Hot Corn; or Life in the City.

CHAPTER I.

"Hot corn! Here's your nice hot corn, smoking hot, smoking hot, just from the pot!" Hour after hour, last evening, as we sat over the desk, this cry came up in a soft, plaintive voice under our window, which told us of one of the ways of the poor to eke out the means of subsistence in this overburdened, ill-fed and worse-lodged home of misery—of so many without means who are constantly crowding into the dirtiest purlieus of this notoriously dirty city, where they are exposed to the daily chance of death from some sudden out-breaking epidemic like that now desolating the same kind of streets in New Orleans, and swallowing up its thousands of victims from the same class of poverty-stricken, uncomfortably provided-for-human beings, who know not how, or have not the power to flee to the healthy hills and green fields of the country. Here they live, barely live, in holes almost as hot as the hot corn, the cry of which rung in our ears from dark until midnight.

"Hot corn! hot corn! here's your nice, hot corn," rose up in a faint, child-like voice, which seemed to have been aroused by the sound of our step as we were about entering the Park, while the City Hall clock told the hour when ghosts go forth upon their midnight rambles. We started, as though a spirit had given us a rap, for the sound seemed to come out of one of the iron posts which stand as sentinels over the main entrance.

Looking over the post, we discovered the owner of the hot corn cry, in the person of an emaciated little girl about twelve years old, whose dirty frock was nearly the color of the rusty iron, and whose face, hands and feet, naturally white and delicate, were grimmed with dirt until nearly of the same color.—There were two white streaks running down from the soft blue eyes, that told of the hot, scalding tears that were coursing their way over a naturally beautiful face.

"Some corn, sir," lisped the little sufferer, as she saw we had stopped to look at her, hardly daring to speak to one who did not address her in rough tones of command, such as, "Give me some corn, you little wolf's whelp," or a name still more opprobrious to herself and mother. Seeing we had no look of contempt for her, she said, piteously, "please buy some corn, sir."

"No, my dear, we do not wish any; it is not very healthy in such warm weather as this, and especially so late at night."

"O dear, then what shall I do?"

"Why, go home. It is past midnight, and such little girls as you ought not to be in the streets of this bad city at this time of night."

"I can't go home—and I am so tired and sleepy. O dear!"

"Cannot go home? Why not?"

"O, sir, my mother will whip me if I go home without selling all my corn. O, sir, do buy one ear, and then I shall have only two left, and I am sure she might let little sis and me eat them, for I have not had anything to eat since morning, only one apple the man gave me, and one part of one he threw away. I could have stole a turnip at the grocery when I went to get—to get something in the pitcher for mother, but I dare not. I did use to steal, but Mr. Pease says it is naughty to steal, and I don't want to be naughty, indeed I don't; and I don't want to be a bad girl, like Lizzy Smith, and she is only two years older than me, if she does dress fine; 'cause Mr. Pease says she will be just like old drunken Kate, one of these days. O, dear, now there goes a man, and I did not cry hot corn; what shall I do?"

"Do?" There, that is what you shall do," as we dashed the corn in the gutter. "Go home; tell your mother you have sold it all, and here is the money."

"Won't that be a lie, sir? Mr. Pease says we must not tell lies."

"No, my dear, that wont be a lie, because I have bought it, and thrown it away instead of eating it."

"But, sir, may I eat it, then, if you don't want it?"

"No, it is not good for you; good bread is better, and here is sixpence to buy a loaf, and here is another to buy some nice cakes for you and sis. Now that is your money; don't give it to your mother, and don't stay out so late again. Go home earlier, and tell your mother you cannot keep awake, and if she is a good mother, she wont whip you."

"O, sir, she is a good mother sometimes. But I am sure the grocery man at the corner is not a good man, or he would not sell my mother rum when he knows—for Mr. Pease told him so—that we poor children were starving. O, I wish all the men were good men like him, and then my mother would not drink that nasty liquor, and beat and starve us, 'cause there would be nobody to sell her any—and then we should have plenty to eat."

Away she ran, down the street, towards that reeking centre of filth, poverty and misery, the noted Five Points of New York.

