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"I want no Priest but Jesus."

[In the towns, the villages, on the mountain side, and across the wild moor, the truth of God is wafted, as it were, on the breeze; and free salvation, through the crucified Saviour, cheers the heart of many a sorrow-stricken son and daughter of Erin. "I want no priest but Jesus!" is often the cry of the dying peasant, who, a few years or even months before, consider the anointing of the Romish confessor indispensable to salvation, and a sure passport to eternal glory.—*London Irish Report*, 1850.]

"I want no priest but Jesus
To save my sin-sick soul;
I want no hand but Jesus
Put forth to make me whole.
The priest may lull and cheat the way,
But cannot light the dying day.

I want the love of Jesus
Enshrined within my soul,
Now that my footstep presses
Where Jordan's waters roll.
No thought so sweet—no grace so free,
As Jesus died—and died for me!

I see the hand of Jesus
Holding the lamp of light;
I see the smile of Jesus,
Like moonshine in the night.
Could priest have power, could aught but He
Make that dark pathway bright for me?

O! had we known of Jesus
When want and famine clung
Like clouds of night and darkness,
And round our cabins hung!
It may be these were cords of love,
To draw poor Erin's heart above!"

Dear Erin, think of Jesus,
How he hath loved thee,
And how he bore thee on his heart,
When bleeding on the tree!
Long years of coldness, years of blood,
Have never quenched that welling flood.

Come then, O blessed Jesus,
With all thy glorious power,
Make Erin's sons and daughters
Rise for that happy hour,
When round the isles the song shall be,
No priest but Jesus—none but He!

Short Tracts for the Times.

The practical working of Popery, wherever dominant, exhibits in fearful colours, the cruelty, the inhumanity, and the tyranny of the Papal system; and in view of what it has done, what it is now doing, and what it is prepared to do when opportunity serves, [illegible] ascendency in countries now professedly Protestant. Delicacy would lead us to draw a veil over parts of the following account; but in order to be righteously abhorred, popery must be seen in its native hideousness.

No. 2.

INTOLERANCE OF ROMAN CATHOLICS IN THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

[The following letter, which contains a thrilling narrative, was addressed to the Rev. Dr. Fairchild, Home Secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, by a respectable merchant in one of our cities, and was designed for the use of the great meeting recently held in New York, on the subject of religious freedom, and obtain the influence of our National Government in protecting American citizens, when abroad, in the enjoyment of the rights of conscience and of religious worship, and the burial of their dead, in such way as to them may seem most Christian and proper. The letter is from one whose character as a Christian and gentleman entitles it to entire credit as a truthful history.]—*Chris. Observer.*

January 24, 1854.

REV. DR. FAIRCHILD: *Dear Sir*,—In the winter of ——, the declining health of my wife seemed to make it imperative that I should take her to a warm climate, with the hope of her restoration. The Island of Cuba was selected. We arrived there early in December, and after many alternations of hope and fear in regard to her life, she died on the 20th of March. During our residence of some six weeks in the town of Matanzas, we became acquainted with many American invalids and their friends who accompanied them; as nearly every State in the Union was there represented, and some States by many sufferers. During the winter, from December to March, and previous to my wife's death, a number of Americans died there, and their friends were anxious to remove the remains to their own homes.—This, it was soon found, could not be accomplished, except at an enormous expense, entirely beyond the means of most of the parties interested. The reasons for these expenses, I will hereafter explain. The deceased persons and their friends being Protestants, and no religion being tolerated there nor allowed, under severe penalties, except the Roman Catholics, the rites of that Church were neither asked nor offered at the funerals. These and other reasons created a great antipathy against the idea of leaving the dear remains of friends in that strange land, and of burying them, in such circumstances, like dogs, without any religious ceremony at all. After witnessing the first interment, this antipathy grew into a perfect abhorrence. The chief reason for this abhorrence I must now explain, and will do it by describing the first funeral I attended.

A gentleman from Kentucky having died, his brother and myself made application to the church as directed, and after being detained several hours by a great many (to us) unmeaning forms and ceremonies, we obtained a permit, for which $17 was paid, including $2 extra for the privilege of burying in a coffin. This coffin was made of pine boards, stained black—and to gain its admittance into the ground we were required to place crosses in the breast and two ends, which was done with simple white tape. On proceeding to the ground, on the outer suburb of the town, we found an enclosure, the area of which was about ¼ of an acre, with brick walls about 15 to 20 feet high. We entered with the body, by going up a short declivity, through the gate at the top of the wall; this rise was necessary to reach the top of the mass, which filled the entire enclosure to within some 5 to 5½ feet of the top of the wall; as I remember we could look over the wall, as we stood on the mass of corruption. On entering this terrible place, we were nearly struck dumb with horror at the spectacle it presented. The whole surface of the ground was literally strewn with the smaller bones of the human body, and so thickly, that not a foot could be set down, nor hardly a finger placed on the ground, without placing it on some of the exposed bones of poor humanity. In every direction human jaws, with their naked teeth, seemed grinning in our faces, from the midst of fleshless ribs, arms and spinal bones, &c., while in two corners of the yard lay piled many cart-loads of sculls, thigh bones, and other of the larger portions of the human frame. These we were told, were thrown there to dry in the sun, and then to be burned; and we noticed the remains of many recent fires on the ground, with their charred and half-burned bones scattered around. An old superanuated negro, sent from the church had preceded us, to dig the grave. This we found to be an awkward, irregular hole, about 3 feet deep, out of which he had thrown no less than seven sculls, with most of the other remains of many individuals. . . . . Some of these still had a portion of the skin and hair upon their heads, also sinews and portions of partly decayed flesh still upon the frame. The sides and bottom of the hole were filled with other skeletons, the whole emitting a most disgusting and deathly effluvia, which forced us to finish our wretched work with the most indecent haste. You can judge what it would be to stand in such a place, with the scorching tropical sun beaming down upon you, and the mass of corruption under your feet. The coffin was placed in the hole, which, being too short, would not admit its reaching near to the bottom; it was stamped down as low as we could get it, and the old negro ordered to fill it in, which he did by taking the skeleton remains in his hands, and stowing them away with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable.—We could not wait for him to finish, and left him to cover the coffin, the top of which was within 15 to 18 inches of the surface.—Hardly a particle of the original earth could be observed. The whole stuff thrown from the grave seemed a mass of human matter, with portions of decayed clothing, &c.—Can you now wonder that the question of being allowed to take away our dead, became a most painfully exciting topic of discussion among Protestant Americans? Many were the promises then and there made to have the matter fairly represented to our government at home; but since that time I have never noticed any effort to that effect.

About three months before the death of my wife, we had removed from Matanzas to a coffee estate 12 miles in the interior, but belonging to the parish of Matanzas. There my wife died. A few days before, but, if possible, be taken home, to rest beside her departed loved ones. This, without hesitation, I promised should be done—and by the mercy of God, I was enabled to accomplish it; but through much tribulation and at great risk. At the end of six weeks after her death, my sacred promise was fulfilled. Immediately after her death, I had the body enclosed in a metallic coffin, and that packed in a suitable box—and then, through the American Consul, (an excellent man,) I made application for a permit to remove the body, offering to pay to the church five times the fees allowed by law; but all conditions were refused—except that I must bring the body to the town and bury it in the usual way. Then I employed a lawyer to draw up petitions to the Bishop at Havana, the Governor-General of the Island, and to some three or four minor authorities. When all these had agreed to it, and I had paid all charges, I would be allowed to remove the body. These charges, they told me, would amount to some $1500 to $2000, and the time required to get through the whole matter would be a month or six weeks. Of course we remonstrated, and argued the case in every possible way—all the influence of the American Consul (since deceased) being used in my favour without avail. The party to whom we applied, and who, we were told, had the power to grant permission for removal, I believe, was the Secretary of the Governor of that district. Finding all arguments fail, the Consul kindly tried to dissuade me, saying, "What possible difference can it make where the poor dust shall lie?" But in addition to my promise, the idea of associating the last of my beloved one with that horrible place, was too revolting to be borne; and I resolved to accomplish it at all hazards. The Consul himself warned me against undertaking the course which the authorities had pointed out, saying there was but one object in it, which was to wring from me all the money possible; and that if I should pay the $1500 or $2000 named, the object would not be accomplished, and other impediments would be thrown in my way, as long as they thought I could raise a dollar, or my friends for me.

I then told the Consul, that in that case I should take it away *without authority*.—He told me the consequences would be tremendous, if found out. The penalty would be $5,000 fine, and imprisonment for five years, at the option of the Church; and moreover, if found on board a vessel, the risk also of her confiscation, and no redress from the civil authorities, as it would be a violation of the Ecclesiastical Code, and the civil authorities would not interfere. It was then I found, on inquiry, that to bury in the woods, on the estate, or in fact anywhere, *except in that disgusting spot*, I would incur a penalty of $2,000. Under these cruel and embarrassing circumstances, I endeavoured to keep the box containing the body above ground, until I could find a captain bold enough to take it on board. I hid it in an old building on the estate, after having packed it myself, and driven, in fact, the nails in my own wife's coffin, not daring to trust the secret to others. But in a few days the Spanish overseer of the place found it out, and ordered its removal to town, threatening to report if not done.—Here was a painful dilemma; but as Providence willed it, the overseer was called the same day to a distant place, and during his absence, with the help of some negroes, I had the box taken a mile from the house, and "*stole a grave*" in a thicket of plantain trees. By dint of bribery, and threatening the negroes, I induced them to keep the secret from the overseer, although for the six ensuing weeks I was in constant dread of betrayal. I had one friend in the town, an American, who was in the secret; and *for me* he boarded every vessel that arrived, to find one that would receive the box on board at night, and convey it to any part of the United States, no matter to me where. None would take the risk at any price I could offer, until providentially an old acquaintance arrived, who said he had formerly received favours from me, and he at once volunteered to take the box, provided I would have it put on board, and guaranty his owners against the seizure of the vessel.

To this I agreed, and proceeded at once to find boatmen who would undertake to place it alongside the vessel. I was directed to two Spaniards, with whom I bargained, and at the time agreed on they came to the place—purchased of the overseer a load of fruit, to blind his eyes, but remained at the landing till after dark, and at 10 o'clock at night, while all were asleep, we took up the box from the ground, conveyed it on board the boat, and at 12 o'clock, midnight, in the midst of a howling storm, we started down the river towards the bay, at the head of which stands the town, where, half a mile from shore, rode a fleet of vessels at anchor, among which was that of my kind friend, who was waiting for me with my precious charge. Being well skilled in boating, I steered the boat—the two Spaniards rowing. We had to pass two forts before we could reach the shipping, and also to escape, as best we might, the "guard boat" that rows about, watching the shipping all night. On approaching the bar, where the river empties into the bay, we found the ocean heaving in heavy swells, which were breaking and foaming fearfully. After a short consultation with the Spaniards, we concluded there was no alternative but to risk the surf, and after having the boat partially filled several times, got over safely, without being hailed from the fort which stands at this point. The roar of the storm and surf and the darkness shielded us, and I saved some doubloons intended for the sentinel, to bribe him to let us pass. In the bay we found so heavy a sea, and breaking with the force of the gale, that we were near being swamped several times, and had to row eight miles across, to get under the lee of the land, so as to keep the boat's head to the sea. At last we made the lee, and coasted up, stealthily keeping close to the bank, when we neared the second fort, which stands upon a sharp promontory, jutting far out into the bay, and under the very walls of which our little boat glided without being hailed. An hour before daylight we were opposite the fleet. So far safe. There, under a dark bank, we waited near an hour before we could get sight of the guard boat, in the darkness. At last [illegible] in range, the Spaniards pulled as for life to the vessel I pointed out, and we were soon alongside. The kind captain, and his wife also, had been pacing the deck anxiously most of the night expecting us. He called some of his crew, and in a few moments the box was securely under hatches; and I was taken on board a small steamer just at daylight, and conveyed back to the plantation, feeling as though a millstone had fallen from my neck, and rejoicing once more in embracing my little girl, three years old, for whose situation among strangers I had suffered great solicitude during the perils of that fearful night, when I thought several times I should probably be drowned—and I tried most earnestly to thank the good and merciful God who had brought me safe through all, and, so far, kept me from the clutches of the human wolves which I feared much more than the denizens of the forest.

The storm continued three days, and then the brig got fairly to sea, and I thought my troubles on that score nearly over; but she could not take me and my little girl as passengers; and while waiting for another vessel in which to leave, (and which sailed a week after,) the Church authorities got on the track of the metal coffin, (which I had to get made in the town,) and sent a deputation to the country to look into it. While they were gone I placed my little girl with an acquaintance, who expected to visit the States in two months, and then I made preparations to fly to Havana, distant 60 miles, the good Consul having agreed to give me notice of the return of the coffin-hunters, and their success. Through the mercy of God they returned no wiser than they went, and I remained secure until the vessel was ready to sail, when, with my little girl, and my friend, who had alone been in the secret with me, I went on board, and we were soon bounding down the bay, with a fair wind, and in a few hours fairly at sea, with the pleasing sensation of having accomplished fully the object nearest my heart of all others, and saying among ourselves, "*How hideous is tyranny under the garb of false religion!*"

Smyrna and the Seven Churches of Asia.

Thus writes Rev. Mr. Prime, one of the editors of the *New York Observer*, from the Grecian Archipelago, under date of December 27th:—

Smyrna is far ahead of Constantinople in point of cleanliness, and the fires that have swept off many of its old and wretched quarters, have opened the way for new streets, well laid out, and houses that present as good an appearance as those we meet with in many European cities. But the mixture of people makes a variety in the style of houses and streets as marked as that of the dress. Smyrna has 150,000 people in it, and 80,000 of these are Turks, 40,000 are Greeks, 15,000 Jews, 10,000 Armenians, and 5,000 Franks. They have separate quarters of the town to themselves, and we wandered around among them to see the way they live.

Overlooking the city is Mount Pagus, on which the castle was erected, called, as in most of the Greek cities, the Acropolis, now in ruins. Within it are the relics of a temple reared to Jupiter. On the same hill-top may have been the site of the church of Smyrna, one of the "Seven Churches of Asia;" not probable, however; though there is little doubt that in this hollow, a short distance below the castle, the aged Polycarp suffered martyrdom, A. D. 166, and here is his sepulchre unto this day.

He was, for more than eighty years, pastor of the church of Smyrna. The persecution under Antoninus growing violent in that city, a general outcry was raised for the blood of Polycarp. On this he withdrew privately into a neighboring village, where he lay concealed for some time, continuing night and day in prayer for the peace of the Church. The most diligent search was, in the mean time, made for him without effect. But when his enemies proceeded to put some of his brethren to the torture, with the view of compelling them to betray him, he could no longer remain concealed. "The Lord's will be done!" was his ejaculation; on which he made a surrender of himself to his enemies, saluting them with a cheerful countenance, and inviting them to refresh themselves at his table, only soliciting one hour for prayer. His request was granted, and his devotions were prolonged to double that period, with such sweetness and fervor, that all who heard him were struck with admiration, and the soldiers repented of their errand. Having ended his prayer, he was placed on an ass, and was conveyed to the place of judgment. He was met on the way by one of the magistrates, who took him into his carriage, and tried to persuade him to abjure his profession; but he was unyielding. On his approaching the place of execution, the proconsul, ashamed of putting to death so aged and venerable a man, urged him to blaspheme Christ. It was then that he made the memorable answer, "Eighty six years have I served him, during all which time he never did me injury; how, then, can I blaspheme my King and Saviour?" When further urged, his answer was, "I am a Christian." When threatened with wild beast, he said, "Bring them forth." When with fire, he reminded them of the eternal fire that awaited the ungodly. He died at the stake, uttering the words of praise rather than of prayer.

The most decided mark of Orientalism was the troop of camels coming into the city from the interior, with their great burdens so broad as to fill the narrow streets, and to make the walking difficult, if not dangerous. I counted forty of them in half an hour, and then, coming upon a hundred in one square, gave up counting. They walked in single file, six of them usually tied together, and the first one the most venerable being tied to a donkey, on which a man was riding as the guide of the rest. These camels moved on with a solemn, meditative pace, now and then making a shrieking kind of noise, but rarely; rather looking like the connecting link between the animal and machine: called, indeed, the "ships of the desert," but their rate of travel, not over three miles an hour, hardly justifies that title. Patient, however, and powerful to bear burdens and thirst, they are wisely made for travel and transport where no other means of conveyance are available.

As for goods in great variety, much of oriental fabric, shawls, carpets, caps, and scarfs, and thousands of things that come from Paris and London, showing the gradual and now the rapid progress which western civilization is making in the east. When a fire lays waste a part of the town, it is rebuilt in the western more than in the eastern style, and with the use of European dwellings all the comforts and luxuries of a more refined mode of life must follow. These bazars are covered streets, and the stores are small apartments, perhaps ten feet square, in the center of which the merchant sits, smoking his long pipe, and quite indifferent whether you buy or not. The customers stand in the street, and examine the goods as they are laid on a counter at the edge of the walk. Generally the price asked is one-third more than the sum to be paid, and sometimes the offer of half price makes a bargain.

The trade of Smyrna is very great, especially in fruits, being the natural outlet of Asia Minor, one of the finest fruit countries in the world. The camels bring in the ripe figs, which are picked and packed by women and children in drums and boxes, hastened on ship-board, and then commence the races across the seas; a prize of $150 being paid in London to the captain who arrives with the first vessel, and a much greater prize being won in the market by the vessel that arrives first in New York, after the fruit crop comes in. Smyrna is celebrated for its figs, but the market was better supplied with almost all other kinds of oriental fruit than figs when we were there, this having been a very poor season for them, as we were told.

The scholar is interested in Smyrna as the reputed birthplace of Homer—this being one of those of which it is said:

"Seven cities claim the Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

The ancients celebrated it under the names of the lovely, the crown of Ionie, the ornament of Asia, and perhaps we should have admired it more, had we not recently come from the Bosphorus, where nature has done more to beautify the site of a town than in any other religion which I have yet seen in any part of the world. But the chief interest in Smyrna which the Christian traveller finds, is in the fact that here was one of the seven churches of Asia, of which mention is made by St. John in the Apocalypse, the others being in the same religion, and accessible by journeys of a few successive hours. *Ephesus*, were John resided, is only twelve hours off, and near the coast but the ruins of the great temple of Diana of the Ephesians, one of the seven wonders of the world, are no longer to be seen; even the site is not to be pointed out. It was burned by an incendiary, who wished to make his name immortal in connection with the ruin of such a temple. The wild beast prowls now where once was the most splendid edifice of its time on the face of the earth. *Laodicea*, another of the seven, is now deserted, though the ruins of temples and theaters plainly mark the site. *Philadelphia* has three thousand houses, and is the residence of the Greek bishop. *Sardis* consists of a few shepherds' huts, and a mill on the river Pactolus, whose golden sands were once so famed. *Thyatira* is full of ruins; the mouths of the wells are made of the capitals of beautiful columns, and the streets in many parts are paved with fragments of carved stone, relics of the ancient city. *Pergamos* is a magnificent tomb of former greatness, arches half buried, and columns in the sand, are the mournful memorials of the place where the faithful martyr Antipas suffered, and where Satan's seat was when the apostle John wrote his letters to the seven Churches. *Smyrna* is the only one of the seven cities that continues to be a place of any importance. And even Smyrna of the present is not on the site of the former. It is hard to make it a fact that time can work such changes, so that places which knew these vast cities, know them no more. Open to the second and third chapters of the Revelation, and read the prophecy and warning there uttered, and observe the wonderful fulfillment of every word. All this eastern world abounds in lessons of light and instruction on the pages of sacred truth, and every day of travel among the islands of the Archipelago, or the cities of Asia Minor, invests those pages with a reality that they never possessed before. All this is more than classic, it is hallowed scenery.

The Latest Excavations at Nineveh.

Of late the French government has made some renewed attempts, of which an account is given in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." The *ensemble* of ruins in the environs of Khorsabad consists of a large rectangular space of great extent. From distance to distance small conical hills mark the spots where towers or fortified gates were defending the walls. M. Place knew that M. Botta had not excavated these little elevations and therefore paid great attention to this task.—The first object found consisted of some smaller articles of agate, marble, and cornelian; however, of such preservation and polish as if they had only now issued from the hands of the artist. In another of these hills was found a sort of large staircase, or rather a series of succeeding terraces, made of burnt and inscribed bricks. Below the lower of these terraces was a double *souterrain*, of whose destination and use no idea can yet be formed. It was built with great accuracy and mathematical correctness and will form a sort of enigma to be solved by further examination. Incisions, which were made in the east side of this hill, led to the discovery of brass hinges and pins, which belonged to doors, of which nothing but the metal and stones in which these were fixed had remained. In consequence of a lucky hit, M. Place arrived through a door at a hall which had received the name of the "Magazine of (water) Pitchers." No idea can be formed of the quantity of vases found in this locality; they are all shapes and sizes—pitchers large and small, broad, narrow, compressed, and contracted at their orifice. Most of them had been broken by the weight of the earth which fell and rested upon them; still M. Place discovered some which were perfect, and will form the nucleus of a collection of Assyrian ceramic art. They were filled with clay, which, however, had become so hard that it was impossible to remove it, without, in many cases, breaking the vases. Some contained articles made of cast-copper, among which was some heads of gazelles. They were used for bailing out the wine or oil contained in the pitchers. On the eastern side of the walls is another hall which M. Place had excavated. It contained pitchers, 1 metre 64 high; and the red precipitate found at their bottom proves that these halls were the wine-cellers of the monarchs, of Assyria. M. Place examined all parts of the palace, and wherever he found the subterranean galleries he perceived that the Assyrian architects had used both the pointed and round arch. M. Place next directed his attention to what M. Botta had called "the ruined building," but had left it unexplored. He, therefore, opened his *trenches* toward the front of one of these halls, but soon came to the conviction that, far from being what may be called a ruined building, this part of the palace was in the way of construction at the time the whole became a ruin. On inspecting the circumvalation of the city, M. Place remarked on the south-west side a pretty high hill, adapted to another unexplored mound of the same size, and equalling in extent of area that of the large palace. But it is not a single palace or palaces which await here further examination, but a whole Assyrian town may yet be discovered and exhumed.

Scenes on the Himalayan Mountains.

