessed of Turkey. But those who know the Balkan and Himalaya mountains, know that there need be no fear about India being conquered by any army coming over them. However, if Syria belonged France or Russia, the highway of England to India would be blocked up, and it would cost her a million, perhaps a thousand millions, to keep up her intercourse with that country.

Now, let us step back 3000 years ago. Syria was even then an intereeting country. The Almighty having then the whole earth before him, chose Syria *par excellence*, as a good and perfect gift for Abraham, and and also as the dwelling place of His own Son while in the flesh.

Alexander the Great knew the importance of Syria; he spent several months at the siege of Tyre, and at the end of that time a bridge, which he had constructed to lead into the town was destroyed. He was dismayed, appalled, and would have retired from the field, but that he felt it was absolutely necessary for him to possess the place—Tyre being the mistress of the Mediterranean. Your councillors, your statesmen know full well the value of Syria. Let her be menaced, and you will have to go and fight again. Your blood was shed unsparingly at Sebastopol, and it would then have to flow freely again. God has done for England what she never could have done for herself.—This war has strengthened her interests, and insured her safety in the Mediterranean, in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt. The war commenced about the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. This dome became delapidated; the Greek Church said I must repair it.—The Romish Church claimed the same privilege. Lavalette asked and obtained a *firman* from the Sultan to enable the Romish Church to build it. The Greek Church found themselves nonplussed. Russia then said to Turkey, "you must recall that firman." Turkey was about to do so when Levalette said, "if you *do* I will bring a fleet to Constantinople." Turkey then hesitated. Russia seeing this, said, "if threatening be the order of the day, I can threaten too."—and ordered her armies into the Principalities. This was considered as a *casus belli* and Turkey, accordingly declared war some time after against Russia. You will ask me how did the Greek and Romish Churches get to Syria, and what have they to do there. I will explain to you. There are various sects of Christians in Syria. There are the Greek Orthodox, the Greek Maronites, and the Roman Catholics. The Maronites acknowledge the Pope as the head of the Church.

In the 11th century the Crusaders went forth. The Crusaders hated the Mussulman, and so did the Maronites, who accordingly made common cause with the Crusaders and consented to acknowledge the Pope as the head of the Church, although they have no other views in common with the Catholics. There was a popular preacher in Damascus called Carroius—a Greek bishop—the people wished to make him patriarch of Antioch, but the Greek ecclesiastics refused to do so, as he held some doctrines which were contrary to the Greek Church. For instance, he believed that the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father and the Son. The Greek Church believes that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father alone. In this strait the Catholics offered to make him patriarch if he would acknowledge the Pope as the Head of the Church. He consented to do so and thus became patriarch of Antioch. Thus sprang up the sect of the Maronites. Strenuous efforts have been made by the Roman Catholics to extend the power of the Romish Church in Syria. They have built cathedrals, convents, nunneries, and so forth. A poor Maronite finds a cathedral going up by his door. He says, dear me what a fine church. But says the Romanist, that is your Church. Oh no, he replies, I am a poor Maronite; I am not a Catholic. But you acknowledge the Pope as the Head of the Church. Yes. Well then that Church is for you. The Greek Church were acting in the same way. The movements of these Churches were closely watched by the Potentates who supported them, and they were both making rapid advances, until this war broke out and stopped the progress of both of them. We are all Turkish subjects in Syria. France is the protector of the Romish Church, and Russia of the Greek Church. I will explain to you how they became so. Even as late as five years ago, the greater part of the inhabitants of Beyrout were in a very degraded condition. A Christian's word would not be taken in a Court of Justice, and he had to suffer all kinds of insults. Suppose I were a Roman Catholic or a Greek, and a Mussulman strikes me on the cheek. I go and tell the Consul—the French or the Russian, according to the Church to which I belong. The Consul immediately puts on his cocked hat, and goes to the Pasha, and says, Sir, this conduct must not be allowed. Certainly not, says the Pasha, the man must be punished, and accordingly he is punished. The Pasha does this *not* because he cares about the Christian, but because he is afraid of greater demands being made by the nation to which the Consul belongs. From frequent occurrences of this kind, it became an understood thing, that the Romish Church was under the protection of France, and the Greek Church under the protection of Russia. These powers, in order to serve their own ends, made political capital out of our creeds. They are endeavoring to effect by stratagem, what they cannot effect by force. France says, if I can make all the people of Syria *Catholics* I shall have their sympathy. Russia thinks she will attain the same end by making them all members of the *Greek* Church. France has spent enormous sums of money for this object.—The Roman Catholic Cathedral in Jerusalem cost £150,000, one in Beyrout £120,000, one in Damascus £80,000, and the one in Aleppo £100,000, several others have been built at a large cost in other towns in Syria. What a contrast this is to the liberality of Protestants! It has cost your unworthy speaker, three years labour to raise £600.

