Poetry.

Selected for the Religious Intelligencer, by Levi N. Sharp, Springfield, K. C.

[The following poem is said to have been written by Dershaven, the celebrated Russian poet, and, by order of the Emperor of Japan, was translated into Japanese, and hung up, embroidered with gold, in the temple Jeddo. It is also said to have been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written upon silk, and suspended at the Imperial palace at Pekin. It is one of those poems that will bear a repeated reading, and I believe you will confer a favour on every lover of good poetry by giving it a place in the poet's corner.]

GOD.

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motions guide;
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight;
Thou only God! there is no God beside.
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and explore;
Who fillest existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all; supporting, ruling o'er;
Being whom we call God—and know no more!
In its sublime research Philosophy,
May measure out the ocean deep: may count
The sands, or the sun's rays; but God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by the lights, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.
Thou from primeval nothingness did call,
First chaos, then existence; Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from thee; of joy, light, harmony,
Sole origin—all life, all beauty thine.
Thy word created all and doth create;
Thy splendour fill all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shall be glorious great;
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate!
Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death,
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee!
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters to thy praise.
A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious canopy of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as noon to night.
Yes! as a drop of water in the sea
All this magnificence in thee is lost!
What are a million worlds compared with thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against thy greatness; a cypher brought
Against infinity. What am I then? Naught.
Naught! but the effulgence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too,
Yes! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence; for in thee
I live and breathe, and dwell; springing high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely thou must be.
Thou art! directing, guiding all; Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to thee.
Controul my spirit, guide my wandering heart,
Though but an atom, midst immensity.
Still I am something fashioned by thy hand,
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!
The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am but dust,
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? This clod
Lives through some higher energy;
For from itself it could not be.
Creator! yes! thy wisdom and thy word
Created me! thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in all their brightest plenitude,
Fill'd me with an immortal soul to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even in its source to thee, its author there.
O thought ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadow'd image fill our breast,
And wait its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good:
'Midst thy vast works, admire, obey, adore,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Gleanings.

AN INFIDEL!

"I FEAR there is much Infidelity in my parish." said the excellent minister of H—the other day to me. And it is possible that in this age of Gospel light Satan should still befool the hearts of many, and so darken their understanding, as to make them disbelieve the glorious truth of the living God?

There is a spot much frequented by travellers crossing into Italy; it is a mountain height, which they ascend that they may behold the magnificent view which is there presented to them. But, alas! Infidel steps have trod this path; and near the highest part of the ascent, these words are engraven on the rock,—

"An Infidel."

Below these blasphemous words are also carved—

"If so, a fool.
If not, a liar."

It may be that this may fall into the hands of some professed Infidel. Pause in your downward course, O deluded being! pause, ere the LIVING God overtake you as a consuming fire. Some fifty years ago there was a fearful tragedy,—the establishment of a more cruel and revolting tyranny than any which mankind had before witnessed; there was the dreadful spectacle of a murdered Sovereign; then streams of blood were flowing through every part of France; the charities and hallow enjoyments of social life were violated; the wail of the prisoner; and the groan of the dying, were the sounds which daily met the ear of the passer by. Vice stalked unblushingly abroad, while virtue pined in the dungeon; God was blasphemed, holy things desecrated, the Sabbath abolished, churches levelled, the clergy murdered. But what was this fearful time? It was styled, "The Age of Reason," and Infidelity was its watchword, bringing with it a train of miseries the most appalling and the most fearful. It is computed, that 1,040,954 persons fell a sacrifice to the horrors of the French Revolution!! A man of the name of Robespierre was the wretched being who, when he first obtained power, trampled God's truth and Word under foot, and set up Infidelity and reason in his room. But, oh! how fearful was his end! God permitted him to go on for an appointed time, and then hurled him down from his earthly pride to an abyss of misery; he was deserted by all, crowds assembled to witness his execution, and manifested the utmost joy at his fate. His face was ghastly pale; and he who had defied God, trembled as eternity yawned before him. He shut his eyes, but could not close his ears against the imprecations of the multitude; and at the moment of his death, he uttered a yell which filled every heart with horror.