On the left I passed a very curious isolated pillar of rock, amongst the wild crags to the north-east, whose bases we skirted; it resembles the Capuchin on the shoulder of Mount Blanc, as seen from the Jardin.—Evening overtook us while still on the snow near the last ascent. As the sun declined, the snow at our feet reflected the most exquisitely delicate peach-bloom hue; and looking west from the top of the pass, the scenery was gorgeous beyond description, for the sun was just plunging into a sea of mist, amongst some cirrhi and stratus, all in a blaze of the ruddiest coppery hue. As it sank, the Nepai peaks to the right assumed more definite, darker, and gigantic forms, and floods of light shot across the misty ocean, bathing the landscape around me in the most wonderful and indescribable changing tints. As the luminary was vanishing, the whole horizon glowed like copper run from a smelting furnace, and when it had quite disappeared, the little inequalities of the ragged edges of the mist were lighted up and shone like a row of volcanoes in the far distance. I have never before or since seen anything, which, for sublimity, beauty, and marvellous effects, could compare with what I gazed on that evening from Choonjerma pass. In some of Turner's pictures I have recognised similar effects, caught and fixed by a marvellous effort of genius; such are the fleeting hues over the ice, in his "Whalers," and the ruddy fire in his "Wind, Steam, and Rain," which one almost fears to touch. Dissolving views give some idea of the magic creation and dispersion of the effects; but any combination of science and art can no more recall the scene, than it can the feelings of awe that crept over me, during the hour I spent in solitude amongst these stupendous mountains. The moon guided us on our descent, which was to the south, obliquely in the Yalloong valley. I was very uneasy about the coolies, who were far behind, and some of them had been frost-bitten in crossing the Kambachen pass.—Still I thought the best thing was to push on, and light large fires at the first juniper we should reach. The change, on passing from off the snow to the dark earth and rock, was so bewildering, that I had great difficulty in picking my way. Suddenly we came on a flat with a small tarn, whose waters gleamed illusively in the pale moonlight: the opposite flanks of the valley were so well reflected on its gloomy surface, that we were at once brought to a stand-still on its banks; it looked like a chasm, and whether to jump across it, or go down it, or along it, was the question, so deceptive was the spectral landscape. Its true nature was, however, soon discovered, and we proceeded round it, descending. Of course there was no path, and after some perplexity amongst rocks and ravines, we reached the upper limit of wood, and halted by some bleached juniper trees, which were soon converted in blazing fires. I wandered away from my party to listen for the voices of the men who had lingered behind, about whom I was still more anxious, from the very great difficulty they would encounter if, as we did, they should get off the path. The moon was shining clearly in the black heavens; and its bright light, with the pale glare of the surrounding snow, obscured the milky way, and all the smaller stars; whilst the planets appeared to glow with broader orbs than elsewhere, and the great stars flashed steadily and periodically. Deep black chasms seemed to yawn below, and cliffs rose on all sides, except down the valley, where, looking across the Yalloong river, a steep range of mountains rose, seamed with torrents that were just visible like threads of silver coursing down broad landslips. It was a dead calm, and nothing broke the awful silence but the low hoarse murmur of many torrents, whose mingled voices rose and fell as if with the pulsations of the atmosphere; the undulations of which appeared thus to be marked by the ear alone. Sometimes it was the faintest possible murmur, and then it rose swelling and filling the air with sound; the effect was that of being raised from the earth's surface, and again lowered to it; or that of waters advancing and retiring. In such scenes and with such accompaniments, the mind wanders from the real to the ideal, the larger and brighter lamps of heaven lead us to imagine that we have risen from the surface of our globe and are floating through the regions of space, and that the ceaseless murmur of the waters is the music of the spheres.—*Joseph D. Hooker, M. D., R. N.*

Class Leader's Difficulties.

After doing your best, you are sometimes found fault with, and this occasions your sorrow.

But, says the apostle, "He that judgeth me is the Lord." To your own master you stand or fall. There always will be captious and complaining persons in the church.—And frequently those who do least, complain the most. Now I know not that you have any thing to do with the careless and casual observations which may be made concerning the manner in which you discharge the duties [illegible] they have no authority over you. It will be time enough for suggestion is made by your minister, or for have committed an error, or when through other friendly council, you have intimated that there is room for improvement. But even in this case, if you have a proper view of the matter, you will perceive that nothing more is required than that you should make yourself more useful and available to the church. Further than this, you are not required to heed the rumors and suggestions which float upon the wings of the wind, and which in many cases, pass away with the breath that gave them currency.

Stand then to your post—pursue the even tenor of your way, through evil report; and so discharge your duty as ever to have impressed upon your mind, that you are to give account to God, and not to man. With an eye single to his glory, and the good of his cause, do your utmost in the station you occupy, without respect to the "honor" or "good opinion" which cometh from man.

Thus in the day of his coming you may say,—

"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

And then from your Lord you will receive the glad word,—

"Well and faithfully done! Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."—*Key's Class-leader's Manual.*

The Earlier, the Easier.

In youth, the *affections* are most ardent. It is peculiarly the season of love. The young are capable of the strongest and most self-sacrificing affection. The strongest appeals of Christianity are made to the affections. The only word which sums up the whole of piety is *love*. Therefore, youth is the best season for commencing a life of piety.

In youth the *hopes* are most bright. Then the future is adorned with the most brilliant and attractive hues; and Christianity presents the most gorgeous scenes in glowing imagery to imagination, to induce a life of piety.

Faith is most confiding in youth. The young are trusting, ready to believe. Religion demands implicit faith; youth most naturally gives it, and is therefore the best season for commencing a life of piety.

The mind is most *docile* in youth. As years advance, men become more and more tenacious of their own views and opinions. Entire submission to the teaching of inspiration is necessary to piety, and this is most easily given in early life.

The *habits* are most yielding in youth.—How important then, when they are forming, that they should be directed aright.

Youth is most *submissive* to authority.—It is the season of obedience. The unquestioning obedience which God demands is most easily rendered in early life.

The *energies* of youth are most active.—Young hands for labor! Years deaden the energies. Religion requires the exertion of all our energies to resist evil and do good. These are most active and most easily diverted in youth.

The *judgment* in youth is best fitted to appreciate the claims of piety. The judgment of impenitent age is prejudiced and blinded and warped by sin. One who has long indulged and loved sin cannot so easily as the more unpolluted mind form a correct judgment of the guilt of sin. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" then may ye who have been accustomed to do evil learn to do well.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Personality an Awful Gift.

The short verse, "Every man shall bear his own burden," opens to our consideration one of the deepest principles of our being. It singles us out from the multitude around us. It sets us alone with our own spiritual and moral character, as we have fashioned it, and reminds us that we must bear for ourselves that burden. It bids us remember that great truth which the world is ever seeking to hide from us, that we are each of us ONE; that we have that in us which does truly separate us from every other besides; that we are in reality alone. There is something awful in this truth, in whatever light we look at it. Though this is, indeed, our greatness—though it is in this, in a great measure, that our likeness to God consists, yet it is an awful thought. Our very greatness is appalling to us—but we cannot shake it off. We may, indeed, strive, in our shrinking weakness to break in upon the stillness of our solitary being by crowding others around us, but we cannot. We may forget our loneliness for a season, in the whirl of pleasure, or the fever of excitement, or the warm gushes of a loving sympathy; but in all the pauses of outward things the solemn voice comes back again upon the ear; the multitude of shadows fade into nothingness; and the great vision of our single, proper, solitary being, again overshadows our spirits. We have each one this burden of a separate soul, and we must bear it. Even ordinary life utters voices which add their witness to this truth, if we listen for them. How do all deep-thinking people, in the inmost current of their spirits, live apart from others, and, more or less, even feel that they do so.—*Bishop of Oxford.*

The Illuminated Bible.

BY JAMES HAMILTON, D. D.

Before the days of printing, the copyists sometimes took great pains with their manuscripts, and Bibles were then elaborately embellished. Traced in silver and gold and brilliant colours, occasionally executed on tinted parchment, the mere letters were often a gorgeous picture; and such illuminated manuscripts will always awaken the astonishment and delight of the tasteful antiquarian.

We do not print our Bibles in silver and gold; nor have we verses marked out from the others, by their vermilion ink, or their bolder character. And yet we have sometimes thought that every careful reader can illuminate his own copy as he proceeds.—The book is all bright with passages which, at one time or another, have stirred or strengthened him:—it is all radiant with texts which have accused, or rebuked, or consoled him. On this verse he heard a sermon which he never can forget; this chapter is associated with some affecting [illegible] a paragraph which gave rise to a dialogue or meditation, ever memorable. If all our Bibles compared, it would be found that in no two of them is the same set of passages marked and made prominent. Some may coincide; and a few emphatic sentences may be common to all; but, according to individual peculiarities or providential circumstances, it will turn out that portions fraught with glory to one eye are obscure or ordinary to every other.

To take two instances. Suppose that each man were to mark in vermilion the verse that first convinced him of sin, or first made him anxious for the saving of his soul. In the Bible of the Apostle Paul, the tenth commandment would be inscribed in red letters; for, as he tells us, "I had not known sin, except the commandment had said, Thou shalt not covet." In the Bible of Alexander Henderson it would be, "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber;" for that was the shaft which pierced the heart of the unconverted minister. In the Bible of the Ironside soldier, the rubric would be found at Eccles. xi, 9; for it was there that the bullet stopped, which, but for the interposing Bible, would have pierced his bosom; and when the battle was over, he read, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Or, suppose that each were to mark in golden letters the text which has been to him the gate of heaven; the text through whose open lattice a reconciled God has looked forth on him, or through whose telescope he first has glimpsed the cross. The Ethiopian chamberlain would mark the fifty-third of Isaiah; for it was when reading about the Lamb led to the slaughter that his eye was directed to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and he went on his way rejoicing. The English martyr, Bilney, would indicate the faithful saying, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief;" for it was in sight of these words that the burden fell from his back which fasts and penances had only rendered more weighty. There was "a stricken deer" who had long been panting for the water-brooks, but he had yet found no comfort; when, one day, listlessly taking up a Testament, it opened at the words, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past;" and instantly he realized the sufficiency of the atonement, and embraced the gospel; and, doubtless, the bard of Olney would signalize, by the most brilliant memorial, the spot where the Sun of Righteousness first shone into his soul. "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen." These were the words which instantly converted into a living temple the calm and stately mind of Jonathan Edwards; and we may be sure that—like Jacob, who, at Luz, would always see the light of the ladder lingering—every time he returned to the passage, even in his most cursory perusal, the devout theologian would perceive a surviving trace of that manifestation, which into his vacant wistful soul brought "the only wise God," and in glorifying that God gave him an object worthy of the vastest powers and the longest existence.

Such is the divine variety of Scripture; and thus from the stores of religious biography might be compiled a sort of historical commentary, showing what service in the way of "doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness," the different passages have done. It would be found that in this quiver there are hundreds of arrows which have pierced the conscience and con-

The Provincial Wesleyan.

Devoted to Religion, Literature, Science, Education, Temperance, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

REV. ALEX. W. McLEOD, Editor.

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"I want no Priest but Jesus."

[In the towns, the villages, on the mountain side, and across the wild moor, the truth of God is wafted, as it were, on the breeze; and free salvation, through the crucified Saviour, cheers the heart of many a sorrow-stricken son and daughter of Erin. "I want no priest but Jesus!" is often the cry of the dying peasant, who, a few years or even months before, consider the anointing of the Romish confessor indispensable to salvation, and a sure passport to eternal glory.—*London Irish Report*, 1850.]

"I want no priest but Jesus
To save my sin-sick soul;
I want no hand but Jesus
Put forth to make me whole.
The priest may lull and cheat the way,
But cannot light the dying day.

I want the love of Jesus
Enshrined within my soul,
Now that my footstep presses
Where Jordan's waters roll.
No thought so sweet—no grace so free,
As Jesus died—and died for me!

I see the hand of Jesus
Holding the lamp of light;
I see the smile of Jesus,
Like moonshine in the night.
Could priest have power, could aught but He
Make that dark pathway bright for me?

O! had we known of Jesus
When want and famine clung
Like clouds of night and darkness,
And round our cabins hung!
It may be these were cords of love,
To draw poor Erin's heart above!"

Dear Erin, think of Jesus,
How he hath loved thee,
And how he bore thee on his heart,
When bleeding on the tree!
Long years of coldness, years of blood,
Have never quenched that welling flood.

Come then, O blessed Jesus,
With all thy glorious power,
Make Erin's sons and daughters
Ripe for that happy hour,
When [illegible] and the isles the song shall be,
No priest but Jesus—none but He!

Short Tracts for the Times.

The practical working of Popery, wherever dominant, exhibits in fearful colours, the cruelty, the inhumanity, and the tyranny of the Papal system; and in view of what it has done, what it is now doing, and what it is prepared to do when opportunity serves, one instinctively shudders at the thought of tendency in countries now professedly Protestant. Delicacy would lead us to draw a veil over parts of the following account; but in order to be righteously abhorred, popery must be seen in its native hideousness.

No. 2.

INTOLERANCE OF ROMAN CATHOLICS IN THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

[The following letter, which contains a thrilling narrative, was addressed to the Rev. Dr. Fairchild, Home Secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, by a respectable merchant in one of our cities, and was designed for the use of the great meeting recently held in New York, on the subject of religious freedom, and obtain the influence of our National Government in protecting American citizens, when abroad, in the enjoyment of the rights of conscience and of religious worship, and the burial of their dead, in such way as to them may seem most Christian and proper. The letter is from one whose character as a Christian and gentleman entitles it to entire credit as a truthful history.]—*Chris. Observer.*

January 24, 1854.

REV. DR. FAIRCHILD: *Dear Sir.*—In the winter of ——, the declining health of my wife seemed to make it imperative that I should take her to a warm climate, with the hope of her restoration. The Island of Cuba was selected. We arrived there early in December, and after many alternations of hope and fear in regard to her life, she died on the 20th of March. During our residence of some six weeks in the town of Matanzas, we became acquainted with many American invalids and their friends who accompanied them; as nearly every State in the Union was there represented, and some States by many sufferers. During the winter, from December to March, and previous to my wife's death, a number of Americans died there, and their friends were anxious to remove the remains to their own homes.—This, it was soon found, could not be accomplished, except at an enormous expense, entirely beyond the means of most of the parties interested. The reasons for these expenses, I will hereafter explain. The deceased persons and their friends being Protestants, and no religion being tolerated there nor allowed, under severe penalties, except the Roman Catholics, the rites of that Church were neither asked nor offered at the funerals. These and other reasons created a great antipathy against the idea of leaving the dear remains of friends in that strange land, and of burying them, in such circumstances, like dogs, without any religious ceremony at all. After witnessing the first interment, this antipathy grew into a perfect abhorrence. The chief reason for this abhorrence I must now explain, and will do it by describing the first funeral I attended.

A gentleman from Kentucky having died, his brother and myself made application to the church as directed, and after being detained several hours by a great many (to us) unmeaning forms and ceremonies, we obtained a permit, for which $17 was paid, including $2 extra for the privilege of burying in a coffin. This coffin was made of pine boards, stained black—and to gain its admittance into the ground we were required to place crosses in the breast and two ends, which was done with simple white tape. On proceeding to the ground, on the outer suburb of the town, we found an enclosure, the area of which was about ¼ of an acre, with brick walls about 15 to 20 feet high. We entered with the body, by going up a short declivity, through the gate at the top of the wall; this rise was necessary to reach the top of the mass, which filled the entire enclosure to within some 5 to 5½ feet of the top of the wall; as I remember we could look over the wall, as we stood on the mass of corruption. On entering this terrible place, we were nearly struck dumb with horror at the spectacle it presented. The whole surface of the ground was literally strewn with the smaller bones of the human body, and so thickly, that not a foot could be set down, nor hardly a finger placed on the ground, without placing it on some of the exposed bones of poor humanity. In every direction human jaws, with their naked teeth, seemed grinning in our faces, from the midst of fleshless ribs, arms and spinal bones, &c., while in two corners of the yard lay piled many cart-loads of sculls, thigh bones, and other of the larger portions of the human frame. These we were told, were thrown there to dry in the sun, and then to be burned; and we noticed the remains of many recent fires on the ground, with their charred and half-burned bones scattered around. An old superanuated negro, sent from the church had preceded us, to dig the grave. This we found to be an awkward, irregular hole, about 3 feet deep, out of which he had thrown no less than seven sculls, with most of the other remains of many individuals. . . . . Some of these still had a portion of the skin and hair upon their heads, also sinews and portions of partly decayed flesh still upon the frame. The sides and bottom of the hole were filled with other skeletons, the whole emitting a most disgusting and deathly effluvia, which forced us to finish our wretched work with the most indecent haste. You can judge what it would be to stand in such a place, with the scorching tropical sun beaming down upon you, and the mass of corruption under your feet. The coffin was placed in the hole, which, being too short, would not admit its reaching near to the bottom; it was stamped down as low as we could get it, and the old negro ordered to fill it in, which he did by taking the skeleton remains in his hands, and stowing them away with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable.—We could not wait for him to finish, and left him to cover the coffin, the top of which was within 15 to 18 inches of the surface.—Hardly a particle of the original earth could be observed. The whole stuff thrown from the grave seemed a mass of human matter, with portions of decayed clothing, &c.—Can you now wonder that the question of being allowed to take away our dead, became a most painfully exciting topic of discussion among Protestant Americans? Many were the promises then and there made to have the matter fairly represented to our government at home; but since that time I have never noticed any effort to that effect.

About three months before the death of my wife, we had removed from Matanzas to a coffee estate 12 miles in the interior, but belonging to the parish of Matanzas. There my wife died. A few days before her death, she requested that her body might not lie in that horrible ground; but, if possible, be taken home, to rest beside her departed loved ones. This, without hesitation, I promised should be done—and by the mercy of God, I was enabled to accomplish it; but through much tribulation and at great risk. At the end of six weeks after her death, my sacred promise was fulfilled. Immediately after her death, I had the body enclosed in a metallic coffin, and that packed in a suitable box—and then, through the American Consul, (an excellent man,) I made application for a permit to remove the body, offering to pay to the church five times the fees allowed by law; but all conditions were refused—except that I must bring the body to the town and bury it in the usual way. Then I employed a lawyer to draw up petitions to the Bishop at Havana, the Governor-General of the Island, and to some three or four minor authorities. When all these had agreed to it, and I had paid all charges, I would be allowed to remove the body. These charges, they told me, would amount to some $1500 to $2000, and the time required to get through the whole matter would be a month or six weeks. Of course we remonstrated, and argued the case in every possible way—all the influence of the American Consul (since deceased) being used in my favour without avail. The party to whom we applied, and who, we were told, had the power to grant permission for removal, I believe, was the Secretary of the Governor of that district. Finding all arguments fail, the Consul kindly tried to dissuade me, saying, "What possible difference can it make where the poor dust shall lie?" But in addition to my promise, the idea of associating the last of my beloved one with that horrible place, was too revolting to be borne; and I resolved to accomplish it at all hazards. The Consul himself warned me against undertaking the course which the authorities had pointed out, saying there was but one object in it, which was to wring from me all the money possible; and that if I should pay the $1500 or $2000 named, the object would not be accomplished, and other impediments would be thrown in my way, as long as they thought I could raise a dollar, or my friends for me.

I then told the Consul, that in that case I should take it away *without authority.*—He told me the consequences would be tremendous, if found out. The penalty would be $5,000 fine, and imprisonment for five years, at the option of the Church; and moreover, if found on board a vessel, the risk also of her confiscation, and no redress from the civil authorities, as it would be a violation of the Ecclesiastical Code, and the civil authorities would not interfere. It was then I found, on inquiry, that to bury in the woods, on the estate, or in fact anywhere, *except in that disgusting spot*, I would incur a penalty of $2,000. Under these cruel and embarrassing circumstances, I endeavoured to keep the box containing the body above ground, until I could find a captain bold enough to take it on board. I hid it in an old building on the estate, after having packed it myself, and driven, in fact, the nails in my own wife's coffin, not daring to trust the secret to others. But in a few days the Spanish overseer of the place found it out, and ordered its removal to town, threatening to report if not done.—Here was a painful dilemma; but as Providence willed it, the overseer was called the same day to a distant place, and during his absence, with the help of some negroes, I had the box taken a mile from the house, and "*stole a grave*" in a thicket of plaintain trees. By dint of bribery, and threatening the negroes, I induced them to keep the secret from the overseer, although for the six ensuing weeks I was in constant dread of betrayal. I had one friend in the town, an American, who was in the secret; and *for me* he boarded every vessel that arrived, to find one that would receive the box on board at night, and convey it to any part of the United States, no matter to me where. None would take the risk at any price I could offer, until providentially an old acquaintance arrived, who said he had formerly received favours from me, and he at once volunteered to take the box, provided I would have it put on board, and guaranty his owners against the seizure of the vessel.

To this I agreed, and proceeded at once to find boatmen who would undertake to place it alongside the vessel. I was directed to two Spaniards, with whom I bargained, and at the time agreed on they came to the place—purchased of the overseer a load of fruit, to blind his eyes, but remained at the landing till after dark, and at 10 o'clock at night, while all were asleep, we took up the box from the ground, conveyed it on board the boat, and at 12 o'clock, midnight, in the midst of a howling storm, we started down the river towards the bay, at the head of which stands the town, where, half a mile from shore, rode a fleet of vessels at anchor, among which was that of my kind friend, who was waiting for me with my precious charge. Being well skilled in boating, I steered the boat—the two Spaniards rowing. We had to pass two forts before we could reach the shipping, and also to escape, as best we might, the "guard boat" that rows about, watching the shipping all night. On approaching the bar, where the river empties into the bay, we found the ocean heaving in heavy swells, which were breaking and foaming fearfully. After a short consultation with the Spaniards, we concluded there was no alternative but to risk the surf, and after having the boat partially filled several times, got over safely, without being hailed from the fort which stands at this point. The roar of the storm and surf and the darkness shielded us, and I saved some doubloons intended for the sentinel, to bribe him to let us pass. In the bay we found so heavy a sea, and breaking with the force of the gale, that we were near being swamped several times, and had to row eight miles across, to get under the lee of the land, so as to keep the boat's head to the sea. At last we made the lee, and coasted up, stealthily keeping close to the bank, when we neared the second fort, which stands upon a sharp promontory, jutting far out into the bay, and under the very walls of which our little boat glided without being hailed. An hour before daylight we were opposite the fleet. So far safe. There, under a dark bank, we waited near an hour before we could get sight of the guard boat, in the darkness. At last we described her leisurely moving about; and waiting until two or three large vessels were in range, the Spaniards pulled as for life to the vessel I pointed out, and we were soon alongside. The kind captain, and his wife also, had been pacing the deck anxiously most of the night expecting us. He called some of his crew, and in a few moments the box was securely under hatches; and I was taken on board a small steamer just at daylight, and conveyed back to the plantation, feeling as though a millstone had fallen from my neck, and rejoicing once more in embracing my little girl, three years old, for whose situation among strangers I had suffered great solicitude during the perils of that fearful night, when I thought several times I should probably be drowned—and I tried most earnestly to thank the good and merciful God who had brought me safe through all, and, so far, kept me from the clutches of the human wolves which I feared much more than the denizens of the forest.

