Poetry.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true—
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assign'd me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages—
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And times great volume make.

I live to hold communion,
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
Twixt the Christians heart and mine,
To profit by affliction—
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that wears resistance,
And God's holy will to do.

THANKSGIVING.

Hark! within her islet hall,
Heard ye not the MONARCH's call?
"Join with me in all your ranks,
"Give to GOD united thanks!"

You whom Wealth, had Famine gaunt
Stalked abroad, might save from Want,
Not the less your voices raise
In the Poor Man's Song of Praise!

Vain the plough, the furrowed mead;
Vain the sower, vain the seed:
Only He in whom we live,
Can the golden increase give.

His the showers that make it springs;
His the suns that ripeness bring:
His the skill which metes the rains;
His the power which drought restrains.

Evil, good, His beams partake:
Just, unjust, His waters slake:
How unjust who thanks decline,
When those bounties thus combine!

Summer smiled as Winter wailed;
Seedtime, Harvest, hath not failed:
See! His bow is in the cloud!
HALLELUJAH sing aloud!

Yea, let all, from Cot to Throne,
HIM with coral homage own,
Who in the changing Season's round
Hath with more than Plenty crowned.

Glad, yet humble, be our voice:
'Tis with trembling we rejoice,
While, again, the cannon roars,
And the Pest is on our shores.

Oh! for Penitence and Faith
Might arrest the scythe of Death!
FATHER! bid Destructions cease,
And with Plenty, send us Peace!

Sept. 10, 1854. J. M. H.

Miscellany.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

We copy the following from "The Five Points Monthly Record," a journal devoted to the interests of the Mission established in the locality whose name it bears, by the Rev. Mr. Pease. The narrative illustrates the character of the work which Mr. Pease is doing there, for religion, for purity, and for temperance. —*N. Y. Observer.*

"A few Sabbaths since, at morning service, one of the most degraded specimens of humanity that ever greeted my vision, came staggering into the Chapel of the House of Industry. His wild and frightful looks, ragged and dirty beyond description, his face bruised and swollen, rendered him an object of disgust and terror. He seemed to look at the children with wonderful interest, occasionally muttering to himself—'Beautiful! beautiful! Oh! that mine were here!' He sat an hour or more, and then with a long earnest look at the children, staggered out of the chapel, and went up to the dark 'valley of the shadow of death,'—Cow Bay.

"As the bell rang for service in the afternoon, and while the children were clustering together, the same wild looking man staggered in once more. He surveyed the faces of the children with the closest scrutiny, and at length his eyes rested on two bright-eyed little girls, who were singing one of their little hymns. He sat immovable as a statue during the whole service, gazing intently on the faces of these two children.

"The service closed, the congregation dispersed, but he lingered, and the tears came coursing down his face, thick and fast.

"Dr. S———, asked him, 'what was the matter?'

"'I am a drunkard! A wretch—an outcast, homeless, and without a penny. Once I had a home and friends—father, mother, wife, children, and a host of friends who loved and respected me. Time passed on and I became a drunkard. One friend after another left me; still I drank on, and down, down I fell.—Father and mother both went down to their graves with broken hearts. My poor wife clung to me when all others deserted me. I still drank on, pawned one article after another, until all was gone, and when my wife refused to give me her wedding ring, which she had clung to with the tenacity of a death grasp, I felled her to the earth, seized her finger, tore off the ring and pawned it for rum. That fatal blow maddened her, and in despair she too drank, and together we wallowed in the gutter.

"Penniless we begged our way from Vermont to this great city. Here we hired a small cellar, in a dark, dismal street, and sent our children out to beg. Many a weary day we spent in that dreary cellar, while our children were wandering in the streets, begging for their drunken parents. About forty days since, my little girls went out to beg, and from that hour to this I have not seen them.

"Without food or fire I clung to my dismal abode, until hunger forced me out, and then I began to search for my children. My degraded wife has been sent to Blackwell's Island as a vagrant, and alone I went to the Islands, to the House of Refuge, to the Tombs, and in despair I wandered to the Five Points, and for the last few days I have lived in Cow Bay, among beggars and thieves. To-day I saw two children, who, if they had not looked so clean, and sung so sweetly, I would have called mine. Oh! would to God they were!"

"'Tell me the name,' said Dr. S., 'and I will see.' In a few moments two interesting little girls were led towards him. At the first sight of this fearful looking man, they shrank back. The poor man sprang on his feet, exclaiming, 'They are mine, mine! My children don't you know your poor poor old father?—come to me, my children. Father loves you, he won't hurt you.' He reached out his arms; the little ones were timid at first, but they soon climbed upon their father's knee, while the tears were streaming down his face.