Amongst those who crowded round the scaffold to behold his powerless remains, was one poor man who exclaimed in these simple, but emphatic words, "*Yes, Robespierre, there is a God!*" O Infidel, I say to you too, "Yes, there is a God!" Look *upwards*; "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." Look *within*; "I am fearfully and wonderfully made; thou hast fashioned me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me." Look *below*; "Speak to the earth, it shall teach thee, and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee; who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?" O Infidel! God is above, beneath, around thee; fly, then, to Jesus, that He may be a hiding-place for thee; for out of Him "our God is a consuming fire."—*Churchman's Penny Magazine.*

EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION has always consisted in a broken heart and a contrite spirit, and you know, dear brethren, that looking by faith on him whom you have pierced, has excited in your souls that godly sorrow for sin which worketh repentance unto salvation. Sin is never felt to be so exceedingly sinful as in the believing contemplation of the crucified Saviour. The heart is purified by faith on the Son of God; whom having not seen the believer loves, and he is constrained to mortify the flesh, with its affections and lusts; for nothing has such a holy influence on the soul of a child of God as a spiritual perception of Him, on whom it hath pleased the Father to lay the iniquity of us all; of him who was wounded, bruised, and crucified for us men, and for our salvation. This love of Jesus, which was as strong as death, is the all-powerful principle that draws forth our ardent love to him. The cross of Christ will lessen your attachment to earth and to earthly things; for the things of time never appear so comparatively worthless, and the things of eternity so immensely important, as when we meditate on the wonders of redeeming mercy. Delivered from a criminal self-love, you will be living to consecrate yourselves to the service of God, and you will be disposed not only to work for Christ, but, if it be needful, to suffer for him; nay, you will rejoice to endure reproaches for his sake. Having received the atonement, you are one with the Father and the Son, through the indwelling of the Spirit. You delight in God, and communion with him is the sunshine of your soul; and your desire is to magnify Christ both in life and in death, by fighting the good fight of faith, and holding fast your confidence to the end.

EFFECT OF READING NEWSPAPERS.—Rev. Dr. Daniel Barker, of Texas, says he has travelled through a great many States, mixed with the people, conversed at the country fireside, and preached in the open forest as well as in the thronged city. Were he found newspapers he found intelligence, people whom he could talk or listen to with pleasure, and among whom his good work prospered. As a general thing, where a newspaper was not taken, he could tell it in the slovenliness of the household, the ignorance of the children, and the difference in civilization between those who do take a newspaper and those who do not; that the traveller in the country will be pleased and entertained by the one, while he will despise the other, without knowing the cause to which the difference is attributable.—*Morning Star.*

OBEDIENCE A FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.—The sprinkling of the blood of Christ upon the conscience, by which it is purged from dead works, to serve the living and true God, is the effect of the operation of the Holy Spirit. This internal work of grace upon the heart, is made manifest in the christian's obeying the commandments of Christ. The inner life of the believer is made visible by his conformity to the will of God. Your obedience, therefore, to the will of Christ is the best evidence that you have received the atonement. If you walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit, you are delivered from condemnation; and, as the servants of God, you have your fruit unto holiness. The consideration that you are bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ, will induce you to glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are his.

A REVIVAL OF RELIGION.—"A few weeks since, in the midst of a drought in nature, and with no outward indications of unusual religious feeling, a child ten years of age, living in the country not far distant, one night called her mother to her bed-side, and in deep distress begged her to talk with and pray for her, and asked why it had not been done before. The smitten young heart soon found peace in Christ, and in the morning began to tell her story of salvation. A devout female visited some families, and unburdened her spirit with expressions of solicitude and entreaty. Tears were the response, and a meeting was appointed in the school-house the next evening. The youth were bowed to the earth, beneath a sense of guilt and peril; and with no other means but such gathering at the close of day, the work is still progressing. Nearly fifty have indulged hope in Christ.—*Am. paper.*

A DREADFUL RISK.—A few Sabbaths since, at the close of a discourse of great pungency and plainness, a preacher made a solemn appeal to his hearers, whether, in view of the truths and warnings he had uttered, they would run the risk of delaying the work of repentance? Will you run the risk of losing your souls? Will you run the risk of perishing in your sins, and dying without hope? The appeal was kindly and solemnly pressed on the minds of those present. At the close of the service, in passing down the aisle, a lady, deeply impressed with the appeal which had been made, said in a low but earnest tone to a gay young lady of her acquaintance. "Can you resist such an appeal as you have just heard? Will you venture to run the risk of losing your soul?" "O yes," she replied in a thoughtless tone, "I will run the risk." A few days after, the pastor who made the appeal was called to attend the funeral of a young lady in a certain street, who had died suddenly. It proved to be the young lady who had ventured to run such a dreadful risk of losing her soul. Behind the curtain of eternity we may not penetrate or follow the soul to its last account.—*Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.*

Miscellany.