As we plodded up Broadway, looking in here and there upon the palatial splendors of metropolitan "saloons"—we think that is the word for fashionable, upper-class grog-shops—we almost involuntarily cried, "hot corn," as we saw the hot spirit of that grain, under the various guises of "pure gin," "old rum," "pale brandy," "pure port," "Heidsick," or "Lager bier," poured down the hot throats of men—and ah, yes, of women, too, whose daughters may some day sit at midnight upon the cold curb-stone, crying, "hot corn," to gain a penny for the purchase of a drink of the fiery dragon they are now inviting to a home in their bosoms, whose cry in after years will be, "Give, give, give," and still as unsatisfied as the horse-leech's daughters.

Again, as we passed on up that street, still busy and thronged at midnight, as a country village at mid-day intermission of church service, ever and anon from some side street came up the cry of "hot corn, hot corn!" and ever as we heard it, and ever as we shall through all years to come, we thought of that little girl and her drunken mother, and the "bad man" at the corner grocery, and that hers was the best, the strongest Maine law argument which had ever fallen upon our listening ear.

CHAPTER II.

The next night after the interview with that neglected, ill-used little girl, the same plaintive cry of "Hot corn, hot corn, here's your nice, hot corn!" came up through our open window on the midnight air, while the rain came dripping down from the overcharged clouds, in just sufficient quantity to wet the thin, single garment of the owner of that sweet young voice, without giving her an acceptable excuse for leaving her post before her hard task was completed. At length the voice grew faint, and then ceased; and then we knew that exhausted nature slept—that a tender house plant was exposed to the chilling influence of a night of rain—that an innocent little girl had the curb-stone for a bed, and an iron post for a pillow—that by and by she would awaken, not invigorated with refreshing slumber, but poisoned with the sleep-inhaled miasma of the filth-reeking gutter at her feet, which may be breathed with impunity awake, but, like the malaria of our southern coast, is death to the sleeper.

It was past midnight when she awoke, and found herself with a desperate effort just able to reach the bottom of the ricketty stairs which led to her *home*.—We shall not go up now. In a little while, reader, you shall see where live the city poor.

Tired, worn with the daily toil—for such is the work of an editor who caters for the appetites of his morning readers—we were not present the next night to note the absence of that cry from its accustomed spot; but the next, and next, and still on, we listened in vain—that voice was not there. True, the same hot corn cry came floating upon the evening breeze across the Park, or wormed its way from some cracked fiddle voice down the street, up and around the corner; or out of some dark alley, with a broken English accent, that sounded almost as much like "lager bier" as it did like the commodity the immigrant, struggling to eke out his precarious existence, wished to sell.—All over this great, poverty-burdened and wicked-waste, extravagant city, at this season, that cry goes up nightly, proclaiming one of the habits of this late-supper-eating people.

Yes, we missed that cry. "Hot corn" was no longer like the music of a stringed instrument to a weary man, for the treble string was broken, and, to us, the harmony spoiled.

What was that voice to us? It was but one of the ten thousand, just as miserable, which may be daily heard where human misery has its abode. That voice, as some others have, did not haunt us, but its absence, in spite of all reasoning, made us feel uneasy.

It was this feeling that prompted us, as we left our desk one evening, to go down among the abodes of the poor. We followed in the route we had seen that little one go before—it was our only cue—we knew no name, had no number, nor knew any one that knew her whom we were going to find. Yes, we knew that good missionary, and she had told us of the good words which he had spoken, but would he know her from the hundred just like her? Perhaps. It will cost nothing to inquire. We went down Centre street with a light heart; we turned into Cross street with a step buoyed by hope; we stood at the corner of Little Water street, for the sound of prayer, followed by a sweet hymn of praise to God, went up from the site of the Old Brewery, in which we joined, thankful that that was no longer the abode of all the worst crimes ever concentrated under one roof. Hark! a step approaches. It were a curious question to ask a stranger, in such a strange place, particularly one like him, haggard with over-much care, toil or mental labor. Prematurely old, his days shortened by over-work in young years, as his furrowed face and almost frenzied eye hurriedly indicate, as we see the flash of the lamp upon his dark visage, as he approaches with that peculiar American step which impels the body forward at railroad speed. Shall we get out of his way before he walks over us? What if he is a crazy man? No; it is that good missionary,—that man who has done more to reform that den of crime, the Five Points of New York, than all the municipal authorities of this police-hunting and prison-punishing city, where misfortune is deemed a crime, or the unfortunate driven to it, by the way they are treated, instead of being reformed, or strengthened in their resolution to reform, by hard words rather than prison bars.

"Sir," said Mr. Pease, "what brings you here at this time of night, for I know there is an object; can I aid you?"

