

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

A
215
P.94

THE PROTESTANT REVIEW.

A Literary and Religious Magazine.

FOR CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

CONTENTS.

The Foman Raid	Page 417
Our Cousins in Love with Miss Canada.....	418
Y. Orators of Montreal.....	420
Transubstantiation of Sacramental Identity.....	421
The Orange Association.....	424
Give us this day our daily Bread.....	428
The Coming Girl.....	429
A Curious Election Bill.....	44
Miscellaneous.....	44

JUNE, 1870.

Murus aeneus coniscentia sana

ST. JOHN. N. B.,
DOMINION OF CANADA:

Printed at the "Morning News" Office.
1870.

ORANGE LODGE NOTICES.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

- WOLF, L. O. L., No. 45,** meets at Orange Hall, Johnston, Queen's Co., N. B., Wednesday every month, at 7 p. m. April
- UNION LODGE, No. 141,** meet on the first Monday in each month, Orange Hall, Portland. April*
- VERNER L. O. L., No. 1,** meets at Orange Hall, Germain Street, St. John, N. B., on 1st and 3rd Tuesday, at 7.30 p. m. May*
- YORK L. O. L., No. 3,** meets at Orange Hall, Germain Street, St. John, N. B., on the first Thursday every month, at 8.30 p. m.
- VICTORIA LODGE, No. 6,** meets at Golden Grove, Co. St. John, N. B., on the 2nd Wednesday of every month, at 7.30 p. m.
- ST. PATRICK'S L. O. L., No. 10,** meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in Shediac, at 7.30 p. m. Jan*
- JOHNSTON, L. O. L., No. 24,** meets at Orange Hall, Germain Street, on 1st and 3rd Monday of the month, at 7.30 p. m. Feb
- ROYAL BLUE L. O. L., No. 87** meets at Salishury, N. B., on the 1st Monday at 7.30 p. m.
- LONDONDERRY HEROES' LODGE, No. 91,** will meet every 2nd and 4th Wednesday, at Orange Hall, Londonderry, Hammond, King's Co., N. B., at 7.30 p. m.
- RISING SUN, L. O. L., No. 106,** meets in Newtown, King's County, N. B., on the 2nd Monday of every month, at 7.30 p. m. Jan*
- PRINCE OF WALES L. O. L., No. 130,** meets at Hopewell Cape, N. B., on the 1st and 3rd Saturday, at 7.30 p. m.
- DUKE OF BRUNSWICK L. O. L., No. 132,** meets at Elgin Corner, second Monday of each month, at 7.30 p. m. Feb*
- MORNING STAR L. O. L., No. 135,** meets at Lewis' Mountain, N. B., on the 1st and 3rd Monday, at 7.30 p. m.
- EASTERN STAR L. O. L., No. 139,** meets at Albert Mines, on every second Saturday, at 7.30 p. m. Feb*
- KINGSON AAMPON'S L. O. L., No. 65,** meets at Clifton, N. B., on the 3rd Saturday of every month, at 8 p. m. May
- ROTHESAY L. O. L., No. 44,** meets at Rothesay, N. B., on the 2nd Wednesday of the month, at 8 p. m. May
- ST. JOHN ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER,** meets in the Orange Hall, Germain street, on the 14th day of every month, at 8 p. m. June
- QUEEN'S BLUES, L. O. L., No. 26,** meets at Newcastle, Queen's Co., on 1st and 3rd Fridays. June*

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

NOVA SCOTIA.

- ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER, No. 2,** meets at Waverley, N. S., on the 14th day of every month, at 7.30 p. m. April
- NO SURRENDER L. O. L., No. 26,** meets at Mahene Bay, on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of the month, at 7.30 p. m. May*
- NASSAU L. O. L., No. 27,** meets in Lunenburg, N. S., on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of every month, at 7.30 p. m. May*
- BALMORAL L. O. L., No. 30,** meets at Waverley, N. S., on the 2nd and 4th Monday of every month, at 7.30 p. m. April y*
- THE ... L. O. L., No. 30,** on the 1st Thursday, at 8 p. m.
- SCOT ... L. O. L., No. 46,** meets at Elmsdale, N. S., on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every month, at 7.30 p. m. May*
- ARG ... L. O. L., No. 40,** meets at Orange Hall, Mount Uniacke, N. S., on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of every month, at 7.30 p. m. April*
- BURNSE ... L. O. L., No. 972** meets at Amherst, N. S., every alternate Thursday from March 3, 1870, at 7.30 o'clock, P. M. march

UNITED STATES.

- CAMERON, L. O. L., No. 19,** meets at Evans, upper Hall, No. 3 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass., on the 4th Thursday of every month at 7 1-2 p. m. Jan
- WIDOW'S SON'S ENCAMPMENT, No. 13** meets every 3d Friday, at 193 Military Hall, Bowery, New York.
- CHERRY HAWK, L. O. L., No. ...** meets every 2d and 4th Tuesday, at 93 Boorum Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. at 8 P. M. God Save the Union!



The Protestant Review.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1870.

NO. 6

THE FENIAN RAID.

Since our last issue an event has transpired in our country that calls for more than a mere passing notice. Our soil has once more been desecrated by the raid of a band of lawless ruffians known by the name of Fenians. These robbers have their existence and growth in our neighbouring Republic, and under the eye and with the knowledge of the authorities there, prepare their plans, and from that country, with which we are supposed to be on friendly terms, issue forth from time to time, carrying war and bloodshed into the homes of an unoffending people, who are as innocent of any cause of transgression against them as is the Government and people of the United States. While we were on the 24th of May last celebrating the return of the natal day of our beloved Queen, the information flashed across the wires, from one end of the Dominion to the other, that the homes and fire-

sides of those near and dear to us by the strongest of human ties, were being subject to another of those unjustifiable attacks on the part of these bloodthirsty villains. For a time our pleasures were suspended, and every effort to feel jubilant seemed unavailing. Our countrymen were in danger, and we could render them no assistance. As the day wore on, however, we received the gratifying news that the Home Guards and sturdy Yeomen of the Missisquoi had given them so warm a reception upon their crossing the borders that these nimble-footed warriors lost no time in retracing their steps across that (to them) blessed boundary line, and for the rest of the day no inducement was strong enough to persuade these gallant (?) children of the "sun burst" to again "toe the mark." It is evident from the good time made by these Fenian beauties, that the foot-pace is in-