From the French Correspondent to the N. Y. Observer.

RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

Russia is the largest empire in the world, in respect of territory, without excepting even the United States; it occupies one sixth part of the land on the globe, or more than double the rest of Europe. The Roman empire, in the flourishing days of Augustus or Trajan was not so extensive. But Asiatic Russia which comprehends two-thirds of this vast territory is almost a desert, and the wandering tribes who inhabit it do not allow the czar but a nominal authority.

HER POPULATION AND LANGUAGES.

The population of Russia is not exactly known, because the periodicial census are not taken carefully. The best informed statistics estimate the number of the czar's subjects at 61 or 62 millions of souls, including the army and navy forces. The increase of the population, though not as rapid as that of the American Union, is very large; it amounts annually to nearly 700,000 souls, and in the space of fifty years, the number of Russians has almost doubled. If this progress continues, and if the unity of the empire is preserved, the numerical force of Russia will become gigantic in a century: but who knows what changes will take place before this time, in the condition of Europe and the world?

Of these 61 millions of inhabitants, about 40 millions are of Slavonian origin; they are brave, enterprising, shrewd, but without firm moral principles, and not very intelligent. The rest belong to the Mongul, Tartar, Caucasian, Persian and other races. Many Germans are settled in the towns and occupy public offices. The Jews are numerous, and dwell chiefly in Poland; they gain their living by petty and not always reputable trades.

The Russian language is the official language of the government; but more than 60 tongues or idioms are spoken in the different provinces of the empire. When the czar desires to make known any orders to his whole people, he is obliged to resort to interpreters who translate these documents in at least 14 distinct languages. This is a constant subject of embarrassment for the government. Russia has not the power of assimilating its population, as the United States have. There being few schools and still fewer periodical publications, and very imperfect means of intercourse, the nations successively annexed to Muscovy persist in speaking their old idioms. They are not united, but only placed in juxta-position, and this want of cohesion diminishes their strength. Indeed, the czar is the only bond that holds these races together; he alone can keep them under uniform laws. If he should disappear, if the monarchical government should perish, the Russian empire would be rent in a thousand pieces. Some political men find in this fact the best excuse for the czar's despotism.

STATE OF PUBLIC EDUCATION.

Public instruction is very little diffused in Russia, though Catherine II, Alexander and Nicholas have devoted to it large sums. The annual expences for schools is eleven millions of francs; but this money is expended mostly to support schools for the sons of noblemen, priests and public officers. The mass of the people are plunged in ignorance. The lords do not love to have their serfs taught; and it is reckoned that scarcely one in 300 inhabitants of the empire knows how to read. Russia is at the same point where Europe was, six hundred years ago, under the feudal government.

THE SUN.

Of all the bodies of the sparkling firmament, none are regarded with greater interest and sublimity than the sun. Its size, together with the influence which it exerts upon the solar system, by sending forth its light and heat, only add intensity of interest to this vast and fiery orb.

It is the great central attractor of the solar system, around which many inferior worlds move in order and unison.

The diameter of the sun is about 886,000 miles, which is 112 times greater than that of the earth; and its mass is said to be 1,400,000 times as great.

And if all the rest of the solar system were united into one body, the sun would be the greater by 500 times. With these facts before us, we can have but little conception of the vastness of this truly wonderful orb.

By the aid of the telescope, dark spots have been discovered upon the sun's dise, which has been a subject of much curiosity as well as interest to the astronomer. Astronomers vary in opinion respecting the nature of these spots. Some suppose them to be "tops of mountains on the sun's surface, laid bare by the fluctuations in his luminous atmosphere;"—such is the opinion of Lalande. Prof. Wilson of Glasgow, also suggests that they may be "vast excavations in the fumminous matter of the sun." But the true, physical nature of these phenomena is still rather uncertain.

One thing is rather peculiar relative to them which is this,—they vary in size and number at different times.