"Perhaps. I don't know—a foolish whim—a little child—one of the miserable, with a drunken mother."

"Come with me, then. There are many such. I am just going to visit one who will die before morning—a sweet little girl, born in better days, and dying now—but you shall see, and then we will talk about the one you would seek to save."

We were soon threading a narrow alley, where pestilence walketh in darkness, and crime, wretched poverty and filthy misery go hand in hand to destruction.

"Behold," said our friend, "the fruits of our city excise. Here is the profit of money spent for license to kill the body and damn the soul." Proved by the awful curses and loud blows of a drunken husband upon a wife, once an ornament of society, and exemplary member of a Christian church, that came up out of one of the low cellars that human beings call by the name of home.

The fetid odor of this filthy lane had been made more fetid by the late and almost scalding hot rains, until it seemed to us that such an air was only fit for a charnel-house. With the thermometer at 86 at midnight, how could men live in such a place, below the surface of the earth? Has rum rendered them proof against the effect of carbonic acid gas?

We groped our way along to the foot of an outside staircase, where our conductor paused for a moment, calling our attention to the spot. "Here," said Mr. Pease, "the little sufferer we are going to see, fainted a few nights ago, and lay all night exposed to the rain, where she was found and beaten in the morning by her miserable mother, because she had not sold all her corn."

"Be careful," said he, "the stairs are very old and slippery."

"Beat her?" said we, without regarding what he was saying.

"Yes, beat her, while she was in a fever of delirium, from which she has never rallied. She has never spoken rationally since she was taken. Her constant prayer seems to be to see some particular person before she dies."

"O, if I could see him once more—there—there—that is him—no, no, he did not speak that way to me—he did not curse and beat me."

"Such is her conversation, and that induced her mother to send for me, but I was not the man.—'Will he come?' she says every time I visit her; for, thinking to soothe and comfort her, I promised to bring him."

We had reached the top of the stairs and stood a moment at the open door, where sin and misery dwelt, where sickness had come, and where death would soon enter.

"Will he come?"

A faint voice came up from a low bed in one corner, seen by the very dim light of a miserable lamp.

That voice. We could not be mistaken. We could not enter. Let us wait a moment in the open air, for there is a choking sensation coming over us.

"Come in," said our friend.

"Will he come?"

Two hands were stretched out imploringly toward the Missionary, as the sound of his voice was recognized.

"She is much weaker to-night," said her mother, in quite a lady like manner, for the sense of her drunken wrong to her dying child had kept her sober, ever since she had been sick, "but she is quite delirious, and all the time talking about some man that spoke kindly to her one night, and gave her money to buy bread."

"Will he come?"

"Yes, yes, through the guidance of the good spirit that guides the world, and leads us by unseen paths, through dark places, *he has come*."

The little emaciated form stared up in bed, and a pair of beautiful soft blue eyes glanced around the room, piercing the semi-darkness, as if in search of something heard but unseen.

"Katy, darling," said the mother, "what is the matter?"

"Where is he, mother? He is here I heard him speak."

"Yes, yes, sweet little innocent, he is here, kneeling by your bedside. There, lay down, you are very sick."

"Only once, just once, let me put my arms around your neck, and kiss you just as I used to kiss papa. I had a papa once, when we lived in the big house—there, there—Oh, I did want to see you to thank you for the bread and the cakes; I was very hungry, and it did taste so good—and little Sis, she waked up, and she eat and eat, and after a while she went to sleep with a piece in her hand, and I went to sleep; havn't I been asleep a good while? I thought I was asleep in the Park, and somebody stole all my corn, and my mother whipt me for it, but I could not help it. Oh, dear, I feel sleepy now. I can't talk any more. I am very tired. I cannot see; the candle has gone out. I think I am going to die. I thank you; I wanted to thank you for the bread—I thought you would not come. Good bye—Sissee, good bye, Sissee—you will come—mother—don't—drink—any more—Mother—good b—."

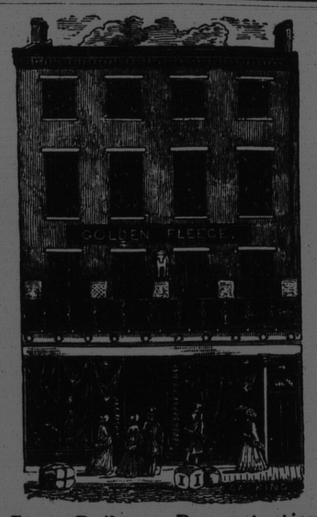
"'Tis the last of earth," said the good man at our side—"let us pray."

