The Provincial Wesleyan.

Little Children knocking at the Gate of Heaven.

Hark! at heaven's crystal gates
Little hands are faintly sounding,
While a guardian angel waits,
All her soul with rapture bounding;
To that angel it is given,
For her holy life on earth,
To receive three babes in heaven,
In their new, celestial birth.

A timid hand at first essays
To undo the portal fair,
And the angel vails the blaze
Of the glory every-where.
"I am lonely, I am lonely!
Now I see no darling brother,
No fond father! angel only—
Take, O take me to my mother!"

But the angel, with caresses,
Gently leads the cherub in,
And the young immortal blesses,
Saved from sorrow and from sin.
Soon the little stranger's fright
Passes like a cloud away,
While the day that knows no night
Shines upon her heavenly play.

Hark again! a gentle tap
Echoes through the angel's heart;
And the child upon her lap
In her sacred joy has part;
Little arms infold the stranger,
Little lips the kiss have given;
"Here's no sorrow, here's no danger!
"Darling sister, this is heaven!"

Yet again, the louder sounding,
Falls a knock on heaven's gate,
And the infant cherubs bounding,
Will not let their brother wait;
Eyes that closed in weariness,
Lips that murmured sad farewell,
Open in celestial bliss
With the sisters loved so well.

Now their angel with delight,
Leads them onward, hand in hand,
And reveals to eager sight
Glories of the spirit land.
Happy children thus to flee
Early to their home above!
Happy those below to be
Upward drawn by cords of love!

Temperance.

Religion and Temperance.

The religious bearing of the Temperance question was forcibly exhibited by the Ministers of the Baptist Central Association in the Temperance Hall, on Tuesday evening last. An invitation was extended by the Halifax Temperance Society to the Association, to hold during their Session in this city, a meeting for the advocacy of the claims of the Temperance movement; and the cordial and ready response of that respected Body afforded evidence of their hearty interest in this branch of moral reform, and their solemn conviction of the vital connection between the advancement of total abstinence principles and the progress of the kingdom of Christ on the Earth.

Bro. G. G. Grey, on taking the chair, called on the Rev. Mr. Bancroft to open the proceedings with prayer. The first address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Cramp, of Acadia College, who fluently and strikingly presented the importance of the Temperance cause, and pressed its claims on the ground of man's obligation to preserve his physical and mental powers for the great purposes intended by our Creator. He showed also that economical considerations were not beneath our notice as Temperance men, and that other absurd and wasteful customs, beside those of drinking, ought to be abandoned. He specified particularly the use of tobacco, and entered into a very telling calculation of the amount of good that might be done by the Churches of this Province in the renunciation of "puffing and snuffing," and the application to religious and educational objects of the money now worse than wasted on those ridiculous habits.

Dr. Cramp was followed by a venerable Minister, the Rev. Theodore Harding, of Horton, well known and highly esteemed by all denominations throughout these Provinces, and whom we were much pleased to find was able with the vigour and energy of younger days, from instances that had come under his own knowledge, to describe the evil tendency of the drinking habit in preventing the success of the Gospel, and the blessings which have frequently followed in the wake of the Temperance reformation. The Rev. Mr. Martell, of Canso, was then called upon, who addressed the meeting with good effect. His subject was Temperance and the Church.

The next speaker was the Rev. Chas. Tupper, who exhibited very appropriately the position which the Christian Ministry should occupy in relation to this cause, and the good results which had followed in many instances from his own labours in spreading the principles of Total Abstinence.