cluded in the manual of practice under which they are drilled—as they ran that two hundred yards quicker than it was ever done before. Successive attempts have since been made at Freelingsburg and Huntingdon by them to gain a foothold upon our soil but with like success. Our noble Volunteers have covered themselves with glory, and are entitled to the highest respect and warmest gratitude of their fellow Countrymen everywhere. While we have suffered to the extent of a few thousand dollars, and the irritation natural to being imposed upon in this manner; we feel that as a whole we have been gainers. The result of this fiasco will give our volunteers con-

fidence in themselves—will give our people confidence in our Government, and will secure for us the respect and admiration of the American people. It is to be hoped now, that the United States Government will take such steps as will in future prevent a recurrence of these diabolical proceedings. We know that the great mass of the real Americans do not sympathize with these Fenians in their attacks on us, and are inclined to back up their Government in any effort that may be made to put down the organization in that country. In the name of common sense and common decency, we hope we are correct in our conclusions in this particular.

OUR COUSINS IN LOVE WITH MISS CANADA.

In the American Congress, a few days ago, a Mr. Pomeroy presented a bill “requesting the President to open negotiations with the Government of Great Britain, with a view to ascertain whether a Union can be effected by the British North American Provinces with the United States, on terms honorable to both. The bill was tabled and ordered to be printed;” so says a despatch from Washington. In relation to to the above *The Canadian*, of Sarnia, uses the following significant and sensible language:—

“Mr. Pomeroy must be a charmingly unsophisticated specimen of the *genus homo*. His travels must have been extremely circumscribed, and his knowledge of the world equally limited. On the same day on which the gushing Pomeroy pre-

sented his ‘little bill’ the *London Times*, in speaking of American morals, has a scathing article upon the subject. The writer asserts that ‘the standard of commercial morality in the city of New York is worse than anywhere else in the world. What in England would be deemed a crime is there regarded as a masterpiece of financiering. It concerns the American people to purge themselves of this reproach, though it will be a task equal in difficulty to the abolition of slavery.’

“The elections which have just closed in New York reveal another phase of Yankee institutions with which the people of Canada are not likely to fall in love—in a hurry. If we were not so close to our Republican neighbors we might think more of their Government—for then

“distance might lend enchantment to the view.” But we are too near them. We know too much of their habits to be wooed into a partnership on any “terms,” however “honorable to both.” Uncle Sam may sue, and woo, and plead, but Miss Canada will give him no “encouragement” or hold out any hopes. Mr. Pomeroy should first secure the consent of the object of his love before he asks the consent of the parents. Had he done so she would never have been referred to “papa”—no use.”

It is clear and evident that we have a little too much of the mobocracy among ourselves without going into Yankeedom for more of it. At present, with our most gracious Sovereign at the head of the nation, we have a Government that commands our respect—but who could respect the government of the pure mob? For us to forsake our own institutions and adopt those of the United States, would be to descend from the highest state of respectability to the lowest state of political and national degradation. What freedom has the United States to offer us that we have not in our own beloved Dominion? or what can the people of that country do for us that we cannot do for ourselves? For us to accept proposals of the kind would be to dishonor the memory of those noble and patrio-

tic men, the Loyalists of '76, who loved their King and prized their British connection, as they did their honor and happiness.

In making these remarks we mean nothing disrespectful to the American people, for we well know that the better class of men in the United States are of our opinion. Men of wealth and intelligence in that country have repeatedly confessed to us the superiority of our institutions to those of the American Union, and have expressed a hope that their country might finally be annexed to our glorious Dominion under a Royal Sovereign. This kind of annexation we believe in, because it would be a progressive movement, while Mr. Pomeroy's ideas of annexation would be a retrograding, leveling, and tyrant multiplying one; and for our part, if we are going to have a *tyranny*, we would greatly prefer one respectable *tyrant* to thirty millions of vulgar and degraded ones. We do hope, in time, to save our cousins from the degrading tyranny of their mob, but we beg that they will no more insult our intelligence by asking us into the Union with the stars and stripes. We do respect the better class of our American cousins, but we have to confess we have but very little respect for their peculiar institutions.

SAFEGUARD OF THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.—The surest safeguard against interruption to domestic concord is the habit of wearing a smiling face; it will prove the panacea for every ill, the antidote

for every sorrow; and who that has felt the luxury of thus conferring happiness, and chasing from the brow a shadow and the heart a grief, would grudge the effort for so rich a boon?

YE ORANGEMEN OF MONAGHAN.

The following song was composed in Ireland, on the assassination, for his loyalty, of Mr. James Clark, of the County Monaghan, in that kingdom. It was sent across the ocean to a friend, who kindly handed it to us for insertion in the *PROTESTANT REVIEW*:—

Ye Orangemen of Monaghan I pray you lend an ear,
A sad and mournful story you presently shall hear,
It is of a noble brother whose friends are in distress,
A member of the Orange Lodge that sits in Old Carness.

Just at the last election in eighteen sixty-eight,
When rebels had assembled against our Church and State,—
When brave James Clark came into town upon that fatal day,
To assist his loyal brethren and keep out William Grey.

At eight o'clock that morning there came from Clowestown,
Our noble Captain Madden, a hero of renown,
With fifteen hundred Orange boys who never were afraid
To unfurl the flag and guard the Queen against the pope's brigade.

Had you but seen our Orangemen all mustered on the square,
No Fenian bands, nor midnight clans, dare show their faces there;
For the Papist mob of Monaghan before us all did fly;—
For well they did remember the thirteenth of July.

We marched our voters to the booth, their names there to enroll,
And placed our two conservatives the foremost on the poll;
That day we spent in pleasure, but when the evening came,
Brave Madden's men, for Clowes, assembled at the train.

Our Monaghan's conveyed them there the election being o'er,
But brother Clark that time was doomed to never see them more,
For a coward rebel, on that night, had traced his footsteps well,
Determined then to take his life, as he entered the hotel.

Our martyr, with his brethren, was standing in the hall,
And by the foul assassin received the fatal ball;
But the hand of justice him secured soon as the deed was done,
And the ruffian sent to prison before the rising sun.

This noble youth was murdered, let Rome say what she may,
But vengeance shall pursue the wretch that took his life away;
He could not meet him manfully, for papists never do,
There never was a papist yet could face a bold true blue.

