

The Christian Visitor.

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"Hold fast the form of sound words."—2d Timothy, i. 13.

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IN MEMORIAM OF FLORENCE.
Another little form asleep,
And a little spirit gone;
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born.
Two little feet are on the way,
To the home beyond the skies,
And our hearts are like a voice that comes
When a strain of music dies.
A pair of little baby shoes,
And a lock of golden hair;
The toy our little darling loved,
And the dress she used to wear;
The little grave in the shady nook
Where the flowers love to grow—
And these are all of the little hope
That came four years ago.
The birds will sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem,
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them.
But never again will the little lips
To their songs of love reply;
For that silvery voice is blended with
The minstrelsy on high.

PREACHING AND PROSING.

One cannot help feeling a melancholy amusement, though it is hardly an amusing subject, at the many devices that have been employed to make the Sunday service attractive to the popular mind. That it should be really interesting is the true and great attraction. But, failing to perceive this, one thinks that if we were to give up the best seats in the chapel for free sittings we should so impress the working-man with our disinterested aims that he would lay aside his prejudice or indifference, and come. But were we to cushion and carpet the best pew in the chapel, and yet be unable to arouse and enchain his attention when he came, he would soon cease to come. He is quite willing to pay for chapel, lecture-hall, or concert-room, if there is anything really to interest him; not else. Another thinks that the grand panacea is mutual exhortation and more brotherly love—meaning the common right to inflict upon each other an endless quantity of small talk, and a continual shaking of hands. And yet, somehow, this fails. Men generally do not care for such a weak attempt to tickle their vanity, and to cheat them of their manliness. Anything that can retain its hold of them must excite their respect and win their affection. And the "mutual exhortation" in vogue is the most distasteful thing that you can anywhere hear. Perhaps there is a tendency just now in another direction—to trust in the power of architecture, music, and the aesthetics of public service as the things to attract the people. Not one word shall fall from us to disparage all tasteful improvements of this kind. On the contrary, we call for them. We have disdained art, and beauty, and taste long enough, and suffered for it in the alienation of educated, cultivated people quite enough. But music and architecture can never be our strength as Nonconformists. We must be able to make the congregation feel by our prayers and our preaching, that right and wrong are grander things than questions of art and taste, that conscience has more need to be pacified than the outward sense of beauty, that "the beauties of holiness" are greater than all the beauties of art, and that repentance, faith in Christ, trust in God, are the most imperative things in this universe. It is an oft-repeated and just complaint that preachers are artificial—that when they get into the pulpit they cease to be natural. The manner, the tones of the voice, the language, the way of looking at things, are all strongly professional and unreal. The voice is pitched in the clerical key, the language is cast into a theological mould, the common sense of the speaker is laid aside as not available there, and the impression conveyed is that of insincerity. Now what a calamity is this! For, if anywhere, a man should be real and manly in the pulpit. A preacher is not a man crammed with the common-places of theology who must utter them after the approved style and never startle his hearers; he is not a preacher but a bore. We heard lately a minister preach an anniversary sermon for a Sunday-school. We believe Mr. Babbage could construct a machine that would preach almost as well. The text was cut up into ten or twelve heads, full of alliteration (the teacher was to be living, loving, learning, and liberal); there was no attempt at thinking in any part of the sermon; two or three anecdotes were told. But the preacher evidently thought his whole power lay in a certain loving smile or simper which came in at a certain place in each head of the sermon, and an unctuous way of addressing his hearers as "beloved" at every third or fourth sentence. The women thought him such a "dear man" but the men thought him a minister. It was a piece of unreality from beginning to end. He had not come there with any quickening, helping, inspiring message in relation to the great work of Sunday-schools, but only to connect with the congregation.