The closing speech was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Gillpatrick, from the State of Maine, who addressed the meeting with happy effect upon the Maine Law—its origin—the preparatory movement—the struggle to obtain it—its late improvements—the finishing touch by the Green Mountain boys of Vermont—the principles upon which it is based—the duty of a Government to promote the good of society, to protect the unoffending and weak from evil and oppression—the iniquity and injustice of the temperance part of the community having to bear the heavy weight of taxation resulting from pauperism, insanity and crime induced by drinking habits. He then adverted to the operation of the Law—the good results which had followed its enforcement in nearly all parts of Maine, in fact wherever the Magistrates and people were disposed to do their duty, and concluded by strongly advising temperance men to press "onward and upward"—petitioning the Legislature until their prayer was heard and felt, and that should the present Representatives refuse, then to be resolved to make the Maine Law a test question at the Polls, giving those gentlemen leave to go about their business who will not unequivocally pledge themselves for its support. There were other Ministers to have spoken, but the hour of ten having arrived, the meeting was closed, the audience appearing much gratified, and we may hope strengthened in the principles of entire abstinence by the services of the evening.

The Baptist denomination deservedly receive the commendation of the Temperance public in Nova Scotia. Their Ministers have been disposed on all occasions to advance this cause, cheerfully exerting themselves in its behalf, further evidence of which they gave in Temperance Hall on Tuesday evening—a demonstration which could not but tend to increase their influence for good, and to make the public better acquainted with them as an intelligent, benevolent and faithful body of Christian men, "ready for every good work."

How cheering is it to the right-thinking portion of the community, to behold their spiritual guides taking a prominent part in those movements which relate to the moral and general good of man. But, on the contrary, how blighting is the influence of those Ministers, of whatever denomination, who are so narrow in their views and feelings, or so indifferent to prevailing evil customs, and so far removed from the self-denying benevolence of the Gospel, that they cannot stoop to be associated with those not of their *caste* or party who are labouring for the improvement of society. How truly pitiable, how utterly contemptible is the sophistry by which men of this stamp endeavour to justify themselves. But in most cases of the kind, the real motive is too manifest to be long hidden from the view of an enlightened, christian public, or to be long borne with patiently.—*Athenæum.*

The Maine Law Movement.

The experiment which is now being tried by several States of the great American confederation, in reference to the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, is one which neither philanthropist nor Christian can regard with anything like indifference. Having in view the abatement of the greatest curse of the civilized world, it ought to command the unprejudiced consideration of every friend of the human race. That the question has been warmly debated and opposed by others than those who are interested in the traffic, is to us no matter of surprise; especially when we remember that there is an estimable, though small class, among the workers in our onward movements, who are determined to do almost everything by "moral suasion." Their prepossessions in favour of this doctrine are not to be disturbed by a thousand every-day facts; and inasmuch as their position looks so very innocent and Christian, it must needs be defended to the last. It is useless to tell them that the logical sequence of their line of argumentation would practically be, the disbanding of all governments, the repeal of all law, and the inauguration of a state of society, a prominent feature of which would be, the illustration of that ever-ready defence of concentrated selfishness—"Have not I a right to do what I will with my own?"

We believe that every person favourable to government of any kind will admit that the one grand fundamental principle involved in all governing arrangements of the human compact, is the surrendering of some supposed abstract individual rights for the obtainment of some general good. Various persons have attempted to describe and define what they term "the true province of government," especially those who belong to the "moral suasion" class; but in our humble opinion they have been about as successful in their admittedly difficult task as the discoverers of "perpetual motion," or the finders of the "philosopher's stone."

We are unwilling to charge those who take the "moral suasion" view only in the temperance movement, with intentionally mis-stating the position and arguments of those who are advocates of "government interference." It is nevertheless, a fact that they do persist in charging those of opposite views to themselves with conduct of which they are not guilty, and in attributing to them opinions which they do not hold. It is invariably assumed that those who ask for government prohibitions have "abandoned moral suasion," and therefore never attempt by pen or tongue to advance the cause of temperance. What is the real, the notorious fact? An experience in temperance operations covering more than twenty years, and with opportunities for observation possessed by few, we do not hesitate to say that those holding Maine Law views are among the most zealous teachers of temperance truth. Their position is that *both* "moral suasion" and "legal action" are needed in this great work. Like wise moral husbandmen, having reclaimed a quantity of land from the wild waste of intemperance, they are anxious to fence and protect it from the enemies of progress, who would sow it again with the seeds of those noxious plants whose fruits produce pestilence and death. Having made encouraging advances in the erection of a beautiful structure, they are naturally concerned that it be not pulled down again as fast as they build it up.