"'Kiss your poor drunken father, my children!'—But the face of the man was so black and filthy, not a fit place could be found. Soon they forgot the dirty face, and remembered their poor degraded father, and each entwined their little arms around his neck, and fondly kissed him, and the elder one said, with a voice that touched every heart,—'Father, we are so happy here, we want to stay. Won't you come and live here too, papa? What makes you drink so? Dear papa, do sign the pledge and not drink any more. Mr. Pease found us in the street begging, and now we are happy. Do, papa, come and live here, and be good to us, as you used to be.'

"The father's heart was overwhelmed—he sobbed and groaned aloud. For more than an hour they sat together, till at last the old man arose, still clinging to his children, and exclaimed—'The pledge! the pledge! I will never drink again!'

"I gave him the pledge, and from that hour he has most faithfully kept it. He is now a man again, engaged in business, earning ten dollars per week, and none would recognize in the well dressed man—who still boards in the house—the degraded original, whose portrait can still be seen at the House of Industry, daguerreotyped in all its striking deformity and squalor."

THE DECISIVE MOMENT.

A few years since, while traveling in an adjacent State, along the banks of a majestic river, a friend pointed to the flashing current, and related the following incident: Not long before, when the spring rains filled up the broad channel with a surging flood, a lumberman ventured out in a boat upon a bay, to save timber which was breaking from its fastenings, and would soon be swept down the stream, unless secured. In his absorbing interest to prevent the loss, he went too far into the rushing tide. His little bark was caught by the current, and amid wild cries for help, he was borne away arrow-like, before the tumultuous waters. The alarm spread, and a neighbor recollecting there was a bridge several miles below, mounted a horse and hastened to reach that only place of rescue. Onward, in helpless calmness, the imperilled boatman sped; and on the shore his deliverer rode with the fleetness of a courier toward the bridge. Reaching the structure, which trembled to the violence of the flood, he called for a rope, and throwing it over the arch, waited the approach of the pale and anxious man. He saw the swaying cord, and as he swept beneath it, grasped it with the energy of a last hope, the thread of life. In another moment he was in the embrace of friends.—And I have thought when I have seen men concerned for their soul's salvation, and on the current of depravity sweeping them away, there must come a decisive crisis—a last offer of mercy; and who shall say when the friendly hand of the Redeemer will be withdrawn forever? "I might have been saved," will be the keenest pang in the agonies of the second death, while the vision rests on the moment which decided the entrance upon the infinite waste of retributive waste.

VOLTAIRE AND HALYBURTON.

I will contrast the feelings of the prince of infidelity with those of an humble, yet unlearned and pious servant of God.

Voltaire said: "Who can, without horror, consider the whole world as the empire of destruction? It abounds with wonders; it abounds also with victims.—It is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is, without pity, pursued and torn to pieces through the air, and earth, and water. In man there is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative. Other animals have it not. He spends the transient moments of his existence in diffusing the miseries which he suffers; in cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay; in cheating, and being cheated; robbing, and being robbed; in serving, that he might command; and in repenting all he does. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal and unfortunate; and the globe contains rather carcasses than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture, and find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself. *I wish I had never been born!*"

This is the testimony of him whom kings courted, and nations flattered. This is the sum of all to him, "I wish I had never been born."

Turn we now to Halyburton, a good man, who loved his Maker, and his Maker's word. In the midst of pain, he said:

"I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be made meet to praise him forever and ever. O, the thoughts of an incarnate Deity are sweet and ravishing! O, how I wonder at myself that I do not adore him more! What a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in view of death itself! What mercy, that, having the use of reason, I can declare his goodness to my soul! I long for his salvation. I bless his name that I have found him, and I die rejoicing in him. O, *blessed be God that I was born!* O that I was where he is! I have a father and mother, and ten brothers and sisters, in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh. O, there is a telling in this providence, and I shall be telling it forever. If there be such a glory in his conduct towards me now, what will it be to see the Lamb in the midst of the throne! Blessed be God that I was born!"

Here is a contrast indeed—a contrast in which the blind themselves may discern between the righteous and the wicked, between the man that loves, and the man that hates the word of God.—*Rev. Dr. Plumer.*

THE RUSSIAN CLERGY.