The same want of reality appears in other ways. Look at the thoughtless unfeeling way in which the most solemn facts are lauded; the subtlest doctrines and the most tragic things in man's life are vulgarized and degraded by second-hand way of dealing with them. We are often stirred to ask Hamlet's question about the grave-digger who sang over his work. "Hath this fellow no feeling in his business?" Christ's sufferings are spoken of by men who never could have reverently thought of them, else they must have spoken in a different way. The doom of the impenitent is only a topic for a little state rhetoric, declaimed with scandalous apathy. Oh, these men without heart have no business in the pulpit! And to hear many describe the experience of good and bad men. You would think, if you could believe them, that bad men have a terrible time of it even here; that they are intensely miserable, and get little enjoyment out of the world. The real history of men's indifference to the Gospel is as great a secret to them as are the decrees of God. Who can but smile to hear many describe what they call Christian experience? The Christian looks down upon the world, regards riches as vanity, despises pleasure, enjoys uninterrupted communion with God, always comforts himself with God's promises, and always conquers his temptations, &c., with many other actions of a like sort. And yet preachers complain of people not coming enough to chapel! The relation of a man's life to his preaching is of the closest possible kind. The Apostle spoke because he believed. And if preachers would speak with effect they must believe. A man must not only apprehend, but he must feel himself apprehended by, spiritual things, before he can proclaim them in an effectual way. He above all men must fight a daily battle to retain his hold on Christ, to get nearer to Him in living fellowship, to be baptized by His unsearchable love and goodness, and to know with all his heart which powereth knowledge. Then, notwithstanding the

burdensome feeling of much unworthiness, he will burn, at least sometimes, to utter forth something of what he has tasted, and handled, and felt. But we must remember what habits this kind of personal religion implies! The Bible will be to him not merely a book to be hunted for texts, but one which brings him face to face every day with God, Christ, and man, in the various attitudes of woe, prayer, love, and self-rebuke. The habit of meditation will be wrought into his nature, and every book and every fact of life will be lighted up and warmed by the ever-burning flame within. When such a man goes into the pulpit it will not be to discharge a professional duty, or to repeat for the thousandth time the very same things in almost the same words which he has said before; he goes quivering under the burden of the message which will make good men better, and compel bad men at least to listen. And where such a man is in the habit of preaching, expectation sits on the faces of his hearers; the people have acquired a habit of listening that very distinctly contrasts with the yawning inattention to be observed in many places we have seen. Cold, formal preachers, who bring with them no fire from the altar of God, complain of thin and inattentive congregations, and blame the people; but the true cause for blame is in the pulpit and not in the pew. Clever men, also, neglecting too much the fount of all true inspiration, are often heard lamenting the want of intellect in their hearers to appreciate their philosophic prelections. They have made a foolish mistake. The pulpit is not the professor's chair, the congregation is not an academic assembly, the sermon is not a lecture upon the "absolute," and the Gospel is not a congeries of cold abstractions.

We have attempted to set forth as strongly as we could some of the plain deficiencies of the pulpit in the present day. But we should be sorry to be understood as condemning the ministry indiscriminately. We thankfully recognize a large number of men amongst us who understand their work, and are doing that work with great success. It is with the view of increasing the number of such men, and of making the pulpit more universally respected, that we have written these strictures. But who can refuse to believe that there are men amongst us, who never will succeed in the great work of converting sinners and building up good men in righteousness! Some are incurably indolent; they will not read, they will not think, they will not prepare their sermons; and, with their present habits, they would fail if they were men of business. Some are deficient in natural ability, and ought never to have been admitted into the work of the ministry. They are listened to with pity. Some have a cold, unamiable temperament, and incapable themselves of any enthusiasm, they can never infect others with any spiritual fervor; others are bound hand and foot with a narrow, uninspiring creed, and when giving a hesitating invitation to men to come to Christ, they know and feel—and their hearers know and feel—that they are juggling with words. Others have such defects of voice and manner as make it a positive pain to listen to them. It was best in every way that such as these would leave the ministry and enter upon secular pursuits.