The traffic in strong drink is a "nuisance" question, and as such we ask Government to deal with it; and as long as it is found necessary to have a Health of Town's Bill, and numberless other acts, relating to slaughter-houses, lodging-houses, burning of smoke, sewers, and streets, so is it equally demanded by the people's physical and moral health that the monster nuisance of the world be placed under ban by all civilized nations. To deny that Government does "enact and execute laws for the suppression of crime," is to assert that our statute books do not say a word against gambling houses, bribery at elections, theft, forgery, murder, and a hundred other crimes, and notwithstanding that violations of the law in these respects are continually taking place, they do not in the least affect the scope and intentions of those acts of the Legislature in which these transgressions are forbidden and condemned. To insist that these acts have been useless because these crimes still exist, would be indeed to affirm, not to prove, that "all law is a farce," and would certainly demonstrate that there are well-meaning people in the world who are more afflicted with the *anti*-Maine Law mania than familiar with the great facts and experience of every-day life. The honest way to argue about laws enacted for the suppression and punishment of crime, is to ask, what would have been the state of society had they not been in existence? Would life and property be as secure if all such laws were repealed? It must not be forgotten that the millennium has not yet dawned upon the world; and we ask for arrangements suited to the present condition of human society. And because suppressionary and penal laws do not prevent every crime, we shall not jump to the conclusion that they are therefore entirely useless, no more than a sensible man would cast away his umbrella on a wet stormy day, because it did not shelter him from every drop of rain.—*British Temperance Advocate.*

Agriculture.

Something more about Horses.

If horses will not eat their oats, mix it with chaff and beans; a sprinkling of salt is a good thing, and so are cut carrots. In Austria they give their horses small doses of arsenic, but I should not like to try it.—I once had a mare so thin as to be a disgrace to any stable, yet so fast and high-couraged, and with such sporting points about her, that I could not make up my mind to git rid of her. Yet she was the plague of my riding life, a perfect Rosinante. I tried everything I could think of, but what with rejecting her food and fretting over her work, she was nothing but a bag of bones. At last, chance brought me acquainted with a noted character, now no more, Dick Wetherall, the trainer. "My Lord," said Dick, who always used this form of address as a matter of refined diplomacy, "I'll tell you what you go and do with her. Take a lot of barley, a good lot on it. Power some biling water on it jist enough to cover it. Then putt it, or leastways afore you putts the biling water, put the barley in a glazed pan so as nothing of the steam can git through, and there let it soak. Next morning go and putt some molasses in along with it and stir it all up. Don't trust your groom to do this if he ain't one of the right sort, cos he'll eat the molasses if you do, or perhaps take 'em 'ome to his missus. When you have made this mixture up (it's like a stiffish pudding it is, when it's made right; or a jelly as you may say), give her a lot on it, mixed in with her corn, and if she don't slobber that into her and get fat on it too, never you trust me again. Let her have four or five feeds on it a day." Such was the summary of Mr. Wetherall's wisdom, and the best advice I can give the reader is, in the words of the Duke of Wellington to Sir Charles Napier, "If you understand these instructions, go and execute them."

One evil, however, it may be well to guard against. It is apt to teach horses the abominable trick of crib-biting. The sugar soaks into the wood-work of the manger, and they will keep on gnawing to get it out. To prevent this, a manger of polished stone is best, or one lined with zinc. I was apprehensive that the constant use of sugar would spoil the horses for other food, if obliged to return to it, but it has not this effect. I have found, too, that nothing improves a horse's mouth and temper, more, than giving him now and then a lump of sugar. Barley, however, is a bad thing for fast work. To check crib-biting a muzzle is better than a strap.