All the writers, of every nation and creed, with whom we are acquainted, are unanimous on this point; all declare, *una voce*, that to appreciate, or even to imagine, the moral or social degradation of the Russian clergy, it is necessary to have resided amongst them. The very proverbs which are current in Russian society, of every class, and which are heard in Russia alone, reveal their true character. "Son of a priest," is the last insult to which a man has recourse in reviling an enemy. "Am I a pope, that I should eat twice?" is the disdainful allusion to the habits of the half-famished clergy. "Like pastor like flock," is the comment upon the irregularities of laymen. And these are only specimens. Like the fallen priesthood of Syria and Armenia, the chief characteristics of the Russian clergy appear to be habitual drunkenness, profound ignorance, and the lowest habits of a sordid and animal existence. "The vice of drunkenness is so common amongst them," says Theiner, "that it excites no observation." In the ships of this navy, where they always receive an increase of salary, "the commanders usually place the chaplain under arrest twenty-four hours before divine service, to make sure that he will not present himself drunk at the altar." Their general character may be gathered from the official and annual reports of the "Holy Synod" itself. In the report for 1836, it appears that during that single year, one in fifty of the whole Russian clergy was under condemnation by the public sentence of the various tribunals. Since that period, the moral state of the clergy, if we may believe the reluctant testimony of the Synod, has steadily deteriorated. Thus, in 1837, comparing the number of condemnations with the total number of the clergy, it appears that these amounted, for the whole empire, to one in twenty-four; in 1838, to one in twenty-three; and in 1839, to one in twenty. In the four years, from 1836 to 1839, the Synod reports that 15,442, or one-sixth of the 102,356 ecclesiastics, of every rank and grade, were under judgment, and that as the supreme procurator himself declares, "for infamous crimes."

THE GREAT ROCK.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

The writer of the following, and one of our earliest and most zealous helpers, a London youth, who was studying for the ministry, died last month. Reader, should not this make you peruse with the solemnity of eternity upon your spirit? O prepare to meet thy God!

A few years ago, as some travellers were journeying through the South of France, they were suddenly overtaken by a fearful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain—one that is by no means uncommon in the neighborhood of the Pyrenees; when, all at once shouts resounded in their ears of "*To the Rock! to the rock!*" from a native peasant of the country who saw the peril they were in. They had only time to shelter themselves beneath an overhanging rock not far distant, when the torrent, which had been long gathering, descended, demolishing everything in its way; leaving, however, the affrighted travellers safe and unharmed in the friendly refuge to which they had fled.

My earnest cry to you is—"To the Rock! To the Rock!" The Saviour holds out His arms of mercy and love; He declares that He suffered and died *for you*; He calls to you, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest;" and your Heavenly Father calls to you, "Come!" and the Blessed Spirit calls to you, "Come!" and those in heaven and those who have not yet reached it call to you "Come!" Surely, dear reader, you will not—you cannot refuse! Reader, you who are travelling on through the world, which you will have—you know not how soon—to leave—without God, without hope in it—did you but know, could you but be assured of the *real happiness*, the eternal blessedness of God's children, and His earnest and loving entreaties *to you* to come and share in it, oh, you would at once cry, *Lord, I come to Thee for it!*—*British Messenger.*

REFUSING TO BE BENEVOLENT---AN INCIDENT.

A female, the head of a family in comfortable circumstances, her husband doing well in business and all of them attending an evangelical ministry, was waited upon for a subscription towards a Missionary Association. Before the object of the call was named, she occupied the friend with detailing how good God had been to them in giving them health, prosperity, and other mercies. After some time spent in conversation in this strain, the friend named her errand, suggesting as so much kindness had been experienced, a trifle might be devoted as an acknowledgment to Him from whom all came. At once the countenance fell, and the tone changed. She began an enumeration of the calls made upon them; she dwelt upon the number and the wants of her family; she could spare nothing for such a purpose. Within a day or two afterwards, she was herself seized with alarming illness. Where not a few pence could be found for the service of God in the Gospel, pounds, not a few, had to be paid for the attendance of physicians. Troubles of various kinds thickened round the family. The husband became unfortunate, as we say; no business prospered with him; and at length he found himself in jail; and ere long, they who once had plenty found it hard to live. I do not positively pronounce that the refusal of the subscription was the cause of their calamities; but it was at least singular that *up to that time*, according to their own showing, *all went well with them*, and, by my own knowledge, *from that time all went ill with them*. —*Zion's Herald.*

HUMAN DEPRAVITY NO PALLIATION OF GUILT.

