Poetry.

WHERE IS GOD?

Where is the great, the potent God,
Who rules whole systems with a nod?
Where is the Being we should fear?
How can I know that God is here?

Say, beauteous flower, who opened thee?
What mighty power reared yonder tree?
Who raised so high those blue-tipt hills?
Who measures out these chrystal rills?

No human skill can boast such art,
No genius here can take a part.
All seems in ecstasy to rear
A voice, which says that God is here.

How came those vaporous mounds on high,
In various shapes, that blot the sky?
Who melts them into drops that fall
To give new life and heigth to all?

Who taught those little drops to bear
To topmost twigs, with matchless care,
The bud, the leaf, the curious flower?
What is it manifests such power?

No man nor angel ever made,
No, not even one little blade,
Look up or down, the voice is near—
It cries aloud, "See! God is here."

What influence, within my breast,
Directs the stream devoid of rest?
What makes this bosom rise and fall,
And act its part to nourish all?

O, what is it contracts the eye,
When it surveys the object nigh?
And what expands the circle wide,
When farther off they quickly glide?

The little orb n'er learned by rule,
In any wise optician's school:
How could I miss a thing so near,
When everything says, "God is here!"

Yes, here thou art, my God! my Lord!
Redeeming grace to me afford.
Dear Jesus give that holy fear
Which loves to feel that thou art here!

Here, in this flower, this brook, this tree,
A thousand tongues all tell of thee.
Fill all my thoughts, thou ever near!
O, let me feel that God is here.

And, as I tread this dangerous way,
Preserve a being prone to stray,
Let this poor heart, when death draws near,
At every throe, feel "God is here!"

EGOTISM.

Dream not, complacent, thoughtless man,
That heaven of thee takes special care,
Or swerves from its impartial plan
To give thy lot a better share.

For full a thousand millions move
The showers descend, the sunbeams smile,
On each far continental shore,
Each lonely, sea-sequestered isle.

How vaster far the throng which saw
Our earth, since dawned her primal day,
Which fitted through the gates of awe,
In all the ages past away!

Dost deem thyself th' important one?
So thought each shallow gone before;
Each felt as, when its day was done,
The earth and skies need stand no more.

Then simply spend the footing years
That bear thee toward the waiting bloom;
Content to share, with all thy peers,
The common hope beyond the tomb.

—*Literary World.*

Miscellany.

THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN VISIT.

On a pleasant evening last winter, the writer with his companion called to spend the evening with the family of a Christian brother, with the view of making a pastoral visit. His children were gone from home; but we were welcomed by the parents, and in the good providence of God, we found there another father and mother, from N——, old acquaintances of ours, both of whom are Zion's friends. During the evening much of our conversation was on the low state religion and the reasons why God had to such a degree withdrawn his Holy Spirit. We walked about Zion. We viewed her desolations.

One of the brethren inquired hew long things must remain in this way. Is not the Lord, said he, no the throne of grace? He is, said another; and that is all our hope. With these words all the company were silent, as if we had heard a voice from haven—*This is all our hope.*

Another brother broke silence by saying, probably we have all a work to do at home. And said he, we six of us, are parents, and how is it at home? I propose that each one in turn give a history of his own family. Are any of our children professors of religion?

The pastor began by saying, at times our children have been thoughtful and tender; yet none of our five children profess to be Christians. They yet give a respectful attention to serious things, but they must be born again. And when I think of the final separation at the judgment-seat of Christ, I am overcome. Can we, who are parents, fix our eyes on the child whom we can consent to see go away to the left hand of the judge? As he went on if that strain his companion wept as if she saw the final separation near.

The next brother gave a similar account of their children. No one of them indulged hope. And he said he feared that if any of them were lost, much of the blame would be chargeable to himself. But, said he, when I think of the value of one soul—when I think what it is for that soul to mourn for even in hell, the thought of sparing one of our children to weep there makes me astonished at my own indifference. And his wife said, I hope you will all pray for our children; who knows but God will yet have mercy on them. She added a few words and, evidently wished to say something about the final separation, but her sighs and tears expressed what she could not do in words. The other brother said he must say of their children what the others said, they were all without God and without hope. He had no reason to think, if they should die as they were, that they could go to heaven; and the thought that God is on the mercy-seat is all my hope for them. We little think what it is to see a child dying in his sins, conscious that we who are parents are chargeable with the neglect of their souls. And his wife added, Yes, we are willing and even anxious to make our children respectable in the world; and though we may now and then cast a thought beyond the grave for them, we have too much neglected their souls.