The storm continued three days, and then the brig got fairly to sea, and I thought my troubles on that score nearly over; but she could not take me and my little girl as passengers; and while waiting for another vessel in which to leave, (and which sailed a week after,) the Church authorities got on the track of the metal coffin, (which I had to get made in the town,) and sent a deputation to the country to look into it. While they were gone I placed my little girl with an acquaintance, who expected to visit the States in two months, and then I made preparations to fly to Havana, distant 60 miles, the good Consul having agreed to give me notice of the return of the coffin-hunters, and their success. Through the mercy of God they returned no wiser than they went, and I remained secure until the vessel was ready to sail, when, with my little girl, and my friend, who had alone been in the secret with me, I went on board, and we were soon bounding down the bay, with a fair wind, and in a few hours fairly at sea, with the pleasing sensation of having accomplished fully the object nearest my heart of all others, and saying among ourselves, "*How hideous is tyranny under the garb of false religion!*"

Smyrna and the Seven Churches of Asia.

Thus writes Rev. Mr. Prime, one of the editors of the *New York Observer*, from the Grecian Archipelago, under date of December 27th:—

Smyrna is far ahead of Constantinople in point of cleanliness, and the fires that have swept off many of its old and wretched quarters, have opened the way for new streets, well laid out, and houses that present as good an appearance as those we meet with in many European cities. But the mixture of people makes a variety in the style of houses and streets as marked as that of the dress. Smyrna has 150,000 people in it, and 80,000 of these are Turks, 40,000 are Greeks, 15,000 Jews, 10,000 Armenians, and 5,000 Franks. They have separate quarters of the town to themselves, and we wandered around among them to see the way they live.

Overlooking the city is Mount Pagus, on which the castle was erected, called, as in most of the Greek cities, the Acropolis, now in ruins. Within it are the relics of a temple reared to Jupiter. On the same hill-top may have been the site of the church of Smyrna, one of the "Seven Churches of Asia;" not probable, however; though there is little doubt that in this hollow, a short distance below the castle, the aged Polycarp suffered martyrdom, A. D. 166, and here is his sepulchre unto this day.

He was, for more than eighty years, pastor of the church of Smyrna. The persecution under Antoninus growing violent in that city, a general outcry was raised for the blood of Polycarp. On this he withdrew privately into a neighboring village, where he lay concealed for some time, continuing night and day in prayer for the peace of the Church. The most diligent search was, in the mean time, made for him without effect. But when his enemies proceeded to put some of his brethren to the torture, with the view of compelling them to betray him, he could no longer remain concealed. "The Lord's will be done!" was his ejaculation; on which he made a surrender of himself to his enemies, saluting them with a cheerful countenance, and inviting them to refresh themselves at his table, only soliciting one hour for prayer. His request was granted, and his devotions were prolonged to double that period, with such sweetness and fervor, that all who heard him were struck with admiration, and the soldiers repented of their errand. Having ended his prayer, he was placed on an ass, and was conveyed to the place of judgment. He was met on the way by one of the magistrates, who took him into his carriage, and tried to persuade him to abjure his profession; but he was unyielding. On his approaching the place of execution, the proconsul, ashamed of putting to death so aged and venerable a man, urged him to blaspheme Christ. It was then that he made the memorable answer, "Eighty six years have I served him, during all which time he never did me injury; how, then, can I blaspheme my King and Saviour?" When further urged, his answer was, "I am a Christian." When threatened with wild beast, he said, "Bring them forth." When with fire, he reminded them of the eternal fire that awaited the ungodly. He died at the stake, uttering the words of praise rather than of prayer.

The most decided mark of Orientalism was the troop of camels coming into the city from the interior, with their great burdens so broad as to fill the narrow streets, and to make the walking difficult, if not dangerous. I counted forty of them in half an hour, and then, coming upon a hundred in one square, gave up counting. They walked in single file, six of them usually tied together, and the first one the most venerable being tied to a donkey, on which a man was riding as the guide of the rest. These camels moved on with a solemn, meditative pace, now and then making a shrieking kind of noise, but rarely; rather looking like the connecting link between the animal and machine: called, indeed, the "ships of the desert," but their rate of travel, not over three miles an hour, hardly justifies that title. Patient, however, and powerful to bear burdens and thirst, they are wisely made for travel and transport where no other means of conveyance are available.

The bazars pleased me more than those of Constantinople, displaying rich and costly goods in great variety, much of oriental fabric, shawls, carpets, caps, and scarfs, and thousands of things that come from Paris and London, showing the gradual and now the rapid progress which western civilization is making in the east. When a fire lays waste a part of the town, it is rebuilt in the western more than in the eastern style, and with the use of European dwellings all the comforts and luxuries of a more refined mode of life must follow. These bazars are covered streets, and the stores are small apartments, perhaps ten feet square, in the center of which the merchant sits, smoking his long pipe, and quite indifferent whether you buy or not. The customers stand in the street, and examine the goods as they are laid on a counter at the edge of the walk. Generally the price asked is one-third more than the sum to be paid, and sometimes the offer of half price makes a bargain.

The trade of Smyrna is very great, especially in fruits, being the natural outlet of Asia Minor, one of the finest fruit countries in the world. The camels bring in the ripe figs, which are picked and packed by women and children in drums and boxes, hastened on ship-board, and then commence the races across the seas; a prize of $150 being paid in London to the captain who arrives with the first vessel, and a much greater prize being won in the market by the vessel that arrives first in New York, after the fruit crop comes in. Smyrna is celebrated for its figs, but the market was better supplied with almost all other kinds of oriental fruit than figs when we were there, this having been a very poor season for them, as we were told.

The scholar is interested in Smyrna as the reputed birthplace of Homer—this being one of those of which it is said:

"Seven cities claim the Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

The ancients celebrated it under the names of the lovely, the crown of Ionie, the ornament of Asia, and perhaps we should have admired it more, had we not recently come from the Bosphorus, where nature has done more to beautify the site of a town than in any other religion which I have yet seen in any part of the world. But the chief interest in Smyrna which the Christian traveller finds, is in the fact that here was one of the seven churches of Asia of which mention is made by St. John in the Apocalypse, the others being in the same religion, and accessible by journeys of a few successive hours. *Ephesus*, were John resided, is only twelve hours off, and near the coast but the ruins of the great temple of Diana of the Ephesians, one of the seven wonders of the world, are no longer to be seen; even the site is not to be pointed out. It was burned by an incendiary, who wished to make his name immortal in connection with the ruin of such a temple. The wild beast prowls now where once was the most splendid edifice of its time on the face of the earth. *Laodicea*, another of the seven, is now deserted, though the ruins of temples and theaters plainly mark the site. *Philadelphia* has three thousand houses, and is the residence of the Greek bishop. *Sardis* consists of a few shepherds' huts, and a mill on the river Pactolus, whose golden sands were once so famed. *Thyatira* is full of ruins; the mouths of the wells are made of the capitals of beautiful columns, and the streets in many parts are paved with fragments of carved stone, relics of the ancient city. *Pergamos* is a magnificent tomb of former greatness, arches half buried, and columns in the sand, are the mournful memorials of the place where the faithful martyr Antipas suffered, and where Satan's seat was when the apostle John wrote his letters to the seven Churches. *Smyrna* is the only one of the seven cities that continues to be a place of any importance. And even Smyrna of the present is not on the site of the former. It is hard to make it a fact that time can work such changes, so that places which knew these vast cities, know them no more. Open to the second and third chapters of the Revelation, and read the prophecy and warning there uttered, and observe the wonderful fulfillment of every word. All this eastern world abounds in lessons of light and instruction on the pages of sacred truth, and every day of travel among the islands of the Archipelago, or the cities of Asia Minor, invests those pages with a reality that they never possessed before. All this is more than classic, it is hallowed scenery.

The Latest Excavations at Nineveh.

Of late the French government has made some renewed attempts, of which an account is given in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." The *ensemble* of ruins in the environs of Khorsabad consists of a large rectangular space of great extent. From distance to distance small conical hills mark the spots where towers or fortified gates were defending the walls. M. Place knew that M. Botta had not excavated these little elevations and therefore paid great attention to this task.—The first object found consisted of some smaller articles of agate, marble, and cornelian; however, of such preservation and polish as if they had only now issued from the hands of the artist. In another of these hills was found a sort of large staircase, or rather a series of succeeding terraces, made of burnt and inscribed bricks. Below the lower of these terraces was a double *souterrain*, of whose destination and use no idea can yet be formed. It was built with great accuracy and mathematical correctness and will form a sort of enigma to be solved by further examination. Incisions, which were made in the east side of this hill, led to the discovery of brass hinges and pins, which belonged to doors, of which nothing but the metal and stones in which these were fixed had remained. In consequence of a lucky hit, M. Place arrived through a door at a hall which had received the name of the "Magazine of (water) Pitchers." No idea can be formed of the quantity of vases found in this locality; they are all shapes and sizes—pitchers large and small, broad, narrow, compressed, and contracted at their orifice. Most of them had been broken by the weight of the earth which fell and rested upon them; still M. Place discovered some which were perfect, and will form the nucleus of a collection of Assyrian ceramic art. They were filled with clay, which, however, had become so hard that it was impossible to remove it, without, in many cases, breaking the vases. Some contained articles made of cast-copper, among which was some heads of gazelles, faithfully resembling those represented on the basi-relievi, and M. Place thinks that they were used for bailing out the wine or oil contained in the pitchers. On the eastern side of the walls is another hall which M. Place had excavated. It contained pitchers, 1 metre 64 high; and the red precipitate found at their bottom proves that these halls were the wine-cellers of the monarchs, of Assyria. M. Place examined all parts of the palace, and wherever he found the subterranean galleries he perceived that the Assyrian architects had used both the pointed and round arch. M. Place next directed his attention to what M. Botta had called "the ruined building," but had left it unexplored. He, therefore, opened his *trenches* toward the front of one of these halls, but soon came to the conviction that, far from being what may be called a ruined building, this part of the palace was in the way of construction at the time the whole became a ruin. On inspecting the circumvaleation of the city, M. Place remarked on the south-west side a pretty high hill, adapted to another unexplored mound of the same size, and equalling in extent of area that of the large palace. But it is not a single palace or palaces which await here further examination, but a whole Assyrian town may yet be discovered and exhumed.

Scenes on the Himalayan Mountains.

On the left I passed a very curious isolated pillar of rock, amongst the wild crags to the north-east, whose bases we skirted; it resembles the Capuchin on the shoulder of Mount Blanc, as seen from the Jardin.—Evening overtook us while still on the snow near the last ascent. As the sun declined, the snow at our feet reflected the most exquisitely delicate peach-bloom hue; and looking west from the top of the pass, the scenery was gorgeous beyond description, for the sun was just plunging into a sea of mist, amongst some cirrhi and stratus, all in a blaze of the ruddiest coppery hue. As it sank, the Nepai peaks to the right assumed more definite, darker, and gigantic forms, and floods of light shot across the misty ocean, bathing the landscape around me in the most wonderful and indescribable changing tints. As the luminary was vanishing, the whole horizon glowed like copper run from a smelting furnace, and when it had quite disappeared, the little inequalities of the ragged edges of the mist were lighted up and shone like a row of volcanoes in the far distance. I have never before or since seen anything, which, for sublimity, beauty, and marvellous effects, could compare with what I gazed on that evening from Choonjerma pass. In some of Turner's pictures I have recognised similar effects, caught and fixed by a marvellous effort of genius; such are the fleeting hues over the ice, in his "Whalers," and the ruddy fire in his "Wind, Steam, and Rain," which one almost fears to touch. Dissolving views give some idea of the magic creation and dispersion of the effects; but any combination of science and art can no more recall the scene, than it can the feelings of awe that crept over me, during the hour I spent in solitude amongst these stupendous mountains. The moon guided us on our descent, which was to the south, obliquely in the Yalloong valley. I was very uneasy about the coolies, who were far behind, and some of them had been frost-bitten in crossing the Kambachen pass.—Still I thought the best thing was to push on, and light large fires at the first juniper we should reach. The change, on passing from off the snow to the dark earth and rock, was so bewildering, that I had great difficulty in picking my way. Suddenly we came on a flat with a small tarn, whose waters gleamed illusively in the pale moonlight: the opposite flanks of the valley were so well reflected on its gloomy surface, that we were at once brought to a stand-still on its banks; it looked like a chasm, and whether to jump across it, or go down it, or along it, was the question, so deceptive was the spectral landscape. Its true nature was, however, soon discovered, and we proceeded round it, descending. Of course there was no path, and after some perplexity amongst rocks and ravines, we reached the upper limit of wood, and halted by some bleached juniper trees, which were soon converted in blazing fires. I wandered away from my party to listen for the voices of the men who had lingered behind, about whom I was still more anxious, from the very great difficulty they would encounter if, as we did, they should get off the path. The moon was shining clearly in the black heavens; and its bright light, with the pale glare of the surrounding snow, obscured the milky way, and all the smaller stars; whilst the planets appeared to glow with broader orbs than elsewhere, and the great stars flashed steadily and periodically. Deep black chasms seemed to yawn below, and cliffs rose on all sides, except down the valley, where, looking across the Yalloong river, a steep range of mountains rose, seamed with torrents that were just visible like threads of silver coursing down broad landslips. It was a dead calm, and nothing broke the awful silence but the low hoarse murmur of many torrents, whose mingled voices rose and fell as if with the pulsations of the atmosphere; the undulations of which appeared thus to be marked by the ear alone. Sometimes it was the faintest possible murmur, and then it rose swelling and filling the air with sound; the effect was that of being raised from the earth's surface, and again lowered to it; or that of waters advancing and retiring. In such scenes and with such accompaniments, the mind wanders from the real to the ideal, the larger and brighter lamps of heaven lead us to imagine that we have risen from the surface of our globe and are floating through the regions of space, and that the ceaseless murmur of the waters is the music of the spheres.—*Joseph D. Hooker, M. D., R. N.*

Class Leader's Difficulties.

After doing your best, you are sometimes found fault with, and this occasions your sorrow.

But, says the apostle, "He that judgeth me is the Lord." To your own master you stand or fall. There always will be captious and complaining persons in the church.—And frequently those who do least, complain the most. Now I know not that you have any thing to do with the careless and casual observations which may be made concerning the manner in which you discharge the duties of your office.

One thing is certain; you are not accountable to such persons. They have no authority over you. It will be time enough for you to be troubled on this account, when a suggestion is made by your minister that you have committed an error, or when through other friendly council, you have intimated that there is room for improvement. But even in this case, if you have a proper view of the matter, you will perceive that nothing more is required than that you should make yourself more useful and available to the church. Further than this, you are not required to heed the rumors and suggestions which float upon the wings of the wind, and which in many cases, pass away with the breath that gave them currency.

Stand then to your post—pursue the even tenor of your way, through evil report; and so discharge your duty as ever to have impressed upon your mind, that you are to give account to God, and not to man. With an eye single to his glory, and the good of his cause, do your utmost in the station you occupy, without respect to the "honor" or "good opinion" which cometh from man.

Thus in the day of his coming you may say,—

"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

And then from your Lord you will receive the glad word,—

"Well and faithfully done! Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."—*Key's Class-leader's Manual.*

The Earlier, the Easier.

In youth, the *affections* are most ardent. It is peculiarly the season of love. The young are capable of the strongest and most self-sacrificing affection. The strongest appeals of Christianity are made to the affections. The only word which sums up the whole of piety is *love*. Therefore, youth is the best season for commencing a life of piety.

In youth the *hopes* are most bright. Then the future is adorned with the most brilliant and attractive hues; and Christianity presents the most gorgeous scenes in glowing imagery to imagination, to induce a life of piety.

Faith is most confiding in youth. The young are trusting, ready to believe. Religion demands implicit faith; youth most naturally gives it, and is therefore the best season for commencing a life of piety.

The mind is most *docile* in youth. As years advance, men become more and more tenacious of their own views and opinions. Entire submission to the teaching of inspiration is necessary to piety, and this is most easily given in early life.

The *habits* are most yielding in youth.—How important then, when they are forming, that they should be directed aright.

Youth is most *submissive* to authority.—It is the season of obedience. The unquestioning obedience which God demands is most easily rendered in early life.

The *energies* of youth are most active.—Young hands for labor! Years deaden the energies. Religion requires the exertion of all our energies to resist evil and do good. These are most active and most easily diverted in youth.

The *judgment* in youth is best fitted to appreciate the claims of piety. The judgment of impenitent age is prejudiced and blinded and warped by sin. One who has long indulged and loved sin cannot so easily as the more unpolluted mind form a correct judgment of the guilt of sin. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" then may ye who have been accustomed to do evil learn to do well.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Personality an Awful Gift.

The short verse, "Every man shall bear his own burden," opens to our consideration one of the deepest principles of our being. It singles us out from the multitude around us. It sets us alone with our own spiritual and moral character, as we have fashioned it, and reminds us that we must bear for ourselves that burden. It bids us remember that great truth which the world is ever seeking to hide from us, that we are each of us ONE; that we have that in us which does truly separate us from every other besides; that we are in reality alone. There is something awful in this truth, in whatever light we look at it. Though this is, indeed, our greatness—though it is in this, in a great measure, that our likeness to God consists, yet it is an awful thought. Our very greatness is appalling to us—but we cannot shake it off. We may, indeed, strive, in our shrinking weakness to break in upon the stillness of our solitary being by crowding others around us, but we cannot. We may forget our loneliness for a season, in the whirl of pleasure, or the fever of excitement, or the warm gushes of a loving sympathy; but in all the pauses of outward things the solemn voice comes back again upon the ear; the multitude of shadows fade into nothingness; and the great vision of our single, proper, solitary being, again overshadows our spirits. We have each one this burden of a separate soul, and we must bear it. Even ordinary life utters voices which add their witness to this truth, if we listen for them. How do all deep-thinking people, in the inmost current of their spirits, live apart from others, and, more or less, even feel that they do so.—*Bishop of Oxford.*

The Illuminated Bible.

BY JAMES HAMILTON, D. D.

Before the days of printing, the copyists sometimes took great pains with their manuscripts, and Bibles were then elaborately embellished. Traced in silver and gold and brilliant colours, occasionally executed on tinted parchment, the mere letters were often a gorgeous picture; and such illuminated manuscripts will always awaken the astonishment and delight of the tasteful antiquarian.

We do not print our Bibles in silver and gold; nor have we verses marked out from the others, by their vermilion ink, or their bolder character. And yet we have sometimes thought that every careful reader can illuminate his own copy as he proceeds.—The book is all bright with passages which, at one time or another, have stirred or strengthened him:—it is all radiant with texts which have accused, or rebuked, or consoled him. On this verse he heard a sermon which he never can forget; this chapter is associated with some affecting event in his domestic history; and here is a paragraph which gave rise to a dialogue or meditation, ever memorable in his religious career.

Yet, were a hundred such illuminated Bibles compared, it would be found that in no two of them is the same set of passages marked and made prominent. Some may coincide; and a few emphatic sentences may be common to all; but, according to individual peculiarities or providential circumstances, it will turn out that portions fraught with glory to one eye are obscure or ordinary to every other.

To take two instances. Suppose that each man were to mark in vermilion the verse that first convinced him of sin, or first made him anxious for the saving of his soul. In the Bible of the Apostle Paul, the tenth commandment would be inscribed in red letters; for, as he tells us, "I had not known sin, except the commandment had said, Thou shalt not covet." In the Bible of Alexander Henderson it would be, "He that enteretly not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber;" for that was the shaft which pierced the heart of the unconverted minister. In the Bible of the Ironside soldier, the rubric would be found at Eccles. xi, 9; for it was there that the bullet stopped, which, but for the interposing Bible, would have pierced his bosom; and when the battle was over, he read, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Or, suppose that each were to mark in golden letters the text which has been to him the gate of heaven; the text through whose open lattice a reconciled God has looked forth on him, or through whose telescope he first has glimpsed the cross. The Ethiopian chamberlain would mark the fifty-third of Isaiah; for it was when reading about the Lamb led to the slaughter that his eye was directed to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and he went on his way rejoicing. The English martyr, Bilney, would indicate the faithful saying, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief;" for it was in sight of these words that the burden fell from his back which fasts and penances had only rendered more weighty. There was "a stricken deer" who had long been panting for the water-brooks, but he had yet found no comfort; when, one day, listlessly taking up a Testament, it opened at the words, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past;" and instantly he realized the sufficiency of the atonement, and embraced the gospel; and, doubtless, the bard of Olney would signalize, by the most brilliant memorial, the spot where the Sun of Righteousness first shone into his soul. "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen." These were the words which instantly converted into a living temple the calm and stately mind of Jonathan Edwards; and we may be sure that—like Jacob, who, at Luz, would always see the light of the ladder lingering—every time he returned to the passage, even in his most cursory perusal, the devout theologian would perceive a surviving trace of that manifestation, which into his vacant wistful soul brought "the only wise God," and in glorifying that God gave him an object worthy of the vastest powers and the longest existence.