It is said that from the year 1611 to 1629 the sun was not known to be clear of spots, except for a few days in December, 1624. Prof. Olmstead also states, that over a hundred are sometimes visible. But at other times none are to be seen whatever,—such was the case between the years 1676 and 1684.

It is said, too, that the spots have been known to break into pieces and disappear in a very short time; also, that they often break out again in the same place, and often in places where none were seen before. It is stated that they have been seen with the naked eye; and according to Dr. Dick, such spots must have been 50,000 miles in diamiter.

But very little is known respecting the physical nature of the sun. When viewed through a telescope it appears to be a mass of burning liquid, in a state of violent ebullition. It was believed by La-Place to be in a state of actual combustion, the spots being immense caverns or craters, caused by eruptions or explosions of elastic fluids in the interior. But this is not without its doubts as well as contradictions.

But this is certain, it was wonderfully executed by a wonderful Executor, and without it, life, both animal and vegetable, would be extinct.—*The Myrtell.*

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part, these relics have a merely curious interest; they belong to archæology, and find appropriate resting-places in historical museums. But there are some exceptions. Here, for instance, the excavator drops, an uninvited guest, upon a banquet; there he unexpectedly obtrudes himself into a tomb. In one place he finds a miser cowering on his heaps, another shows him bones of dancing girls and broken instruments of music lying on the marble floor. In the midst of painted chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains among the splendid evidence of material wealth, he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster—as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of a field of battle. Such to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavators in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of flight, accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings, one of them a young girl—with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had bags of gold and silver with them, snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery flood was on their track; and vain their wealth, their flight, the age of one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled above them and beyond; and the faithful dog turned back to share the fortunes of its mistress—dying at her side. Seen by the light of such an incident, how vividly that night of horrors looms upon the sense! Does not imagination picture that little group, in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chatting over the day's events, and of the unusual heat? Does it not hear, with them the troubled swell of the waters in the bay—see as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness, how the sky opens over head, and flames break out, while scoriæ, sand, and molten rocks come pouring down? What movement, what emotion, what suprise! The scene grows darker every instant—the hollow monitone of the bay is lifted into yells and shrieks—the air grows thick with dust, and hot with flames—and at the mountain's foot is heard the deadly roll of the liquid lava. Jewels, household gods, gold and silver coins are snatched up on the instant. No time to say farewell; darkness in front, and fire behind, they rush into the streets—streets choked with falling houses and flying citizens. How find the way through passages which have no longer outlets—confusion, danger, darkness, uproar everywhere;—the shouts of parted friends, the agony of men struck down by falling columns;—fear, madness, and despair unchained;—here, penury clutching gold it cannot keep—there gluttony feeding on its final meal, and frenzy striking in the dark to forstal death. Through all, fancy hears the young girl's scream—the fire is on her jewelled hand. No time for thought—no pause;—the floods rolls on—and wisdom, beauty, age, and youth, with all the stories of their love, their hopes, their rank, wealth, greatness—all the once affluent life,—are gone for ever. When unearthed after many ages, the nameless group has no other importance to mankind than as it may serve "to point a moral or adorn a tale."—*Athenæum.*

THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS.—Bayard Taylor writes thus from Bombay, India.—Jan. 1.—In regard to certain of the peculiar habits of the Parsees, or Fireworshippers of India:—"They are, as is well known, followers of Zoroaster, recognising one good and one evil principle, who contend for the mastery of the universe. They worship the sun, as the representative of God, fire in all its forms, and the sea. Their temples contain no images, but only the sacred fire; and though they have fixed days for the performance of various rites, they repeat their prayers every morning soon after sunrise. The dead are neither buried nor burned, but exposed to the air, within a wall enclosure, on the summit of a hill. The bodies of the rich are protected by a wire screen till wasted away, but those of the poor are soon devoured by birds of prey. The children are generally married at from two to five years of age, and brought up together till of a proper age to assume the duties of a married life. Most of the marriages are celebrated at this time of the year, and the streets continually resound with the music of the bridal procession.

UTAH.—The settlements in this Morman territory extend about four hundred miles, north and south, and contain between forty and fifty thousand inhabitants. Salt Lake City, the capital, lies west from the city of New York, and has a population of seven or eight thousand inhabitants. The Mormon delusion seems still to be making converts in different parts of the world, and what will be the end of this godless experiment cannot now be anticipated by the most far-seeing. Seven of the passengers for Europe in the Ashburton, which sailed Oct. 15, were Mormon missionaries.