The day our brother was interred it was a glorious sight,
 With fifty of our Masters all dressed in blue and white;
 His coffin was of British oak, the Bible on it lay,
 While full five thousand O. angemen conveyed him to the clay.

Now to conclude and finish those lines that I have penned,
 Still trust in "Great Jehovah" who is our faithful friend,—
 Who saves us from our lurking foe that shuns the noonday light,
 And dare not face a loyal man except at dead of night.

With the "Great Jehovah" as our guide, no cause have we to fear;
 He ever will defend us all when danger doth appear;
 Then with heart and hand, dear brethren, be loyal, firm and true,
 And still support our cause divine, the Orange and the Blue.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION OR SACRAMENTAL IDOLATRY.

Transubstantiation is a conversion of the whole substance of the sacramental bread into the substance of the body of Christ, and this constitutes what is called the "real" or "objective" presence. The Roman doctrine, "If any one shall deny that the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore *entire* Christ, are truly, really, and substantially contained in the Sacrament of the most holy Eucharist, and shall say that He is only in it as a sign, or in a figure, or virtually—*Let him be accursed?*" The "ultra Ritualist Doctrine" is "At the words, *This is my Blood*,—you must believe that the bread and wine, become the real Body and Blood, with the soul and Godhead of Jesus Christ; bow down your heart and body in deepest adoration when the Priest says these awful words, and worship your Saviour then verily and indeed *present* on His altar; then say—

Hail! True Body! born of Mary!
 Spotless Virgin's Virgin birth!
 Thou who truly languedst weary
 On the cross for sons of earth,
 Thou whose sacred side was riven,
 Whence the water flow'd and blood;
 O may'st Thou, dear Lord be given
 At death's hour to be our Food.
 O most kind! O Gracious One!
 O sweetest Jesu, Holy Mary's Son."

The error of both Romanists and Ritualists is in interpreting "figurative" language *literally* which error even Augustine—a Father much relied on by Roman Catholic Divines condemn, for he says "If a passage is perceptive, and either forbids a crime or wickedness, it is *not* figurative; but, if it *seem* to command a crime, or to forbid usefulness or kindness, it is *figurative* "unless ye shall eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you," he appears to enjoin wickedness and a crime. *It is a figure therefore*, teaching us that we partake of the benefit of the Lord's passion, and that we must sweetly and profit-

ably treasure up in our memories that His flesh was crucified and wounded for us. To *believe*, is to eat the meat which perishes not, but endures to eternal life. Why do you prepare your teeth and your stomach's; *believe* only, and you will have eaten. The disciples of Jesus also fell into the same error for they replied "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" And Jesus said "The words that I spake unto you are spirit and life"—to be understood *figuratively* and therefore spiritually and not as ye interpret them *literally*. Again, transubstantiation is proved to be a lie by the evidence of our *senses*. The eyes, the hands and the taste will convince every one that takes the "Wafer God" that it is not flesh nor blood, but *bread*—a *vegetable* and not an animal or human substance; and the fact that the *deified wafer* can be seen and felt and eaten, assures us, that it is the same after as before Priestly consecration, viz., a *material* substance and not the *immaterial* soul and Divinity of Christ. But the Romanist when shown that the doctrine of transubstantiation is irrational and absurd—is contrary alike to God's word and man's reason—he will reply "It is a miracle" and therefore not subject to ordinary tests and arguments. If not, then we reply, it is no miracle, for it lacks the two-fold test of a miracle—"a supernatural effect evident to sense." That a thing should remain to all appearance just as it was, hath nothing at all wonderful in it. We wonder, indeed when we see a strange thing done, but no man wonders when

he sees nothing done as is the case in the so-called miracle of the "wafer." *Playfully* it is said did Erasmus deal with Sir Thomas More on this doctrine of transubstantiation in the following couplet, which had its origin in the following circumstances;—Erasmus had been on a visit to Sir Thomas More, when persecution arose, and Erasmus' life was in danger. More, though a zealous Papist, would not betray his friend; but on the contrary, lent him a horse, to enable him to reach the coast and to escape, Erasmus promising to return the horse; but by some mischance the horse never reached Sir Thomas's stables, who after some time wrote to Erasmus to make enquiries. In reply Erasmus, referring to their discussions on transubstantiation wrote thus:

"That which you spake of the body of Christ
Believe that you have, and you have Him;
The same now I write of the nag that I bor-
rowed
Believe that you have, and you have him."

Amazing assuredly it is, how the church of Rome can force upon her members a doctrine so utterly abhorrent to every principle of reason, to say nothing of its antagonism to scripture as that of transubstantiation. No Roman catholic in the ordinary transactions of life, would believe that his priest could substantiate shillings into sovereigns; and yet every Romanist believes that the priest transubstantiates what he sees, feels and tastes as a wafer, into the body, blood, soul and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ both God and man.

"The Priest," says Uriel, the Romist's Doctor, in his 'First

Lesson on the Canons of the Mass,' "hath great power over both bodies of Christ, the Church and the consecrated host." "Who," he asks, "hath ever seen anything like this? He who created man, if I may so speak, hath granted me power to create Him; and He who created me without me, is created by my means!" Can idolatry, can blasphemy go further than this? Again: a distinction which Romanists make between "error of place in worship and error in object," is so *metaphysical*, that some who may be sincere seekers after the truth are liable to be deceived. "The Catholics," they say, "worship Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, an *object* truly adorable. There is no error in this respect. If Jesus Christ be not really present in the Eucharist, the Catholics worship him where he is not; this is a mere error of *place* and no crime of idolatry." A mere sophism, says one, who after he had examined it, left the Roman Church, and became a zealous Protestant Minister. "By the same argument," he says, "the Israelites may be exculpated for rendering Divine honors to the golden calf. 'We must distinguish,' they say, 'error of place from error of worship.' The Israelite worships in the golden calf the true God, an *object* truly adorable,' 'To-morrow,' saith the Priest, 'is a feast to the Lord, the God of Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.'—There is no error in this respect, if God be not really present in the golden calf, the Israelite worships Him where he is not,—a mere error of *place*, and not the crime of idolatry. But what saith St. Stephen?