Nothing has gained by the late war but the Bible. All the great Powers who engaged in it have been disappointed.

Turkey never supposed that it was going to annihilate her, but it has done so virtually by the destruction of her religion. She may now say of her Islamism, Ichabod, the glory is departed.

Then again as to France. A cardinal from Rome used to visit Syria every few years in state, and parade through the streets at the head of a large procession, almost equal in magnificence to a regal retinue, in order to impress the Syrians with an idea of the power and grandeur of Rome. France supposed that she would be a gainer by the War, but she has been disappointed. The Bible is now allowed to circulate freely, among all classes in Syria, and I need not tell you friends, that where the Bible goes, it will make its way. (Applause.) All the different nations entered upon the War with different motives, but God overruled it all to his own glory.

Russia, thought that the war would destroy the Romish Church, but her own power has been broken. The Bible now goes to the Greek, as well as to the Mussulman.

The promises are now being fulfilled of the deliverance of Syria. Baalbec remains to attest her former grandeur. Tyre is no longer, and Jerusalem is in heaps. The Dead Sea flows over Sodom and Gomorrah. But the same mouth which uttered the prophecy of Tyre, that she should be a rock for the fishermen to spread their nets on, has also said of her, and of all Syria, I will redeem her again, I will make her a praise unto all nations. Do you not see there is a guiding hand in Syria? If a Syrian is injured the whole world is in commotion about him. You take as much interest in him as though he were your own child. You do not take such an interest in other countries. Let China, Prussia or France be attacked, and you are quite indifferent as to the result. Although this war came upon us unexpectedly, it did not come too soon Our country required it. Twenty years ago it would have done little or no good.—The state of ignorance which then prevailed, even in Beyrout, I have already described to you. Girls were looked upon as far inferior to men, three girls being considered equivalent to one boy. All the education you found then in Syria, was a school of twelve boys—the scions of the aristocracy sitting around a priest in the vestry of the Church. They were taught to read the Psalms of David; there was no Spelling Book in Syria. When a boy could read the Psalter, he was considered educated: Arithmetic was not taught. The educated boy could not tell you what twice two made, without counting it up on his fingers.—The people then laughed at the idea of the world being round, or that the sun stood still. If I had told them that this silk neckerchief was silk, and the Church said it was cotton they would believe that it was cotton. Even on looking at it they would not think otherwise. If I were to say, feel it, they would reply, we do not want to feel it; the Church has said it is cotton, and we say it is cotton—*cotton* it must be, and so there is an end of all argument about it. Such was the state of Syria a few years ago, but a great change has been wrought there. God first began with the Christians. In 1818 the *first* missionaries (who were Americans) went to Syria; English missionaries went subsequently. As soon as it was known that these missionaries had landed, a cry went through all the churches that they were heretics. If a Syrian saw one of them walking down the street, he would run as if the plague were after him.