Reader, Christian reader, little Katy is in her grave. Prayers for her are unavailing. There are in this city a thousand just such cases. Prayers for them are unavailing. Faith without works wont work reform. A faithful, prayerful resolution, to work out that reform which will save you from reading the recital of such scenes—such fruits of the rum trade as this before you, will work together for your own and other's good. Go forth and listen. If you hear a little voice crying *hot corn*, think of poor Katy, and of the hosts of innocents slain by that remorseless tyrant, rum. Go forth and seek a better spirit to rule over us. Cry aloud, "will he come;" and the answer will be, "yes, yes, he ishere."

Mutual Responsibility of Pastor and People.

Pastor and people! Let us beware of supposing that the end designed by the divine appointment of this connection is attained by its mere establishment, however gratifying it may be to either or both parties. They are not brought together by the providence of God for mere personal gratification, for the comfort and honor of the ministry, nor for the weekly entertainment of his hearers. It is highly possible that in this respect both might find all that they could desire, while the true ends of the relation were neither sought nor found, and the investigations of a final judgment be to the confusion and condemnation of all. Ministers and people unitedly stand under solemn responsibilities to God for the accomplishment of his design in appointing such a mode of intercourse. Nor can there be a more awful awakening than in eternity of a pastor and people mutually pleasing and interested, to find that the grand work given them to do remains undone, and that the curse of God has rested on all their pleasing things. Such an association is part of the gospel machinery for promoting God's glory and man's salvation. The sole value of machinery lies in its ability to do the work for which it was made. The beauty and finish of its parts may be delightful to contemplate. So far as they promote ease and efficiency of action, they are highly desirable. But its great criterion is the amount of work which it can do. Ministers and people have work to do for God. This is the sole reason why they are thus joined together. The final judgment on their association will be in accordance with the work which has been done. And in that judgment every soul must render its own particular account, and receive for itself the eternal consequences of its fidelity or neglect. All have work to do. Let it be distinctly understood that the obligation is universal, resting on every man, woman and child in a congregation. It is a very common mistake to regard all the labor and responsibility of success as resting on the minister alone. He is the husbandman; therefore he is held responsible for the fruitfulness of the vineyard.

This view takes in only one side. His hearers also have active responsibilities. They likewise are called to labor for God under his direction. And he may have cleared his skirts by fidelity, while they fall condemned for neglect. Little can a minister accomplish where his people are not helpers of his labor. Much can be done by a congregation themselves zealous and laborious for Christ, even though there be supineness on the part of their pastor. The cause of Christ would not so languish, the growth of his Church be so slow, the standard of piety so inferior, nor ministers themselves so few and inefficient, were there a due sense of responsibility, and corresponding activity, in the congregations to which they preach. The responsibility is not more on the minister than on his hearers. Their work may differ in kind, their spheres in extent, but every soul in a congregation, even down to the least, is responsible to the full measure of his eternal happiness for the faithful service of Christ in that depaatment essential to the general prosperity to which he has been called. Let us all feel this deeply; and those girded for a work the issues of which will be felt through eternity, breathe forth from this hour the daily, fervent, humble prayer, "O Lord, I beseeth thee, send now prosperity!"—*Parish Visitor.*



Great Railway Demonstration.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE

"GOLDEN FLEECE,"

Prince William Street,

HAVE just received per Royal Mail Steamship *Europa*, a part of their Fall Stock, expressly for the coming Railway Demonstration.

The present importation consists of—

Rich Plaid and Striped Glacie Ducapes,
Rich Brocaded Silks, Satins and Moire Antique *DRESSES*;
Black, Grecian and French Satins and Satinetts,
Bunch Satins and Silks, Shot and Glacie Silks,
Paisley, Norwich, Printed Cashmere, Fine Saxony and Bearskin Long *SHAWLS*;
Paisley, Cashmere and Wool Square Shawls,
Plain, Tartar and Brocaded Bonnet Ribbons;
☞ Gentlemen's Neck Ties, Hdkfs., Gloves, Mufflers, &c. &c.

Sept. 6. GILCHRIST & INCHES.

SHEFFIELD HOUSE,

MARKET SQUARE.

Robinson & Thompson, Proprietors.