Horses should not be fed immediately on their coming from their work, as they are nearly sure to blow upon their corn and leave it; a pailful of water at a time is quite enough, and that should be in the morning and evening. Now I will let the reader into a choice little secret. I had a very beautiful entire horse, an Arabian. I found it dangerous to take it into the Park; at last, however, noticing the sleepy effect produced on myself by a large glass of cold water, I bethought me of trying the experiment on the Soldan. I kept him short of water in the morning, just before my ride gave him as much as he liked. The effect was most satisfactory. Timid horsemen, and old gentlemen who will ride high-couraged cattle, should have their horses watered in this way by their friends, whether they will or not. A bucket of water might have saved Sir Robert Peel's life. I know one wilful old gentleman who always will ride horses that are too much for him. I gave my recipe to his son, and he told me that his father never got into mischief afterwards, "though," said he, he would never forgive me if he knew he had a bucket and a half of water under him.—*The Roving Englishman.*

Vines for Cottages.

Our two favourite vines, then, for the adornment of cottages, in the Northern States, are the double *Prairie Rose* and the *Chinese Wistaria.* Why we like these best is, because they have the greatest number of good qualities to recommend them. In the first place, they are hardy, thriving in all soils and exposures; in the second place, they are luxuriant in their growth, and produce an effect in a very short time, after which they may be kept to the limits of a single pillar on the piazza, or trained over the whole side of a cottage; in the last place, they are rich in the foliage, and beautiful in the blossom.

Now there are many vines more beautiful than these in some respects, but not for this purpose, and taken altogether. For cottage drapery, a *popular* vine must be one that will grow anywhere, with little care, and must need no shelter, and the least possible attention, beyond seeing that it has something to run on, and a looking over, pruning, and tying up once a year—say in early spring. This is precisely the character of these two vines; and hence we think they deserve to be planted from one end of the Union to the other. They will give the greatest amount of beauty, with the least care, and in the greatest number of places. *Downing.*

Miscellaneous.

Musk.

This substance is an unctuous secretion of a glandular pouch or sac, situated in the skin of the abdomen of the musk-deer, an inhabitant of the great mountain range which belts the North of India and branches out into Siberia, Thibet and China. It is also found in the Altaic range, near Lake Baikal, and in some other mountain ranges, but always on the borders of the line of perpetual snow. It is from the male only the musk is produced, and the secretion when dry, is of a dark brown or black color, and somewhat granular. Its taste is bitter, and its peculiar and penetrating odor is well known. It was formerly held in high repute as a medicine, and is still among Eastern Nations. The musk deer is eagerly hunted for the sake of its costly perfume, which, however, is always adulterated. Tavernier says that the odor of musk is so powerful as to cause the blood to gush from the nose, and in this way he would account for the supposed adulteration of the article with dried blood. Chardin also says: "It is commonly supposed that when the musk sac is cut from the animal, so powerful is the odor it exhales, that the hunter is obliged to have his mouth and nose stopped with folds of linen, and that often in spite of this precaution the pungency of the odor is such as to end in death. I have heard the same thing talked of by some Armenians who had been to Boutan, and I think it is true. The odor is so strong in the East Indies that I could never support it; and when I trafficked for musk, I always kept in the open air, with a handkerchief over my face, and at a distance from those who handled the sacs, referring them to my broker: and hence I knew by experience that this musk was very apt to give head-aches, and altogether insupportable when quite recent. I may add that no drug is so easily adulterated, or more apt to be so." Tavernier states that at Patana he once bought 1673 musk bags weighing 2557 1-2 ounces, containing 452 ounces of pure musk. The musk from Boutan, Tonquin and Thibet, is most esteemed; but it is supposed its strength and the quantity produced by a single animal varies with the season of the year and the age of the animal. A single musk bag usually contains from 2 to 3 drachms. Musk is imported into England from China in caddies of 60 to 100 ounces each; that from Bengal is inferior, and from Russia of a still lower quality. The best is that contained in the natural follicle or pod. When adulterated with the animal's blood it forms into lumps or clots. It is sometimes mixed with a dark highly colored, friable earth; the musk is then of a more friable texture, harder and denser than genuine musk.