He says expressly, that this calf was an idol. By consequence, *error of place in worship* does not exculpate men from idolatry. As, therefore, according to our principles, there is an error of place in the worship which Roman Catholics render to their "Host," so also, according to our principles, they are guilty of idolatry. Behold, as in the desert of Sinai, an innumerable multitude, tired of rendering *spiritual* worship to an invisible God, and demanding 'gods to be made, which shall go before them.' Behold, as in the desert of Sinai, a *Priest forming with his own hand* a God to receive supreme adoration!—See, as in the desert, a *little matter*, modified by a mortal man, and placed upon the throne of the God of heaven and earth! Observe, as in the desert, the Israelites liberally bestowing their gold and jewels to deck and adorn, if not to construct the idol! Hark! as in the desert of Sinai, priests publish profane solemnities, and make proclamation, saying, '*To-morrow is a feast to the Lord!*' Behold, as in the desert, the people, *rising early* on festivals to perform matins! Harken! criminal voices declare, as in Sinai, 'These are thy Gods,' or 'this thy God, O Israel, who brought thee up out of the land of Egypt!' What am I saying? Hear expressions more shocking still. This is, O shame to Christianity! O scandal in the eyes of all true Christians! This is, yea *thine bit of bread*, on which a priest has written, Jesus Christ, the *Saviour* of mankind, this is thy God, O Christian! who created us—who died and rose again for us, and now sitteth down at the right hand of God for us, and who will judge the

quick and dead at his coming. O Judah, Judah, thou hast justified thy sister Samaria. O, ye deserts of Sinai, never did ye see anything equal to what our weeping eyes behold! Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come hither. Ye sons of Levi, separated to the service of the Lord, consecrate yourselves to-day to Jehovah! Shall we command you, as Moses did formerly the Levites—put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate, and slay every man his brother? Ah Rome, were we to adopt this method, you could not reproach us; you could not complain that we were too ready to learn the lessons *you* have taught us, and too eager to imitate your bloody example. Even in such a

case we would have one great advantage over you: our hands would grasp the murdering sword to destroy thee only for the *glory of God*, whereas thou hast butchered us for the honor of an *idol*! We are not come with fire, and blackness, and darkness, and tempest; but Zion, though all mangled by thy cruelty, utters only cool exhortations, affectionate remonstrances, and tender entreaties. She fights only with the 'sword of the Spirit,' and the 'hammer of the Word.' Ah, poor people, how long will you live without perceiving the golden candlestick which Jesus Christ has lifted up in His Church! May God take away that fatal bandage which hides the truth from thine eyes!—*Provincial Wesleyan.*

THE ORANGE ASSOCIATION.—Continued,

Lord Macaulay, the great English historian, says (*Vol. 2, page 126*.) that nature had largely endowed William with the qualities of a great Ruler, and education had developed those qualities in no common degree. With strong natural sense, and rare force of will, he found himself, when first his mind began to open, a fatherless and motherless child; the Chief of a great but depressed and disheartened party, and the Heir to vast and indefinite pretensions, which excited the dread and aversion of the Oligarchy, then supreme in the United Provinces, (Holland.) The common people, fondly attached through a century, to his House, indicated whenever they saw him, in a manner not to be mistaken,

that they regarded him, as their rightful Head. The able and experienced Ministers of the Republic, mortal enemies of his name, came every day to pay their feigned civilities to him, and to observe the progress of his mind. The first movements of his ambition were carefully watched; every unguarded word uttered by him, was carefully noted down; nor had he near him an Adviser, on whose judgment reliance might be placed. He was scarcely fifteen years old, when all the domestics who were attached to his interest, or who enjoyed any share of his confidence, were removed from under his roof by the jealous Government. He remonstrated with energy beyond his years; but in vain. Vigilant

observers saw tears more than once, arise in the eyes of the young State Prisoner. His health, naturally delicate, sank for a time, under the emotions which his desolate situation had produced. Such situations bewilder and unnerve the weak, but call forth all the strength of the strong. Surrounded by snares, in which an ordinary youth would have perished, William learned to tread warily and firmly. Long before he reached manhood, he knew how to keep secrets; how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers; how to conceal all passions under the same show of grave tranquility. Meanwhile, he made little proficiency in fashionable or literary accomplishments. The manners of the Dutch Nobility of that age, wanted the grace, which was found in the highest perfection, among the gentlemen of France, and which, in an inferior degree, embellished the Court of England; and his manners were altogether Dutch. Even his countrymen thought him blunt. To foreigners he often seemed churlish. In his intercourse with the world in general, he appeared ignorant, or negligent, of those arts which double the value of a favor, and take away the sting of a refusal. He was little interested in letters or science. The discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz, the poems of Dryden and Boileau, were unknown to him. Dramatic performances tired him; and he was liable to turn away from the Stage, and to talk about public affairs, while *Orestes* was raving, or while *Tartuffe* was pressing *Elvira's* hand. He had indeed

some talent for sarcasm; and not seldom employed, quite unconsciously, a natural rhetoric, quaint indeed, but vigorous and original. He did not however, in the least affect the character of a wit, or of an orator. His attention had been confined to those studies, which form strenuous and sagacious men of business. From a child, he listened with interest, when high questions of alliance, finance, and war, were discussed. Of geometry, he learned as much as was necessary for the construction of a ravelin, or a horn work. Of languages, by the help of a memory singularly powerful, he learned as much as was necessary to enable him to comprehend and answer, without assistance, every thing that was said to him, and every letter which he received. The Dutch was his own tongue. He understood Latin, Italian, and Spanish. He spoke and wrote French, English, and German, inelegantly, it is true, and inexactly, but fluently and intelligibly. No qualification could be more important to a man, whose life was to be passed in organizing great alliances, and in commanding armies assembled from different countries.