COST OF THE LATE BURMESE WAR.—The London Primitive Church Magazine gives the following estimates:

Extra allowance to the troops, £150,000; commissariat charge, £250,000; extra cost of Indian Navy and Bengal marine, £120,000; hire of transports, freight of stores, &c., £150,000; ordnance, buildings, and miscellaneous, £100,000; donations of six months' batta, £150,000; total, £920,000. This is at the rate of about £650,000 a year!

It is stated that the various expeditions have been fitted out within the last five years for the discovery of Sir John Franklin, have cost an aggregate of about $3,792,000. Nearly eight years have elapsed without tidings from the missing voyagers. No less than fifteen expeditions, in all consisting of thirty vessels, besides boats, have been engaged in the pursuit, and the effort is still continued.

Capt. Sir Everard Howe, Bart., H. M. S. "Calliope," thus reports in the *Nautical Magazine* on the state of the Feejee Island of the South Pacific:—

"No man moves out for any cause whatever without his club. The person who act as Governor of M'Bou has his oven for cooking men before the door of his house, which I saw, and he eats nothing else when he can get them. There is a large house appropriated for the accommodation of strangers, at the back of which is another oven, and the bark upon the stem and branches of an old tree near it is nearly covered with deep notches, each registering the baking of a human being—some remains of the body being hung to the branches. There were none remaining, but the sinnet by which they had been suspended was still there. I have been thus particular to show that every exertion of Christian and humane nations is requir d to turn these people (who are as capable of humanity as any other amongst the islands) from the habits which they now follow. Burying alive is by no means uncommon; baking alive; cutting off the hands and feet, and cooking and eating them before the eyes of the prisoner; exposing young women, upon suspicion of various offences, to punishment too shocking to mention, and afterwards clubbing them to death and eating them."

Advertisements.

BOTANIC MEDICINES.

MESSRS. B. O. & G. C. WILSON, Chemists, of Boston, are the Proprietors of the following valuable Medicines. An agency for New Brunswick and vicinity has been appointed by them in St. John; and the articles can now be had, wholesale and retail, at Boston prices, in the same office with the *Religious Intelligencer*, immediately over the Drug Store of J. H. Chipman, King street.

Compound Sarsaparilla

Is designed for the cure of Asthma, Apoplexy, Canker, Cholera Morbus, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Complaints, Fevers, Gravel, Inflamation of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, Indigestion, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Palpitation of the Heart, Piles, Salt Rheum, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Prostration of the Nervous An effectual remedy for Cholera, Dysentery, Diorrhœa, Cho- An invaluable remedy for Consumption, Pain in the Side, Bleeding at the Lungs, Difficulty of Breathing, Hacking Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the Chest, Bronchitis, Hoarseness or Tickling in the Throat, with mucous irritation in attempting to speak, and for all those symptoms which indicate incipient Consumption. These symptoms should be attended- For Jaundice, Indigestion, Faintness at the Stomach, Liver Complaint, Headache, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Dispepsia, Constipation, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. &c.

Neuropathic Drops—or Superior "Pain Killer."

An invaluable remedy for the cure of Ague in the Face, Bruises, Chilblains, Spasmodic h clera, Cold Feet, Colic, Corns, Cough, Cramps, and Spasmodic Affections, Cuts, Caked or Swelled Breasts, Headache, Hip Complaints, Internal Pains, Rheumatism, Nausea, Numbness, Pain in the Side, Back, Limbs, Stomach and Bowels, Paralysis, Scalds and Burns, Sea Sickness, Shrinking of the Limbs, Spinal Affections, Toothache, &c.

Dr. T. V. Claxton's Vegetable Peristaltic Pills.

A highly approved domestic remedy, for the cure of Canker, Salt Rheum, Cough, Colds, Consumption, Cramps and Convulsions, Rheumatism, Palpitation of the Heart, Piles, Indigestion, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Gravel, Fevers, Female Complaints, Inflamation of the Liver, Lungs, Kidneys and Bladder, Sores, and Ulcers, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all diseases originating in a vitiated or impure state of the blood.

Salve, or Pain Extracter.

An invaluable remedy for Burns, Scalds, Sore Lips, Fresh Cuts or wounds, Boils, Felons, Salt Rheum, &c.