Musk is very remarkable for the diffusiveness and subtlety of its scent; everything in its vicinity soon becomes affected by it, and long retains it; a very minute portion, such as a grain or two will scent a room for years, and is sufficient for imparting to articles of dress, &c., a powerful perfume. One part of musk will communicate its odor to 3000 parts of inodorous powder. Boiling water dissolves 90 parts of genuine Tonquin musk; alcohol only 50 parts.—Musk is soluble in either acetic acid and yolk of egg. Moisture seems to favour the odor of musk, for when dry it yields but little scent, and this becomes powerful when moistened. An artificial musk is prepared with nitric acid and oil of amber.—*Scientific American.*

Summer Days.

Oh! the Summer days are coming—
Sunshine rests on leaf and bower,
Balmy breezes—perfume laden
Tell of bursting bud and flower,
See! the new leafed forest branches,
Swayed by sweetest breath of morn,
While beyond them, marching slowly,
Clouds the horizon adorn.

Here my foot-path through the wild-wood
Leads to many a fairy dell,
Where the wind-flower opes its petals,
Where the streamlets gush and swell—
Oh! they "mind me" of the morning—
Early morning time of Life,
When my young heart dwelt serenely,
Witting not of future strife.

Earth to me was then sufficing,—
Radiant with its spotless bloom,
Dreamed I nought of dark clouds resting
O'er my pathway to the tomb;
Now a holy calm pervadeth
All things,—ocean, earth and air—
For His presence—who created
All—is resting every where!

While unmindful of the shadows,
Which on earth my footsteps wait,
May this *calm* be but an earnest
Of a brighter—holier state!
Whilst all nature's voice is blending
In one grateful song of praise
Be my soul this anthem sending
"Just and true are all thy ways!"

META.

—*Vermont Ch. Mess.*

Portland in Oregon.

Glancing back but two short years, and we find that not a house had been erected on the spot where Portland now stands. Presently a location was made, a few houses erected, even then, in order to bring the place into notoriety, it was necessary to notify the public that it was situated "twelve miles below Oregon city." But at length the local advantages became apparent—saw and flouring mills were erected—stores were built—improvements were contemplated and carried out energetically—and at length the citizens at "the point twelve miles below the city" began to look around them, and felt the necessity of embodying their mutual interest in one laudable effort, and thus the present city emerged from obscurity, until she now stands forth the acknowledged emporium of Oregon.

Portland is situated on the right bank of the Willamette river, about thirteen miles from its juncture with the Columbia, and about 110 miles from the Pacific Ocean. The Willamette river flows nearly due North, is navigable to the distance of twenty-six miles for large vessels, and is studded with several islands, all of which are thickly settled. Oak, pine, cedar, and various other kinds of timber grow in great abundance along its banks, and so fertile is the soil, and so desirable the locations, that scarcely an acre of ground is unoccupied on either bank. Speaking of the Willamette Valley, Lieut. Wilkes, who conducted the exploring expedition, says:—

"To conclude, few portions of the globe, in my opinion, are so rich in soil, so diversified in surface, or so capable of being rendered the happy home of an industrious and civilized community. For beauty of scenery and salubrity of climate it cannot be surpassed. It is peculiarly adapted for an agricultural and pastoral people, and no portion of the world, beyond the tropics, can be found that will yield so readily with moderate labor to the wants of man."