If a Missionary even asked his way out of a street, they would put their hands to their ears, and run away as if for their lives crying *heretic, heretic.* What human power could effect anything under such circumstances as these? The work which has progressed there within the last twenty years is peculiarly the Almighty's own work. The word heretic in Syria means a man accursed by God and man. It is thought worse to be a heretic, than to be a thief, or even a murderer. A thief or a murderer can be absolved, but a heretic never can. No wonder the natives were shy of the Missionaries, when such denunciations were uttered against them. The American Missionaries laboured prayerfully and faithfully from 1818 to 1836 without making a single convert among the natives. Four persons joined their Church but they were all foreigners,—three being Armenian Bishops, and one a Missionary from Lebanon. (I am the son of one of those Bishops, and a Presbyterian—a pretty staunch one too. (Laughter and applause.) Friend do not misunderstand me. I do not believe that the Presbyterian Church is the *only* Church—far from it. I look upon *all* Evangelical Churches as the Church of God. These Churches are just like the different regiments in your army—some are Highlanders, some Hussars, and so on. They have a different dress, but they all fight for one Queen. Show me the man who loves God, and I will hail him as a brother. You will say how does it happen that you, the son of an Armenian Bishop, are a Presbyterian? My father was the *first* who joined the American Missionaries. They were Presbyterians, and I was accordingly brought up to that form of religion. My father was from the convent of St. James' in Jerusalem, and was married after his conversion. You call yourselves Christians, but what does the profession of your faith cost? If I were to tell you of the persecutions which these Christians,—both the converts and the Missionaries—endured, from 1818 or 1820 to 1836, it would seem like boasting. You have only to look at your Missionary Records to learn what they suffered. In 1835 the American Missionaries with one single exception became discouraged and left Beyrout, and went to Smyrna and other places. One of them however, William Thompson of Ohio, (and blessed be his name) was determined to remain. He said that he had come to Beyrout to labor as a Missionary, and that nothing should drive him away from there but death. He opened a small school after the American fashion; my brother and myself and the other sons of the Armenian Bishops, comprised the school, making in all six pupils. Mr. Thompson was at first unwilling to take me, as I was too young he said, being only six years of age. The pupils were not to be under seven. My mother however entreated him so earnestly, telling him that I was clever, that he at last consented to take me for two months to see if I would answer. I suppose I *did* answer for I remained after that period. (Laughter.) The people of Syria were at that time in a half civilized state, not because they wanted means but because they knew no better. The children were dirty. The people had no idea of European manners.—Men and woman did not associate together. Pray excuse me for saying *men* and *women*, the *Bible* calls them so. When I speak of my own country people I shall speak of them as *men* and *woman* When I speak of you, I shall call you *ladies* and *gentlemen* The Missionary gave each of us a room nicely furnished, a beautiful bedstead, and bed with nice white sheets, carpet table, chair, &c. When my key was given to me and I was told that there was *my* room, I felt that I was a *man*. (Laughter.) (The Lecturer here described his first book and the interest which he felt in it and its pictures.)—Mr. Thompson told us that for the first two months we might speak as much Arabic as we pleased, but that after that for every Arabic word that we spoke we should lose a dinner. During the first few months of the new system I lost more than half my dinners. The greatest fun was to see the whole six boys with arms outstretched standing on a bench (for this was part of the punishment for speaking Arabic) with a fine warm dinner smoking before them, which they were obliged to stand looking at it for half an hour and then to return to the school dinnerless—(a laugh.) However at the end of a year we could speak English pretty well. People have asked me how it was that I speak English so well. English was the first tongue that I learned to read, write and express my ideas in. I think, feel, and even dream in English. In fact I am all English except my dress. At the end of the year Mr. Thompson gave us two weeks vacation. My first impulse was to brush my hair, put on my best dress and go to town. I accordingly did so. The town boys crowded around me. I said to them keep away, keep away, you are so dirty.—The boys stared at me, and even their fathers and grandfathers gazed at me with astonishment. I pulled my books out and shewed them the pictures. Boys are the same all over the world. They were delighted with the pictures. I read the explanation for the pictures to them in English, and in Syrian. "What!" they said, "a Syrian boy read English, and translate it into Syrian a Syrian boy with fine long hair, and nicely brushed. "Impossible! pray who are you?" "Why," said I, don't you remember Greg Wortabet;—there's Peter,—there's Tom, and there's John. I know *you* all and you have forgotten me." "But" they said, "who brushed your hair so nice, and made you so clean and nice looking." Then I told them about the school. They began to caper round me and my pictures crying out "we'll go to school too, we'll go to school too"—Their fathers interposed and said that they must not go to school to that heretic man. But the boys could not be restrained and the consequence was that 26 boys were added to the school in a single year. In 1842 when the school broke up for want of funds, there were 74 children in attendance.—From that time Beyrout has became midday compared with what she formerly was. The Syrian boys there are now clean and gentlemanly looking. Twenty years ago you could not find one in 20 who could read. Now you cannot show me a Christian boy in Beyrout who cannot both read and write, and also speak two or three languages.