We close by quoting from a paper on preaching in *The Christian Spectator*, vol. vii, p. 411:—"A man's power and success will be in proportion to his originality; and originality consists in looking at things with our own eyes and from our own point of view. But this looking at things—seeing them as they truly are—is not common in the pulpit; and yet it does not imply genius or any extraordinary endowment. But it implies sincerity, fidelity, and mental application. It supposes that a man has heard God calling him into this work of the ministry, separating him from all common work, and commanding him to report to others at first hand those things which he has heard and seen. He is not to deal out to others at second-hand what he has heard others say of the Gospel; but to tell them in his own way of those spiritual facts and truths he has realized and seen himself. Can you tell me what conversion is! Describe it from your own experience, and you will shoot words of lightning into many a poor sinner's soul. Have you ever gone fainting beneath your burden of sin up to the cross, and like the pilgrim in John Bunyan, been disburdened there, and heard words of peace and assurance? Describe all this as you felt it, and you will be able to explain justification by faith better than by reading all the theological treatises in the world. In this way only can you become great; not by trying to engraft upon your faculties the talents of other men, but by diligently maturing the growth of those gifts you enjoy from God. What we want is courage to believe that we have great capability, and that we can do well if we perseveringly try. Because we are cowards and indolent we make our work too often a hateful drudgery."

THE OPEN WINDOW.
"Little Charlie is dead!"
I repeated the words very sadly, and though no audible voice from the tree-top above me had spoken them, I glanced upward to the windows, which for fourteen days had been wholly darkened; shutters and curtains were withdrawn at last, and the fresh breeze and golden light drifted freely in.
I knew that on the couch where Charlie had tossed and moaned, parched with fever and smitten with grievous pain, there lay only an altered, stiffened shade, which we had loved and pitied as "our Charlie," but the real being whose gay young life made beauty all around it, was not there. One wiser and more pitying than ourselves had called the little boy, and in the night he had risen, saying, "Thy servant heareth," and gone outward to walk with the Lord.
It was an exquisite morning in the early autumn. Not a cloud veiled the intense blue of the sky, luminous with depths of sunshine; and beneath every tree purple and scarlet shadows played, while the wind, swaying their branches, seemed to call up tender memories from each warm, sturdy heart. "Dead!" I echoed the word, as, lingering by the half-open gate, I hesitated to enter it. In the glad day, overflowing with brilliancy, what room was there for so dark a syllable!
Charlie was the child of a neighbor, a beautiful and winning little spirit as ever sojourned in human clay. Full of restless, precious life, the light links of existence were fretted away by the ceaseless strain and jar of the imprisoned soul. We knew that he must leave us, but forgetful of previous warning, the death of my favorite came to me with the sharp pang of an unheard-of surprise. Regaining, with an effort, a degree of composure, I entered the house of mourning. The hush which severe sickness imposes, the shadows of a mystery yet to be revealed, which envelop a dwelling so consecrated, were exchanged for the drear certainty of helpless grief. Charlie was dead!

How many times during the past fortnight had I entered that room, whose recessed signs and

groans were familiar! With what painful foreboding had I lingered in its gloom, which typified so well the cherished hopes that here perished! As I crossed the threshold, I half expected to hear the stifled moan of the still weaker child; but he had breathed an air which no sickness poisons, and the body was at rest forever. What a change had a few hours wrought in this apartment! The soft, rich air of the Indian summer stole through the windows no longer guarded, and the sunshine stretched its golden beams upon the floor, and walls—further, it slanted across the pure linen that was folded above the sleeper, and to the delicate features and sunny hair gave somewhat of the glad vitality of life. Every leaf fluttered, every bird-note, every whisper of the wide world without, spoke of rejoicing. "I shall go to him," said my heart responsively, and I could almost weep tears of gladness that the gift of immortal youth was so early granted to Charlie.

Yes, the open window, the signal of sore loss, was also the avenue of richest gain; the healing breath of heaven, and its benignant light, were they not messengers to the spirit of the deepened experience attained only through tears! We clasp the hand whose grasp is loosening with doubled earnestness. Our love cries out madly as its idols fade; but when finally removed beyond the reach of human yearning, we remember who it was that said, "Thy brother shall rise again."