TO our Country Friends who are visiting Saint John, to witness the great Railway Demonstration on the 14th inst., we would announce that the Proprietors of the "SHEFFIELD HOUSE" have been preparing for this most important period in the history of New-Brunswick, and have provided a vast variety of attractions worthy of their special notice, besides a large collection of Fancy Articles suitable for presents; they will also find such useful Furnishing Goods, which contribute so much to domestic comfort, and at the lowest prices Below are enumerated only the leading or more important articles.

WATCHES, of both English and Geneva manufacture, in Gold and Silver Cases, with every modern improvement.

JEWELLERY, consisting of elaborately wrought Chains, Bracelets, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Cuff Pins, Lockets, Crosses, Pencil Cases, Gold Pens, Watch Keys, Seals, Studs, etc. etc., of the most novel designs, Silver and Electro Plate of every description, including Tea and Coffee Services, Waiters, Cake Baskets, Candlesticks, Butter Coolers, Toast Racks, Castors, Napkin Rings, Butter Knives, Fish Carvers, Tea and Table Spoons, Forks, etc. ect.

Papier Machie Wares, such as Tea Trays, Card Receivers, Desks, Work Boxes, Screens, Albums, Inkstands, Netting Boxes, Reticules, Card Cases, Folios, etc. etc.

BRITANNIA METAL GOODS, in Urns, Kettles, Tea Sets, Cruets, Candlesticks, Spoons, etc.

Fancy Articles, Toilet Bottles, Vases, Wax Flowers, China Ornaments, Bronze Goods, Perfumery, Soaps, Handkerchief Boxes, Ring and Watch Stands, Dressing Cases, Desks, Work Boxes, Companions, Purses, Portemonies, Card Cases, Pocketbooks, Drafts, Chess, Bagatelle Games, Accordeons, Flutinas, Carriage Whips, Table Mats, Egg Wisps, Toasting Forks, Combs and Brushes of all kinds, Spectacles, Eye Glasses.

Block Tin and Japanned Ware, in Dish Covers, Tea and Coffee Pots, Candlesticks, Saucepans, Cake Moulds and Tins, Dustpans, Slop Pails, Coal Vases, Toilet Sets, Tea Trays, Waiters and Bread Baskets, Fenders and Fireirons, Wire Dish Covers, Hearth Brooms, Brass Window Poles, Rings, Bands, Ends, etc.

CUTLERY.—Table Knives and Forks in all varieties; Pocket and Jack Knives, Razors, Scissors, etc. etc.

Guns, Pistols, (Minnie's Rifles complete), Powder Flasks, Shot Belts, Percussion Caps, etc. etc.

Saws, Tools, Files, Planes, and general Birmingham, Sheffield and Wolverhampton Hardware.

—*Wholesale and Retail.*—

☞ A visit to this establishment is respectfully solicited. Sept. 13.—2i.

Pepper, Loaf Sugar, Mustard.

Landing, per *Miramichi*, from London,

20 BAGS Black PEPPER;
2 tierces Loaf SUGAR;
25 kegs Coleman's SF MUSTARD;
10 cases Coleman's best STARCH;
1 case NUTMEGS; 2 cases CASSIA;
2 cases LIQUORICE;
3 casks PICKLES, assorted;
1 cask CREAM TARTAR;
1 cask SALTPETRE; 1 cask Blue VITRIOL.

Per *Radius* and *Lavinia*, from Boston,

Cheese, Dried Apples, Ground Rock Salt, Wool Cards, Wheel Heads, Wicking, Clothes Pins, Wash Boards, Wood Measures, Nuts, Tubs, &c.

May 17. FLEWWELLING & READING.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

Received per steamer *Cambria*,

SILK Checked, CACHMERE, DE ECOSSE, BAREGE, Tissue, and Damask Silk SHAWLS; Embroidered Circassian, Alpacca and Merino ROBES. JAMES SMELLIE,

May 24. *Prince William-street*

Miss BARCLAY,

FROM Manchester, England, begs most respectfully to inform the Ladies of St. John, that she intends opening a

Dress and Mantle Making Establishment,

in Mr. CRAWFORD's House, Charlotte Street.

Two or three Apprentices wanted.

July 2.

JARDINE & CO.