Such is the divine variety of Scripture; and thus from the stores of religious biography might be compiled a sort of historical commentary, showing what service in the way of "doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness," the different passages have done. It would be found that in this quiver there are hundreds of arrows which have pierced the conscience and con-

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vinced of sin. It would be found that from this tree of life, as many leaves have dropped, and proved effectual to the healing of such wounds. It would be found that in this garden there hardly grows an herb, but some visitor has been regaled by its beauty or revived by its fragrance; and those which have not been sweet to the taste, have, in their very bitterness, yielded a salutary tonic. How many a text should we find invested with its true and touching legend! This was the lamp which lighted such a pilgrim through that ominous eclipse; and this was the hidden manna which, in the howling wilderness, restored his soul. Here is the smooth stone with which he struck down that terrible temptation, and here is the good sword with which he cut off its head. Here is the harp on which he discoursed sweet music when God gave him songs in the night; and there is the staff with which he was comforted when he walked through the valley.

An illuminated Bible makes an illustrative reader; and if, in your private perusal, you come ever and anon on passages made dear and memorable by their bearing on your personal history, in your own turn you will, in some measure, supply that commentary which, of all others, is the greatest desideratum,—a legible Christian,—an epistle of Christ that may be known and read of all men.—*The Lamp and the Lantern.*

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A Religion of Externals.

Persons, ignorant of the spiritual character of true religion, are ever prone to give undue prominence to matters of mere form and ceremony. There were those in the days of our Lord, who were extremely punctilious in paying "tithe of mint, anise, and cummin," whilst they were no less negligent in observing "the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith"; and St. Paul felt it to be a duty to caution the members of the Christian church at Rome, and through them all others to the end of time, against the prevalent opinion that the "kingdom of God" consisted in "meat and drink," and to assure them that it was no other than "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

The elevation of the externals of religion to a position to which they have no divinely sanctioned title, is only the legitimate development of human nature unrenewed by the saving grace of God. The primitive pharisees were but types of a numerous class of religionists, to be found in every successive age of the Church, from the time when they were subjected to the personal rebuke of Christ, to the present day. These parties have been the great corrupters of christian doctrine, the malign impugners of christian experience, and the perverse nullifiers of sound christian morality by the surreptitious additions to divine law of contravening human dogmas. No less to the world than to the church have they been an enemy and a curse. Under the guise of religion, they have the more successfully accomplished their diabolical work, alike dishonouring the Supreme Three-One God and robbing man of his most precious treasure.

Examined in the light of the Word of God, and by its own distinctive faith, ceremonies, and moral code, what is Romanism at this day, but a huge, monstrous, and palpable exhibition of pharasaism in its most corrupt form, intensely imbued with the cruel spirit, and marred by the esoteric and exoteric doctrines of ancient paganism? Far be it from us wilfully to misrepresent the Church of Rome, but that it is all the above question implies, we have a decided conviction. It can never be made to harmonize with the spirit and teachings of Christianity as revealed in the gospel of Christ. It is a religion of pomp and show, in which the priest is everything, and the people nothing—in whose temple, the Pope with unsurpassable pride "sitteth as God," and "exalteth himself above all that is called God," claiming divine prerogatives, and dispensing for money "indulgencences" to commit sin with impunity. Romanism, as a religion of gorgeous forms and ceremonies, appeals to sense and the imagination, but in its unscriptural dogma of "transubstantiation," denies the evidence of the senses, and contradicts the plainest dictates of an enlightened understanding. We have no doubt on our own mind that it is the great apostasy predicted by St. Paul, and whose final overthrow is, so graphically depicted in the Apocalypse.

That it exists now, destitute as it is of an inherently vital and spiritual power, is no more than the inspiring Spirit has foretold, and, when duly considered, affords no just cause for surprise, as there are now existent other forms of false religion which can claim a higher antiquity. The hoary head of error has no claim on reverence or respect—its speedy descent into the region of moral death must be the ardent prayer of every lover of divine truth. Whilst the destruction of popery, as a system of false religion, is greatly to be desired, the escape from its delusive toils of its unhappy and misled votaries, and their entrance into the true and sheltering fold of Christ, is an object, with which the deepest sympathies and the most fervent supplications of Christian men perfectly accord. We cannot, however, conceal the fact, that the more sincere its adherents are in their blind attachments to what they suppose to be the only, and the true Church, the more difficult it is to convince them of their error, and induce them to embrace the true faith of Christ; but the utmost sincerity in the belief of error has not proved in every instance, a shield impervious to conviction; and as the Word of God has been already made the instrument of the conversion of thousands of Romanists, once sincere in their religious predilections, so we may hope, that as a spirit of inquiry extends, that Word will win still more signal and numerous triumphs on this theatre of action. There is a "woe" pronounced by the Head of the Church on those who "have taken away the key of knowledge," who "entered not in themselves, and them that were entering in they hindered;" and whilst listening to this alarm, we cannot unperturbed contemplate the condition of those who studiously keep from their people the precious deposit of the Gospel of the ever blessed God.

The superiority, in a religious point of view, of those who have unrestricted access to the words of eternal life, is every where conspicuous; especially is this the case with those, who look into the perfect law of liberty, and continue therein, they being not forgetful hearers, but doers of the work, are blessed in their deed. Made partakers of "the kingdom of God" which "is not in word but in power," they are "transformed by the renewing of their mind," and "prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God,"—"the eyes of their understanding being enlightened, they know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints;" "sanctifying the Lord God in their hearts, they are ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh them a reason of the hope that is in them, with meekness and fear." For this spiritual religion, saints have taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods, martyrs have been burned at the stake, the Reformers have suffered imprisonment and death, and Protestants in this day should estimate above all external things an inheritance which has come down to them sealed with blood and consecrated by death.

State of the Roman Catholic Church before the Reformation.

We continue extracts from De Cormenin:—

THE TENTH CENTURY.

"The tenth century is the most fertile in disasters and calamities. Monsters, unworthy of the name of man, governed empires. Never was ignorance so profound; and the cardinal Baronius himself exclaims—'The tenth century should be called the age of iron, on account of the innumerable evils with which it was filled; the age of lead, on account of the tyranny of popes and kings, and the age of obscurity, on account of the sterility of literature and science!'

"Before arriving at the history of this deplorable period, we should warn our readers, that scandals and abominations will fill the reigns of the Roman pontiffs; that the churches of Christ will become places of prostitution; that courtezans will dispose of the keys of heaven; that bishops and popes will prostrate themselves at their knees; and that, during more than two centuries, incestuous and pedantic priests will soil the steps of the altar! Finally, fifty pontiffs, apostates, murderers and wanton are about to occupy the chair of St. Peter.

"And nature, as if she wished to leave a strange remembrance of that period, gave birth to a monster with the head of a lion, and a human body. Platinus, Genebrard, Stella, Baronius, in their writings, call the pontiffs of that age simoniacal priests, magicians, ——, (too bad to mention), tyrants, robbers, and assassins."

THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

"The character of the eleventh century is remarkable for a mixture of gross superstition and horrible debauchery. So great were the ignorance and depravity, that it was imagined that the reign of antichrist was approaching, and they interpreted the strange phenomena of nature as presages of the accomplishment of the words of the Apocalypse in relation to the end of the world. The auguries and sorceries practised even by the clergy, had replaced the sacraments and the ecclesiastical ceremonies. Finally, there existed neither virtue nor piety in the world; and Berenger says, 'that the church was a collection of proud, impious, and wicked men, and that the apostolic chair had become a seat for demons!'"

THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

"The history of the church in the twelfth century affords a long train of horrible crimes and infamous corruptions. Cardinal Baronius, the zealous defender of the popes, himself avows, that it appeared as if antichrist then governed Christendom. St. Bernard, who lived in these deplorable times, wrote to Ganfrid:—'Having had for some days the happiness of seeing the pious Nobert, and of listening to some words from his mouth, I asked him what were his thoughts with respect to antichrist. He replied to me that this generation would certainly be exterminated by the enemy of God and of men; for his reign had commenced.'

"Bernard de Morlaix, a monk of Cluny, their contemporary, also wrote: 'The golden ages are past; pure souls exist no longer; we live in the last times; fraud, impurity, rapine, schisms, quarrels, wars, treasons, —, (too bad to mention) and murders, desolate the church. Rome is the impure city of the hunter Nimrod; piety and religion have deserted its walls. Alas! the pontiff, or rather the king of this odious Babylon, tramples under foot the Gospels and Christ, and causes himself to be adored as a God."

"Finally, Honorius, the priest of Antron, expressed himself with still more energy concerning the clergy. 'Behold,' cried he, 'these bishops and cardinals of Rome! these worthy ministers who surround the throne of the Beast! They are constantly occupied with new iniquities, and never cease committing crimes. Not only do these wretches abandon themselves to all kinds of depravity with—,(too bad to mention) but they even wish to oblige the clergy of the provinces to imitate them. Thus, in all the churches, the priests neglect divine service, soil the priesthood by their impurities; deceive the people by their hypocrisy; deny God by their works; render themselves the scandal of nations, and forge a chain of iniquities to bind men. These are the blind who precipitate themselves into the abyss, and drag with them the simple ones who follow them.

"'Look also at those monks! Knavery and hypocrisy shelter themselves beneath their cowls; the frock covers every vice: gormandizing, cupidity, avarice, luxury, and ——. Examine also those convents of nuns. The Beast has made his bed in those dormitories, all of which are defiled by the most horrid debauchery. These abominable girls no longer choose the Virgin for their model; they take Phryna and Messalina; they no longer prostrate themselves before Christ, but before an idol of Priapus. The reign of God has finished, and that of antichrist has commenced; a new law has replaced the old; scholastic theology has sallied from the depths of hell to strangle religion; finally, there are no longer morality, tenets, nor worships—and lo! the last times announced in the Apocalypse have come!'"

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

"A monk of St. Alban's named Matthew Paris, who wrote the cotemporaneous history of the thirteenth century, thus speaks of the church. 'The little faith which still existed under the last popes, and which was but a spark of the divine fire, was extinguished during this century—all belief is annihilated; simony is no longer a crime; usury is no longer disgraceful, and greedy priests can devour without sin the substance of the people and the lords. Evangelical charity has now taken its flight towards the heavens; ecclesiastical liberty has disappeared, religion is dead, and the holy city has become an infamous prostitute, whose shamelessness surpasses that of Sodom and Gomorrah. Every country is abandoned to the rapacity of the monks in rags, ignorant and unlettered, who fall upon the provinces armed with Roman bulls, and with effrontery adjudge to themselves all the revenues granted by our ancestors for the subsistence of the poor and the exercise of hospitality. Those who resist this dilapidation of the public money, or who refuse a part of their demand to the envoys of the pope, are immediately stricken with the thunders of anathema.

"'Thus the pontiffs not only exercise an odious tyranny, which is still the more insupportable, as their agents, like true harpies armed with iron talons, not only snatch even the last rags which cover the faithful to maintain the luxury of the court of Rome, but even overthrow the traditions of the first ages of the church, and drive away from the domains of St. Peter the citizens who directed them to replace them with wretches, called Roman farmers, who leave the work of the fields to pillage the inhabitants of the provinces, and who, in hopes of meriting the good graces of the holy father, send to Rome the spoils of the unfortunate. Thus do we deplore such scandals, and say, in the grief of our soul, that we would rather die than assist at this sight of horror and abomination.'"

The following are some of the propositions or axioms of Boniface VIII, who was pope from A. D. 1294 to 1303,—transcribed, says De Cormenin, "on authentic documents," and which will give the reader an idea of the state of the Roman Catholic Church at the close of the thirteenth century, as exemplified in the belief and conduct of the popes:—

"I care no more for another life than for a bean."

"Men have souls like those of beasts; the one are as much immortal as the other."

"The gospel teaches more falsehoods than truths: the delivery of the Virgin is absurd: the incarnation of the Son of God is ridiculous: the dogma of the transubstantiation is a folly" (—in reference to "transubstantiation," Boniface, being in the secret of the cheat, spoke the truth.)

"The sums of money which the fable of Christ has produced the priests, are incalculable."

"Religions are created by the ambitious to deceive men."

"Ecclesiastics must speak like the people, but they have not the same belief."

"We must sell in the church all that the simple wish to buy."

De Cormenin quotes another saying of Boniface, too horrid to be reproduced. The historian says, "Dante has placed the soul of this pontiff in the depths of hell, in the hole which Pope Nicholas the Third had occupied before him"; and adds, "The result of all the testimony we can gather is, that this pope was reputed as damned, even by the clergy. John Villani calls him a cruel, ambitious, corrupt, proud, and avaricious priest."

A pretty successor of St. Peter—a *bright* link in the godly chain of Apostolic Succession!

THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

"Robert Gallus, in his apocalyptic style, says, in speaking of the church in the fourteenth century, 'I was in prayer, with my looks towards heaven, when I suddenly perceived in the air a monster clothed in the pontifical cape; it had feet in the form of a sword, and immense hands which it plunged into the east and west, to draw them out full of gold and precious stones. Having approached me, I heard an infernal voice, which exclaimed, 'it is the Roman Church.'

"The spirit of humility and charity had, indeed, entirely abandoned the chiefs of the Roman clergy. From the time of St. Gregory to Gregory the Seventh they had combatted against the bishops of the East and West, to usurp the supreme power in the church. They had then commenced the same strife against kings, down to the time of Boniface the Eighth, for the purpose of establishing their temporal sway. At length, when they had elevated the chair of St. Peter above all sees and all thrones, when they had united in their grasp the spiritual and temporal swords, they desired to exercise this power to draw to themselves the riches of the whole world. The Inquisition, established by Innocent the Third, had already done marvels in Europe, where its tribunals condemned to the scaffold the faithful, whose wealth excited the covetousness of the court of Rome. But as this mode of extortion, independently of some danger attending it, was not sufficiently expeditious, the popes fell back on the relics, and following the maxim of Boniface the Eighth, made money out of every thing they could sell. After having exhausted Italy, they settled down on France, where, thanks to the progress of information, the enfranchisement of the Communes, and the emancipation of the serfs, they were assured of finding resources for a long time. Besides, during the whole age in which they held their court at Avignon, it appeared as if virtue had been driven from the kingdom by their presence; so many shameful actions were committed."

Of pope John XXII. who mounted the Holy See, A. D. 1316, De Cormenin thus speaks:—"He became prouder, more deceitful, and greedier than his predecessors; he was not content with the ordinary revenues of the church, and with the enormous sums the inquisitors paid him as his share of the confiscations, but he increased them by speculating in human corruption, and publicly sold absolution for parricide, murder, robbery," and other crimes too scandalous to mention; "he himself *reduced to writing* this tax of the apostolic chancery, that Paetolus which flowed over all the vices of humanity."

"'After his death,' says John Villani, 'they found in his treasury eighteen millions of florins in coined money, besides his vessels, crosses, mitres, and precious stones, which were valued at seven millions of florins.'

A true and faithful follower of St. Peter, who said—"Silver and gold have I none!"

De Cormenin quotes thirty-four articles of the "infamous code" of the tax-book, "which alone," he says, "should be sufficient to cause popes and their satellites to be held in detestation, if the list of their crimes had not already taught us that they were the most implacable enemies of humanity: a masterpiece of infamy, sprung from the brain of a pope, and containing in a few pages all the secrets of an institution which weighed down people and kings for more than fourteen centuries.

"The pious Conrad, abbot of Usperg, thus speaks of the book of the taxes of the Roman chancellery:—

"'O Vatican, rejoice now, all treasuries are open to thee,—thou canst draw in with full hands! Rejoice in the crimes of the children of men, since thy wealth depends on their abandonment and iniquity. Urge on to debauchery, excite to ——,' (too bad to mention) 'even to parricide; for the greater the crime, the more gold will it bring thee. Rejoice thou! Shout forth songs of gladness! Now the human race is subjected to thy laws! Now thou reignest through depravity of morals and the inundation of ignoble thoughts. The children of men can now commit with impunity every crime, since they know that thou wilt absolve them for a little gold. Provided he brings thee gold, let him be soiled with blood and lust; thou wilt open the kingdom of heaven to debauchees, —, assassins, parricides. What do I say? Thou wilt sell God himself for gold.'

"In fact, the tax exacted by John the Twenty-second, became for the popes, his successors, one of the most vast and fruitful financial operations that the avarice and infernal genius of the pontiffs ever invented."

Such was the state of the Roman Catholic Church from the beginning of the tenth to the close of the fourteenth century, as certified by its own historians. We shall in our next number present further extracts from DeCormenin, exhibiting its condition during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in the earlier part of the latter commenced the Reformation under Luther; and if on a candid review of the testimony thus briefly cited, any man can deny that such a Reformation was absolutely necessary, his denial can be justified only on the ground that the religion of Christ is a "fable," and has been "created by the ambitions to deceive men."

GOD suffers a Christian to be wronged, that he may exercise his patience, and commands a Christian to forgive the wrong that he may exercise his charity; so that a wrong done him, may do him a double courtesy. Thus evil works for good.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

To those whom it may Concern.

I received through the Post Office last Friday, an anonymous letter fraught with statements and insinuations the most unfounded, and conceived withal in a very unhappy, not to say *malicious*, spirit. My primary object in referring thus publicly to a production so unworthy of notice on other grounds, is to preclude, if possible, a repetition of such ungracious favors. My unsuspicious confidence in the character of the community in which I am a temporary resident, and the respect and courtesy which I have uniformly experienced from all classes, threw me off my guard; in consequence of which the purport of the letter in question, disclosed itself to me before I thought of turning to ascertain whether it were nameless or not. I certainly shall not *in future* be thus betrayed. Any communication henceforth received by me, which has not a *bona fide* signature, will meet *unread*, a very warm reception of a nature accordant with its merits. I will not degrade myself by forming an acquaintance with letters that are ashamed of their *filiation*, or whose writers would blush to own their *paternity*.

The dissection of deformity is no very agreeable task. I shall not therefore enter into any detailed exposure of the truthless allegations in which my darkness-loving assailant, or rather assailants—for I opine there is more than one involved in this disreputable business—so malignantly indulge. There are, however, two points at which the archers who have endeavoured sorely to grieve me, have, from their hiding place, shot their most fiery darts; but in respect of which I have the consolation to know that I am perfectly invulnarable:

I am accused of having *cast a slur* upon the Temperance cause by the reference I made to it in a discourse I lately preached to a crowded auditory in Grafton Street Church. Let my unconscionable impugner throw aside the imperious mantle in which he shrouds himself, and make the assertion in open day; and I will summon a hundred, or if necessary, *five hundred* respectable witnesses who heard the discourse from beginning to end, to repel by their united testimony the bold calumny. No, I cast no slur upon the Temperance cause. But I did faithfully warn the true friends of temperance against the dangers to which a cause good in its original motives and objects, was exposed from even an apparent association with *quadrille parties*, and *theatrical exhibitions*—which, after all, exhibit but a very humble and awkward mimicry of the drama, fitted to minister little gratification to persons of any refinement of taste—an opinion which, by the way, some of the most ardent Tee-totallers have themselves expressed concerning the late failures in this line at Temperance Hall.

On the subject of the most popular movements of the day in the Cause of Temperance, I have not the slightest objection that my views and sentiments should be read and known of all men. Some of my most valued friends,—lay and clerical,—are zealous Sons of Temperance. I highly appreciate the pure benevolence of their zeal; and did I conceive that in this matter, it was according to knowledge, I should immediately not only sympathize with their motives, but earnestly co-operate with their measures. But I must be permitted to claim for myself, those rights of conscience which I freely concede to them. And, in the exercise of those rights, I will confess, I am unable to recognize the propriety of merging all moral distinctions in one, which not only may, but often does exist in connection with infidelity in principle, and the grossest immoralities in practice. What the age, in my apprehension, requires, in the system of means for the melioration of the state of Society with regard to the deplorably prevalent habits of intemperance, is a distinctively Christian Temperance Society, concentrating its wisdom, influence, and energies on the correction of crying evils, emanating from that source, and lamented by all good men, on the high and holy principles of the Bible. No other principles will ever long hold together any organization however ostensible, for the purposes of moral reform, because no other principles are vital, holy, spiritually-efficient and undying. Many Sons of Temperance—sincere followers of Christ—begin to feel this to be the case. They feel that frequent and intimate association with those who know not God, is, to say the least, very unprofitable. And this feeling has of late acquired intensity from the earnest efforts made by worldly and ungodly persons connected with the Temperance Reform, to substitute the intoxication of vain and dissipating amusements for that of the inebriating cup. I hope ere long to see a Temperance organization formed, of which the pervading element and plastic power will be the love of Christ, and of the souls for whom he tasted death. I devoutly desiderate such a confederation, and think it would be hailed by a large proportion of the spiritual members of the Church of God.

My anonymous correspondent is hugely offended at the deep interest I have taken myself, and sought to excite in others, in the case of the afflicted widow of poor Thompson who perished in the *Belle*; and the manifestations of my sympathy are gratuitously attributed to most unworthy motives. The heartless manner in which a reference is made to this desolated and truly respectable woman, is revolting to every feeling of humanity, especially as refined and elevated by the spirit of Christianity. Hear it:—*There are multitudes, aye! and of your own congregation too — — — passed over by 'your philanthropic self as entirely unworthy of notice in comparison with a certain unknown, coloured woman, whose husband chanced to come to an untimely end.*

Is not such language chilling to a heart not utterly dead to natural sensibility? I admire the memorable saying of one of the ancients—*Misery is sacred.* And I have yet to learn that any peculiarity in the colour of the subject of an overwhelming calamity ought to repress the streams, by congealing the fountain, of my sympathies. If instead of being either white or black, the claimant upon my commiseration happened to present the appearance of brown or grey, or a mixture of both, would the purely adventitious circumstance of a skin not coloured like my own, justify me in shutting up my bowels of compassion from the child of sorrow? The Bible answers, No! Conscience responds, No! Natural pity and genuine piety blend their voices, and echo, No!

The substitute for the name of the author or authors of this unfathered document is rather startling. It is this—*One who knows you quite well, and embraces this opportunity to give you a warning.*

What does this mean? Can it be possible that the impotent assailant of my peace, intends to assassinate my person? Perhaps so; and yet I can scarcely think that he meditates such a deed of darkness, whatever the malevolent spirit that prompted such verbiage might be capable of in a different state of society. Such demoniacal threats, however, produce in me no trepidation; nor shall they have the effect of deterring me from faithfully reproving sin in whatever form, or under whatever auspices, it may present itself. I rejoice to know that I am immortal till my work is done; and I have a desire when that is completed, to depart, and to be with Christ which is far better. My life, my health, my reputation, are in the hands of God; and there I leave them without any solicitude. None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

MATTHEW RICHEY.