One class of philosophical questions had been forced upon his attention by circumstances, and seems to have interested him more than might have been expected, from his general character. Among the Protestants of the United Provinces, as amongst the Protestants of the British Isles, there were two great Religious parties, which almost exactly coincided with two great Political parties. The Chiefs

of the Municipal Oligarchy, were Armenians, and were commonly regarded by the multitude as little better than Papists. The Princes of the House of Orange, had generally been the patrons of the Calvinistic divinity, and owed no small share of their popularity, to their zeal for the doctrines of election and final perseverance, a zeal not always enlightened by knowledge, or tempered by humanity. William had been carefully instructed from a child, in the theological system to which his Family had been attached, and regarded that system with even more than the partiality, which men generally feel for a hereditary Faith. He had ruminated on the great enigmas which had been discussed in the Synod of Dort, and had found in the austere and inflexible logic of the Genevese school, something which suited his intellect and his temper. That example of intolerance, indeed, which some of his predecessors had set, he never imitated. For all persecution he felt a fixed aversion, which he avowed, not only where the avowal was obviously politic, but on occasions when it seemed that his interest would have been promoted by dissimulation, or by silence. His theological opinions, however, were even more decided than those of his ancestors. The tenet of predestination was the key-stone of his religion. He even declared that if he were to abandon that tenet, he must abandon with it all belief in a Superintending Providence, and must become a mere Epicurean. Except in this single instance, all the sap of his vigor-

ous mind, was early drawn away from the speculative to the practical. The faculties which are necessary for the conduct of great affairs, ripened in him at a time of life when they have scarcely begun to blossom in ordinary men. Since Octavius, the world has seen no such instance of precocious statesmanship. Skilful diplomatists were surprised to hear the weighty observations, which, at seventeen, the Prince made on public affairs; and still more surprised to see the lad, in situations in which he might be expected to betray strong passion, preserve a composure as imperturbable as their own. At eighteen he sat among the Fathers of the Commonwealth; grave, discreet and judicious as the oldest among them. At twenty-one, in a day of gloom and terror, he was placed at the Head of the Administration. At twenty-three, he was renowned throughout Europe, as a soldier and a politician. He had put domestic factions under his feet; he was the soul of a mighty Coalition; and he had contended with honor in the field, against some of the greatest Generals of the age.

His personal tastes were those rather of a warrior than of a statesman; but he, like his great grandfather, the silent Prince, who founded the Batavian Commonwealth, occupies a far higher place among statesmen than among warriors. The event of battles, indeed, is not an unfailling test of the abilities of a Commander; and it would be peculiarly unjust to apply this test to William, for it was his fortune to be almost always opposed to Captains who were consummate

masters of their art, and to troops far superior in discipline to his own. If his battles were not those of a great tactician, they enabled him to be called a great man. No disaster could, for one moment, deprive him of his firmness, or of the entire possession of all his faculties. His defeats were repaired with such marvellous celerity, that before his enemies had sung the *Te Deum* he was again ready for the conflict; nor did his adverse fortune ever deprive him of the respect and confidence of his soldiers. That respect and confidence he owed in no small measure to his personal courage. Courage, in the degree which is necessary to carry a soldier, without disgrace, through a campaign, is possessed, or might, under proper training, be acquired by the great majority of men. But courage like that of William is rare indeed. He was proved by every test; by war; by wounds; by painful and depressing maladies; by raging seas; by the imminent and constant risk of assassination—a risk which has shaken very strong nerves—a risk which severely tried even the adamantine fortitude of Cromwell. Yet none could ever discover what that thing was which the Prince of Orange feared. His advisers could with difficulty induce him to take any precaution against the pistols and daggers of conspirators. Old sailors were amazed at the composure which he preserved, amidst roaring breakers, on a perilous coast. In battle his bravery made him conspicuous, even amongst tens of thousands of brave warriors; drew forth the generous applause of hostile armies, and was

never questioned, even by the injustice of hostile factions. During his first campaigns he exposed himself like a man who sought for death; was always foremost in the charge, and last in the retreat; fought, sword in hand, in the thickest press, and, with a musket ball in his arm, and the blood streaming over his cuirass, still stood his ground, and waved his hat under the hottest fire. His friends adjured him to take more care of a life invaluable to his country; and his most illustrious antagonist, the great Conde, remarked, after the bloody day of Seneff, that the Prince of Orange had, in all things, borne himself like an old General, except in exposing himself like a young Soldier. William denied that he was guilty of temerity. It was, he said, from a sense of duty, and on a cool calculation of what the public interest required, that he was always at the post of danger. The troops which he commanded had been little used to war, and shrank from a close encounter with the veteran soldiery of France. It was necessary their leader should show them how battles were to be won. And, in truth, more than one day which had seemed hopelessly lost, was retrieved by the hardihood with which he rallied his broken battalions, and cut down, with his own hand, the cowards who set the example of flight. Sometimes, however, it seemed he had a strange pleasure in venturing his person. It was remarked his spirits were never so high, and his manners never so gracious and easy, as amidst the tumult and carnage of a battle. Even in his pastime

he liked the excitement of danger. Cards, Chess, and Billiards, gave him no pleasure. The Chase was his favorite recreation; and he loved it most when it was most hazardous. His leaps were sometimes such, that his nearest friends dare not like to follow him. He seems even to have thought the most hardy field sports of England effeminate, and to have pined, in the great Park of Windsor, for the game which he had been used to drive to bay in the forests of Guelders—Wolves and Wild Boars, and huge Stags, with sixteen antlers.

The audacity of his spirit was the more remarkable, because his physical organization was unusually delicate. From a child he had been weak and sickly. In the

To be continued.

prime of manhood his complaints had been aggravated by a severe attack of small pox. He was asthmatic and consumptive. His slender frame was shaken by a constant hoarse cough. He could not sleep unless his head was propped by several pillows, and could scarcely draw his breath in any but the purest air. Cruel headaches frequently tortured him. Exertion soon fatigued him. The physicians constantly kept up the hopes of his enemies, by fixing some date beyond which, if there were anything certain in medical science, it was impossible his broken constitution could hold out. Yet, through a life which was one long disease, the force of his mind never failed, on any great occasion, to bear up his suffering and languid body.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

We easily forget, and yet how unreasonably, our personal and constant dependence on God. We can see how the poor widow, whose barrel of meal has failed, and whose cruse of oil is spent, should and can ask thus humbly and urgently the day's provender; but it seems strange to us at first, that such a petition should suit as well the rich,—the owner of houses and farms and bank-stock,—the man whose garners contain food that would supply bread for myriads of mouths besides his own, and this not for to-day only, but for years hence—the merchant, it may be, whose groaning warehouses would victual whole navies. We

can see how David might, naturally and most urgently, offer such a prayer as is our text, on the day when he and his soldiers were hungering, and the shew-bread was given them; but how Solomon his son could use it, when his purveyors sent him, month by month, such profuse supplies for his table and palace, seems not so easy to be understood. And yet this very language would equally suit both—the hunger-bitten father in the day of his want, and the luxurious son in the season of his imperial opulence. Job in his palmy days, when he was the richest of all the men of the East, and when his sons were feasting each in his own

house; and Joseph, when opening the granaries of Egypt, where he had laid up the food of seven plenteous years, for an entire nation—each needed the spirit, if not the terms, of this prayer; and we doubt not each was wont to sit down to his own well-stored board in the temper, dependent and grateful, which is inculcated by this very prayer. Do not the rich depend? Let an incensed and forgotten God send but a horde of his insect ravagers into the garner of wealth and pride, and how soon, and how surely, is all their accumulated abundance converted into rottenness. Let him allow their tried sagacity to be at fault, and how easily one rash speculation sweeps off, as with the besom of destruction, the gains of a life-time, and writes them bankrupt and penniless.