ARE now receiving, ex ship *Imperial*, a part of their usual supply of GROCERIES, viz—
Casks Golden SYRUP; bales Hemp Bed Cords;
Cases Peruvian Lustre, Tripoli, Patent Starch;
Spanish Chocolate and Prepared Cocoa;
Casks Cream Tartar, Blue Vitriol, Sulphur;
Washing Soda, Carbonate of Soda;
Saltpetre, Black Lead, Borax, Camphor;
Ground Ginger, &c.

Ex schr. Regulator, from Boston:—
20 barrels best Crushed SUGAR;
5 barrels BURNING FLUID;
Agricultural Boilers and Furnaces.

Sept. 24.

Old Stand Re-opened.

W. TISDALE & SON are removing their Stock of HARDWARE, to their old Stand, corner of South Market Wharf and Water-street. Sept. 6.

MORRISON & CO.,

Prince William-street,

Are now receiving per Packet Ship "LIBERIA,"

23 Packages of FALL Goods,

IN

Flannels, Docskins,

Pilot, Mohair, and Hemaley

CLOTHS,

Printed COTTONS, &c. &c. &c.

To which they would earnestly call the attention of both

Wholesale and Retail Buyers.

MORRISON & CO.

St. John, August 23, 1853.

NEW STYLES.

JUST RECEIVED, per steamers *Admiral* and *Eastern City*, from New York and Boston:—
A large assortment of Gents' and Youths' Hungarian, Magyar, Cass, Jenny Lind, Cuban, D'Orsay, Elgin, Kossuth and other HATS, comprising all the newest styles.
Gents' Panama and Leghorn Hats;
Children's Leghorn, China Pearl and Fancy Trimmed Felt *HATS*;
Trunks and Valisses, various qualities;
OILED SILK, a beautiful article;
Children's *BELTS*, very pretty;
Peaks, Braids, Straps, Sweets, Kossuth Feathers, etc., etc
ON HAND—Our own manufacture—All kinds of Fashionable *HATS* and *CAPS*.
All the above will be disposed of Wholesale and Retail at the lowest possible rates for Cash.
Hats and *CAPS* made to order.
☞ The highest prices paid for shipping FURS.

C. D. EVERETT & SON,

June 28. 12, North side King-street.

Adams' Hardware Store,

Dock Street Corner, Market Square.

The Subscriber has received, per Ships *Imperial*, *Miramichi*, &c.,

4 CASKS SHOT; 10 rolls LEAD PIPE
8 rolls SHEET LEAD;
180 kegs Brandrams' No. 1 WHITE LEAD, ¼ to 1 cwt,;
90 kegs Green, Black, Yellow and Red PAINT;
20 casks best fine WHITING;
1 cask Refined BORAX;
1 casks *REAPING HOOKS* and *SICKLES*:
34 dozen Griffin's SCYTHES;
1 case Cross-cut *SAWS*;
2 cases Planes, Chisol Handles, &c.;
1 cask Hair Cloth;
5 casks containing Blacksmith, Mill and other FILES;
Pocket and Table CUTLERY; John Wilson's Shoe, Butcher, Farrier, Leather and Putty Knives, RAZORS, &c.
5 casks containing Sheep Shears, Braces and Bitts, Plane Irons, Socket and Firmer Chisels and Gouges, Turkey Oil Stones, Saw Pads, Mortice Gauges, Caulking Irons, Watchmaker's Files, COFFIN FURNITURE, Cow Bells, Brass and Iron *SHOE BILLS*, Shoe Hammers and Pincers, Chest, Trunk and Pad Locks, Carpenter's Patent Rim Locks, Copper BELL WIRE and HOUSE BELLS, Bell Metal Preserving Kettles, Tinned Iron Tea and Table Spoons, Carpenter's Rules, Trout Hooks, &c.
15 dozen Hay Forks;
10 " Steel Shovels and Spades.

May 24. W. H. ADAMS.

ADAMS' HARDWARE STORE

SAWS, FILES, &c.

Received per "Middleton," "Perseverance," &c.—

130 GANG SAWS, (Hoole, Stanifort Co.'s);
60 Gang SAWS, (Hoe & Co.'s);
60 Cross Cut SAWS; 12 Pit SAWS;
200 dozen Mill FILES, "Vickers" and others;
130 do. Pit, Blacksmith, and Cross Cut Saw FILES;
180 do. KNIVES, one, two and three Blade Pocket.

March 15, 1853. W. H. ADAMS.