P. S.—I have as yet received little more than one half of the amount for which I hold myself responsible for the alleviation of the calamitous reverse in Widow *Thompson's* circumstances—I respectfully solicit the aid of the humane on this behalf.

M. R.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Barrington Circuit.

By the good hand of our God upon us, we have erected and completed our new Chapel at Cape Negro. It measures 45 by 34 feet. Post 18 feet. Tower and spire 60 feet from the ground and 10 large gothic windows. The pews are all single, slightly inclining backwards for ease and comfort, numbering in all 78 of which 26 are in the gallery renting for £50. It stands a little in front of the site of the old Chapel, in an elevated and conspicuous position, in the midst of majestic evergreens—beautifully contrasting with its snow-white walls and noble spire, and sable roof.—Through these emeralds of the forest, extending to the highway, a spacious and pleasant road is opened, along the sides of which, they form an army of living green, to shield "from the wind's unkindly blast" as well as "from the sun's directer rays," as though they cheerfully parted with their noble sires, to make way, for the ransomed of the Lord, and by their utility and everliving beauty to attract them up to worship their Creator God. The spire by its *exceeding* height is rendered an object of *vision* for miles around, while its initial cardinal points extending, east, west; north and south, seem in solemn silence to call on all to believe in the general Saviour of mankind, and to come and worship at his footstool.—To the sons of the Ocean, it serves as a beacon-friend, points *them* upwards to the God of the sea as well as of the dry land, and directs them *where* to come to praise the Lord, "who maketh the sea a calm, and bringeth them to their desired heaven."

On the Lord's Day the 2nd of April, a goodly number of people assembled to dedicate the House to the Lord of Sabaoth. At the appointed hour, the congregation rose and stood, to unite in singing the Dedicatory Hymn composed for the occasion by their leader J. T.

Great Jehovah, High and Glorious,
God of Might and Majesty,
Let thy presence hover o'er us,
While we bend the suppliant knee,
And with rev'rence
Dedicate these courts to Thee.

Make this House thy habitation,
Throug'd with worshippers sincere,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Bow to us the willing ear,
Holy Spirit,
Let the Heavenly Dove rest here.

Here may ransom'd souls adore Thee,
Shouting loud Emmanuel's name,
Here may sinners bow'd before Thee,
Find redemption through the Lamb,
With glad voices.
Shouting
Magnify the Great I AM.

From these sacred courts may praises
Up to Heav'n as incense rise,
May our gifts, and may our graces
Heav'nward soar and pierce the skies,
All uniting
In one grateful sacrifice.

When our now-embodied spirits
From these earthly courts remove,
May we all through Jesu's merits,
Find the haven of thy Love,
Oh receive us
In thy Heav'nly courts above.

After singing this appropriate Hymn, the Congregation still standing, Solomon's Dedicatory Prayer at the opening of the Temple, was read. They were then addressed upon two important subjects—the worship of Almighty God, and spiritual regeneration,—founded upon two important words in Rev. xxii. 9, "Worship God," and Ps. lxxxvii. 4, "Born there." Surely among us, the Divine promise to Israel was fulfilled, "Where my name is recorded, there will I come unto thee, and there will I bless thee," for by many it was said, "Master, it is good to be here"

This is now the *third* Chapel that has been erected on the same ground, though not upon the same site. Worthy and still remember'd names, occupied the first:—The Reverends Messrs. Bennett, Wm. Black, Mann, Fiddler, Stockart, and Cooper,—all of whom have gone to their reward, save our venerable Father Bennett. And the second, by the Reverends Messrs. R. H. Crane, (who opened it,)—Webb, and Knowlan,—now no more among us,—and Dr. Richey, Millar, Popes, Davies, McMurray, Huestis, Morton, Wilson, and Crane, who are in other parts of the Vineyard, doing the Lord's work.

O may we all be reminded by these changes, that here we have no abiding place, and be stimulated "to work while it is called to day, for the night cometh, when no man can work." May this Chapel be occupied by "burning and shining lights," to minister before the Lord, and may all who enter its sacred courts "Worship God," and "when the Lord counteth up the people," may it be said of every one—"That man was born there."

"Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethen and companions sake,
I will now say, Peace be within Thee"

J. V. JOST.

Barrington, 4th April.

Maxims of the Jesuits.

The Nation of Brussels, Belgium, publishes the following maxims, which are the professed rules of the Order of the Jesuites. They contain some curious principles as to the mental reservation and oaths of those Fathers, called the vanguard of the army of the papacy:

"To cut short with calumnies, it is permitted to murder the calumniator, but in secret, in order to avoid scandal."—*Airault, Jesuit.*

"Men can attack each other, without any shame of tenderness of conscience, by means of slanders, calumnies, false swearng, when religion requires it."—*Ib.*

"If any person will swear, without binding himself to keep faithfully the oath, he should lame the words; viz, say *uro*, suppressing the j; it is the same as saying I burn, instead of *juro*, which means I swear; and in this case it is only a little falsehood, which is easily pardoned."—*I Sanchez, Jesuit*

"If you firmly believe that you are ordered to lie, lie."—*Casnedi, Jesuit.*

"The Pope can admonish the king, and punish him with death."—*Father Gobat.*

"A man proscribed by the Pope can be murdered everywhere, because the Pope has a jurisdiction, at least indirect, all over the world, even over civil governments."—*Busembaum.*

"It is permitted to kill a prescribed person by the Pope, by means of treachery."—*Ant. Escobar.*

"A subordinate, obeying with a good intention his prelate, acts meritoriously, although in reality, he acts against the law of God."—*Ib.*

"Lately was accomplished in France an important and glorious discovery, for the instruction of impious principles. Clement, in murdering the king, has made for himself an immortal reputation. He perished, but he became the eternal exemplar for France."—*Mariomna.*

"There are times when the Pope has a right to deprive heretical and rebel kings of their power. A monarch deposed by the Pope is no longer a legitimate prince; if, after having been dethroned, he persists in his opposition to the Pope, he becomes a tyrant, and can be murdered by any person."—*Suarez.*

"It is not for religious persons or other ecclesiastics, to murder the king by secret means, and the sovereign pontiffs are not accustomed to use such means to admonish the princes; but, after having been reprimanded by threats and excommunications, they must be slain by some lay believer."—*Bellarmino.*

Clement XIV. published against the Society of Loyola the famous bull "*Dominus ex Redemtor*," which abolishes this religious order! In signing the bull, the same Pope, said, "I sign my death warrant, but I obey my conscience." Clement XIV. was poisoned soon after by a female Jesuit.

Substitute for Wood Engravings.

Dr. Ferguson, of Sheffield, writing in the Journal of the Society of Arts, says:

"Several years ago, I was endeavoring to find an easy substitute for wood engraving, or rather to find out a substance more readily cut than wood, and yet sufficiently firm to allow a cast being taken from the surface when the design was finished, to be reproduced in type metal, or by the electrotype process. After trying various substances, I at last hit upon one which at first promised success, viz: the very common substance called soap; but I found that much more skill than I possessed was required to cut the finer lines for surface printing.

A very little experience with the material convinced us that, though it might not supply the place of wood for surface printing, it contained within itself the capability of being extensively applied to various useful and artistic processes in a manner hitherto unknown. Die-sinking is a tedious process, and no method of die-sinking that I know of admits of freedom of handling. A drawing may be executed with a hard point on a smooth piece of soap, almost as readily, as freely, and in as short a time as an ordinary drawing with a lead pencil. Every touch thus produced is clear, sharp, and well defined. When the drawing is finished, a cast may be taken from the surface in plaster; or, better still, by pressing the soap firmly into heated gutta percha. In gutta percha several impressions may be taken without injuring the soap, so as to admit of 'proofs' being taken, and corrections made—a very valuable and practical good quality in soap. It will even bear being pressed into melted sealing wax without injury. I have never tried a sulphur-mould, but I imagine an impression from the soap could easily be taken by that method." Dr. Branson has also employed beeswax, white wax, sealing-wax, lacs, as well as other plastic bodies; and in some of these cases a heated steel knitting-needle, or point, was substituted for the ivory knitting-needle. He has sent several specimens to the Society of Arts, which shows that from the gutta percha or plastic cast, a cast in brass may be obtained, with the impression either sunk or in relief.

Ministers as Editors.

The *Richmond Christian Advocate* says:

The Church did well without newspapers before newspapers were incorporated into her plans of usefulness. They were incorporated, because they were felt to be necessary, and their utility justifies the original measure. Secular and literary papers can be managed by secular and literary men; but religious papers, if they are to meet the design and accomplish the spiritual ends of their establishment, must be conducted, not only by religious men in an ordinary sense of the term, but by religious men in the higher standards of the term, by ministers rather than laymen, because the aims and requirements of the office demand familiarity with theology, ecclesiastical history and polity, Biblical exegesis, sacraments, institutions, &c., to an extent very rarely, if ever acquired by even well educated laymen. A minister so occupied is as much engaged in promoting the great ends of redemption as he could be in simply preaching. He preaches the gospel with a hundred voiced organ in the issues of the weekly press; and then occupies the pulpit on the Sabbath besides. He is no more away from his vocation than the missionary, who sits down to a painful study of language before he can preach to the people to whom he is sent to teach the way of salvation: no more away from his work than the pastor who closes his study door for the purpose of preparing a volume for the press, an essay for a review, or an article for a paper.

Religious Items.

ITALY.—In the last number of the *Eco di Savonarola* notice is taken of a conversation between a Jesuit and a Christian traveller in Reference to Bible circulation in Rome. The former denies that the bible is a prohibited book; the latter asserts it *virtually* is, as on enquiry at all the booksellers of the city, he found on sale in two shops only Martini's edition, in 24 vols., at 130 francs each copy. The Jesuit replies that poverty and ignorance prevent its circulation, but on being assured by the traveller that copies would be forthcoming were free circulation permitted, the Jesuit answers that the people of Rome are so ignorant as to be unable to read, and therefore that copies of the Scripture would be of no use. What a heavy responsibility rests on the heads of the Roman Catholic Church not to attempt removing such *confessed* great ignorance. [Brownson affirmed that education was more cared for and better diffused in Rome than in Boston.—*Ed. Montreal Witness.*

A SATISFACTORY INVESTMENT.—A subscriber, whose name has been on our list for some years, in a late letter gives us the following encouraging words: "Permit me to say, as it may encourage you in a good work, that the amount I have paid you for your paper from time to time, has yielded a better profit than any investment I ever made in the issues of the press, unless it be in the word of God itself. I have never received a single copy of the *Presbyterian* since I became a subscriber, that was not worth one hundred per cent over what it cost me."—*Presbyterian.*

THE BIBLE FOR ITALY.—We understand that letters have just been received at the Bible House from Geneva, signed by Dr. Merle de Aubigne, Dr. Molan, Col. Tronchon and sixteen others, urging the American Bible Society to furnish means for publishing immediately 12,000 or 15,000 copies of the Italian New Testament, in Italy, which can now be circulated, and the people are eager to possess it. "Will the Christians of America (say they) through your society consecrate two or three thousand dollars to bring out the first edition?"—*New York Com. Adv.*

WHEN you send your prayers, be sure to direct them to the care of the Redeemer, and they will never miscarry.—*Henry.*

PRE-VOLTAIRIAN INFIDELITY.—It is to Voltaire and his coterie that the infidelity of France in the eighteenth century is generally ascribed; but it must be remarked that amongst a truly religious people these attacks upon Christianity would have excited disgust instead of sympathy. Voltaire was really the child of an antecedent infidelity, as well as the parent of much of the subsequent license. Sceptical notions had already spread widely over France in the eighteenth century; and there is extant a letter of the Princes Palatine, the mother of the Regent Orleans, in which she expresses herself thus:—"I do not believe that there are at this moment in Paris, countine ecclesiastics as well as laymen, one hundred persons who hold the Christian faith, even to the extent of believing in the existence of our Saviour! I shudder with horror." A whole century before, the Pere Mersenne, the celebrated friend of Pascal and Descartes, had stated in his *Commentary on Genesis* (printed in 1623) that Paris alone contained 50,000 atheists; and that sometimes twelve of them were to be found together in the same house.—*Quarterly Review.*

GROWTH OF PROTESTANISM AND ROMANISM IN CANADA.—*Mackenzie's Weekly Message* says on this subject, that in 1820 the population of the Canadas may have been 520,000, of whom perhaps 380,000 were Papists, and only 140,000 Protestants—exhibiting 19 to 7 of the whole country as in favour of the Popish Church, its doctrines and worship. In 1853 our people may be assumed to number 2,000,000, of which 910,000 belong to the Popish religion, and 1,090,000 to the Protestant, showing nearly eleven Protestants to nine Papists. The latter have gained 560,000 in thirty years, the former 920,000. The Papists have more than doubled their numbers; but the Protestants have increased theirs more than seven-fold. The tide of Popish immigration, Mr. Mackenzie goes on to say, has chiefly flown into the United States, whether from Ireland, or Germany, or France; and the chief difficulty their prelates have, in that land of free discussion, is to prevent their flocks from doubting and calling in question, in true Protestant style, principles and doctrines which, among Popish congregations in Lower Canada, and the Popish districts of Ireland, are always taken for granted, or believed, and held sacred and beyond discussion.

DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE OF ROMANISM.—A remarkable illustration of the demoralizing influence of the Romish priesthood is reported in the *Belgique Judiciaire*. In a case of robbery and murder, with attempt to poison, the parish priest of a place called Cazats was found to have induced several persons to give false witness. He is said to have enjoined on them all the Liguorian doctrine that in false swearing, and in the subornation of persons to swear falsely, there is no harm nor any sin. By way of sanctifying the transaction, he assembled the subjects of his spiritual direction, and having given them minute instructions for the service to be done, *said mass before them.*—The whole came out on trial, and the priest of Cazats has acquired no small notoriety in consequence. The paper above cited contains the depositions.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

STARTLING PROPHECY.—The following remarkable passage was written twenty years ago by the Duke of Ragusa, a Marshal of France, who died not long ago at Venice.—It appears in his Memoirs, published before [illegible]

"If an Anglo-French fleet passes the Dardanelles and arrives at Constantinople; if, at the same time, 50,000 men of the Alliance take up their position at Adrianople, the Russian squadron will retreat to Sebastopol, and will not again venture forth; if the Czar passes the Danube, and sends his army to the Balkans, he has to fight at once with the Turkish, French and English forces; and by supposing the non-neutrality of the Court of Vienna, he is exposed to all the dangers of an Austrian army coming upon him from Transylvania."

This is a startling prophecy, even for a Marshal of France.

THE RICHEST MINE.—The manure applied to the soil of England amounts to three hundred millions of dollars; being more than the value of its whole foreign commerce, and yet the grateful soil yields back with interest all that is thus lavished upon it. And so it would be here, if we would only trust the soil with any portion of our capital But this we rarely do. A farmer who has made any money spends it not in his business, but in some other occupation. He buys more land, when he ought to buy more manure, or he puts out his money

The Provincial Wesleyan.

General Intelligence.

Items.

The Legislature of Louisiana has appropriated ten thousand dollars to encourage ship building.

A India Rubber Clothes Pin has been patented which is said to be far superior to the spiral clothes pin, and to supercede all others.

To make one of the finest Cashmere shawls requires the work of a family for a lifetime. They sell, in Cashmere itself, for five thousand dollars.

The Scientific American, of March 18th, denies that Professor Agassiz has made the remark that the human race existed on the earth 150,000 years ago.

It has been stated that there is more work done every day in England by the power of machinery than all the men and women in the world could do without it.

A few days since, a French surgeon after directing a current of the vapour of Chloroform on an abscess in the sole of the foot of a patient, was able to make an incision in it without causing the slightest pain.

An Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, bared his head, and exhibited a huge scar, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire-shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

The Royal Agricultural Society have offered a premium of two hundred pounds for a steam cultivator, which shall do the work of the spade or plough more economically than either of these ancient implements.

India-rubber, in the process of manufacturing, is not melted, but is passed through heated iron rollers, the heaviest of which weighs twenty tons, and thus worked or kneaded, as dough is at a bakery.

The keeper of a museum exhibiting a skull as that of Oliver Cromwell, concerning which a lady observed that she could not have expected Cromwell's skull to have been so small, the learned conductor replied, "that it was Oliver's skull when he was young."

The Maine Liquor Law is gaining favor in Texas. The Legislature has given each county in the State the privilege of deciding, by popular vote, whether it will have the law or not.

The Judges of the Superior Court yesterday delivered judgement, quashing the conviction and fine recorded against Narcisse Filiau for refusing to diff his hat while the R. C. procession of the Host passed where he stood.—*Quebec Mercury.*

The *True Witness* says that the Government is *culpable* in instituting proceedings against John Maguire, Esq., Inspector of Police at Quebec, on account of alleged neglect of duty during the Gavazzi riots.

Mr Galt one says that he has successfully completed the surveys from the Pacific to near the foot of the Cordilleras, and announces his intention to proceed immediately to California Bay, to connect those surveys with those in progress on the Atlantic side.

Dr. Hamel, of St. Petersburg, one of the most distinguished members of the Royal Academy, a Councellor of State in the Russian Empire, and a gentleman of great scientific attainments, has been deputed by the Emperor Nicholas to visit the various educational, scientific, and philanthropic institutions in the United States. Dr. Hamel is now at the Revere House in this city.—*Boston Traveller.*

We have intelligence from private sources to the effect that Fort Belknap, in Texas, was at the latest accounts, surrounded by 400 Indians, and the garrison reduced to sixteen, the balance having gone out in pursuit of the murderers of twinel that the fort would be captured and its defenders massacred before reinforcements could arrive to their relief.—*Exchange.*

Indian outrages in New Mexico and on the frontier continue to an alarming extent. A meeting had been held at Laredo, at which resolutions were adopted to extirpate the Libas tribe, who are generally looked upon as the perpetrators of the outrage.

The Government of Costo Rico has ceded to Mr. Luis Bayer the privilege of fishing for pearl shells on the Pacific coast by submarine boats, for the sum of $12,000 annually. It has also granted to the same gentleman the privilege of extracting cocoa-nut oil from the trees which exist on the free lands of the coast, for the sum of $4,000 annually.

Costo Rico is at present in a more flourishing state than it has been, and is decidedly the most prosperous and advanced part of Central America.

Much suffering has been experienced in the republic of San Salvador, owing to the destruction of a large amount of the past season's crops by the caterpillars, the result of which has been that the Government has temporarily prohibited the export of grain, which has consequently had rather a prejudicial effect on the export trade.

The inventor of the atmospheric telegraph has petitioned the United States Congress, asking an appropriation of $5000 to construct his telegraph for ten miles.—The inventor asserts that he can transmit packages weighing 500 pounds 500 miles an hour.

In Constantinople a manufactory has been established for those fatal explosive balls of which so large a quantity has been of late imported into the East. They were discovered by an apothecary, and are said to be filled with some species of gas or chloroform, and explode on falling upon or striking against any object.

Dr Barth, of the British Expedition to Central Africa, has discovered a magnificent river in the far interior, forming the upper course of the Chadda, a tributary to the Niger, and flowing through the extensive kingdom of Adamua, the most fertile and beautiful of all the countries visited by the traveller.

Accounts from Turin state that Calabria has been visited with a succession of earthquakes, attended with a fearful loss of life. The castle of Cosenza has been entirely destroyed, and the garrison buried in the ruins. A village, containing nine hundred inhabitants, near the same place, has likewise, with its whole population, been destroyed. The loss of life is calculated to amount to upwards of three thousand souls.

According to the authority of the Galway Packet, the Celtic race is fast disappearing even in its western stronghold. The editor has just completed a tour through Jar Connaught and Joyce's country, and for miles, he says, the traveller could not see a human habitation—all was utter desolation; not a trace of farm cultivation, and in lieu of houses nothing remained but heaps of stones and unroofed gables. Whenever the writer met an inhabited dwelling, it was a miserable hut, in which Englishmen would hesitate to lodge their hogs.

The German Freemen, or Atheists, says the *Western Christian Advocate*, have a hall in this city, corner of Mercer and Vine streets, where they meet to drink of evenings and Sundays, and otherwise to have what they call "a good time." On last Wednesday evening a party of them who had been imbibing freely, went into a back room of the building, and two of them concluded to see how well they could shoot in the dark with horse-pistols. At the first shot one of the two fell dead, a heavy load of buckshot having been sent into his breast. The fellow who shot was afterward arrested; but what will be done with him is hard to tell. So much for liquor and infidelity. Men who talk the most about freedom are the ones who generally know next to nothing about it.

The following document, says a Glasgow paper, is in the course of signature by the working-men of Glasgow:—"We, the working men of Glasgow, in consequence of innovations on the Sabbath rest and sanctity, made and defended in our name, feel it our duty to declare our adherence to the following principles.—1. We believe the Sabbath to be of Divine appointment, and of perpetual obligation. 2 We believe the Sabbath essential to the well being of the human family. 3 We believe that respect for the sacred character of the Sabbath has, under the blessing of God, preserved it as a day of rest to our fathers, ourselves, can only preserve it to our posterity. 4. We regard the recent innovations, whether founded on plea of pleasure, convenience, or profit, as destructive of that respect which upholds the Sabbath as a day of rest. We therefore repudiate all systematic and predetermined labour on the Sabbath, because all such labour undermines the great basis of Sabbath preservation, and tends to foster principles which sap the foundation of domestic virtue, social happiness, national prosperity, and true piety."

UNITED STATES POSTAGE TO AUSTRALIA.—We learn from Washington, says the *Boston Traveller*, that the Postmaster General has made an arrangement with the proprietors of the "Australia Pioneer Line of Monthly Packets," to convey the mail regularly between New York and Australia, by sailing ships, monthly, in each direction. It is expected that the first mail under this arrangement, will be despatched from New York on or about the 1st of April. The single rate of postage on letters is *five* cents, for pamphlets, and magazines, one cent an ounce or fraction of an ounce, and for newspapers, two cents each, pre payment required. The incoming mails, as the United States postage cannot be prepaid, will be treated as ordinary private ship mails.

CALIFORNIA.—Stocks of butter and provisions lately sold at San Francisco at loss of 30 to per cent to the Eastern shippers.