COMFORT FOR YOUNG MINISTERS.

The first time I preached in London was in Hare-court Chapel, Aldersgate-street, where there was then a respectable congregation. Mr. Stodhart had been announced to preach; and had requested me to take his place on account of his indisposition. When I entered the vestry I announced myself as Mr. Stodhart's substitute. The old minister—Mr. Webb—a grave, pleasant-looking man, with snowy locks, asked me my name, and whence I came. I told him, "Chestnut College." He replied, "I do not agree with the doctrines usually preached by the ministers and students educated there." I expressed my regret that I had come, and reminded him that I would instantly retire, as my appearing there at all was only a friendly act towards my former minister, whose illness prevented him fulfilling his engagement. The old man did not, however, wish to preach himself. He therefore pursued his examination, and asked how long I had been at College. When I told him he exclaimed, "Only a year! Young men are sent out to preach far too soon, sir. They should gain more knowledge before they attempt to teach others." "I perfectly agree with you, sir," said I, "and wish you a good afternoon." "No, you must preach now; and I trust God will help you." The deacons then came forward, and begged of me to serve them. Their minister had not been pleased with students, some of them having made very feeble attempts; and as the congregation was smaller than formerly, it was necessary to secure effective preachers if possible to revive it. Without further controversy I consented to preach. The previous week had been to me a season of great mental depression, and this reception had not improved my nervous state. I ascended the pulpit in great distress. I read the chapter in which Ass says, "We have no might to go against this great company, but our eyes are upon thee." And after prayer, in which I especially commended to God the good old minister, I took as my text, Job xxiii. 18, "But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." At the commencement of the discourse I was dull, and to my own sensation, making little impression. But when I came to describe God's knowledge of our way, implying his appointment and superintendence of it, and his companionship with us in it, and the refining process which would surely be the result, I turned round to address the audience, and to my surprise saw the jealous old minister affected to tears. That sermon met his troubled state, and revived his drooping spirits. Many, indeed, in the assembly were that day met by a message from heaven, especially in the application of the sermon, where I tried to win their hearts to confidence in their reconciled God. When I returned to the vestry, the old gentleman was the first to welcome me, and taking my hand between both his, said, "Forgive my rude reception. It will, perhaps, be enough to tell you that God has made you 'a son of consolation,' to a greatly-troubled spirit. I forgot the injunction, of which I doubt not there is much need, 'Let no man despise thy youth.'" We became friends from that hour until his death.—From *Allon's Memoir of the Rev. James Sherman.*

EXEMPT.

"Well, Mike, did you enlist this morning?"
"Indeed, yer honor, I didn't this, and I'm going now after my exemption papers."
"Why, how is that, you are not afraid to 'go for a soldier,' are you?"
"Dade, sir, it's not meself that's afraid, at all of anything. It's for Biddy and the childer. Ye see I wouldn't much mind goin' myself, but Joe and Jenn, thim's her brother and cousin, wint afore, and there's nobody at all now to look after her if I'd go. You see, sir, she and the childer must have bread and mate, and cloth for their back; besides, sir, what was the use of coming to Ameriky anyhow, if the small ones can't be kept to school? Then, to be sure, if I'd go I might go home kilt intirely, or bringin' one leg that'd left behind; thim, who'd 'd'er work for the mate, or buy me a jacket! Och, and she sirs, sir, that if ye had in ye the heart of a male, ye couldn't be afeather leavin' her at all!"
"It is not afeather that you reason so, Mike. But, if you knew a Captain, who, in your absence, would provide well for your family; who would clothe and feed you besides keeping you from all dangerous wounds and sickness; one who would always lead you to victory, and, after the war, give you a rich pension and a beautiful home—a Captain who would, in short, make you a good soldier, giving you a soldier's reward, and yet, at the same time, exempt you from all dangers and losses—wouldn't you enlist under him?"
"Dade, sir, the grass wouldn't grow under me boots but I'd run to him; I'd be there now, sir, and listed. But ye know there was never such a Captain, or all the world would be in his company, and there'd be nobody left to fight with us."
"All the world would join him truly if they but heard of him; for Mike, there is such a Captain. I know him, and he has sent you word to put down your name in his company, and promises, if you go with him, to do all those things for you."
"Faith, sir, ye don't mane it now; your playin' with me head. I don't know what ye're sayin'."
"It's all true, my man; I'm not jesting, as ye'll see when I tell you his words. It's because he deires that you shall have no anxiety about any of your affairs, neither about your