The Bible was then brought and the fifty-first psalm was read—"Have mercy upon me, O God"—and when the Bible was closed, one of the brethren said he would propose, that we six parents should enter into an engagement to pray for the conversion of our children, until the Lord should hear; and especially, he said, let us remember them at the family altar. It was a solemn moment when each for himself and herself covenanted to remember especially the children of these three families. Then all fell on our knees, each with a burden that seemed to call for the deepest prostration; and the brethren, one after the other, prayed confessed our sins and the sins of our children. One of them, seemingly more burdened than the rest, said, *Come, Lord Jesus, ere my child die.*

When we parted that night each went to his own home, but not to rest. We mourned every family apart, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon. According to agreement, the next morning we informed our children of the last night's visit, and of the mutual covenant we had entered into for them. Every child dropped his head; and some of them covered their faces. To some the communication seemed welcome; but to all a message from God. For weeks, however, they all seemed to continue about the same—neither careless nor indulging hope.

One of the brethren saw with pain that his children were remaining stationary, and he feared they would go back. He was led to deep heart searching. He feared his children would all die in their sins, and that he should sink to hell with them. He thought of the judgment-day; he saw their sins chargeable upon him. The books were opened: his life came up in review; and he was condemned. A horror of great darkness fell upon him. More than once did he cry out in the anguish of his soul, My God, my Redeemer, why, why hast thou forsaken me? His sins stood in order before him like an armed troop.

He went to revisit the family where that memorable visit was held. He there found their daughter in deep distress for her soul. She said she had been a great sinner, and asked him to pray for her. He found that for several days her mother, though she had been for near twenty years an amiable professor, was now in deep distress. Her husband said she had been almost in despair for several days, and he was concerned for her. The brother, who himself had come for consolation, forgetting his own pangs, set about pointing them to the blood of Christ. He said, we were not required to make atonement—that though we might weep tears of blood, we could give no satisfaction to God's injured law; but Christ had died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. And when they all went to prayer, the way of salvation through the blood and intercession of our great High-priest, burst upon their minds like the morning spread upon the mountains. This brother went home comforted with the comfort wherewith he endeavoured to comfort them.

In our next prayer-meeting, this mother and daughter told us with humility and joy what God had done for them. From this time the work of God was spreading into other families. Meetings were still and solemn. One after another arose to testify how the Lord had appeared in mercy for his soul.

We soon heard from the town of N——, that God had not only converted three of that brother's children for whom we had covenanted to pray, but a great awakening was spreading through all the place; and many of the youth were turning to the Lord.

The first Sabbath in July last was a memorable day. With many others, the three families who had entered into mutual engagement to pray for the conversion of our children, saw nine of them, just three from each family, come with us to the Lord's table. Will the reader pray that each of the others remaining, may seek the Lord while he may be found?—*Am. Messenger.*

THE POWER OF THE PENCE.

A TRUE MANCHESTER STORY.

The Rev. J. B. Owen, M. A., of Bilston, in the course of a lecture delivered in the Liverpool Concert Hall, in connection with the Church of England institution upon 'Popular Insurance,' related an anecdote strikingly illustrative of the power which lies in the hands of the working men to promote their own social comfort and independence if they would only exert it.

A Manchester calico-printer was on his wedding-day, persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share. He rather winced under the bargain; for, though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife.—They both worked hard, and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public-house as soon as the factory closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast; but, as she kept things tidy about her, and made her stinted and even selfish allowance for housekeeping meet the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint, and he perhaps had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other except when at odd times she succeeded, by dint of one little gentle artifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house, but these were rare occasions. They had been married a year, and, on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some stude of remorse as he observed—

"Mary, we'n had no holyday sin' we were wed; and, only that I havn't a penny i' th' world, we'd take a jaunt to th' village to see thee mother."