Located in this fertile region, possessing all the advantages necessary to form an agricultural as well as a manufacturing country. Portland could not well otherwise fail than to progress. Portland possesses all the requisites for shipping, having sufficient depth of water for trading vessels of almost any size to anchor opposite the city. Three wharfs have been erected, all of which are continually in requisition, having vessels either unlading merchandise for our traders or taking in cargoes of lumber, hogs, chickens and agricultural produce for San Francisco or some foreign market.

Four saw mills, employing on an average thirty hands to each, are in perpetual motion, preparing lumber, spiles, spars, and shingles for export, and so great is the demand for these articles that ships are often detained in the river for several days before they can procure cargoes.

Five river steamers, beside the Pacific Mail Company's steamers from San Francisco, now ply between Portland and various other points on the Columbia and Willamette rivers—these steamers procuring full freights upon departing from our wharves and returning laden with produce destined for shipment or home consumption.—*Portland Commercial.*

Anecdote of the Emperor of Austria.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is now about twenty-three years of age. He is described as of a tall and graceful figure, a pleasing and intelligent countenance, and courteous deportment. It is said that he possessed business talent of a high order, rising regularly at 5 A. M., to devote himself entirely to the business of the State. Sporting and riding are the only recreations in which he indulges. In his excursions he is scarcely ever accompanied, except by one aid-de-camp, and is always dressed in uniform. At certain seasons, he goes to the mountains of Styria, to indulge in the exercise of hunting and shooting. He will there pass several nights in the open air, a bed of dry leaves under the naked branches of the trees replacing the luxurious beds of the Imperial Palace at Vienna. The following anecdote of one of his excursions is current at Vienna.

"One morning the Emperor, accompanied by only one officer, and himself carrying a game-bag, was met by an old Styrian, who was very jealous of his game. The Emperor had been shooting all night on his property. On seeing him, the gentleman angrily exclaimed, 'Are then no longer any laws in Austria, that any vagabone who thinks proper may come and shoot on another person's property? Who are you, young man?' 'An officer in his Majesty's service.' 'I see that by your uniform; what I ask is your name?' 'Francis.' 'Simply Francis?' 'You may add Joseph to it, if you like.' 'Well, then, Master Joseph Francis, my first business will be to inform his Majesty, that he has in his army an officer who violates other person's property.' 'I shall return to Vienna to-day, and shall probably see his Majesty. I will myself be the bearer of any complaint.' 'You are joking.' No, on the contrary, I propose to do you a service.' 'In the meantime,' said the gentleman, 'I shall confiscate your game-bag;' and was about to suit the action to the word, when the Emperor said: 'It will be too heavy for your strength; my companion shall carry it to your house, if it is not very far off.' 'About five hundred yards distant, behind the hill.' 'Well, then, let us proceed.'"

Five minutes afterwards, the dogs in a farm yard, contiguous to a dilapidated old chateau, announced, by their joyous barking, the return of their master. A lady, surrounded by several children, were sitting by a good fire in a room on the ground floor. "What is the matter with you, my dear?" said she to her husband, seeing an angry frown on his countenance—"What is the matter! why these fellows have been shooting all the night on my property, and have killed the game which I had reserved for the christening dinner of our infant." At this moment the attention of the Emperor was directed towards a cradle in the room, in which a smiling child was fast asleep. "What a little angel," said he. The mother thanked him by a sweet smile, and then addressing her husband, begged to request the gentleman to be seated. "I suppose you will want to offer them breakfast also!" exclaimed the husband, with an angry growl. "That is true, my dear," replied the lady. "I never thought of that; the gentleman must be hungry after having been shooting all night." "Yes," growled the husband, "at my birds. If they get no more breakfast than what I offer them, they will not be troubled with an indigestion."