Late accounts state that business is inactive at Oregon and California. Gold is scarce, and property sells at reduced prices. Merchandize is plenty.

The miners about Jacksonville have commenced a canal, to be about 14 miles in length, to bring Applegate Creek to that town: the canal will be through a rich mining district.

The remittances eastward will not, it is supposed, average four millions of dollars per month, as the great decline in staple goods, and the falling off of freights must soon be felt.

On a late shipment of over 7,000 bbls flour arrived at San Francisco, a loss will be sustained of not less than $40,000.

The Cherokee Flat diggins have proved quite as rich as reported, and is said to be the richest ever found in the State of California.

A block of gold-bearing-quartz, weighing 193 pounds, was found within a few hundred yards of Mariposa recently. The Chronicle says: "It is one of the most beautiful specimens we have ever seen. There are various estimates as to the value of the lump, ranging from $500 to $10,000.

In consequence of having a copious supply of water, the miners in Shasta county had recently taken out an unusual large amount of gold dust.

At Little York the work of opening the plaza is progressing rapidly, and as they advance into the hill it is growing richer.

The miners at Bear river are doing an astonishing business.

At camp Seco, the late rains have materially benefited the miners. The New York Company's ditch is now full, yielding a recompense to its owners.

We learn that Long Bar Water Company have got the water on the island, and that twenty toms are now at work. Times are good, and the miners are making satisfactory wages. New diggins have been found on Dry Creek, surface diggings and *coarse* gold, one lump weighed $240, which promise richly as soon as the proper water arrangements can be made.

LOS ANGELES.—The city has been in a feverish condition, says the Los Angeles Star of the 11th February, in consequence of the discovery of gold in the mountains near Santa Anita, about eighteen miles distant. The same kind of running to and fro, asking of hurried questions, and uncertain expectancy, has been exhibited which have often been witnessed in northen towns when a break has been made for new diggins.—Mining implements and camp utensils are in demand. Pack trains and other appliances are seen starting in the direction of the placers. In fact, quite a lively sensation has been created.

This same region was prospected some three years since, but those were the days when it required ounces to satisfy man's ambition; but now when three or four dollars a day are an object, the prospect here re opened seems to be a bright one.

In 1842 gold was discovered in the mountains near San Fernando, and during two or three years there were at times hundreds of men at work. It is estimated that $40,000 was taken out in those days. The gold was of fine quality, and yielded at the mint over nineteen dollars to the ounce.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Our dates from Honolulu are to the 4th of February.

Annexation is a subject of constant discussion.

There is a project for the extension of the city of Honolulu under consideration. It is proposed to fill in 43 acres of ground, at a cost of $155,000; the earth to be confined to its place by a substantial wall, with a frontage of about 2000 feet, in water five feet deep. On this extension 232 lots, 50 by 100, might be laid off. The only question in regard to the matter is, whether the Legislature will authorize a loan to pay for the work.

The Custom House statistics for 1853 have been published.

The imports were $1,281,951; the exports $466,000, of which $191,000 were of foreign production.

The revenue was $155,640.

The arrivals of merchant vessels were 195; of whalers 535.

During 1853 there were 157,326 gallons of sperm oil, 3,787,348 gallons of whale oil, and 2,029,264 pounds of whalebone transhipped at the Islands.

The Islands have 52 vessels now engaged in coasting, of 1332 tonnage in the aggregate.

Four hundred vessels obtained supplies during the year. The average cost of supplies for the merchant vessels was $200, and for whalers $275

BUENOS AYRES.—The news from the River Plate is dated Buenos Ayres, Jan. 29.

During these last days Urquiza has been re-elected and re-installed as Governor of the Province of Entrerios, which makes us believe that he intends seriously, to decline the Presidency of the Republic. The result of the Presidential elections, which are undoubtedly in his favor, have never been announced.

RIO JANEIRO.—Our accounts from Rio Janeiro state that Senhor Lumpo d'Abreu, the Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs, issued on the 19th of January a circular to the diplomatic body, in which it was declared that the empire of Brazil, in view of the condition of the Oriental Republic, and based on the convention of 1828, and the treaties of 1852, was determined to interfere in the affairs of that Republic. It was said that Montevideo would be occupied by 4,000 men.

THE NORTH AMERICAN FISHERIES.—A Washington letter says—"The treaty on the fisheries is not so near an accomplished fact as was supposed. There are three parties to the negotiation. The United States and Great Britain have agreed upon a *project*, which has been submitted to the colonial authorities of the provinces.—Their answers are expected in about two weeks. It favorable to the arrangment proposed, it will take the form of a treety."

Latest from England.

Flour market dull, the decline being two shillings per barrel on the week's operations.

The Times's Paris correspondent says that 3000 British Troops were to pass through France to embark at Toulon or Marseilles, and that the first detachment was expected in Paris in a week or ten days.

A Paris correspondent says that the Czar's refusal was telegraphed from Berlin on the 17th to the French Government, and that, as soon as known, the British minister sent a notification of the fact to Omar and to Sir Charles Napier.

A report of the capture of the Russian treasure convoy had reached Constantinople.

Said Effendi had reached Janina, empowered to settle the recent Greek insurrectionary difficulties. The insurrection is now over.

Provincial Appointments.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Halifax, 4th April. 1854.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, in Council, has been pleased to make the following appointments:

To be, (provisionally, until the signification of the Queen's pleasure,) Members of Her Majesty's Executive Council, in this Province:

The Honorable William Young, in the place of the Honorable James B. Uniacke, resigned.

The Honorable Lewis M. Wilkins, in the place of the Honorable Joseph Howe, resigned.

The Honorable Alexander Campbell, in the place of the Honorable Hugh Bell, resigned.

The Honorable Stephen Fulton, in the place of the Honorable Alexander McDougall, resigned.

To be Clerk of the Executive Council—

The Honorable Lewis M. Wilkins, in the place of the Honorable Joseph Howe, resigned.

To be Her Majesty's Attorney General for the Province of Nova Scotia—

The Honorable William Young, in the place of the Honorable James B. Uniacke, resigned.

To be Provincial Secretary—

The Honorable Lewis M. Wilkins, in the place of the Honorable Joseph Howe, resigned

To be Her Majesty's Solicitor General for the Province of Nova Scotia—

The Honorable William A. Henry in the place of the Honorable Alex. McDougall, resigned.

His Excellency has also been pleased to make the following appointments:

To be the Commissioner of Crown Lands—

The Honorable Jas. B. Uniacke, in the place of John Spry Morris, Esquire.

To be the Commissioners for the Construction and Management of Railways in this Province—

The Honorable Joseph Howe, Chairman.
The Honorable Jonathan McCully, and
William Pryor, Junr.
John H. Anderson.
Perez M. Cunningham.
Thomas S. Tobin, Esquires.

To be Queen's Printer—

William Annand, Esq, in the place of John S. Thompson, Esq., resigned.

—Royal Gazette, Wednesday, April 5.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Crawley delivered a superior discourse at Grafton St. Church on Tuesday evening last. The Rev. Messrs. Geikie and McGregor assisted in the devotional exercises, and a collection was taken up on behalf of the Micmac Mission.

☞ We have been reluctantly compelled to defer the Obituary Notice from Wilmot until our next issue.

☞ The Book Steward acknowledges having received from Rev. Mr. Knight on account of Rev. Mr. Prince, £21 10s.

☞ We have received several communications which shall receive due attention.

☞ Received, with thanks, a copy of the M.E Church Sabbath School Report.

☞ Also, a Circular from the Editor of the *International Journal*, Boston, on "Emigration."

☞ The postage on the communication from Barrington should have been paid.

Letters & Monies Received.

(See that your remittances are duly acknowledged.)

VOL. VI.

Rev. R. Weddall (new sub.), James Morris, Esq., Charlottetown, P. E. I., Rev. H. Pope, Jr. (4s8.), Rev. R. Morton (per Mr. Jno. Starr, 8s. 3d.), Mr. D. H. Welch, Parrsboro, (with enclosure), Rev. J. H. Starr (new sub.), Mr. D. Atwood, East Boston, (10s. per Capt. Coffin), Mr. D Richard, Ritcy's Cove, (5s.), Mr. Jno. Salter, Kennetcook, (per Mr. Chipman 6s. 3d.)

☞ *Two* new subscribers are above acknowledged, for which we return thanks. Every new subscriber helps the Office. Our friends are requested to continue their valuable aid in increasing the circulation of this paper.

HURD'S GOLDEN GLOSS FOR THE HAIR.

Among the many preparations for the growth of the *Hair* this GOLDEN GLOSS takes the lead. Three reasons will be given why it is so universally used and preferred to all others. 1st. Because it has proved the most effectual in Baldness. 2nd. Because it imparts a beautiful dark gloss and delightful perfume to the hair. 3rd. Because the Ladies, with fine discrimination, which they all possess have adopted it. Many other reasons could be given why it is a great favourite, but those who want mor have only to give it a trial. Price 25 cts. in large bottles. For sale by Druggists and Storekeepers everywhere.

D. TAYLOR, Jr., Boston, General Agent. Sold in Halifax by John Naylor and the principal Druggists. 244—269.

March 16, 1854. W. & A. 6m.

Worms! Worms!

☞ Various theories have been started relative to the origin of intestinal worms, and yet the question is still a vexed one among medical authorities. Of one fact, however, all are informed, and in which all agree—the fatal nature of the influence they exert on children. At this season of the year, the attacks of worms are most frequent as well as most dangerous. We take great pleasure in directing the attention of parents to the Vermifuge of Dr. M'Lane. It is one of the most extraordinary medicines ever introduced to the public, and has never failed of success when tried.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr M'LANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, and take none else. All other Vermifuges, in comparison, are worthless. Dr M'Lane's genuine Vermifuge, also his Celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada.

Agents in Halifax, WM. LANGLEY and JOHN NAYLOR. 33.

☞ It is those only who are in constant use of Babbit's Toilet Soaps and Creams can judge of the real merits they possess. Free from all impure or irritating properties, they leave the skin in a smooth and healthy state. Sold by all Druggists.

It would be to some extent a neglect of the duty which we owe to our readers, if we failed to allude to the unprecedented mass of evidence that has reached us, in proof of the remedial efficacy of "DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD" in many disorders which, whilst most painful and distressing in their symptoms, have, at the same time, through their obstinacy and continuity, been inaccessible to medical skill. We have looked over some of the lists of heartfelt testimony to the beneficial effects of this Food, in various and complicated stages of disorder, including dyspepsia (indigestion), constipation, functional irregularity, obstructions, acidity, cramps, fits, heartburn, diarrhœa, nervousness, affections of the liver and kidneys, flatulency, distention, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache, deafness, noises in the head and ears, giddiness, pains between the shoulders and in almost every part of the body, chronic inflammation and ulceration of the stomach, eruptions on the skin, scurvy, fever, scrofula, impurities, poverty of blood, consumption (if not beyond human aid), dropsy, rheumatism, gout, influenza, grippe, nausea and vomiting during pregnancy, after eating, or at sea, low spirits, spleen, general debility, paralysis, cough, asthma, tightness across the chest, phlegm, inquietude, sleeplessness, involuntary blushing, tremors, dislike to society, unfitness for study, delusions, loss of memory, vertigo, blood to the head, exhaustion, melancholy, groundless fear, indecision, wretchedness, thoughts of self-destruction, &c. One or two examples, from the FIFTY THOUSAND Testimonies, received by Messrs. Du Barry, may be interesting and useful. The Ven. Alex. Stuart, Archdeacon of Ross, informs us that he has been relieved from excessive nervousness, pains in the neck and left arm, general weakness of constitution, and other ailments, rendering his life very miserable." Mr. Hunt, barrister-at-law (a gentleman 85 years old) certifies that he has been radically cured of paralysis of *sixty years standing* as well as of other afflictions; and after a long list of comparative misery, he gratefully proclaims that he is now "a stranger to all complaints, except a hearty old age." Major Edie states that, after "having suffered fearfully for two years from an enlargement of the liver, and an inveterate diarrhœa," which had totally defied the most eminent medical aid, and had brought him to the brink of the grave, being unable to lift his arms, from perfect exhaustion," he had recourse to the Food, and he then goes on to say:—"The result of eating this delicious Food is the perfect restoration of my health within a month, and I take a peculiar pleasure in recommending all sufferers to follow my example." But to pursue these testimonials would be an endless task. Upon FIFTY THOUSAND authenticated certificates, we have the "great" and auspicious fact, that, for the first time in the history of pathology, an agent has been discovered which COMPLETELY EFFECTS all that had hitherto been fruitlessly ATTEMPTED by all the nauseous preparations of the laboratory. Not merely in its remedial, but in its preservative capacity, as a protector, as well as a restorer of health, its efficacy is attested by the grateful evidence of those who have had experience *in propria persona*. The circumstances brought to light in connexion with its use as food for infants, shew that whilst it prolongs the lives of thousands of adults, it is calculated to cause many to reach maturity who would otherwise perish in early childhood. Altogether, we confess to the pleasing conviction that the extended use amongst all classes, of Du Barry's Food, must produce a marked change for the better in the average value of life, and in the sanitary statistics of our era.—For further particulars we refer our readers to Messrs. Du Barry's advertisement in our to-days columns. 3.

Holloway's Pills for the Cure of Sick Headache, Bile, and Weak and Disordered Stomachs.—These wonderful Pills have been the means of restoring to health many persons pronounced incurable by the faculty, both at home and abroad. They may be taken with perfect safety, and a certainty of effecting a cure, by persons suffering from general debility, sick headache, diseases of the stomach, bile, or liver complaints, and those who are predisposed to dropsy cannot use a more effectual remedy than Holloway's Pills, acting as they do upon the very mainsprings of life, no disease can resist their influence. The effect they have is mild, yet speedy, and as a family medicine they are unequalled.

Commercial.

Halifax Markets.

Corrected for the "Provincial Wesleyan" up to Wednesday, April 12th.

Bread, Navy, per cwt.	27s. 6d. a 30s.
" Pilot, per bbl.	25s.
Beef, Prime, Ca. none.	
" " N. S.	45s.
Butter, Canada,	11d.
" N. S. per lb.	10½d.
Coffee, Laguyara, "	
" Jamaica, "	9d.
Flour, Am. spfi. per bbl.	42s. 6d. a 43s. 9d.
" Canada sfi. "	40s.
" Rye,	30s. a 31s 3d.
Cornmeal,	21s. 3d.
Indian Corn, none.	
Molasses, Mus. per gal.	1s. 5d.
" Clayed, "	1s. 3½d.
Pork, Prime, per bbl.	85s.
" Mess, "	100s
Sugar, Bright P. R.,	33s. a 33s. 9d.
Bar Iron, com. per cwt,	17s.
Hoop " "	24s.
Sheet " "	28s.
Codfish, large	19s.
" small	16s. 9d. a 17s.
Salmon, No. 1,	80s.
" " 2,	70s.
" " 3,	67s. 6d.
Mackerel, No. 1,	62s. 6d.
" " 2,	57s. 6d.
" " 3,	37s. 6d.
Herrings,	15s.
Alewives,	17s. 6d.
Haddock,	15s. 6d.
Coal, Sydney, per chal.	40s.
Fire Wood, per cord,	17s.

Prices at the Farmers' Market, corrected up to 3 o'clock, Wednesday, April 12th.

Fresh Beef, per cwt.	40s. a 45s.
Veal,	4d. a 5d.
Lamb, per lb.	3½d. a 5d.
Bacon, per lb.	7½d.
Pork, Fresh,	4½d. a 5d.
Butter, per lb.	1s. a 1s. 1d.
Cheese, per lb.	5d. a 6½d.
Eggs, per dozen,	10d.
Poultry—Chickens,	2s. 6d. a 3s.
Geese, none.	
Ducks, "	
Turkeys, per lb.	9d.
Calf-skins, per lb.	6½d.
Yarn, per lb.	2s. 6d.
Potatoes, per bushel,	4s. a 5s.
Oatmeal, per cwt.	22s. a 22s. 6d.
Peas, per bushel,	5s.
Apples, "	5s. a 6s.
Homespun Cloth, (wool,) per yard,	2s. 6d.
Do. (cotton and wool,) per yard,	1s 7d. a 1s. 9d.

WILLIAM NEWCOMB,
Clerk of Market.

Marriages.

On the 21st February, at the Gore, by the Rev. H. Pope, Jr., the twin brothers Messrs. Joseph and Benjamin BOND, to the Misses Jane and Margaret SIM, respectively, daughters of the late Alexander Sim.

At Rose Bay, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. R. Weddall, Mr. Simeon BURNS, of Rose Bay, to Miss Matilda SHAFFENBERRY, of Kingsburg.

At St. Mary's, on the 29th, by the Rev. Alex. Campbell, Mr. Robert POLSON, of South River, to Miss Janet SINCLAIR, of St. Mary's.

At Sussex Vale, by the Rev. John Prince, on Thursday, 19th January last, Mr. Robert HAGARTY, to Miss Abigail HAYWOOD, both of that above named place.

By the same, on Thursday, 23d February last, Mr. William SEARLE, to Miss Mary BOYD, both of English Settlement, Queen's County, N. B.

By the same, at the Wesleyan Mission House, Mill Stream, March 15th, Mr James ALLEN, to Miss Ann RYDER, both of the Parish of Studholm, County of King's, N. B.

On the same day, by the same, at the Mission House Mill Stream, Mr. John GOOD, to Miss Christina Ann RYAN, daughter of George Ryan, Esq., M.P.P., all of Studholm, N. B.

On Monday evening, 3rd inst., by the Rev. J. Miller, Mr. Walter PATTERSON, of Edinburgh, N. B., to ISABELLA, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Budge, of this city.

At Wakefield, N. B., on the 4th March, by Revd. A. McNutt, Mr. Zina SHAW, of Northampton, to Mrs. Maria PHILIPS, of Wakefield.

Deaths.

On Wednesday, after a short and painful illness ANNA SMILIE, in the 67th year of her age.

At Dartmouth, on Wednesday, Ann Jane, the wife of Mr. Mark Lowe, formerly of Sea Ville, Yorkshire, England, and late of St. Johns, Newfoundland, aged 42 years.

At Windsor, N. S., on the 3rd April, after a short and painful illness, William Jack SELDON, in the thirty year of his age—leaving a wife and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss.

On Thursday, SAMUEL, infant son of Friday Davison, in children of Samuel and Harriet Caldwell, aged 11 months.

On board the brig W. & G. C. Gilmore, on her passage from New Orleans to Boston, Mr. Henry Zwicker, son of John McKay, formerly of Long Island, N. S. Information may be had on inquiry, &c., by applying to Capt. Peter Coffin, Halifax, N. S.

At Bass Run, Lower Londonderry, 22nd March, in the 24th year of his age, JOHN BROWN, youngest son of David Fulton, Esq., Bass River.

Pres Witness please copy.

At the Waverly House, on Saturday morning, 8th inst., SARAH, wife of Wm. Bellingham, Esq., late of the Parish of St. Mary's, Nevington, Surrey, England.

At Maccan Road, on Thursday, the 30th ult., Eliza ROGERS, wife of James Rogers, aged 18 years.

At Five Islands, on Tuesday morning, 4th April, in the 77th year of her age, MARY, wife of Mr. David McBurnie.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

WEDNESDAY, April 5.

Brig Kingston, Darkee, Matanzas, 16 days.
Schr Alice Rogers, (pkt) Lay old, Boston, 3 days.

THURSDAY, April 6.

Brigts Arrow, Harrison, Cienfuegos, 24 days.
Roderick, LeBlanc, Arichat, 3 days.
Victoria, Thibaine, Arichat, 3 days.
Schrs Three Brothers, Bourrot, Arichat.
Elizabeth, Joyce, Arichat.
Magnet, Griffin, Fortune Bay, 5 days.
Mary, Bond, Newfoundland.
Nautilus, Burin, Prime, Yarmouth.

FRIDAY, April 7.

Brigts Bloomer, Thorburn, Boston, 5 days.
Boston, Lively, Boston, 48 hours.
Schrs Sarah, Grillin, Philadelphia, 5 days.
Wave, Roche, New York, 5 days.
Mary Jane, Gallant, New York, 5 days.

SATURDAY, April 8.

Brigt Halifax, O'Brien, Boston, 3 days.
Schrs Golden Rule, Doby, Mayaguez, 23 days.
Nautilus, Sumber, Fortune Bay, 15 days.
Kate, Bolong, Louisburg.

SUNDAY, April 9.

Brigt Rob Roy, Affleck, Cienfuegos, 23 days.

MONDAY, April 10.

Schrs Citron, Bettinson, Ponce, 22 days
Isabella, Hadley, Guysboro'.
J. J. Marshall, Guysborough, 4 days.
Three Sisters, Sheet Harbour.
W Noble, Torbay.

CLEARED.

April 5.—schrs Valionia, Newell, B W Indies; John Hasting, Boudrot Boston; Ferret Lass, Spinney, St John, N B; Newfoundland Packet, Woodin, St John, N B; John Thomas, Murphy, Oderin.

April 6.—schrs Lucy Ann, McPhee, B W Indies; James Patrick, Burke, Newfoundland.

April 7.—Brigt Vivid, Kendrick, Dominica and St. Lucia; Margaret, O'Brien, Newfoundland.

April 8.—Brigt Maitland, Chisholm, B W Indies; schrs Alice Rogers, Layfield, Boston; Prince, Porter Newfoundland.

April 10.—Brigt Boston, Layfield, Boston.

MEMORANDA.

Boston April 4—arrd schrs Mary Ellen, Pictou; Adelaide, do; Mary Ann, Sydney.

At Pernambuco, previous to the 15th March—brigt Lady Seymour, Conrod, Halifax, and proceeded to Bahia.

The ship Three Bells, Creighton, from New York for Glasgow, experienced several severe gales on her passage—shipped a sea which nearly filled her cabin—Capt C's clothes, chairs, and some of the presents made to him were destroyed; for some time there was such a weight of water on deck, that the ship would not answer her helm; lost one man.

Paper Hangings.

JUST received at the Wesleyan Book Room, Argyle Street, an assortment of ROOM PAPER, neat patterns, which are offered for sale at reasonable prices.

April 13.

SEEDS. 1854. SEEDS.