"Would'st like to go, John?" asked she softly, between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak so kindly as in old times. "If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat."

"Thou stand treat!" said he, with half a sneer; 'hast got a fortune, wench?'

"Nay" said she, "but I'n gotten the pint o'ale."

"Gotten—but?"

"The pint o' ale! was the reply.

John still did not understand her, till the faithful creature reached down a loose stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counting out her daily pint of ale in the shape of three hundred and sixty-five three-pences (i.e., £4 11s. 3d.) put it into his hand, exclaiming—

"Thee shall have one Friday, John."

John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten, charmed. He wouldn't touch it.

"Hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll ha' no more," said he.

They kept their wedding day with the old dame, and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of investments that ultimately swelled into shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat and carriage; and for aught Mr. Owen knew, John was mayor of his native borough last.

LOYALTY AND TEMPERANCE.

The following incident is said to have occured some years since on board one of the New York and Liverpool liners. The birth-day of the Sovereign was celebrated with unusual hilarity at dinner. The cloth having been removed, the president, after prefactory remarks, in which he took occasion to say that the toast he was about to propose, he was certain that every person present would respond to with a bumper, gave "The Queen!" Among those present was a Scotchman, a resident of this country. It was perceived that he drank but a part of his wine; thereupon a fire-eating young Englishman rose and said, "I regret to perceive, Mr. President, that a person present has slighted your request, and the sentiment you proposed. I beg leave, Sir, to repeat the toast, and if it meets with a repetition of the insult, shall deem it my duty to resent it." The glasses were refilled, and all rose to drink to it "with the honors," but the Scotchman, who kept his seat and drank no wine. As soon as the toast had been properly washed down and cheered, the volunteer champion of her Majesty, remarked audibly, that he would call him out for it. To which the Scotchman replied: "You may call me out, but I will not come out, but if you insult me, I will immediately give you the sorest thrashing you ever had in your life." This was said in such a cool, but determined tone and manner, that every one knew he would be as good as his word, and it was equally evident from his physique that he could do it with the greatest ease. The effect upon the whole company was electrical. He was heartily applauded, and in reply to a good natured remark from the president, said he trusted the day would never come when the measure of a person's loyalty would be the amount he drank, for some years' observation in different quarters of the world has satisfied him that the less a man drank of intoxicating liquors, the better citizen, man or Christian he became.—The young Englishman at once made the amende honorable, and learned at the same time a salutary lesson in temperance and good manners.

CHARLIE NAPIER'S DOG.

A good while ago a boy named Charlie had a large dog which was very fond of the water, and in hot weather he used to swim across the river near which the boy lived. One day the thought struck him that it would be fine fun to make the dog carry him across the river; so he tied a string to the dog's collar, and ran down with him to the water's edge, where he took off all his clothes; and then, holding hard by the dog's neck and the bit of string, he went into the water, and the dog pulled him across. After playing about on the other side for some time, they returned in the way they had come; but when Charlie looked for his clothes, he could find nothing but his shoes. The wind had blown all the rest into the water. The dog saw what had happened, and making his little master let go the string, by making believe to bite him, he dashed into the river, and brought out first his coat, and then all the rest in succession. Charlie dressed, and went home in his wet clothes, and told his mother what fun he and the dog had had. His mother told him that he did very wrong in going across the river as he had done, and that he should thank God for making the dog take him over and back again safely; for if the dog had made him let go in the river, he would most likely have sunk, and been drowned. Little Charlie said, "Shall I thank God now, mamma?" and he kneeled down at his mother's knee, and thanked God; then, getting up again, he threw his arms round the dog's neck, saying, "I thank you, too, dear doggie, for not letting go." Little Charlie is now Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

CONSUMPTION OF LIFE DURING THE REIGN OF NICHOLAS.