My brother John in Mount Hermon never left Syria, and he speaks as good English as any one in the room. Our girls have been taught and have proved themselves capable of education. We have no great Niagara as you have, no majestic rivers, or wild scenery,—but our girls have as warm feelings, and kind and affectionate hearts as any ladies here or anywhere else. Our girls are also capable of refinement. Twenty years ago the young men never cared when they saw a young woman, whether their collar was up or down, or how they looked. Now when we go a courting we must put on our kid gloves, straighten up our collars, &c., and make ourselves look quite smart. (Laughter.) Now *seven* men are not equal to *one* woman in Syria.—When the Bible went to Syria, our girls were at once elevated in the social scale.—We are proud to see them no longer slaves. In the hour of sorrow we love to feel their soft and gentle hand on our burning brow. We also love their companionship in our *joyous* hours.

Yes! yes! we will have them slaves no longer, and I pray to God that the time may come when in the *whole* of Syria, our women will be exalted to the proper dignity of their sex. Our girls are amiable lovely and affectionate, and believe me, Nova Scotia ladies, beautiful as you are, and I pay you the compliment, our Syrian girls are not behind you in this respect.

Then look at the energy of our merchants now. Formerly a man worth £9 sterling, was considered a millionaire.—Now a man worth tens of thousands is not considered extraordinarily wealthy. All this has been done within the last 20 years. Look at our luxuries, our drawing rooms, our carpets, furniture, &c.

If his Holiness were to tell us now that a sour thing was sweet, we would say, wait your Eminence we will taste it ourselves. As a proof of what the Bible has done, I would only ask you to look at Old and New Beyrout. Old Beyrout is like the old town of Edinburgh—black and dingy. The new town is beautiful—pleasantly situated and embowered amidst mulberry trees. The Christians are now rising up. Do you suppose that I would allow a Turk to strike me on the cheek? No, by no means.—We were on the point of a civil war, when this war broke out. Christianity came over our country like a mighty Niagara, rolling along, and bringing with it wealth, refinement, taste and civilization. The Mussulman, however, was a drag to us. We were sighing for a change when God brought about this war. Mahometanism had ever been a great barrier to the advancement of our country, and the progress of christianity. This war came and broke it down. The late treaty allows the Bible to go to every man in Syria. The Mussulman can now go to school with the Christian. We can now teach the Mussulman, and he will consequently advance as well as ourselves. The War was necessary for Syria and for Europe. (The Lecturer here related an incident which took place in Beyrout, so late as April 1855, in which he himself was an actor, showing the insults to which the Christians were exposed and the quarrels which took place between them and the Moslems, which would have probably led ere long to a civil war. The Moslems are now angry about the late treaty, but that feeling will wear away in time; and 20 years hence Turkey, I hope and believe, will be a Christian Country. We don't wish to drive the Moslems away but to make them part and parcel of ourselves. O, happy day! O happy moment! when the banner of the Cross shall wave over Jerusalem—the grave of my Great Redeemer. If I could only see *that* I would die happy. I believe that it *will* happen, for the Lord has said—I will redem her, I will make her a praise unto all nations. Who ever supposed when this war commenced, that it would lead to the overturning of the Great Eastern Empire? Who thought that by Turkey's rising up against Russia's oppression that Christianity would be forwarded in the East? Nobody would have believed it, but it *has* come to pass, and you though far from Syria, may yet come to look upon her as the glory of the world. I have devoted the energies of my life, my youth and strength for the last eight years, to excite an interest in her. I felt very bad when it was proposed that you should pay for your admission here to night. It is true you have not been asked to pay much, but I want *all* to come and hear about Syria. I want you to love Syria for Christ's sake. Contemplate your Saviour in the garden of Gethsemane! Think of the Crown of Thorns on his brow! Think of him dying—gasping for breath! Think of him as he was borne along to the stone of unction, of his love, of his passion, of his death and burial! Think of them until you feel with me the same enthusiasm which animated the Crusaders when the whole of Europe was armed, and Kings left their Crowns behind them!