not your family, while in his service, that he has written various pledges about these very matters. He says, 'Say ye to my soldier, that in everything 'it shall be well with him'; that 'there is no want' to him that belongeth to me; that I 'will supply all his needs according to my riches'; that his store-house shall be filled 'with the finest of the wheat'; and that while he is serving me 'no evil shall befall him, neither shall any plague come nigh his dwelling.' And about your own food, clothing, lodging, and all other wants, he says that he 'will withhold no good thing from them that march with him.'"
"Does he now, thin, the blessed Captain?"
"He does indeed. Then, as for the perils of battle, he will keep his soldiers near him and shield them from danger. He says, 'I will be at his right hand; he shall not be moved.' I will be like a great 'shield' and 'buckler' at his side. He promises that in the hottest of the fight, 'if thou passest through the waters,' he 'will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; and, even if 'thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt,' that 'he will cover thee from evil all the day long.'"
"Oh, sir, none but the Lord himself could do all that, sure."
"Then hear what this gracious Captain says. Should you have a hand-to-hand fight with the foe, and be in danger of falling, he will rescue ad 'hide' you in his own secret 'pavilion.' Then how sweet your sleep will be at night after the hard day of battle, for he will himself watch beside your tent as sentinel. 'He that keepeth 'the never slumbers nor sleeps, so that 'when thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid.' Then, if he war lasts till you are old, he provides for you saying, 'Even to your old age, I even I, will carry and will deliver you.' And it is sure he will at last 'break down your own enemies,' giving you 'victory,' and after that the reward and honor. He says, 'White robes shall be given unto every one of them, and in a glorious temple 'they shall walk with me in white.'"
"Is the Lord himself he mane?"
"Then, as for the home and pension, this is the promise: 'They shall build houses and inhabit them; they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them; and the good soldier 'shall leave an inheritance to his children's children.' Aid, more, your inheritance will be a princely dowry. Hear what he says, 'I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me.'"
"Oh, yer honor told me truly about all he would do, and how he exempts from all trouble, ad he told me, 'o' other day how to come to him. Now I see, I said thin, I won't come and have my religion, but now I don't know, sir. His words sound so lovin' like, that I feel my heart go over to him, and I'll think about it. It looks so sweet and pleasant like to belong to him, and greatly ease, sir, for he's the Lord!"

THE HEROES OF THE NILE.

A special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held recently at Burlington House, to welcome Captain Speke and Grant. The large room was crowded; hundreds could not get in. Only a pressing engagement kept the Prince of Wales away. Capt. Speke read a paper on the Nile and its tributaries; and there were introduced to the meeting two little boys belonging to one of the most intelligent of the equatorial tribes to whom the travellers were indebted. After reading his paper, Captain Speke said that the people of the country through which they passed were most intelligent, but have a great distrust of the white men, owing to the enormities committed by the slave-traders. The difficulties of travelling through these countries are almost insuperable from numerous causes. The native kings are continually at war with each other, which causes wholesale desertion among the men forming the expeditions. The natives, however, with whom he had amicable relations, were most friendly and honest, not only helping him themselves with presents, but sending him with him into other friendly nations as safeguards. He considers that the race is the same as the Abyssinian, with a strong admixture of the Hindus. They are mostly tall, well-made men, with straight noses and curly hair. They have no religion, and do not believe in a soul. The people of Karagwe he praises most highly. The King and princes are in every respect worthy of the epithet "gentlemen."