The consumption of human life during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas has been enormous. he has carried on the war with the Circassians, uninterruptedly, for twenty-eight years, at the annual cost of 28,000 lives on the Russian side alone, making a grand total of nearly 600,000 Russians, who have perished in attempting to subdue the independence of Circassia. In the two campaigns of 1831-32 they are not sufficient data to form a correct estimate of the Russian loss, which was, however, in the Persian and Polish wars, enormous. In the two campaigns against Turkey of 1828-29, 300,000 fell, of whom, however, 50,000 perished by the plague. The loss of the Russians, in various ways, since the entry of the Danubian Principalities, is understated at 30,000. In those calculations, it should be borne in mind that no estimate is attempted to be made of the sacrifice of human life on the side of those who fought for their liberties, against the aggressions of Russia. If this calculation were attempted, it is probable that the result would prove that neither Julius Cæsar, nor Alexander, nor even Tamerlane, has been a greater scourge to the human race than the present Emperor.

READING THE BIBLE.

"Mamma, why do you read the Bible so much?" said little Mary to her mother; "haven't you read it all through?"

"Yes, a great many times my dear," said the mother.

"Well, then, you must know all there is in it by this time; but you read it every day."

"Do you remember last summer, Mary, when you were away at Miss Brook's school?"

"Yes, mamma."

"You told me then, that when you got a letter from home, you used to read it over and over till it was worn out."

"And so I did, mamma."

"Well, what made you read the letter so often? you knew all that was in it."

"Why, because it seemed a pleasure, and made me think about home, and you, papa."

"Well, my dear, I read over some parts of the Bible that I have read hundreds of times before, for the same reason, that it reminds me of my home in heaven, of my heavenly Father, and my Saviour; and, therefore, I love to read it."

"Is heaven my home, too, mother?" said little Mary. "Shall you take me with you when you go?"

"I cannot tell you, my dear; I cannot give you leave to go to heaven, but I know who can."

"You mean Jesus Christ, mother."

"Yes, my dear, you must ask him, and you must read and learn to understand this book, which is like the letter from him to us, to tell us all about heaven. When you do, I hope you will love to read the Bible as much as I do."—*Juvenile Harp.*

Good Remedies.—For drunkeness, drink water—for health, rise early—to be happy, be honest—to please all, mind your own business.

The ministry of Idleness.—A man who is able to employ himself innocently is never miserable. It is the idle who are wretched. If I wanted to inflict the greatest punishment on a fellow-creature, I would shut him alone in a dark room without employment.

Effect of Wealth.—He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of Wealth is to *supply wants*. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it *creates* more wants than it supplies.

SCOTLAND AND ROME.—In Glasgow and Edinburgh, and in other parts of Scotland, where a Romish population is found, there is a general and happy movement going forward for making known the Gospel to Romanists; tracts are prepared and distributed; theological students spend their long vacations in laboring for the salvation of the deluded children of the mother of harlots,—and associations are formed for the support of such movements. High time it is that this was done in every Protestant country where Catholics are found; for ignorance is not hopelessness.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! A new and valuable supply of Books have been received at the *Religious Intelligencer* Office, for sale; and more are expected in a few days. The following Catalogue shews a part of the stock and prices:—

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NOTICE.—All persons having any demands against the Estate of the late WILLIAM ALEXANDER, of the Parish of Blissville, County of Sunbury, are hereby requested to hand in their accounts duly attested within three months from this date; and all persons indebted to the Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers.

GEORGE HOYT, *Executor.*
ELIZABETH ALEXANDER, *Executrix.*

Blissville, Sunbury Co., Nov. 1st, 1854.—3m.pd.

GREAT SALE OF DRY GOODS at the ALBION HOUSE.—BEARD & VENNING are continuing that great sale of DRY GOODS in which they have been so successfully engaged for seven years past, and which has given universal satisfaction to many thousands in these Provinces.

The great advantages we offer are these, that while many advertise for a limited period CHEAP SALES, we are prepared at all times to supply our numerous customers with GOODS OF THE NEWEST STYLES, and warranted fabrics at LOWER PRICES than any other house advertising 'Cheap Sales,' 'Great Reductions,' &c.

☞ The Stock is replete with every article kept in a first class Dry Goods Establishment. Nov. 17.

NOTICE.—All persons having any demands against the Estate of William Urquhart, of Springfield, Kings' County, deceased, are hereby requested to hand in their accounts duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber.

DANIEL URQUHART, *Administrator.*

Springfield, K. C., October 26, 1854. 3m.