I want you to love Syria in a spiritual sense. We do not want crusade armies now, but send us the Word of Truth. You should do this in order to save yourselves further work. If you do not you will have to fight again. You will have to go to Syria, to *fight* and perhaps to *die* there. What would the cost of a Bible be to you, you who spend so much upon your luxuries? Your wealth belongs to God. If you live, it is only by his sufferance. When you see a drunkard, a cripple, a blind man or a beggar, think that but for the goodness of God, you might have been in the same state. Perhaps you will say my genius, my strength has saved me from the drunkard's or the beggar's fate. No Sir, it is *God!* I want you to give with a loving heart. (Do not be alarmed there is no collection to be taken to night.) But I speak to you to-night of the claims of Christianity, because you may yet have to work for the whole world. Your motto should be Excelsior. You are in earnest in making money. The apostle says I will shew thee my faith by my works. See the sarcasm with which he speaks of faith without works. You say to the hungry man, go and be fed, but you do not feed him, or to the naked man go and be clothed and you do not clothe him. What good have you done him? You have only made things worse. If your Christianity be true, and you forget your duty, the time will come when your talent will be required of you, and you will then fare worse than the poor man who buried his. You will say, Oh Father Abraham, if I had thought of this before! To be a Christian costs you little, to be a sinner a great deal. Choose my friends the safest and best way. Then you will have a smiling Father, to say "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

The Lecture being concluded the Chairman, (Rev. P. G. McGregor) announced that the Lecturer would be happy to reply to any questions, respecting Syria, which any of the audience might be disposed to ask. No questions, however, were asked. The Lecturer then rose and said "I thank you once more for your kindness and attention. Thanks to my different Chairmen May the Lord bless you all, if you ever come my way, I shall be glad to return your kindness. I will think of you, when far away. Syria will think you too. I shall ever consider as among the brightest moments of my life, the hours passed in this Hall addressing such numerous, respectable and intelligent audiences.

I shall feel proud to get up an audience for you in Syria, if any of you will honor us with a visit. I feel sorry to leave Halifax. It is not likely that we shall ever meet again until we stand at the Judgment seat, before the Great Judge of all—*now* a God of mercy, *then* a God of Justice. May you live long, happy and useful lives; may your last hours be calm and peaceful, and may you be received at last into the Kingdom of your God and Saviour."

A vote of thanks was then passed by acclamation, the Doxology was sung, and the meeting pronounced concluded. Numbers of Ladies and gentlemen pressed forward to the platform to take a personal farewell of the Lecturer, who received their congratulations in a graceful and kindly manner.

Thus ended a series of Lectures which have probably excited a deeper interest in Halifax, than any which have been delivered in the city for years. Notwithstanding the injunction laid upon them by the Lecturer, the audience carried away by his vivid and graphic descriptions, interrupted him with bursts of applause. The other part of the suggestion "a good round at the end" was not forgotten.

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The property is situated in the pleasant and flourishing Village of SACKVILLE, N. B., near the Wesleyan Academies, and will be let either for a Private Residence, or Boarding House on strictly Temperance principles, for the latter purpose it offers advantages not often met with.—The whole to be rented for the term above mentioned and only to such persons as will preserve the property, keep the Garden in good order, and protect the trees from injury. For terms apply to Charles F. Allison or Joseph F. Allison, Sackville, N. B

August 14. 2m.

NEW

Autumn Goods!

At the Albion House.

PER Steamers Cambria and Arabia, Thirteen Packages—as follows:—

Five cases Dresses and Dress Materials,
One do FILLED SHAWLS,
Two do Mantles, Stays, &c.
One do Velvets, Silks, &c.
One do Laces and Lawn Goods,
One do Ribbons, etc, etc.
One do BONNETS and Fancy Goods.
One Bale Cloths and Doeskins.

September 18. JOST, KNIGHT & CO.

$100---Proclamation.

To the Mayor and Citizens of Philadelphia and the Union.

I PROPOSE to test my Electric Oil on any case of *Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Asthma, Piles, Gout, Fever and Ague, Tetter, Felons, Swellings, Cramps, Deafness*, and to forfeit to any public institution, the Mayor may name, $100, if my genuine Electric Oil does not make an effectual cure in each case.

Dr. J. C. Van Doren, Trenton, N. J., an old and experienced gentleman, came to my establishment on Saturday and said "He never had failed in a single case of Rheumatism with my Oil." He buys several dozen at a time, and has more than a year past. He says "it is much in using *the Oil right.* I have no trouble in curing Piles effectually, and I do not use injurious medicines. My pure "Electric Oil" is enough. Be careful of the counterfeits. All my bottles must have my name in the glass.—All the cures advertised in this paper a year or two past were made by my Oil. See the certificates of 500 citizens. A. E. SMITH. Chemist

Agency in Nova Scotia, for the Proprietor Dr. Smith, at Morton's Medical Warehouse, 39 Granville St., Halifax

July 31.