A man may be proud of his industry and economy and skill; a nation may exult over its enterprise and energy; but are not these, or the qualities that win bread, and win it abundantly, themselves *gifts of Heaven*? “Is it not He that

giveth thee power to get wealth?” The statesman or political economist, who overlooks this palpable truth, has little reason to boast of his discernment. All the praises of a man or of a measure—of a political leader, or of a party and its policy—that stops short of God, is like the stolidity of the heathen fisherman represented in Scripture as burning incense to his net and drag. Is it not He that bestowed all the material constituents of wealth, the ores and gems hid in the recesses of the earth, as well as the harvests reaped from its field; and is it not His Providence that discovers to man, in the fitting age and hour, the treasures of nature, and suggests all the inventions of art? If He be forgotten or defied, it is but for Him to speak, and the blight on the wheat, or the blasting of the root on which a whole people feeds, shall send famine, and perhaps pestilence through all its borders; or leaving to a nation these stores, he may curse them, and our abundance pampers our sensuality and poisons our virtues.

THE COMING GIRL.

An exchange describes what it calls “The Coming Girl.” We trust the photograph is a correct likeness, and that the distinguished personage may move on rapidly and arrive soon. She may be sure of a welcome, she will get all the notice which a modest young lady could desire, and she will not be forced to wait long for a sphere and an opportunity. Study the

picture, and hope that the painter may be a prophet as well as an artist. Here it is:

She will vote, will be of some use in the world, will cook her own food, will earn a living, and will not die an old maid. The coming girl will not wear the Grecian bend, dance the German, ignore all possibilities of knowing how to work, will not endeavor to break

the hearts of unsophisticated young men, will spell correctly. understand English before she affects French, will preside with equal grace at the piano and the wash-board, will spin more yarn for the house than the street, will not despise her plainly clad mother, her poor relations, or the hand of an honest worker, will wear a bonnet, speak good, plain, unlisping English, will darn her old stockings, will know how to make doughnuts, and will not read the *Ledger* oftener than she does the Bible.

The coming girl will walk five miles a day, if need be, to keep her cheeks in glow; will mind her health, her physical development, and her mother; will adopt a costume both sensible and conducive to comfort and health; will not confound hypocrisy with politeness; will not practice lying to please in-

stead of frankness; will have the courage to cut an unwelcome acquaintance; will not think that refinement is French duplicity, that assumed hospitality where hate dwells in the heart is better than outspoken condemnation; will not confound grace of movement with silly affectation; will not regard the end of her very being to have a beau; will not smile and be a villain still.

The coming girl will not look to Paris, but to reason for her fashions; will not aim to follow a foolish fashion because milliners and dress-makers have decreed it; will not torture her body, shrivel her soul with puerilities, or ruin it with wine and pleasure. In short, the coming girl will seek to glorify her Maker and to enjoy mentally His works. Duty will be her aim, and her life a living reality.

A CURIOUS ELECTION BILL.

Mr. John Francis Meagher vouches for the authenticity of the following antique and amusing document which appears in the *Waterford Mail*:

Jim F——r, Mob Conductor and Botheen Boy, etc., etc., to Mr. Herring's Election Agent, for the following work and murder done on the day of the polling, Feb. 26, '70:

To three shouts from Heron, at 2d. per shout, 6d.

To three hurras for same, at 3d. each, 9d.

To four screeches at 1s., 4s.

To three bounces in the air, at 4 1-2d. each, 1 1-2d.

To making noise for two hours, 1s. 4d.

To hitting a voter for Kickham a rap of a dead cat, which I spent five hours in killing the night before, 2s.

To making a prod at, and giving two strokes of a wattle to one of Mr. Kickham's supporters for which I got a most awful battering from the Kickhamites, 4s. 9d.

To gripping one of Kickham's party by the windpipe, or throttle, for which I got the slap of a rock over the left ear, leaving me since in the care of the doctor, 6s., 7d.

To striking a voter over the sconce with a mud-bag, for which

I received cruel treatment from the woman, 1s. 6d.

On the declaration of the poll, when Mr. Heron was not declared elected by four majority, I took a fit of hurrooing, shouting, screeching, roaring, leading, bouncin', smashing windows, dashing into whiskey shops, swallowing half gallons of porter, skelping glasses of whiskey, rowling peelers, smog-

ing sogers, until I found myself nearly dead in the lock-up the following mornin, and had to pay one shilling fine, 10s. 2d. Total, £1 0s. 6d.

P. S.—If this bill is not paid before Patrick's Day, be Herrings there'll be bad work about it; so look out for squalls.

Yours to command,

JIM F—R.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the UNITED STATES HOTEL, kept by Gibson, Burrill and Cushman, in PORTLAND, MAINE. Travellers will find the proprietors both gentlemanly and obliging. The tables are well supplied with all the delicacies of the season. The House is large and magnificent, and every one speaks of it as a most agreeable and delightful home.

During our recent visit to New England we spent a few hours very agreeably in a most beautiful village called Hampton, in New Hampshire, just fifty miles East of Boston. We stayed at the UNION HOTEL, kept by the gentlemanly proprietors, Smith & Whittier. Everything about this Hotel conspired to render our visit to the place a most happy one, and we can assure them that the kind attention of the worthy proprietors will ever cause us to remember our visit to their village with pleasure and satisfaction.

Hampton is one of the most fashionable watering places in the State, nature and art have made it very attractive for persons from all parts of the Union who resort there in the summer months for health and pleasure.