FARM FOR SALE.—The Subscriber offers for sale the FARM owned and occupied by him in New Jerusalem, Queen's County, consisting of 100 acres, having about 40 acres cleared, and cuts about 16 tons of hay. A good frame Barn, and a small dwelling House is now on it. If not sold by the 15th of March next, it will then be offered at Public Auction on the premises.

JOHN McKENZIE.

New Jerusalem, Nov. 24th, 1854.—pd.

AYER'S PILLS.

OPERATE by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action. They remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, by restoring their irregular action to health, correct, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first causes of disease. An extensive trial of their virtues, by Professors, Physicians, and Patients, has shown cures of dangerous diseases almost beyond belief, were they not substantiated by persons of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Their certificates are published in my American Almanac, which the Agents below named are pleased to furnish free to all inquiring.

Annexed we give *Directions* for their use in the complaints which they have been found to cure.

FOR COSTIVENESS.—Take one or two Pills, or such quantity as to gently move the bowels. Costiveness is frequently the aggravating cause of PILES, and the cure of one complaint is the cure of both. No person can feel well while under a costive habit of body. Hence it should be, as it can be, promptly relieved.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, which is sometimes the cause of Costiveness, and always uncomfortable, take mild doses—from one to four—to stimulate the stomach and liver into healthy action. They will do it and the *heartburn, bodyburn,* and *soulburn* of dyspepsia will rapidly disappear. When it has gone, don't forget what cured you.

For a FOUL STOMACH, or *Morbid Inaction of the Bowels* which produces general depression of the Spirits and ill health, take from four to eight Pills at first, and smaller doses afterwards, until activity and strength is restored to the system.

FOR NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, NAUSEA. *Pain in the Stomach, Back, or Side,* take from four to eight pills on going to bed. If they do not operate sufficiently, take more the next day until they do. These complaints will be swept out from the system. Don't wear these and kindred disorders because your stomach is foul.

FOR SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, *and all Diseases of the Skin,* take the Pills freely and frequently, to keep the bowels open. The eruptions will generally soon begin to *diminish* and disappear. Many dreadful ulcers and sores have been healed up by the purging effect of these Pills, and some disgusting diseases which seemed to saturate the whole system have completely yielded to their influence, leaving the sufferer in perfect health. Patients! your duty to society forbids that you should parade yourself around the world covered with pimples, blotches, ulcers, sores, and all or any of the unclean diseases of the skin, because your system wants cleansing.

TO PURIFY THE BLOOD they are the best medicine ever discovered. They should be taken freely and frequently, and the impurities which sow the seeds of incurable diseases will be swept out of the system like chaff before the wind. By this property they do as much good in preventing sickness as by the remarkable cures which they are making every where.

LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, *and all Bilious Affections* arise from some derangement—either torpidity, congestion, or obstructions of the Liver. Torpidity and congestion vitiate the bile and render it unfit for digestion. This is disastrous to the health, and the constitution is frequently undermined by no other cause. Indigestion is the symptom. Obstruction of the duct which empties the bile into the stomach causes the bile to overflow into the blood. This produces Jaundice, with a long and dangerous train of evils. Costiveness, or alternately costiveness and diarrhœa, prevails. Feverish symptoms, languor, low spirits, weariness, restlessness, and melancholy, with sometimes inability to sleep, and sometimes great drowsiness; sometimes there is severe pain in the side; the skin and the white of the eyes become a greenish yellow; the stomach acid; the bowels sore to the touch; the whole system irritable, with a tendency to fever, which may turn to bilious fever, bilious colic, bilious diarrhœa, dysentery, &c. A medium dose of three or four Pills taken at night, followed by two or three in the morning, and repeated a few days, will remove the cause of all these troubles. It is wicked to suffer such pains when you can cure them for 25 cents.

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, *and all Inflammatory Fevers* are rapidly cured by the purifying effects of these Pills upon the blood and the stimulus which they afford to the vital principle of Life. For these and all kindred complaints they should be taken in mild doses, to move the bowels gently, but freely.

As a DINNER PILL, this is both agreeable and useful. No Pill can be made more pleasant to take, and certainly none has been made more effectual to the purpose for which a dinner pill is employed.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold in St. John by T. Walker & Son, Fellows & Co., Everett & Co., Chalmer & Hunt, &c., in Fredericton, in Carleton by J. Cook, and by the Druggists generally.