MATTHEW H. RICHEY,

Barrister and Attorney at Law,

OFFICE—50, BEDFORD ROW,

HALIFAX, N.S.

A MARVELLOUS REMEDY

FOR A MARVELLOUS AGE

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

The Grand External Remedy.

By the aid of a microscope, we see millions of little openings on the surface of our bodies. Through these, this Ointment when rubbed on the skin, is carried to any organ or inward part. Diseases of the kidneys, disorders of the Liver, affections of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Asthmas, Coughs and Colds, are by its means effectually cured. Every housewife knows that salt passes freely through bone or meat of any thickness This healing Ointment far more readily penetrates through any bone or fleshy part of the living body, curing the most dangerous inward complaints, that cannot be reached by other means.

Erysipelas, Rheumatism and Scorbutic Humours.

No remedy has ever done so much for the cure of diseases of the skin, whatever form they may assume as this Ointment. Scurvy, Sore Heads, Scrofula, or, Erysipelas, cannot long withstand its influence. The inventor has travelled over many parts of the globe, visiting the principal hospitals, dispensing this Ointment, giving advice to its application, and has thus been the means of restoring countless numbers to health.

Sore Legs, Sore Breasts, Wounds and Ulcers.

Some of the most scientific surgeons now rely solely on the use of this wonderful Ointment, when having to cope with the worst cases of sores, wounds, ulcers, glandular swellings and tumours. Professor Holloway has despatched to the East, large shipments of this Ointment, to be used in the worst cases of wounds. It will cure any ulcer, glandular swelling, stiffness or contraction of the joints, even of 20 years' standing.

Piles and Fistulas.

These and other similar distressing complaints can be effectually cured if the Ointment be well rubbed in over the parts affected, and by otherwise following the printed directions around each pot.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:—

Bad Legs,	Cancers,	Scalds,
Bad Breasts,	Contracted and Stiff Joints,	Sore Nipples,
Burns,	Elephantiasis,	Sore Throats,
Bunions,	Fistulas,	Skin Diseases
Bites of Moschetoes and Sandflies,	Gout,	Scurvy,
Coco Bay,	Glandular swellings,	Sore Heads,
Chiego-foot,	Lumbago,	Tumours
Chilblains,	Piles,	Ulcers,
Chapped-hands,	Rheumatism,	Wounds
Corns (Soft),		Yaws

Sub Agents in Nova Scotia—J. F. Cochran & Co, Newport. Dr. Harding, Windsor. G. N. Fuller, Horton. Moore and Chipman, Kentville. E. Caldwell and Tupper, Cornwallis. J. A. Gibbron, Wilmot. A. R. Piper, Bridgetown. R. Guest, Yarmouth. T. R. Patillo, Liverpool. J. F. More, Caledonia. Miss Carder, Port Medway. Robt West, Bridgwater. Mrs. Neil, Lunenburg. B. Legg, Mahone Bay. Tucker & Smith, Truro. N. Tupper & Co, Amherst. R. R. Hoeslie, Wallace. W. Cooper, Pugwash. Mrs. Robson, Pictou. T. R. Fraser, New Glasgow. J. & C. Jost, Guysborough. Mrs. Norris, Canso. F. Smith, Port Hood. T. & J. Jost, Sydney. J. Matheson, Broad Cove.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 244 Strand, London, and by most respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world. Prices in Nova Scotia are 4s.6d., 7s. 9d., 6s. 3d., 1ps. 8d., 3ls. 4d, and 50s. each Box.

JOHN NAYLOR, Halifax.
General Agent for Nova Scotia,

Directions for the Guidance of Patients are affixed to each pot or box.

☞ There is a considerable saving in taking the larger sizes. December 13, 1855.

DYER'S HEALING EMBROCATION AN EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL REMEDY

THIS valuable External and Internal Remedy originated with a skillful and Scientific Chemist, who found it difficult to obtain an article that would with certainty and in a short space of time, effect a cure of Wounds, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, &c. By various experiments he at length discovered a preparation which answered his most sanguine expectations, and its peculiar virtues becoming known to his friends, he was induced by them to prepare it for general use.