The members of the Royal Institution also held a special meeting to hear a lecture delivered by Captain Speke on the discovery of the source of the Nile. The lecture was honored by the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was attended by General Knollys, Sir Roderick Murchison, and numerous suits. The Prince was accompanied by the Comte de Paris, and several other members of the late Royal family of France.
Before commencing his lecture, Captain Speke introduced to the audience the two little black boys who were so honored at the Geographical Society the night before. It was mainly through the unwearied energy of the fathers of these boys that Capt. Speke was enabled to trace the Nile to its source in the mountains of Gondokoro. He mentioned that the little fellows were brought to this country to receive an English education by Captain Rigby, the British Consul at Zanibar, through whose instrumentality so much had been done to abolish the slave-trade in those regions. He also desired publicly to thank Sir Roderick Murchison and the Fellows of the Geographical Society for the assistance they had afforded him in proving the correctness of the conclusion at which he had arrived in 1858, that Lake Victoria Nyanza was the source of one of the great rivers of the world, the Nile. Time would not permit him to describe the whole of the incidents of his journey from Zanibar to Egypt, which occupied two years and a half, and extended over a distance of more than 3,000 miles. He chose rather to give some account of the Wuhuma and some of the other tribes inhabiting the shores of Lake Nyanza. Judging from the physical characteristics of those tribes, he considered them to be descended from the ancient Abyssinians. This idea was in a great measure confirmed by the traditions of the people, who, when questioned about their origin, always replied that they came from the north. The Abyssinians sprang from the union between the children of Shem and Ham—the negro blood being modified and toned down by the Shemitic admixture. Captain Speke then went on to describe how the aboriginal inhabitants of Abyssinia, who were essentially an agricultural people, had been conquered and enslaved by nomad races, who lived on the produce of their flocks and herds. These ancient Abyssinians came down by degrees from the north, carrying all before them, and founding the great kingdoms of Kitta, which was now split up into several minor kingdoms through continual internal wars. A singular tradition of the double origin of these people was related to him by one of the chiefs, who gravely told him that at one time the inhabitants of Kitta were half black and half white, one side of their heads having curly hair, the other straight. The largest portion of Kitta consists of the kingdom of Unyoro.

THE CONVICTS' PRAYER MEETING.

A convicts' prayer-meeting! This is, indeed, something new under the sun. And yet such a wonder now exists in the Sing Sing prison. The convicts had made repeated application to the warden and chaplain for leave to hold a meeting of this kind. At length, about six weeks ago, permission was granted to hold a prayer-meeting every other Monday, at 4 P. M. The meeting is regarded as an experiment, and none are permitted to attend but those who have completed their work for the day. The meeting last Monday was the third of the kind that had been held. So far, everything has gone satisfactorily. Rarely, if ever, have I attended a religious service more solemn, interesting, or touching. Some thirty or more convicts gathered in the chapel, and spent an hour together in prayer and religious conference. The chaplain presided, and took a general oversight and direction of the meeting. But the prayers and addresses were made by the prisoners themselves; and considering the characters and culture, or rather the want of culture, of the persons offering them, they were quite remarkable. Probably a half-dozen short prayers were offered, and as many brief addresses made, interspersed with singing of hymns. They were direct, earnest, and fervent; and some gave evidence of deep emotion. Several mentioned that their attention had been but recently turned to the subject of personal religion. A marked peculiarity of the prayers was, that in almost every instance, confession was made in the first person singular. One convict, who was not able to attend, sent in a request for the prayers of his fellow-prisoners. It is impossible, of course, for a man to read the heart; but the whole tone and spirit of the meeting were significant of sincerity in those who took part in it. The hour spent in the "convicts' prayer-meeting" was truly one of the most interesting, and has left a record upon the memory which nothing can efface.—*E. C. Witness, D. D.*