Ship "MIRAMICHI," from London,

MYLES & HOWARD have received by the above ship, a splendid assortment of West of England CLOTHS, DOESKINS, CASSIMERES, and French *VESTINGS*, &c.

The above Goods were personally selected by Mr. Jas. Howard, in London and principal manufacturing Towns in England. For style and texture these Goods cannot be surpassed by any House in the Province.

A good assortment of ready made CLOTHING always on hand, &c. May 31.

Oil, White Lead, Starch, &c.

Landing ex ship *Lisbon*, from London—

30 CASKS Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil;
20 boxes London STARCH;
25 casks WHITING; 5 casks PUTTY;
5 tons White and coloured PAINTS, No. 1;
150 bars Swedes IRON.

For sale low before storing.

May 31. CUDLIP & SNIDER.

Teas, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.

Just received, and on sale by the subscriber—

60 CHESTS and 60 half-chests Superior quality Congou & Souchong TEAS;
20 boxes Cavendish TOBACCO;
A few Thousand excellent quality CIGARS.

JOHN V. THURGAR,

Aug. 9. *North Market Wharf.*

Ex "Miramichi," from London

1 CASE containing CHARTS for all parts of the World; 1 case containing Norrie's EPITOME; Griffin's do.; Declination Tables; Thomson's Table; Sumner's Method for finding a Ship's position at Sea; Chronometer's Companion. Great Circle Sailing; Lee's Laws; Lee's Manual; Nautical Almanac for 1853 and 1854.

—ALSO—

QUADRANTS, BAROMETERS, Telescopes, Dividers, Parallel Rulers, &c. &c.—For sale by.

May 17, 1852. JOHN WALKER.

DICK & SON'S

Unrivalled Cotton REELS.

THIS very superior and popular Sewing Thread can be supplied by the subscriber—"the Sole Agent of the Manufacturers"—in any assortment or quality to suit purchasers. He has received by recent importations—

10 Cases well assorted 3 and 6 cord REELS, in 100, 200, and 300 yard lengths—of White, Black, and varied colors.

The quality of the above can, with all confidence, be recommended; and the attention of purchasers is requested, to call and examine the Goods.

JOHN V. THURGAR,

July 19, 1853. *North M. Wharf*

LONDON MADE IMPERVIOUS REVERSABLE COATS!!!—A large Stock of the above Goods now ready for inspection at the Howard House, King-street.

May 31. MYLES & HOWARD.

Lyons' Kathairon for the Hair.

A MOST effectual remedy for *Baldness* and falling off of the Hair, causes it to grow luxuriantly and prevents it from turning gray. For sale in Bottles at 1s. 6d. each, by

THOMAS M. REED,

May 10. *Head of North Wharf*

Per "Cuba," from Boston:

100 BOXES Bunch RAISINS;
50 bags Java COFFEE.

March 22. FLEWWELLING & READING.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT



A MOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF BAD LEGS, AFTER 43 YEARS' SUFFERING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, St. Mary's Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—At the age of 18 my wife (who is now 61) caugh a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore, and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distracting, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible, I had often read your Advertisements, and advised her to try your Pills and Ointment; and, as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are painless, without seam or scars, and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43 years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been the means of so greatly alleviating the sufferings of a fellow creature.

(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN.

A PERSON 70 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG, OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of Gas Ovens, of Rushcliffe, near Huddersfield, dated May 31st, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I suffered for a period of thirty years from a bad leg, the result of two or three different accidents at Gas Works, accompanied by scorbutic symptoms. I had recourse to a variety of medical advice, without deriving any benefit, and was even told that the leg must be amputated, yet, in opposition to that opinion, your Pills and Ointment have effected a complete cure in so short a time, that few who had not witnessed it would credit the fact.

(Signed) WILLIAM ABBS.

The truth of this statement can be verified by Mr. W. P. England, Chemist, 13 Market Street, Huddersfield.

A DREADFUL BAD BREAST CURED IN ONE MONTH.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Frederick Turner, of Penshurst, Kent, dated Dec. 13th, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

DEAR SIR,—My wife had suffered from Bad Breast, for more than six months, and during the whole period had the best medical attendance, but all to no use. Having before healed an awful wound in my own leg by your unrivalled medicine, I determined again to use your Pills and Ointment, and therefore gave them a trial in her case, and fortunate it was I did so, for in less than a month a perfect cure was effected, and the benefit that various other branches of my family have derived from their use is really astonishing. I now strongly recommend them to all my friends. (Signed) FREDERICK TURNER.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF A DANGEROUS SWELLING OF THE KNEE.