Composition Powders, Cayenne Pepper, &c.

Also for sale. Any description of Botanic Medicine, &c., can be procured from Messrs. W.'s establishment in Boston, on application at the office of the St. John Agency, King st., where catalogues of articles in their line can be had gratis.

Messrs. Chalmer & Hunt, and Messrs. Hannah & Underhill, St. John, and Mr. W. G. Shaw, Woodstock, and several other places through the country have the above on retail. Traders throughout the Province can be supplied on advantageous terms. Address B. J. Underhill *post paid.*

AZOR'S TURKISH BALM, *The only certain Remedy for Baldness, and for preventing and stopping the falling out of the Hair.*—As a Toilet Article, for Beautifying and keeping the Hair soft, glossy, and in a Healthy Condition, it is unequalled. Its positive qualities are as follows:

1st.—It cures the head from dandruff, strengthens the roots, imparts health and vigor to the circulation, and prevents the hair changing colour or getting gray.

2d.—It causes the hair to curl beautifully when done up in it over night.

This Balm is made from the original receipt procured from the original Turkish Hakim (physician) of Constantinople, where it is universally used. The Turks have always been celebrated for their wonderful skill in compounding the richest perfumes and all other toilet articles. In Turkey the *aromatic herbs, &c.*, of which this balm is composed, are almost universally known and used for the hair. *Hence a case of Baldness or thin head of hair is entirely unknown in that country.* We wish *but one trial made of it*; that will do more to convince you of its virtues than all the advertisements that can be published, and *that* all may test its virtues, it is put up in *Large Bottles* at the low price of 50 cents per Bottle.

Remember the *genuine* has the signature of Comstock & Brother on the splendid wrapper.

George's Honduras Sarsaparilla Extract, for the cure of those Diocesses arising from an impure state of the Blood, such as Scrofula, Stubborn Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Pimples on the Face, FEMALE IRREGULARITIES AND COMPLAINTS, &c. As a general Tonic and Invigorator of the System it is unequalled. This Medicine is not offered as a cure for all Diseases, but merely for those arising from impure blood. It is composed of the PURE HONDURAS SARSAPARILLA, combined with other purely vegetable substances of acknowledged efficacy, and is manufactured with the *greatest care*, every pound of the Sarsaparilla being subjected to the strictest chemical tests, and its genuineness ascertained before being used; and it contains ten times as much Pure Honduras Sarsaparilla as any other *ever offered for sale.*

We have endeavored, George's Honduras Sarsaparilla, to give to the public a Medicine which can be depended upon to do for them (in the class of diseases to which it is adapted) all that Medicine can do; and confident that we have done so, we leave it to the *good common* SENSE *of the People* to decide BETWEEN *an Extract of the* PURE HONDURAS SARSAPARILLA, and the *many worthless Extracts* of a *worthless Compound Sarsaparilla* now sold.

Then be not deceived. Resort to GEORGE'S HONDURAS SARSAPARILLA, and you will be rewarded by a quick and easy cure.

To the Ladies, You who wish a *Beautiful Clear Skin*, free from all PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and IMPURITIES, we say, abandon the use of paints and mixtures, and use the Genuine George's Honduras Sarsaparilla.

It beautifies the complexion by removing every particle of morbid or diseased matter from the blood, making it *pure, healthy*, and *vigorous*, and changing the yellow and dark countenance to the BLOOM AND FRESHNESS OF YOUTH.

This Medicine is put up in large bottles, *one* of which, IN VIRTUE, is *equal to six of any other ever made.*

Caution.—Find the name of *Comstock & Brother on the wrapper*, and you will get the Genuine George's Honduras Sarsaparilla.

All orders must be directed to COMSTOCK & BROTHER, No. 2 St. Peter's Place, (rear of Astor House,) New York.

Price, $1 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.

All the above sold only by J. F. Secord, S. L. Tilley, G. F. Everitt, T. M. Reed, and G. C. Garrison, St. John; and by one agent in every town.

EATING HOUSE.—The subscriber has opened an *EATING HOUSE* immediately under the New Brunswick Hotel, Charlotte street, where he will be prepared to furnish people from the country, and others, with Hot Meals, at any hour, day or night, through the winter. Hot Coffee and Oysters always on hand.

Oct. 15. CORNELIUS SPARROW.

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