Captain Speke gave a long and interesting account of the history of this people, tracing their Kings down to the present monarch. On the most fertile part of the shores of Lake Nyanza, the kingdom of Karagwe, which is the most interesting of all the nations of equatorial Africa, being better cultivated and better governed than any other. The customs of Uganda are many of them most irregular. The princes having large harems of women, their progeny is, of course, most numerous. When a king dies, all his sons are burnt, except his successor and two others, who are kept in case of accident until the coronation, after which one is pensioned off and the other banished to Unyoro. Unlawful dress is a capital crime, except the offender possesses sufficient riches to pay an enormous fine. Ingratitude, or even neglecting to thank a person for a benefit conferred, is punishable. The Court customs are also curious. No one is allowed to stand before the king, and to touch him, or look at one of his women, is death. They believe implicitly in magic and the evil eye, and the kings are always attended by a certain number of women crowned with dead lizards, and bearing bows, and arrows in their hands. The King of Karagwe is the most civilized of all these nations; before entering Uganda, Captain Speke spent many days with him. In manners, civility, and enlightenment, he might be compared with many Europeans. He was much of this to the influence of an Indian merchant, named Moussa Mzouri, who helped him by his advice to conquer his brother, with whom he was at war. Captain Speke was much entertained with many of his questions, as to what became of the old sun, and when the moon made faces at the earth. He also wanted to know whether England, of which he had heard from the ivory traders, could blow up the whole of Africa with gunpowder. The moment the king heard that he was desirous of going north, he sent messengers to the king of Uganda to prepare the way for him. The king was most anxious to afford him every possible information about the country. While at the palace the king took him yachting on Murchison Creek for several days, and he frequently went shooting with the princes of the Court, who, when he had shot anything, would rush up to him and shake him heartily by the hand—a custom little known in that part of Africa. Before leaving, they heard from King Kamrasi that a body of white men had been seen to the North, who had killed numbers of the natives with a wonderful gun. This made Captain Speke most anxious to push on, as he supposed the party of white men to be that of Mr. Peberick, who had appointed to meet him. He then started for Uganda, with a numerous retinue. Before leaving King Kumanika's palace at Karagwe he had noticed on several occasions three or four lofty mountain peaks, more than 10,000 feet high. The King of Uganda sent an armed body of men to meet him, who conducted him through the kingdom. Everywhere they went the people left their huts, leaving their provisions behind them. The fertility of this part is very great, and the scenery on the shores of the lake most beautiful. On arriving at the King of Uganda's capital, Captain Speke found it necessary to wrap up all his presents in chintz before sending them to the King, as nothing but the naked could be looked at by his Majesty. He found the palace to consist of hundreds of conical tents, spread over the spur of a hill. Thousands of courtiers and attendants were to be seen engaged in every conceivable occupation, from playing on musical instruments to feeding the royal chickens. On sending word to the King that he wished for an interview, that monarch sent back a sharp message that he was to sit on the ground and wait until he was at liberty. Capt. Speke, however, sent back word that he was a Prince, and not accustomed either to sit on the ground or to wait. A courtier, following his party, prophesying all kinds of evil from his presumption. Captain Speke, however, terrified the whole Court, King and all, into submission, by merely opening his umbrella, which they took to be a deadly weapon, killing by magic. A chair was consequently allowed to Capt. Speke, who was received by the King surrounded by his Court, and having by his side the women crowned with dead lizards to ward off the effects of the evil eye. The King stared at him for an hour, at the end of which time he said, "Majesty said, 'Have you seen me?' and retired to another tent, where the same process of staring was followed by a similar inquiry. This time, however, the monarch deigned to examine Captain Speke's Whitworth rifle. Captain Speke told him that it was the custom of the inhabitants of the country of which he was a prince to make presents of everything they possessed to any King into whose country they entered. He accordingly left him several rifles and watches, and a quantity of gunpowder. He endeavored to engage his Majesty in conversation about his Majesty's party, and the possibility of opening trade through the north. It was a long time, however, before he gained his confidence. On leaving, the King presented him with numerous very valuable presents. He must now skip all the remainder of his journey, and come to Gondokoro, where he was to meet Mr. Baker. He found this gentleman waiting for him there, almost hoping that he had got into difficulties that he (Mr. Baker) might help him out. On hearing from Captain Speke that he had not been able to explore the Lake Lete Nyanza, Mr. Baker immediately set off on an expedition in that direction, and Captain Speke has no doubt but that by next year we shall know all about this supposed tributary of the Nile. Captain Speke then concluded by fully describing two beautifully executed drawings of Lake Windermere and the Ripon Falls, the scenery of which is most picturesque.