DEWOLFE'S SEEDS. Received this day, a full supply of GARDEN and FLOWER SEEDS, from the same establishment as those which for years past has given such universal satisfaction.

For freshness and purity these are not to be surpassed; and with confidence we recommend them.

Mangle, Sugar, Swedish Turnip, White Clover, and other AGRICULTURAL SEEDS, and all of the best quality, and at prices as low as GOOD SEEDS can be afforded. For sale at

DEWOLFE'S SEED WAREHOUSE,
March 23. 63 Hollis Street.

SMITH'S
Nova Scotia Daguerrian Gallery,
NO. 11 GRANVILLE STREET.

THE improved Vignette Daguerreotypes a most beautiful style of Picture taken at this Gallery, and all other kind of Work done in the above line in the highest perfection of the art and at reasonable prices.

Please call and examine Specimens before sitting elsewhere. D. J. SMITH.

March 23. 1y.

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS!!
Per Arabia.

THE Subscriber has completed his Spring Supply of SEEDS, warranted the growth of 1854, consisting of a large supply of Beans, Beets, Brocoli, Cauliflower, Cabbage, Celery, Carrots, Cucumber, Leek, Lettuce, Melons, Onions, Parsnips, Peas, Raddish, Salsify, Squashes, Turnips, Herbs, Hemp and Canary, and Flower Seeds.

ROBT. G. FRASER,
March 30. No. 139 Granville Street.

"STAR"
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
CHIEF OFFICE,
No. 48, Moorgate Street, London.
CAPITAL, £100,000.

THIS Office combines all that is desirable in the Mutual and Proprietary schemes, and says, in few words, to the Public—Whilst we are paid for the use of our capital, given as a guarantee that your *annual assured* shall be duly paid at the time of determination, yet we will divide the *advantage* gained on the *whole* of our business, if any, with the assured, by whose funds it has been realized: if there be loss on the mass, from whatever cause, our capital shall be exhausted before the Policies shall be depreciated."

But this liberality does not go equal lengths in all Companies; whilst one Company will give one-third part of its profits to the policy-holder, another will give one half; others two-thirds, &c. The "STAR," however, appropriates *nine tenths* of its profits to the policy-holders.

Bonus Declared up to December, 1848.

An Inspection of the Scale of Bonus added to Policies of five years' duration will at once establish the claim of this Society to public support and a comparison of the results with those obtained by any similar instituted is invited.

Age at date of Policy.	Sum ass'd.	Amount paid to the office.	Bonus added to the sum assured.	Am'nt now p'ble at the death of the Assured.
	£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
25	1000	105 9 2	75 8 2	1075 8 2
35	1000	132 15 10	85 7 1	1085 7 1
45	1000	185 10 10	98 0 0	1098 0 0
55	1000	283 19 2	122 18 9	1122 18 9
65	1000	448 2 8	169 1 7	1169 1 7

The rate of premium will be found, after a fair comparison, to be as reasonable as that charged by any other Office.

NO CHARGE FOR THE STAMP.

The Agent has received instruction by the last packet to inform Applicants for Insurance that in future persons affecting assurances in the Star Office shall not be charged the Stamp payable under the new act. The dividend for the present five years will be declared in December next.

Every information will be afforded by the Agent, at his Office, Corner of George and Hollis Streets.

R. S. BLACK, M. D., Medical Referee. M. G. BLACK, Jr., Agent.

March 31. W&A y 194

THE COLONIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
HEAD OFFICE,
22, St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh.

NOVA-SCOTIA,

BOARD OF DIRECTORS IN HALIFAX,

Hon. M. B. AMOS, Banker.
Hon. W. A. BLACK, Banker.
Lewis BURR, Esq.
CHAS. TRUEMAN, Esq., Barrister.
JOHN BATLEY BLAND, Esq.
Hon. ALEX. KEITH, Merchant.

MEDICAL ADVISERS.—D. MCNEIL PARKER, M.D
LEWIS JOHNSTON, M. D.

Division of Profits

THE Profits which have arisen on the Business of the Company since 1844 will be added as at 25th May, 1854, and Parties assuring on the Participating Scale before that date will be entitled to a share in the fund to be set apart for Division among the Assured.

Every information may be obtained on application to the Agent of the Company, in Halifax, N. S., or at any of the Branch Offices or Agencies at Home or Abroad.

By Order of the Directors,
MATTHEW H. RICHEY,
Agent and Secretary to the Halifax Board.

AGENCIES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Amherst, Robert B. Dickey; *Annapolis*, James Gray; *Arichat*, Chas. F. Harrington; *Bridgetown*, Thos. Sharp; *Charlottetown, P. E. I.*, John Longworth; *Digby*, James A. Dennison; *Kentville*, T. W. Harris; *Liverpool*, J. S. S Marshall; *Lower Horton*, C. W. H. Harris; *Lunenburg*, H. S. Jost; *Pictou*, James Crichton; *Tangiers*, A. B. Chandler; *Shelburne*, Cornelius White; *Sydney, C. B.*, Chas. E. Leonard, Jun.; *Truro*, Adams G. Archibald; *Yarmouth*, Henry A. Grantham; *Windsor*, R. N. Pope.

December 30. 5m

New Advertisements.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

AN ACT TO AMEND THE NEW PRACTICE ACT.

[Passed the 31st March, A. D., 1854.]

BE IT ENACTED BY THE GOVERNOR, Council and Assembly as follows:

1. There shall hereafter be no special return days for Writs of Summons, but such Writs shall be returnable within ten days after the service thereof, if the Defendant shall reside in the County in which the action is brought; within twenty days after service, if he shall reside in any other County, except in the Island of Cape Breton; and within thirty days, if he shall reside in the Island of Cape Breton, and the action is brought in any County not in the Island; or if he shall reside out of the Island, and the action is brought in any County within the Island; and Judgment may be entered against the Defendant, if he shall not appear and plead within four days after the expiration of the said periods of ten, twenty, or thirty days, as the case may be.

2. The forms of Writs of Summons shall be so far altered as to summon the Defendant to appear "within ten, twenty or thirty days [as the case may be] after the service of this Writ," instead of on the return days hereby superseded.

3. The notice to be endorsed on the Writs shall hereafter be as follows:

Notice is hereby given, that if the Defendant do not appear and plead, within four days after the period specified in the writ for his appearance, the Plaintiff shall be at liberty to sign [Judgment by default, *if there are no particulars of demand annexed, and if there be particulars or demand*] final Judgment for any sum not exceeding the sum claimed in his particulars of demand, with interest at the rate specified, and costs at the expiration of such time.

4. In Ejectment, the notice shall be as follows:

Notice is hereby given, that if the Defendant do not appear and defend the possession of the property claimed by the within Writ, or such part thereof as he may be advised, the Plaintiff will be at liberty to sign Judgment at the expiration of four days after the period specified in the Writ for his appearance, and the Defendant may thereupon be turned out of possession.

6. Notice of trial may be endorsed on Writs of Summons.

6. No cause shall be entered on the docket for trials wherein the period allowed for pleading shall not have expired before the first day of the Term in all other Counties except Halifax; and before the last day of the Term in Halifax.

7. The Judges in Term at Halfax may, from time to time, make general rules for facilitating the practice of the Court, and the effectual execution of this Act and of the Act hereby amended, but such rules shall not go into operation till they shall have been published in the Royal Gazette; all rules made since the passing of the said Act are hereby confirmed.

8. Trinity Term in Halifax, and the sittings thereafter, are abolished.

8. So much of the New Practice Act as inconsistent with the Provisions of this Act, is hereby repealed. April 13.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

AN ACT TO FACILITATE PROCEEDINGS UNDER THE NEW PRACTIC

The Provincial Wesleyan.

God Bless You.

BY ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

"God bless you!"—kind familiar words!
Before my eyes the letters swim;
For—thrilling nature's holiest chords—
My sight with fond regret grows dim.
God bless you! closes up each page
Traced by the well-beloved of yore;
Whose letters still, from youth to age,
That fondly-anxious legend bore.

I heeded not, in earlier days,
The import of that yearning prayer;
To me 'twas but a kindly phrase,
Which household love might freely spare.
But now that grief strange power affords,
In those love-hallowed scrolls I find
Those earnest, pleading, sacred words,
With all life's tenderness entwined!

Now thou art gone (ah! dark above
Thy grave-stone floods the winter rain,)
And all the old, sweet household love,
Fades into memory's silent pain.
On earth for me no human heart
Again will breathe those words divine;
But, sainted soul! where'er thou art,
Thy angel-pleading still is mine.

—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

Temperance.

Maine Law.

"For none of us liveth to himself." Rom., xiii. 7.

The Rev. Mr. Crampton, of Rochester, a Presbyterian minister, and at present employed as a state Missionary by the American Temperance Union, preached a most powerful sermon from the above text on last Sabbath morning in the Greene Street M. E. Church. The great aim of the preacher was to show the necessity of a prohibitory liquor law, its constitutionaltiy, and the duty devolving upon us to see that it is enforced *Salis populi suprema lex* is no higher law abstraction, but a principle which has ever been insisted upon for the safety and well-being of community. None question the right of our authorities to quarantine a vessel having contagious disease on board, or in case of a violation of such law, the confiscation of the vessel and imprisonment of the captain. None question the right of search on a well grounded presumption that stolen or smuggled goods may be concealed in the houses of any of our citizens, be they high or low. None question the right to prohibit the manufacture of gunpowder in our midst, or even the manufacture of the necessary article of soap, if it is offensive to the inhabitants of the vicinity. Who ever heard the question mooted as to the constitutional right to destroy all dogs roaming unmuzzled about our streets at particular times when hydrophobia is supposed to prevail among them? Ten lives, it is conjectured, are annually forfeited in this State to this horrible disease, while two thousand, during the same period, in this city alone, die a still more horrible death by delirium tremens. Who sympathizes with the detected gambler when the implements of his craft are seized and ruthlessly destroyed, or what Supreme Court Judge interposed his judicial authority to prevent an interference with such unhallowed pursuits? Truly, it is high time that the relation of one part of society to the whole were more properly understood and enforced, "for none of us liveth to himself," and none has any moral or legal right to debauch himself, or set an evil example before the children of his neighbor, or exercise any calling detrimental to the well being of society. These, in brief, were the arguments advanced, and we believe there were at the close of his discourse but few of all that vast audience, who doubted the constitutionality of the Maine Liquor Law.—*New York Organ.*

A Death-Bed Revelation.

A large wine dealer residing in London, recently, on his death-bed, being in great distress of mind, acknowledged to his friends that his agony was occasioned by the nature of the business he had followed for years.—He stated that it had been his habit to purchase all the sour wines he could, and, by making use of sugar of lead and other deleterious substances, to restore the wine to a palpable taste. He said he did not doubt he had been the means of destroying hundreds of lives, as he had from time to time noticed the injurious effects of his mixtures on those who drank them. He had seen instances of this kind where the unconscious victims of his cupidity, after wasting and declining for years, despite the best medical advice, went to their graves, *poisoned by the adulterated wines* he had sold them.

This man died rich; but, alas! what a legacy did he leave his children! Wealth, gotten by deceit, and that not of a harmless, but fatal nature.

Present dealers in intoxicating poisons! you have got to die, too. Do you not see how the wine fabricator, whose confession is recorded above, on his death-bed felt the deepest remorse for what he had done?—Fly then from a traffic so horrible! You all know your drinks are shamefully adulterated by the most fatal drugs. You know they are poisoning and demoralizing to all who drink them. Law makers, is it not time *you* should put your strong seal of condemnation on a traffic so wicked? If you do not, but permit this crying sin to go on, are you not parties in the terrible guilt incurred.—*The Prohibitionist.*

PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAWS.—It is quite evident that the people of the Northern, Middle and Western States, are very much disposed to try the efficacy of prohibitory liquor laws, in protecting them from the curse of the liquor traffic. In New York, a prohibitory law passed the House of Representatives this week, by a vote of 78 yeas to 42 nays. It had previously passed the Senate. Unless vetoed by the Governor, the law will go into effect on the first of May. New York city will prove an Augean stable indeed for the prohibitionists to clean out.

In the Pennsylvania House of Representatives a prohibitory liquor bill, modified in accordance with the recent Supreme Court decision of Mass., was also passed this week, by a close vote of 50 yeas to 44 nays. In Philadelphia, too, there may be an opportunity to test the power of the law in shutting up those greatest of all city nuisances the grog shops.—*Boston Traveller.*

Agriculture.

Cutting Scions.

As the season approaches for this interesting portion of every man's labor who owns or cultivates a farm or garden, some simple directions may not be uninteresting to many of your numerous readers. Many neglect cutting or procuring them, supposing they must be cut at a *certain* time, and kept in a *particular* manner, or they are worthless. It is quite time all such humbugs should be exploded.

Some ten years since I had the *variety fever* in fruit culture, which has continued with little abatement. I have procured and sent scions from and to almost every State, from Maine to Missouri; have cut and distributed more than one hundred thousand. So I ought to give directions with more confidence than a "raw hand." After a tree becomes dormant, and the leaf falls in October, scions may be cut at any time before the buds again start, which here, for seeded fruits, is about the last of March, or in April. In fact, there is no difference in time, so far as relates to the value of the scions; the only trouble is to keep them.—This may be done for six months or six years, and have them perfect; scions cut in the fall may be buried in any dry soil in orchard or garden, until wanted for use.—When one is collecting them during the winter, the best way is to select some place where snow will not be affected by thaw, and bury them in snow as received, taking them out when the snow begins to melt in the spring, and transferring them to the ice house or cellar.

When one cuts scions on his own premises for use or distribution, the best time is here generally the last of March, or early in April, as they are then as dormant as in the winter, and less time and trouble to keep them.

KEEPING SCIONS.—The only secret is to keep them *cool* and *damp*; not *wet*. The best course I have ever tried, is to lay them on a brick floor in a *cool* cellar, and cover with thick *damp* sacking—if the sacking becomes dry, *sprinkle* it. In this manner they are kept in perfect order from March until June, and easily taken as wanted.—Many plans are recommended, some troublesome and others unsafe. I once had more than 5000 packed in damp pine sawdust in a warm cellar, and though *apparently* in perfect order, thhy had become worthless.—*Maine Farmer.*

TO PREVENT MILK FROM SOURING.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer gives the following plan:

"Agreeable to your request, I will give an account of our experience in the dairy business, in regard to preserving milk from becoming sour. We have kept from fifty to a hundred and fifteen cows for several years, and have milked seventy the past season. We strain the milk at night into a tin vat, set in a wooden one, into which we pump cold water for the purpose of cooling it. That is kept sweet until morning with very little trouble, when we strain in the morning's milk, which is warmed sufficiently by heating the water in the wooden vat. Thus we proceed until Saturday night, when the milk is set and the curd made, and made into cheese. Sunday morning the milk is strained in wooden bowls, which are painted inside and out with a thick coat of paint, smooth and hard, and set in a cool place on the cellar floor, where it keeps sweet until Monday, when it is skimmed and made into cheese. The result has been, that we have not lost a bowl of milk for the past summer.

Miscellaneous.

Romance of Real Life.

Mr. C——, assuming the name of Jones, some years since, purchased a small piece of land, and built on it a neat house, on the edge of a common in Wiltshire. Here he long resided, unknowing, and almost unknown, by the neighbourhood. Various conjectures were formed respecting this solitary and single stranger; at length a clergyman took some notice of him, and occasionally inviting him to his house, he found him possessed of intelligence and manners, which evidently indicated his origin to have been in the higher stations of life. Returning one day from a visit at this clergyman's, he passed the house of a farmer, at the door of which was the daughter employed at the washing tub. He looked at the girl a moment, and thus accosted her: "My girl, would you like to be married, because if you would, I will marry you." "Lord sir! these are strange questions from a man I never saw in my life before."

"Very likely," replied Mr. Jones, "but however, I am serious, and will leave you till ten o'clock to-morrow, to consider of it; I will then call on you again, and if I have your father's consent we will be married the following day."

He kept his appointment, and meeting with the father, he thus addressed him: "Sir, I have seen your daughter; I should like her for a wife, and I come to ask your consent." "This proposal," answered the old man, "is very extraordinary from a stranger. Pray, sir, who are you?"—"Sir," replied Mr. J., "you have a right to ask this question; my name is Jones; the new house on the edge of the common is mine, and if it be necessary, I can purchase your house and farm and half the neighbourhood."

Another hour's conversation brought all parties to one mind and the friendly clergyman aforementioned united the happy pair. Three or four years they lived in this retirement; and blessed with two children. Mr. J. employed the greater part of his time in improving his wife's mind, but never disclosed his own origin. At length, upon taking a journey of pleasure with her, while remarking the beauties of the country, he noticed and named the different gentlemen's seats as they passed; coming to a magnificent one, "This, my dear," said he, "is B——'s house, the seat of the Earl of ——; and if you please, we will go in and ask leave to look at it. It is an elegant house and probably will amuse you."

The Nobleman who possessed this mansion had lately died. He once had a nephew, who, in the gaieties of his youth had incurred some debts on account of which he had retired from fashionable life on about £200 per annum, and had not been heard of for some time. This nephew was the identical Mr. Jones, the hero of our story, who now took possession of the house, title, estate, and is the present Earl of E——.—*English Paper.*

Discoveries in Africa.

Mr. Augustus Petermann has published a letter containing recent information received from the African explorer, Dr. Barth. It will be recollected that Dr. Barth reached Lake Chadda early in 1851, and that, aided by money from the Vizier of Bornu, he set out to penetrate Adamana, alone. His perseverance was rewarded; for on the 29th May, 1851, he reached Uba, 155 geographical miles from Kuka.—From that place he found the country to the South "covered with numerous herds of cattle belonging to the Fellatas." He found the atmosphere cool and refreshing; the country rich and thickly peopled; the land tilled by slaves in great numbers, and the houses more solidly built. In one of his despatches, Dr. Barth gives this account of a really great discovery:

"The most important day in my African journeys was the 18th of June, when we reached the River Benue, at a point called Taepe, where it is joined by the River Faro. Since leaving Europe I had not seen so large and imposing a river. The Benue or "mother of waters," which is by far the larger one of the two, is half a mile broad, and 9½ feet deep in the channel when we crossed it. On our return, eleven days later, it had risen 1½ foot. The Faro is 5-12th of a mile broad, and was 3 feet deep, which had increased to 7½ feet by our return. Both rivers have a very strong current, and run to the west in the Kowara, [Niger.] We crossed the Benue in boats made out of single trees, 25 to 35 feet long, and 1 to 1½ foot broad, and forded the Faro, which latter was accomplished not without difficulty, on account of the strong current. The Benue is said to rise nine days' journey from Yola in a south-easterly direction, and the Faro seven day's journey distant, in a rock called Labul. During the rainy season the country is inundated to a great extent by the two rivers, which rise to their highest level toward the end of July, and remain at that level for forty days, namely, till the first days of September when the waters begins to fall. Both rivers are full of crocodiles; and the Benue, I was told, contained gold. After having crossed the rivers, with some difficulty to the camels, we passed at first through some swampy ground, then through a very fine country thickly inhabited, and reached Yola, the capital on the 22nd of June."

Interesting Paragraphs.

STORY OF A BUTTERFLY.—The following beautiful little sketch is by Grace Greenwood. It occurs in her account of her voyage across the Atlantic:

One day, much to my surprise, I spied a real live butterfly, on one of the spars of the vessel. It had been blown out from the shore, the Captain said. But its wings were wet with spray and torn by the winds, and it did not live many minutes after it lit.

I thought to myself that perhaps this poor little creature had been born in some secluded cottage garden, brought up on the sweetest honey and the purest dew, cradled by night in a jessamine-flower and rocked by soft summer winds, or cosily couched in the heart of a rose, and sung to sleep by a merry cricket. That perhaps she had always been happy and contented till some gossiping locust or vagrant humming-bird had filled her ears with the fine stories of grander gardens over the sea, and she had been seized with a foolish longing for foreign travel, strange sights and adventures. That from this time she had found her garden home dull, her honey and dew insipid, her rose-bed uncomfortable, the song of her cricket nurse harsh, till she could stand it no longer, but bravely flew off from shore, right over that beautiful sparkling sea. There the strong wind took her, and whirled her on and on, through the salt ocean spray, all day and all night, till it left her at last, not in a foreign, fairy garden, but on a great ship, which smelt of tar instead of roses, and where she sunk fluttering down on to the deck, and the small gold stars died out of her azure wings, and she was soon only a little heap of shining dust. Somehow, I did not feel in such good spirits about my own travels, after thinking of this story of the butterfly.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.—A poor chimney sweeper's boy was employed at the house of a lady of rank, to cleanse the chimney of her chamber. Finding himself on the hearth of the lady's dressing-room, and perceiving no one there, he waited a few moments, to take a view of the beautiful things in the apartment. A gold watch, richly set with diamonds, particularly caught his attention, and he could not forbear taking it in his hand.—Immediately the wish arose in his mind, "Ay! if thou hadst such a one." After a pause he said to himself. "But if I take it I shall be a thief. And yet!" continued he, "no one sees me. No one? Does not God see me, who is present everywhere? Should I then be able to say my prayers to him after I had committed this theft? Could I die in peace?" Overcome by these thoughts, a cold shivering seized him. "No!" said he, laying down the watch, "I had much rather be poor, and keep my good conscience, than rich, and become a rogue." At these words, he hastened back into the chimney. The Countess, who was in the room adjoining, sent for him the next morning, and thus accosted him:—"My little friend, why did you not take the watch yesterday?" The boy fell on his knees, speechless and astonished. "I heard everything you said," continued her ladyship; "thank God for enabling you to resist this temptation, and be watchful over yourself for the future; from this moment you shall be in my service. I will both maintain and clothe you; nay, more, I will procure you good instruction, that will ever guard you from the danger of similar temptations." The boy burst into tears; he was anxious to express his gratitude, but he could not. The Countess strictly kept her promise and had the pleasure to see him grow up a pious and sensible man.