During this dialogue, the Emperor and his aid-de-camp were seated near the lady, who, notwithstanding the ill-humor of her husband, had ordered one of her servants to place some cold meat on the table. The Emperor had won the good graces of the lady by praising her child, a thing so easy with a mother.—The husband sulkily took his place at the table, but after a glass or two of wine, his ill-humor gradually wore off, and he at length held out his hand to his guests, and at the request of his wife promised not to make his complaint to the Emperor," a thousand thanks for your kindness said Francis Joseph: "but in order to prove my gratitude to you I have a second favor to ask of you, that of being god-father of your child." "I accept it, with pleasure," said the lady, holding up her hand to the Emperor, who pressed it, between his, asking when the christening would take place. "On Sunday next," was the reply. "Well, then, I will be present, and if you will allow it, will bring two or three friends with me. By-the-bye, will there be a pretty god-mother?" "My sister, whom I expect from Prague." "If she resembles you, madame," said the Emperor, "she will be charming."

The young mother thanked him by a smile as gracious as the first. Conceive the surprise and happiness of the Styrian gentleman, when, on the following Sunday, he recognized in the offending sportsman the Emperor himself. "Will you pardon me for the death of your black cocks?" said his Majesty. The gentleman threw himself at the Emperor's feet, when the latter, raising him up, said, "The god-father of your child has done justice in the complaint which you were to address to the Emperor of Austria."

A City on the tops of Trees.

It is not easy to give the reader an idea of this remarkable city (Amsterdam) crossed and re-crossed by canals in all directions—a city half water and half land—in which the canals are the streets and highways, leading toward the open sea, which seems to hold the city in its arms. It is only by means of expensive and most substantial dikes and sluices, elaborately constructed and carefully repaired, and guarded that the sea is kept back—and but for these, this city, containing upwards of two hundred hundred thousand inhabitants, would inevitably be submerged and destroyed. Four great canals run across the city in parallel curved lines, and, crossing these, are a series of other canals, converging into the harbour like the lines of a fan. Large basins occur here and there at intervals. The buildings in the best parts of the city are magnificent—many of them of great age, bearing rich and grotesque ornamental work on their fronts. You would scarcely believe that the soil under these majestic buildings was only sand and soft mud!—Yet it is so: and it is only by means of piles of wood driven far down through the sand into the solid stratum beneath, that a foundation has been gained. Hence Erasmus said of Amsterdam, that the inhabitants, like crows, lived on the tops of trees. Any one who merely pays a passing visit to Amsterdam, as I did, cannot fail to be thrown in a state of perplexity and maze by the apparent inextricable complicity of the city, its innumerable bridges, its endless succession of canals and interminable brick streets. The canals and bridges so much resemble each other, that the stranger without a guide feels as if be wandering in a labyrinth; he loses all recollection of the points of the compass; and, as I did, he will soon probably lose his way. The most interesting public building in Amsterdam is the Stadt house, formerly occupied by the famous Bank of Amsterdam, but now used as a royal palace. The great feature of its interior is its grand hall, lined with white Italian marble, said to be the finest hall of the kind in the world. The smaller apartments in the palace contains some fine modern Dutch paintings, to which the public are freely admitted. One painting, representing the hero, Van Speyk, applying the match to blow up his vessel at Antwerp, rather than allow it to be taken by the Belgians, is one that lives in the memory of him who has seen it. To those who have leisure, the Museum, or National Picture Gallery, is well worthy of a visit. But pictures can be seen at home, and are not a novelty. The real interest of Amsterdam is in its streets, its bustle and commerce, its bridges and canals, and the many striking and peculiar features of this city of the sea—features which are nowhere to be found characteristic of any city in Europe, north Venice.

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May 19. 1ey.

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Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thompson, Chemist, Liverpool, dated August 20th, 1852.