We also beg to direct the attention of our readers, who may travel in that direction, to the MERIDMACK HOTEL, kept by Mr. T. A. Brodriek, at Newburyport, Mass. In Ipswich also there is an excellent Hotel kept by Mr. James B. Eagan. Our visit to the above mentioned places we will remember with pleasure, and will, in future, have satisfaction in addressing our kind benefac-

tors through the columns of our periodicals.

In one town in Mass. we attended service. The clergyman wore a black necktie and a white vest; he requested the congregation to come to church in time and said if they did he would despatch business for them to their satisfaction, used expressions which he regarded as witty, and represented the Pharisees as calling our Lord "a fellow." Really we saw no signs of worship in the whole congregation. During the oration which was spoken to Deity the people without one exception kept their seats, some were whispering, some yawning, some laughing, and many the most indolent attitude which expressed the most perfect indifference as to what was going on. We were really sorry to witness this unscriptural kind of Sunday service, and wondered if the spirits of some of the old Puritan fathers were present; surely in their days there was more earnest sincerity exhibited in the worship of the great Creator.

NOTICE.—Any subscriber to the PROTESTANT REVIEW who will send us 20c in postage stamps, either U.S. or Canadian stamps, shall receive a copy of the *Church Warden* to the end of their PROTESTANT REVIEW year.

The Editor of this paper intends, God willing, to celebrate the coming 12th of July with his brethren at New Castle, Grand Lake, N. B.

Grand Trunk Railway.

THE BEST, MOST DIRECT, & CHEAPEST ROUTE TO THE WEST.

Through Express Trains LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY

(Sundays excepted).

On arrival of Steamers from St. John, making a direct connection for

MONTREAL, TORONTO, DETROIT, Chicago, California.

And all other Principal Points West.

Pullman's Palace Sleeping and Hotel Cars run through from Detroit to San Francisco.

Close connections made at Detroit with the Michigan Central, Michigan Southern and Detroit and Milwaukee Railways.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH WITHOUT CHANGE.

At Refreshment Rooms, and for Sleeping Cars, American Money is received at par from passengers holding Through Tickets.

Fares always as Low as any other Route.

Also—THROUGH TICKETS at the Lowest Rates via Boston, New York Central, Buffalo and Detroit.

Tickets can be obtained at the Company's Office.

106 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

JOHN N. THORNTON, Agent.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

E. & N. A. Railway,

For EXTENSION from ST. JOHN WESTWARD AND

FREDERICTON RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after MONDAY, 18th inst., the following Rates for Passengers and Freight will be charged:—

Freight per 100 lbs.,	First-Class,	22 cts.
" " "	Second-Class,	18 cts.
" " "	Third-Class,	15 cts.

Flour per hbl., 2) cts.
PASSENGERS.—One Fare, \$1.00

Return Tickets, good until any after issue, will be sold at Fairville and Eastern Express Office, and at Fredericton Station for \$2.25.

Trains leave Fredericton, 8.20 A.M.

Returning, leave Fairville, 4.20 P.M.

may E. R. BURPEE, MANAGER.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

AT

JAMES McCONNELL'S

No. 9 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Stock now on hand is one of the largest and most varied in style, finish and quality ever held here. It comprises English, Canadian and Domestic manufacture, to which special attention is invited. These are well made and well finished, and will be sold cheap. Please call and see them. may

THE PROTESTANT REVIEW:

A Literary and Religious Magazine,

Published on the First Thursday in every month, in Saint John, New Brunswick, by the REV. D. FALLOON HUTCHINSON, Editor and Proprietor.

REVIEW AGENTS.—Mr. Charles Bates, Amherst, N. S.; Mr. Robert Hutchinson, Pagwash, N. S.; David Ross, Esq., Wallace, N. S.; Mr. Hiram Cady Johnston, Queen's Co.; Mr. David Livingston Albert Miner; Mr. David Baird, Durdville, N. B.; Mr. P. G. Frewer, Andover, N. B.; Mr. J. L. Saunders, Florenceville, N. B.; Mr. John Marshall, Woodstock; Mr. John B. Griever, at Fredericton; Mr. Joseph McFarland, Rockland, N. B.; Mr. J. L. Ryder, Rothesay; Mr. J. T. Pitt, Kingston; Rev. Mr. Baxter, Truro, N. S.; Miss Rebecca Cleveland, Travelling Agent.

Mr. JOHN HILL, General Agent for St. John.

TERMS:

One copy for one year,	\$ 75
Ten to one address,	6 50
Twenty to one address,	12 00
Forty to one address,	20 00

AMERICAN CURRENCY.

One copy for one year,	\$1 00
Ten to one address,	7 50
Twenty to one address,	15 00
Forty to one address,	25 00

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

A GIFT.

Any person sending us 125 Subscribers at 75 cents a piece, paid in advance, will receive from us a FINE GOLD WATCH, a superior time keeper. Address Rev. D. F. Hutchinson, P. O. B., 339, St. John, N. B.

MONTHLY REVIEW ADVERTISER.

ROTHESAY HOUSE,

Prince William Street,

OYSTER SALOON,

—AND—

DINING ROOMS.

Meals and Lunches at all hours, and served up at shortest notice. Oysters in every style—Raw, Stewed, Fried, &c. Beef Steak cooked to order. Club or private parties supplied with Dinners or Suppers, large airy Dining Rooms; Ball Parties attended to; Lamb's Tongues and Pigs' Feet always on hand; Oysters sold by the quart, gallon, peck, bushel or barrel, &c., &c.

Good Bowling Alleys and Bagatelle Rooms attached, in prime order.

The public are respectfully invited to call and Judge for themselves. THOMAS MCGOLGAN.
June

PRESCRIPTIONS

AND

CHEMICAL RECEIPTS

are carefully prepared by

J. CHALONER,

Dispensing Chemist,

who has been engaged in the business since 1839, over 30 years, which fact ought to be a guarantee for the faithful performance of all matters in this department placed in his charge.

Perfumes, Soaps, Brushes, Combs, Sponges, Toilet Boxes,

Gent's Walking Sticks,

and other Fancy Goods always on hand. Dye stuffs of all kinds and a full assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Jan.

J. CHALONER,
Cor. King & Germain sts.

Saws. Saws.