EFFECT OF FEAR.—Boachet, a French author of the sixteenth century, states that the physicians at Montpelier, which was then a great school of medicine, had every year two criminals, the one living, the other dead, delivered to them for dissection. He relates that on one occasion they tried what effect the mere expectation of death would produce upon a subject in perfect health, and in order to this experiment they told the gentleman (for such was his rank) who was placed at their discretion that as the easiest mode of taking away his life, they would employ the means which Seneca had chosen for himself, and would therefore open his veins in warm water. Accordingly they covered his face, pinched his feet without lancing them, and set them in a foot-bath, and then spoke to each other as if they saw that the blood were flowing freely, and life departing with it. The man remained motionless; and when, after a while, they uncovered his face, they found him dead.

TELEGRAPHIC WONDERS.—Operators in magnetic telegraph offices become so familiar with the sound of the instrument through which they receive communications, as to know what it says without seeing the marks and dots made upon the moving slip of paper. An operator in one office may have connection with a hundred offices, and write in them all at the same time. When communications are passing between the two extremes, every word given both ways may be understood at the intermediate offices. A Cincinnati paper says that when the communications between New York and New Orleans are complete, a person can stand on the sidewalk in front of the office in that city, and by the ticking of the instrument can understand the messages as they fly at inconceivable speed, can hear the operators at New Orleans call, "Hallo, New York," and catch the response from the Empire City of "Aye, sir," while drawing a single breath!

BREAD TOO WHITE.—Making bread too white, may sound like an odd phrase to the reader; yet we see by a late foreign letter that Messrs. Mounez & Cheareul, two French chemists, who have superintended the provision of bread for the hospitals, and subjected all kinds to experiments, have submitted to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, a memoir in which they condemn the practice, remarking that when too white it is a condiment, and not aliment. The exclusion of bran is a loss of nourishment to the consumer.—*North Amer.*

THIS POWERFUL DESCRIPTION of heavy organ music in a vast Cathedral is by James Russel Lowel.

Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur: wave on wave
Its flood of mellow thunder rose until
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave,
Then poising for a moment, it stood still
And sank and rose again, to burst in spray
That wandered into silence far away.

Like to r mighty heart the music seemed,
That yearns with melodies it cannot speak,
Until in grand despair of what it dreamed,
In the agony of effort it doth break,
Yet triumphs breaking: on it rushed and streamed
And wantoned it its might, as when a lake,
Long pent among the mountains, bursts its walls,
And in one crowding gush leaps forth and falls.

VAST SIZE OF LONDON ILLUSTRATED.—London extends over an area of 78,029 acres or 122 square miles, and the number of its inhabitants, rapidly increasing, was two millions three hundred and sixty-two thousand two hundred and thirty-six (2,362,236) on the day of the last census. A conception of this vast mass of people may be formed by the fact that, if the metropolis was surrounded by a wall, having a north gate, a south gate, an east gate, and a west gate, and each of the four gates was of sufficient width to allow a column of persons to pass out freely *four* abreast, and a peremptory necessity required the immediate evacuation of the city, it could not be accomplished under *four-and-twenty* hours, by the expiration of which time the head of *each* of the four columns would have advanced a no less distance than *seventy-five miles* from their respective gates, all the people being in *close* file, *four* deep.—*Cheshire's Results of the Census.*

INTERESTING TO ADVERTISERS.—A case of much interest to advertisers and publishers of newspapers was decided in one of the South Carolina courts on the 11th inst. Suit was brought by Messrs. Johnston & Cavis against J. C. Janney, for recovery of payment for publishing an advertisement fifty-one times. At the bottom of the advertisement was a notice to every paper in the state to copy to the amount of five dollars. The defendant took ground that this supplementary notice embraced the paper in which it first appeared. It was shown, however, that no special order was given as regarded this paper, and a verdict was rendered in favor of the plaintiffs for the full amount of the account, thus settling the principle that advertisers must either distinctly specify the number of insertions or be liable for payment until the advertisement is ordered out.—*Boston Journal.*

A WITTY TEXT.—When a preacher was very obnoxious to the students at Cambridge, it was the custom for them to express their disapprobation by scraping their feet. Dr. James Scott, being one day saluted thus, signified his intention of preaching against the practice of scraping, and very shortly afterwards he performed it, taking for his text, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools: for they consider not that they do evil." On its announcement, the galleries became one scene of confusion and uproar—but Dr. Scott called the proctors to preserve silence. This being effected, he delivered a discourse so eloquent as to extort universal approbation.

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.—Frances, a free woman of colour, died yesterday at the city hospital of "debility," having attained the remarkable age of 120 years. We have known of several cases of Creoles living to a great age, but do not remember an instance anywhere of any colour attaining such an age as the above, and we should be inclined to descredit this, but that the fact is officially reported to us from the city hospital.—*Mobile Advertiser.*

INDIA RUBBER TEETH.—One of the latest achievments in manufactures from India rubber, is that of a Boston dentist, Dr. J. A. Cummings, who professes to have succeeded in producing entire sets of teeth, plates and dentals, of rubber, vulcanized to the hardness of ivory, and retaining the exactest possible adaptation to the mouth.

"AH, DOCTAW, does the cholerraw awfect the higher awdow?" asked an exquisite of a celebrated physician in New Orleans. "No," replied the M. D., "but it's death on fools, and you'd better leave the city immediately."

EXTRAORDINARY ECLIPSE.—According to the almanacs, there is to be an extraordinary eclipse of the sun on the 26th of May next. It will be similar to the great eclipse of 1806.

JOHN ESSON & CO.

Have Received and offer for sale:

250 Chests fine Congo TEA, } Ex "Celestial," and
50 half chests do do. } others.
60 hhds bright Porto Rico SUGAR,
80 puncs }
20 trs } Heavy Retailing *MOLASSES.*
30 bbls }
30 casks White Wine and Cider Vinegar,
100 boxes Thompson's Honey Dew Tobacco,
25 kegs Halifax No. 1 Tobacco,
50 boxes Mott's Broma, Cocoa and No. 1 Chocolate,
20 do Thomas's No 1 Chocolat
40 do ground Pepper and Ginger, in 1-4 and ½ lbs.
250 do extra family Nos 1 and 2 SOAP,
120 do Candles, 6's and 8's, 25 & 150 lbs each
80 do Glenfield, Miller and Lescher's Starch,
100 half bbls. No 1 Saleratus, 30 bags fine Salt,
25 bales fine Lamp Wick, 20 kegs fresh Mustard,
600 reams Wrapping Paper, assorted sizes.
100 doz large and small Pails,
100 boxes and 200 halves Muscatel RAISINS,
20 do Brown Sugar Candy
60 bags Coffee, Ginger, Allspice and Pepper,
20 bbls Cod Oil, 2 casks Olive Oil,
100 bbls No 1 Pilot BREAD, bags Navy Bread,
100 bbls No 1, fat Herring, Split.
200 do Picton Prime Pork and Beef,
Kegs Alum, Coperas, Blue Vitriol, Sulpher,
Epsom Salts, Cloves and Nutmegs, Lindsay's Matches,
Blacking—Mason's and Day and Martins,
Pickles, Townsend's Sarsaparilla,
Logwood, Redwood, Loaf and Crushed Sugar.
Also—150 Tubs BUTTER, 50 tubs Nova Scotia Lard,
200 smoked HAMS,
50 boxes Wine and Soda Biscuit,
250 bbls superfine FLOUR, 200 do CORN MEAL,
200 do Rye Flour—with their usual supplies of Nets Lines, Twines, Cordage, &c., for the Fisheries.
April 28. 196.

FREDERICTON
WESLEYAN BAZAAR
And Tea Meeting,
1854.

THE Ladies of the Wesleyan Society and Congregation in FREDERICTON, being desirous of rendering all the assistance in their power towards paying off the debt incurred by the Trustees in the erection of the beautiful and commodious Chapel in this City, beg leave to announce to the friends of the cause, that it is their intention to hold another BAZAAR and TEA MEETING, during the ensuing Summer, as the grounds of the Hon. Judge WILMOT, and they respectfully solicit the smallest favours in furtherance of their design.
February 9, 1854.

W. D. CUTLIP & BROTHER,
General Commission Merchants,
—AND DEALERS IN—
AMERICAN AND WEST INDIA GOODS.
Teas, Provisions and Nova Scotia Produce.
No. 12, Duke Street, Halifax, N.S.
W. D. CUTLIP,
D. R. CUTLIP.
March 9.

MATTHEW H. RICHEY,
Barrister and Attorney at Law
OFFICE—24, HOLLIS STREET,
HALIFAX, N. S.
☞ Attends the Courts at Windsor, Kentville Annapolis and Digby.
246

OLIVE OIL.
IN Hogsheads and Qtr Casks. Just received and for Sale by
W. M. HARRINGTON,
A prilo 44 Hollis, Street.

TOILET PREPARATIONS.
ISAAC BABBITT'S
SUPERIOR
TOILET SOAPS.
CYTHEREAN CREAM OF SOAP, PANARISTON SHAVING CREAM, PANARISTON SHAVING SOAPS, IN SOLID ROLLS, PANARISTON SOAP FOR MEDICAL USES, AND SHAVING POWDER.

These choice Soaps and creams enjoy the highest fame for their superior excellence, both in this country and in Europe. Medals have been awarded from the best institutions, and testimonials of their virtues by thousands who have used them.

CYTHEREAN CREAM OF SOAP for Ladies, softens the skin, removes freckles, purifies the complexion, and is free from all impure or irritating properties, and is admired by all who use it.

PANARISTON SHAVING CREAM takes the place of all other Soaps as a preparation for the razor, and those who use it once will never after use any other.

PANARISTON ROLLS are put up in a neat portable style suited to travellers convenience.

The following are a few from the many testimonial received:—

Rev. John Pierpont says of the Shaving Soap, "it is unequaled as a preparation for the razor, by anything that I have found." Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer, says of the Cytherean Cream, "I have never met with any Soap Compound, which, in cleansing the most delicate skin, would, like this, leave it perfectly moist, soft and healthly." Dr. Walter Channing says, "I have no memory of so good an article." Dr. Luther V. Bell, Superintendent of the McLean Asylum, says, "it is superior to any other saponaceous compound I have known." Hon. Horace Greely, of the N. Y. Tribune, says, "we have tried it, and found it perfect; no other soap is worthy of being mentioned the same day." Dr. Bailey, editor of the National Era, says "it is in all respects the very best soap we have used." Mrs. Swisshelm, editress of the Pittsburg Saturday Visitor, says, "it is superior to anything in the soap line either soft or hard." Mr. Prentice of the Louisville Journal, says, "the Cytherean Cream of Soap is probably the best for preserving the purity of the skin which has yet appeared." The New York Literary World, says, "Mr Babbitt will be the Soyer of soap, the great regenerator."

Sold wholesale and retail by Beck & Co., proprietors, 120 Washington street, Boston.

Manufacturers of Toilet Soaps of all kinds, Colognes—Perfume Extracts—Dentifices—Hair Oils and Hair Dyes. General Agents for Dr. Adam's Colcassian Ambra—a Hair Preservative.

Retailed by Druggists and Traders generally throughout the United States and Canada.

D. TAYLOR, Jr., Boston, General Agent to whom orders must be directed.

Sold in Halifax by Morton & Co., John Naylor, H A. Taylor, and T. Durney.
November 17.

WASHING
MADE EASY AND PLEASANT BY THE USE OF
BOSTON
Chemical Washing Powder.

THIS Soap Powder, prepared by a practical Chemist expressly for washing clothes, cleaning paint work removing grease from woollens and takes the place of other soaps for cleansing purposes. One quarter of a pound, five minutes labor makes two gallons of pure soft soap. Thousands of families have adopted its use and give it the preference over all other saponaceous compounds.

Manufactured by Beck & Co., No. 120, Washington Street, Boston.
Retailed by Grocers and Druggists generally.

D. TAYLOR, Jr., 45, Hanover street, Boston, general Agent for the Provinces to whom all orders must be addressed.

Sold in Halifax wholesale and retail by W. M. Harrington, John Harrington, John Esson & Co., John Lithgow, Alex. McLeod, Grocers, and by Morton & Co., John Naylor, Avery, Brown & Co., Druggists, and by dealers generally.
November 17.

Mexican
MUSTANG LINIMENT.

THIS article has been thoroughly introduced, and is now universally used throughout the entire Union, British Provinces, Canada, Bermudas and West India Islands, and its power and influence is fast becoming felt wherever civilization has obtained a foothold. Its mild and soothing influence upon diseased parts—effectually curing in all cases—virtues so diametrically opposed to all other medicines of the kind in use—has obtained for it its world-wide reputation. A brief summary of its powers is given in the following beautiful

ACROSTIC.

Mustang Liniment! The mass hail with joy
Earth's healing treasure, whose virtues destroy
Nerasis, that foe to luxuriant hair;
Rich that the finger nails injected with tear;
Cancers, whose gnawings so fearfully tell;
Acute Chronic and Rheumatism as well;
Neuralgia, Toothache, that agony swell
Quinsy, pleurisy, pneumonia, and croup
Burns, Cuts, and Bruises, and vile running sores—
Nuisances—keeping us within doors;
Gout, palsied limbs, and a host of such bores.

Lame stricken cripples are raised on their legs,
In joy, quaffing nature's bright cup to the dregs.
Nature's great remedy—on with the work!
Inflamations expelling wherever they lurk,
Men, women and cattle like evils must bear,
Such one in like manner this blessing can share.
Next time we say—though in truth may sound strange,
That it i. can't cure we give back the change.

To Farmers and Livery Stable Keepers,

And all who have the charge of horses, or other animals this LINIMENT is of immense benefit. All the express companies in New York City are using it, and have unanimously certified in its favour.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

Every store should be supplied with this valuable LINIMENT, as it gives good satisfaction and sells rapidly.

PRICES.—In consequence of the increased demand for the Liniment, we are now putting up 25 cent, 50 cent, and $1 bottles. The 50 cent bottles contain three times as much as the 25 cent bottle, and the $1 bottle contains three times as much as the 50 cent bottle: so that money will be saved by buying the large bottles.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., Proprietors.
596 Broadway, New York

D. TAYLOR, Jr., Boston, General Agent for the Provinces to whom orders must be directed.

Sold in Halifax by Morton & Co. and all the principal Druggists.
November 17

PERRY'S HUNGARIAN BALM.

For Restoring, Preserving, and Beautifying the Hair.

MUCH might be said in favor of this invaluable Compound, but it is deemed unnecessary as the proprietor feels that ONE TRIAL will convince the most incredulous of its rare and manifold virtues. Therefore,

If you have lost your hair and wish to restore it,
If you are losing your hair and wish to preserve it,
If you are troubled with Dandruff, and wish to remove it,
If you have any Humour of the Scalp, and wish to cure it
If you are troubled with Nervous Headache, and wish to cure it,
If you have Hair Eaters at the roots of the hair, and wish to destroy them,
If you have harsh, dry, and wiry hair, and wish it to become soft, pliable, and beautiful as silk, and if you wish to preserve rich, graceful and luxuriant tresses to the latest period of life,

USE PERRY'S HUNGARIAN BALM.

Price 25 and 50 cents—in large bottles.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by BURR & PERRY, No 1 Cornhill, Boston.

D. TAYLOR, of Boston, General Agent for the British Provinces, to whom all orders must be directed.

For sale in Halifax by John Naylor, Morton & Co., Avery Brown & Co., R. G. Fraser, H. A. Taylor, and T. Durney, and by dealers generally.
November 17.

LUBIN'S PERFUMES,

WARRANTED genuine, viz: Violet, Magnelia, Mousseline, Patchouly, Jockey Club, Musk, Eglantine Jenny Lind, Geranium and Rose, Boquet de Caroline Sweet Pea. For sale low at 139 Granville Street.
February 13. ROBERT G FRASER.

MATCHES! MATCHES!!

WAX MATCHES, a very nice article, at 1s. 10½d. per Thousand. For Sale by
January 26 ROBT. G. FRASER.

THE RENOWNED REMEDY:

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A MOST ASTONISHING CURE OF SCROFULOUS ULCERS.—A CASE CERTIFIED BY THE MAYOR OF BOSTON.

Copy of a Letter from J. Noble, Esq., Mayor of Boston, Lincolnshire.

TO PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

Dear Sir—Mrs. SARAH DIXON, of Liquorpond Street, Boston, has this day deposed before me that for a considerable period she was severely afflicted with Scrofulous Sores and ulcers in her arms, feet, legs and other parts of her body; and although the first of medical advice was obtained, at the cost of a large sum of money, she received no abatement of suffering but gradually grew worse.

Being recommended by a friend to try your Ointment, she procured a small pot and a book of the Pills, and before that was all used, symptoms of amendment appeared. By persevering with the medicine for a short time longer, according to the directions, and strictly adhering to your rules of diet, &c., she was perfectly cured, and now enjoys the best of health.

I remain, dear sir, yours truly
Dated Aug. 14th, 1853. (Signed) J. NOBLE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND RAPID CURE OF ERYSIPELAS IN THE LEG, AFTER MEDICAL AID HAD FAILED.

Copy of a letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Yeates, of the Post Office, Ashwick Road, near Hagnor, Sussex, dated January 12th, 1853.

TO PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

Sir—I suffered for a considerable period from a severe attack of Erysipelas, which at length settled in my leg, and resisted all medical treatment. My sufferings were very great, and I quite despaired of any permanent amendment, when I was advised to have recourse to your Ointment and Pills. I did so without delay, and I am happy to say the result was eminently successful for they effected a radical cure of my leg and restored me to the enjoyment of health. I shall ever speak with the utmost confidence of your medicines, and have recommended them to others in this neighbourhood similarly affected, who derived equal benefit.

I am, Sir, your obliged and faithful Servant
(Signed) ELIZABETH YEATES.

A DREADFULLY DISEASED ANCLE CURED AFTER BEING GIVEN UP BY THE FACULTY, AT MALTA AND PORTSMOUTH HOSPITALS.

The following important communication has been forwarded to Professor Holloway for publication, by

Mr. B. Dixon, Chemist, King street, Norwich

Copy of a Letter from Captain Smith, of Great Yarmouth, dated January 19th, 1853.

TO MR. DIXON.

Dear sir,—I send you the particulars of a cure effected by Professor Holloway's invaluable medicines:—Mr. JOHN WALTON, late in Her Majesty's Service, in the British Fleet at Malta, had a very bad ulcerated ankle, and after having been in the Malta Hospital for six months, was sent to England as an invalid to Portsmouth Hospital, where he remained an inmate four months, there as at Malta, refusing to have the limb amputated, he was turned out incurable. He then came to Yarmouth, and was under a medical gentleman for about three months, but his ankle became so much worse that all hope was lost. At this period, by my advice he tried Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which by unremitted application, healed all the ulcers, and restored him to perfect health and strength. I remain, Dear Sir, yours very truly,
(signed) JOHN SMITH.

Albert Hotel, Great Yarmouth.

SURPRISING CURE OF A BAD BREAST, NERVOUS DEBILITY, AND GENERAL ILL HEALTH.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. T. F. Ker, Chemist, &c., Lower Mosslane, Manchester, dated Feb. 12th, 1853.

TO PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in forwarding to you the particulars of a very extraordinary cure of a bad breast, effected solely by the use of your celebrated Ointment and Pills. Mrs. MARTHA BOLT, of Pitt street, this Town, had been for a considerable time labouring under nervous debility, loss of appetite, and general ill health, occasioned by aching weights in the breast. She had had much experience in the use of all the known remedies for the cure of cancers, but without any benefit. Her health is fast failing, she lost all faith and hope of a cure being effected. In this distressing and painful condition of body and mind, she was persuaded to have recourse to your invaluable Ointment and Pills, which she immediately did, and in the course of a very short time the effect produced was most astonishing; her appetite was speedily improved the sores and ulcers in the breast gradually healed, and the nervous excitement of her system was wholly removed.

I remain, Dear Sir, yours faithfully
(Signed) T. FORSTER KER.

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

Bad Legs,	Cancers,	Scalds,
Bad Breasts,	Contracted and	Sore Nipples,
Burns,	Stiffjoints,	sore throats,
Bunions,	Elephantiasis,	Skin Diseases,
Blood Mesechetes	Fistulas,	Scurvy,
and Sandflies,	Gout,	Sore Heads,
Coco Bay,	Glandular swell-	Tumours,
Chiego foot,	ings,	Ulcers.
Chilblains,	Piles,	
Corns (Soft)	Rheumatism,	

☞ N.B. Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot and Box.

Sub Agents in Nova Scotia—J. F. Cochran & Co., Newport. Dr. Harding, Windsor. G. N. Fuller, Horton. Moore and Chipman, Kentville. E. Caldwell and Tupper, Cornwallis. J. A. Gordon, Wilmot. A. R. Page, Bridgetown. R. Guest, Yarmouth. T. R. Latillo, Digby. A. J. Mere, Clementsport. Miss Chesley, Lacon and River. Rob't West, Bridgewater. Mrs. Neil, Lunenburgh. B. Legge Mahone Bay. Tucker & Smith, Truro. N. Tupper & Co. Amherst. R. R. Huestis, Wallace. W. Cooper, Pugwash. Mr. Robson, Pictou. T. R. Fraser, New Glasgow. J. & C. Jost, Guysborough. Mrs. Norris, Canso. P. Smith, Port Hood. T. & J. Just, Sydney. J. Mathieson, Brad'or.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 244 Strand, London, and by most respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world. Prices in Nova Scotia are 3s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 6s. 3d., 1os. 3d., 33s. 4d., and 50s. each Pot.

JOHN NAYLOR, Halifax.
General Agent for Nova Scotia.

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

☞ There is a considerable saving in taking the larger sizes. January, 1854.

PROCLAMATION.

TO THE
GOOD PEOPLE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

PROBABLY there is not a family in your Province but what some members of it are more or less addicted by Humours or Chronic Affections. As a remedy for these various complaints, there are numerous preparations brought into the market, but all of them of little or no good. But there is a discovery which has recently been made in chemical analysis that is wonderful in its operation. It has been long enough tried and we have proof sufficient to satisfy—all from men holding the highest offices the people of the United States can give—that the medicine will do just what it is recommended. It is Doctor HAMPTON'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT. The medicine is compounded from the Vegetable Kingdom and may be used by any person without injurious consequences. By a wise choice and combination of some of the best of each class of co-operative, simple remedies, it fully reaches all the essential organs of the human system and there it has proved itself so effectually curative of the whole ROUND of chronic affections.

*Over two million bottles have been sold in the north and west during the last five years.