To Professor Holloway,

Dear Sir—I am enabled to furnish you with a most extraordinary cure effected by your invaluable Ointment and Pills, which has astonished every person acquainted with the sufferer. About 18 years ago, Mr. W. Cummins, of Saltney Street, in this town, was thrown from his horse, whereby he received very serious injuries; he had the best medical aid at the time and was afterwards an inmate of different infirmaries, yet he grew worse, and at length a malignant running ulcer settled on his hip, which so completely crippled him, that he could not move without crutches for nearly 10 years; recently he *began* to use your Ointment and Pills, which have now healed the wound, strengthened his limb, and enabled him to dispense with his crutches, so that he can walk with the greatest ease, and with renewed health and vigour.

(Signed.) J. THOMPSON.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A DREADFUL SKIN DISEASE WHEN ALL MEDICAL AID HAD FAILED.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Hird, Draper, of Keady, near Gainsbro', dated March 1st, 1852.

To Professor Holloway,

Sir—Some time since, one of my children was afflicted with dreadful eruptions over the body and limbs. I obtained the advice of several eminent Surgeons and Physicians, by all of whom the case was considered hopeless. At length I tried your Ointment and Pills, and without exaggeration, the effect was miraculous, for by persevering in their use, the eruptions quickly disappeared, and the child was restored to perfect health.

I previously lost a child from a similar complaint, and I firmly believe, had I in her case adopted your medicines she would have been saved also. I shall be happy to testify the truth of this to any enquirer.

(Signed.) J. HIRD, Draper.

ANOTHER SURPRISING CURE OF ULCERATED BAD LEGS, DEBILITY, AND GENERAL ILL HEALTH.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. J. M. Clennell, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, dated September 20th, 1852

To Professor Holloway,

Dear Sir—I am authorised by Mrs. Gibbon, of 31 Bailey Street, in this town, to inform you that for a considerable period she has been a sufferer from debility, and general ill health, accompanied with a disordered stomach, and in great derangement of the system. In addition to this she was terribly afflicted with ulcerated wounds, or running sores, in both her legs, so that she was totally incapable of doing her usual work. In this distressing condition she adopted the use of your Pills and Ointment, and she states, that in a wonderfully short time, they effected a perfect cure of her legs, and restored her constitution to health; and that she is now enabled to walk about with ease and comfort. Several other persons in this neighbourhood have also received extraordinary benefit from the use of your invaluable medicines.

I remain, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

(Signed) JOHN MORTON CLENNELL.

CERTAIN REMEDY FOR SCORBUTIC HUMOURS—AND AN ASTONISHING CURE OF AN OLD LADY SEVENTY YEARS OF AGE OF A BAD LEG.

Copy of a Letter from Messrs. Walker and Co. Chemists, Bath.

To Professor Holloway,

Dear Sir—Among the numerous cures effected by the use of your valuable medicines in this neighbourhood, we may mention that of an old lady living in the Village of Preston, about five miles from this City. She had ulcerated wounds in her legs for many years, and latterly they increased to such an alarming extent as to defy all the usual remedies; her health rapidly giving way under the suffering she endured. In this distressing condition she had recourse to your Ointment and Pills, and by the assistance of her friends, was enabled to persevere in their use, until she received a perfect cure. We have ourselves been greatly astonished at the effect upon so old a person, she being 70 years of age. We shall be happy to satisfy any enquirer as to the authenticity of this wonderful case, either personally or by letter.

A private in the 8th Police Force, also, has been perfectly cured of a scorbutic affection in the face, after all other means had failed. He states that it is entirely by the use of your Ointment, and speaks loudly in its praise.

We remain, Dear Sir, Your's faithfully

April 6, 1852. (Signed) WALKER & Co.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

Bad Legs,	Cancers,	Scalds,
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Burns,	Stiff joints,	Sore throats,
Bunions,	Elephantiasis,	Skin Diseases,
Bite of Moschetoes	Fistulas,	Scurvy,
and Sandflies,	Gout,	Sore Heads,
Coco-Bay,	Glandular swellings,	Tumours,
Chiego-foot,	Lumbago,	Ulcers,
Chilblains,	Piles,	Wounds,
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