Copy of a Letter from John Forfar, an Agriculturist, residing at Newborough, near Hexham, May 15, 1850

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR.—I was afflicted with a swelling on each side of the leg, rather above the knee, for nearly two years, which increased to a great size. I had the advice of three eminent surgeons here, and was an inmate of the Newcastle Infirmary for four weeks. After various modes of treatment had been tried, I was discharged as incurable. Having heard so much of your Pills and Ointment, I determined to try them, and in less than a month I was completely cured. What is more remarkable I was engaged twelve hours a day in the hay harvest, and although I have followed my laborious occupation throughout the winter, I have had no return whatever of my complaint. (Signed) JOHN FORFAR

AN INFLAMMATION IN THE SIDE PERFECTLY CURED.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Francis Arnot, of Breahouse, Lothian Road, Edinbro', dated April 29th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR.—For more than twenty years my wife has been subject, from time to time to attacks of inflammation in the side, for which she was bled and blistered to a great extent, still the pain could not be removed. About four years ago she saw, in the papers, the wonderful cures effected by your Pills and Ointment, and thought she would give them a trial. To her great astonishment and delight she got immediate relief from their use, and after persevering for three weeks, the pain in her side was completely cured, and she has enjoyed the best of health for the last four years.

(Signed) FRANCIS ARNOT.

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

Bad Legs	Chiego-foot	Sore-throats
Bad Breasts	Chilblains	Skin diseases
Burns	Chapped hands	Scurvy
Bunions	Corns (soft)	Sore-heads
Bite of Mosquetoes and Sand-Flies	Cancers	Tumours
	Contracted and Stiff Joints	Ulcers
		Wounds
Fistulas	Gout	Glandular Swellings
Lumbago	Piles	
Rheumatism	Scalds	Sore Nipples
Coco-bay	Elephantiasis	Yaws

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. TILLEY, *Provincial Agent*, No. 15, King-street, St. John, N. B. A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alex. Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Belleisle.—In Potts and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

JAMES BURRELL,

Corner of King and Germain Streets.

HAS received per *St. John*, from Glasgow, part of his Spring supply of *DRY GOODS*, viz:—SHAWLS, Delaines, Cashmeres, Fancy Printed Muslin Dresses, Ginghams, Handkerchiefs, Harness Filled Bordered Book Muslins, Linens, Towellings, Sewed Muslin Habit Shirts and Chemizettes, White and Shaded Yarn, Reels, &c.

☞ Remainder daily expected.

JAMES BURRELL,

April 26. Corner of King & Germain Streets

Vulcan Foundry Manufactures.

A LARGE assortment of the manufactures of the Vulcan Foundry, consisting of Bay State and Patent Union COOKING STOVES, FRANKLINS, Register GRATES, Close Stoves, PLOUGHS, &c., &c., all of the most approved patterns as descriptions. For sale at the Warehouse of the subscriber.

The above Goods can be recommended to the attention of the public.

Orders for Castings or Work required at the Foundry will have attention, if left at the Counting Room of JOHN V. THURGAR,

April 26. North Market Wharf.

Groceries! Groceries!

Per ship Canmore, *from Glasgow:*—

216 PACKAGES GROCERY GOODS.

June 7. JAMES MACFARLANE.

SUGAR.

LANDING from Brig *Lucy Ann*—40 hhds very bright Porto Rico SUGAR.—For sale low by

May 24. FLEWWELLING & READING.

Pure Concentrated Flavoring Extracts,

For Ices, Jellies, Custards, Syrups, Pastry, &c

COMPRISING Vanilla, Lemon, Rose, Bitter Almond, Peach Kernel, Ginger.

ALSO—1 Case superior Rose and Orange Flower WATER. Just received and for sale by

THOMAS M. REED,

March 1. Head of North Wharf.

SUGAR & MOLASSES.

Landing ex *Victor* and *Pilgrim*, from Ponce, Porto Rico

206 HHDS. Bright SUGAR;
241 hhds. Muscovado Molasses,
16 Tierces do. do.

All of very choice quality.—For sale by

May 24. JARDINE & CO

Clinch Rings.

THE subsciber has just received, per Packet Ship *Liberia*, a good assortment of Convex and Pressed Clinch Rings.

Aug. 23. W. H. ADAMS.