Since its first introduction to the public some important additions and improvements have been made in it composition, increasing its value and making it applicable to a greater number of diseases, especially to those on the stomach and bowels, and it is now used internally with, if possible, greater success than Externally.

DYER'S

Healing Embrocation

is a perfect pain destroyer and an Invaluable Remedy for Rheumatism, Cuts, Wounds, Scalds, Burns, Bruises, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Sore Throat, Swellings, Cramps, &c

It is indeed truly gratifying to us to receive such indisputable proofs of the value of this astonishing remedy, as are daily presented. We know its true value experimentally, and do not hesitate to recommend it as superior to any other Medicine for similar purposes, and we are willing at any time to refund the money, if it does not give entire satisfaction, or possess all the virtues we ascribe to it.

Be sure and get the genuine.

A. H. FIELD,

(Successor to C. Dyer, Junr.)

Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

D. TAYLOR, Jr., Broad Street, Boston, general agent for British Provinces. ☞ Sold wholesale in Nova Scotia by G. E. Morton & Co., Halifax, John Naylor, Avery Brown & Co., and by dealers in Medicine every where.

March 13.

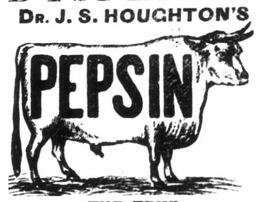
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1851, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Another Scientific Wonder!

GREAT CURE FOR

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S



THE TRUE

DIGESTIVE FLUID,

OR, GASTRIC JUICE.

THIS is a great natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, and DYSPEPSIA, curing after Nature's own Method, by Nature's own Agent, the Gastric Juice. Pepsin is the chief element or Great Digesting Principle of the Gastric Juice—the *Solvent of the Purifying, Preserving* and *Stimulating* Agent of the Stomach and Intestines. It is precisely like the Gastric Juice, in its Chemical powers, and a Complete and Perfect Substitute for it. By the aid of this preparation, the pains and evils of Indigestion and Dyspepsia are removed just as they would be by a healthy Stomach. It is doing wonders for Dyspeptics, curing cases of Debility, Emaciation, Nervous Decline and Dyspeptic Consumption, supposed to be on the verge of the grave. The Scientific Evidence upon which it is based, is in the highest degree Curious and Remarkable.

Private Circulars for the use of Physicians may be obtined of Dr. Houghton or his Agents, describing the hole process of preparation, and giving the authorities upon which the claims of this new remedy are based. As it is not a secret remedy, no objection can be raised against its use by Physicians in respectable standing and regular practice. Price, One Dollar per bottle. Sold by the Proprietor in Halifax, by the only Provincial Agents.

May 29. G. E. MORTON & CO.

G. E. MORTON & CO.

WHOLESALE Dealers in Patent Medicines, Perfumery, &c. General Depot and Special Agency for the sale of all genuine

Popular Family Medicines,

39 Granville Street, Halifax.

N. B.—Country Merchants and Druggists are particularly referred to the following articles:—

☞ Gerry's Pectoral Tablets for Coughs and Colds.
☞ Houghton's Pepsin for Dyspepsia, &c.
☞ Dyer's Healing Embrocation, a perfect Pain Destroyer.
☞ Bryan's Canomile Pills, and Moffats Life Pills approved family remedies.
☞ Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, the great English remedy for Consumption.
☞ Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge for Worms in children or adults.
☞ Lloyd's Eurexis or Easy Shaving Compound.
☞ Merchants Gargling Oil, an external remedy for horses and cattle.
☞ Nimy's Black Lead Polish.
☞ Nelson's Patent Gelatine for Blanc Mange and Jellies.
☞ Low's Soaps and Creams for the Toilet.
☞ Rowland's Maccassar Oil, Kalydor, Odonto and Melacomia, approved personal requisites.
☞ Keating's Cough Lozenges.
☞ Borwick's Baking Powder, Infants Food, &c.
☞ Houchin's Corn Solvent and Renovator.
☞ Rimmel's Benzoline for cleaning silks, &c.
☞ Balm of a Thousand Flowers.
☞ Rimmel's Toilet Vinegar, superseding the common perfumes.
☞ Cleaver's Prize Medal Honey Soap.
☞ Herring's Galvanic Hair Brushes and Comb