The Prince remained for some time after the end of the lecture examining the numerous specimens of art, photographs, and drawings on the table.

TURNER'S AMERICAN EXPRESS,
96 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Dec. 4. D. W. Turner, Proprietor.
BALDWIN'S EXPRESS,
Running on the E. and N. A. Railway, Carrying Her Majesty's Mails from Saint John to Shediac, Connecting at Saint John with Expresses to the United States, Canada and France, and at Shediac with Steamers and Stages for Richibucto, Miramichi, and Prince Edward Island.
Goods sold, and Notes, Drafts and Bills collected. Office in Saint John—98 Prince William Street.
Dec. 4. H. W. BALDWIN.

GEORGE DUVAL,
CANE CHAIR MANUFACTURER,
Corner of Richmond and Brussels Streets, St. John, N. B.
Chairs Reconned and Repaired.
CANE ALWAYS ON HAND FOR SALE. apr 16
Henry Robertson,
Importer of China, Glass and Earthenware,
No. 3 St. Stephen's Building, King Square,
Saint John, N. B.
Every description of the above classes of Goods found at this establishment. Wholesale Orders executed with dispatch, and sold as low as any House in the trade. Dec. 4.

F. A. COSGROVE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, and Watch Materials, English, American, French and German Fancy Goods, Toys, Fancy Bird Cages, &c. Also, Ambrotype and Photography. 75 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
Orders from the country promptly attended to. Dec. 4.
NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—VIC-TORIA HOUSE.—The subscriber thankful for the patronage bestowed upon him since his commencement of business in this city, would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his Hotel to the New Brick House, in Regent Street, to be known as the "Victoria House," where he respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will be accommodated on the most reasonable terms.
Good Stabling and an excellent Hostler, always in attendance. MANZER ATHERTON.
Fredericton, May 1st, 1863.—3m

REVERE HOUSE,
Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated upon the most reasonable terms.
Dec. 4. 21 King Street, St. John, N. B.
UNION HOTEL, 112 Union Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
THIS HOTEL being centrally located, neatly furnished, and thoroughly conducted, is highly appreciated by the Travelling Public. Charges 50 cents per day.
Extensive Stabling attached, and experienced Hostlers in attendance.
JOHN G. DAY.

Morton's Hotel, Union Street.
The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally that he has opened the House on Union Street, No. 56, lately occupied by E. S. Fogler, Esquire, where he hopes by his attentive and business-like and kindly attention to customers, to meet the wishes of all who may favor him with their patronage. Terms moderate. Good Stabling, and a hostler in attendance.
MAY 14.—3m

"NORTH AMERICAN HOUSE,"
No. 7, King's Square, SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Good Stabling and attentive Hostler. Dec. 4.
WAVERLEY HOUSE,
No. 78 King Street, Saint John, N. B.
SCAMMELL & CO., Proprietors.
North American Clothing Store,
No. 19 North Side King Street, St. John, N. B.
R. HUNTER, Proprietor.
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Garments made to order in the most fashionable style by the best workmen, at the shortest notice. Dec. 4.

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JAMES S. MAY,
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37 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.
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J. E. WHITEKIR,
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Particular attention given to Custom Work. Dec. 4.

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