A. RICHARDSON,

Saw Manufacturer

UNION STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Has always on hand, and is constantly manufacturing, every description of

SAWS.

and warrants them.

Butcher's Files always on hand.

WOOLLEN HALL,

31 King Street.

James McNichol & Son,

CLOTHIERS,

AND DEALERS IN

Gent's Furnishing Goods,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Garments made to Order in the most fashionable style.

E. & N. A. RAILWAY.

1870. Summer Arrangement. 1870.

Commencing on MONDAY, 18th May next, Trains will run daily as follows:

TRAINS GOING EAST

Leave St. John 7 and 11.15 a. m., and 2.15 and 5 p. m. The 2.15 Train going to Quispamsis and the 5 p. m. Train to Sussex only.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Leave Point Du Chene at 6.50 and 10.45 a. m.; Sussex at 6.15 and 10.15 a. m. and 4.05 p. m., and Quispamsis at 8.40, 11.42 a. m., and 3 and 6.35 p. m.

The 1.15 a. m. and 5 p. m. Trains from St. John and 10.45 a. m. Train from Point Du Chene only will carry freight.

The train advertised to leave St. John at 2.15 and Quispamsis at 3 o'clock, p. m. will not commence to run until Wednesday, 1st June, and then only be continued during the months of June, July, August and September.

The Eastern Extension Railway Trains to and from Backville connect daily at Palmsac Junction, leaving Backville at 5.45 a. m., and Palmsac on the arrival of the 7 a. m. from St. John. Steamers to and from Prince Edward Island, Pictou, Port Hood and Canso, Richibucto, Miramichi, Bay Chaleur, Restigouche, Paspébiac, Gaspé, Rimouski, Quebec and Montreal, connect at Point Du Chene as specially advertised. Stages connect daily at Backville for Amherst, Truro and all places in Nova Scotia. At Salisbury to and from Hopewell, Hillsboro and the Albert Mines. At Shediac to and from Cocagne, Richibucto, Miramichi and other places on the North shore of New Brunswick.

LEWIS CARVELL,

General Superintendent.

Railway Office, St. John, N. B. 6th May, 1870.

PORTLAND FOUNDRY.

JOSEPH M'AFEE & CO.,

(Late Angus McAfee.)

Warehouse—Portland St., St. John, N. B.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Manufacturers of all kinds of Cooking Stoves, Parlor and office stoves; Ship & Mill Castings made to order; Ship Windlasses, Capstans and Ship Castings of all kinds; Tin, Lead, Copper and Sheet Iron Work done to order with quick dispatch. *mar 6m*

'BEE HIVE.'

JAMES K. MUNNIS,

Importer of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Ready-made Clothing
G-nts, Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises, &c.
Su is made up to order in the most fashionable styles

As our terms are strictly CASH, we can afford to
makeup garments at very Low Prices.

118 Upper Water St., Cor. of Jacob.

HALIFAX, N. S.

WOODSTOCK HOTEL.

JOHN MARSHALL, Proprietor.

Pleasantly situated on the bank of the river, im-
mediately at the steamboat landing and convenient
to the public offices.

WM. W. DUDLEY,

BOOK-BINDER,

PAPER-RULER,

AND

Blank Book, Manufacturer,

No. 13 PRINCESS STREET.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Orders executed with neatness and dispatch.
Feb--1yr.

UNION TRUNK DEPOT,

49 Germain Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. H. KNOWLES,

Manufacturer and Whole-sale and Retail
Dealer in

Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.,
Caucus Covers made to order.

Repairing neatly done at shortest
notice.

EXCHANGE.

No. 17 Church street,

Between Germain & Canterbury Sts.

OYSTER SALOON,

—AND—

DINING ROOMS,

Meals and Lunches at all hours, and served up a
shortest notice. Oysters in every style—Raw, stew-
ed, Fried, &c. Beef steak cooked to order. Club
or private parties supplied with Dinners or Suppers
large airy Dining Rooms; Ball Parties attended to;
Lamb's Tongues and Pigs' Feet always on hand;
Oysters sold by the quart, gallon, peck, bushel or
barrel, &c., etc.

Good Bowling Alleys and Bagatelle Rooms attach-
ed, in pri. order.

The public are respectfully invited to call and
lodge for themselves.

June

A. MORROW.

Crabford's Hotel,

No. 9 North Side King Square,

ST. JOHN, N. E.

*Permanent and Transient Boarders ac-
commodated on reasonable terms.*

The Subscriber having recently refitted the above
house begs to assure the travelling public that he will
spare no pains to render it an agreeable home to
those who may favor him with their patronage.

To this establishment is attached an excellent
stable, where accommodations can be obtained for
Horses on reasonable terms.

W. J. CASE, Proprietor.

The "Daily Morning News"

Is issued every morning at 5 o'clock, from the office
of publication, Canterbury street, opposite the
Post Office. Subscription \$5 a year in advance; post-
age additional.

THE TRI-WEEKLY EDITION

is issued every Monday, Wednesday and Friday
mornings, and mailed to subscribers at \$2.50 a year
payable in advance; postage additional.

THE WEEKLY EDITION

contains the news of the week, mailed to subscri-
bers at \$1 a year, payable in advance, exclusive of
postage, which is required to be paid by the subscri-
ber, only 5 cents a quarter in advance at the office of
delivery.

WILLIS & DAVIS,

Proprietors

NEW BRUNSWICK

STEAM

Spice and Coffee Mills,

PORTLAND BRIDGE,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ALFRED LORDLY,

Wholesale Importer and Dealer in Spices, Coffee,
Cream Tartar, &c., orders thankfully received and
promptly attended to. Coffee, Spices, &c., ground
to order at moderate rates.

DOMINION HOTEL,

MONCTON, N. B.

J. WRIGHT, PROPRIETOR.

Charges in this Hotel moderate, and
great pains taken to render it a com-
fortable home for the travelling public.

THE WAVERLEY HOUSE,

Regent Street, Fredericton, N. B.

WM. GRIEVES, - - - PROPRIETOR.
Superior accommodations for man and beast,
and on reasonable terms.

VICTORIA HOTEL,

ONSEKEAG, N. B.

JAMES S. CAMPBELL, - - - PROPRIETOR.
The proprietor of this Hotel will spare no pains to
render his hotel an agreeable home to those who
may favour him with their patronage. To this es-
tablishment an excellent stable is attached. may