TO ARRIVE.—In Lisbon and Barbara from London.—600 kegs Brandram's No. 1 White Lead;—160 kgs. Red, Yellow, Green, Black and Blue Paint; 15 casks Chrome Yellow, Prussian Blue, Brunswick Green, India Red, Quaker Green, Vandyke Brown, Ivory and Burnt Umber; Raw and Burnt Terrade Sienna; drop Black and Vermillion; 4 tons Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil; 3 cases Indigo; 1 bbl. Nutmegs; 20 cwt. Carbonate Soda in 1 cwt. kegs; 1 ton Washing Soda; 1½ tons Alum; 10 cwt. Cream of Tartar; 10 cwt. Blue Vitrol; 4 gross assorted Pickles; 600 lbs. Cloves; 600 cwt. Alexandria Senna; 8 cases Salad Oil; 2 cases Liquorice; 10 cwt. Glue; 10 kegs Coleman's Mustard; 1 case Spanish Annatto; 2 casks Hemp and Canary Seed; 1 case Gold Leaf.

April 26. (usual papers) S. L. TILLEY.

M. N. POWERS, Undertaker, &c., *Four Doors North of Trinity Church, Germain St.* will attend to Funerals, and furnish every article in the line in a style superior to any Establishment in the Province, and at prices full twenty per cent less than those usually charged in the city.

N. B.—Furniture, Mattrasses, Curtains Carpets, &c, made to order on reasonable terms.

SUPERIOR BOTANIC MEDICINES.—The following superior Medicines are for sale, wholesale or retail, at the office of the Religious Intelligencer, and at the store of Messrs. Hannah & Underhill:—

Wilson's Compound Sarsaparilla,
Wilson's Dyscntary Syrup,
Wilson's Wild Cherry Balsam,
Wilson's Wild Cherry Bitters,
Wilson's Neuropathic Drops,
Wilson's Salve,
Wilson's Composition Powders,
Clinton's Pills.
Cayenne Pepper, in small and large tin cans, for sale by use. Dec. 8th, 1854.

IN STORE.—15 casks raw and boiled Linseed Oil;—200 boxes 8 x 10, 10 x 12, 10 x 14, 11 x 15, 12 x 16, and 12 x 18 Window Glass; 300 kegs No. 1 White Lead; 2 tons Putty. April 26. S. L. TILLEY.

MARLBORO HOTEL, BOSTON.—JOHN A. PARK, *Proprietor.*—This house is very pleasantly situated on Washington Street, and location very central. It has recently been refitted and furnished, and is now the best temperance house in town. There is social worship morning and evening in the parlors, where all who choose may be present. It is a house where the traveller will find a pleasant home.

Boston, Oct. 1, 1853.

GENERAL LEATHER AND FINDING STORE. The undersigned, thankful for past favors, begs to intimate to his numerous City and Country customers, that he has received from England, New York, and Boston, his usual and varied supply of LEATHER and SHOE FINDINGS, of the very best descriptions, all of which will be sold at the lowest market prices.

26, *North Side of King Street.*

☞ Sign of the Side of Leather.

May 5 J. J. CHRISTIE.

P. S.—All kinds of RUBBER for the Soles of Congress Boots; Buckskin for tender feet; fancy Boot Legs, &c. J. J. C.

BOOK, CARD, & JOB PRINTING OFFICE, No. 6 King Street.—The subscriber having provided himself with a varied assortment of New Type, is prepared to execute all descriptions of Job Printing, such as Pamphlets, Cards, Circulars, Handbills, &c. G. W. DAY.

14TH MARCH.—Just opened at **Gilmour's Tailoring Establishment,** *FIRST SPRING IMPORTATION,* in Black Broad, Black Cassimere, and Fancy Doeskins. ☞ *Call and Examine* Remainder of Spring Goods EXPECTED DAILY. march 17

HANNAH & UNDERHILL, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in **Groceries, Flour, Fruits, Burning Fluid, Lamps, &c.,** Taylor's Brick Building, South side King Street, Saint John, N. B.