BY REV. DR. NETTLETON.

"I did not make my own heart." What an excuse is this! Suppose your neighbour should injure you, and should plead in his justification, that he did not make his own heart, would you be satisfied with such an excuse? Are you the only being who did not make his own heart? The principle involved in this excuse, if true, will exculpate every sinner in the universe. All the fallen angels may plead that they did not make their own hearts.

Suppose a number of men in a boat. By some means one of them gets overboard. He exclaims: How came I here? No matter, says one of his friends, let us help you into the boat. No, says he, there is an important question first to be settled: How came I here? We cannot tell, says his friend. There are different ways in which you may have got where you are. You may have jumped overboard—or you may have been thrown overboard—or you may have fallen overboard in your sleep. But take hold of this rope. No, he replies, if you will not tell me how I came here, I am determined to drown.

"THOU HAST DESTROYED THYSELF, BUT IN ME IS THINE HELP FOUND."

ANTICIPATED FAMINE.—A family by the name of Scott, living at Marlborough, Ohio, in which there are six or seven mediums, are preparing for a seven years famine, which one of them predicted would occur, commencing in 1854, and continuing to grow worse till 1856. Six hundred bushels of wheat are stored in one place; twenty-five bushels of beans, raised on ground directed by the spirits in another; fifty bushels of buckwheat, beets, potatoes, pork, apple sauce, in short, every article that a well regulated house-wife could desire to make her house comfortable. Two of the girls had a stock of millinery, which they sold off, and expended the money in the necessaries of life.—One of them calls herself "Old Joe;" like Joseph of old, she has prepared for famine.

EXECUTION OF CASEY.—Thomas Casey, the Irishman who murdered Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, in South-Natick, more than a year ago, was hung on Friday last in the jail-yard at Cambridge. He confessed the deed, which was one of awful atrocity, and said that, under like circumstances, he would do it again. Would not such a man murder a State-Prison officer without much scruple, and was not hanging the only *safe* thing that could be done with him? He maintained to the last an utter indifference both to his crime and his fate.

TRUE NOBILITY.

Thomas Garratt, in the United States, aged seventy years, was tried for having aided the escape of fifteen slaves at one time, and was fined in 8000 dollars; while his entire property was estimated at 5500 dollars. After the auction, the sheriff unrelentingly said, "Well, now, Garratt, we have made you a beggar in your old age, and I think you had better learn to mind your own business, and let other people alone." "Yes," said Garratt, "in my old age ye have made a beggar of me! but, old as I am, I have not lived altogether in vain, for I have the names of 14000 slaves that I aided to escape; and if thee knows of any poor fugitive that wants a friend to-night, send him to old Thomas Garratt.'

EVIL THOUGHTS.—Have a care of evil thoughts. O, the mischief they have done in the world! Bad thoughts come first, bad words follow after, and bad deeds bring up the rear. Strive against them! Watch against them! Pray against them! They prepare the way for the enemy!

"Bad thought's a thief! He acts his part;
Creeps through the window of the heart;
And, if once he his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in."

BOOKS! BOOKS!! Received at the Free Baptist Book Concern, per "Admiral and "Eastern City," a further supply of valuable Books, among which are the following, with prices annexed:—

Clark's Commentary, a beautiful edition of 6 vols.	£4	0
Scott's do. do. do 3 do.	1	10
Josephus Works, with notes, 2 vols bound in one	0	10
Cruden's Concordance largest and cemplete edition (Sheep)	0	17
Wesleys Notes on the New Testament large edition	0	10
Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures 2 volumes, large,	1	0
Religious Encyclopedia	1	0
Kitto's Encyclopedea of Ciblical Literature	0	15
Watson's Institutes, with Index and Analysis, by J McClinton, 2 vols.,	1	2
Jones' Church History,	0	6
D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, 5 volumes in one	0	7
Wayland's Life of Judson, 2 volumes	0	10
Barne's Notes on Daniel,	0	6
Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations, 5 volumes, for sale separate, each	0	5
Caughey's Revival Miscellanies,	0	5
Noys' Lectures on the Truth of the Bible,	0	6
Memoirs of David Marks,	0	5
Richard Williams, the Patagonian Missionary,	0	4
The Apostolical and Primitive Church	0	5
Eliot's History of Liberty, 2 volumes,	0	12
The Successful Merchant, bound	0	2
Pollock's Tales of the Covenanters,	0	3
Gunn's Domestic Medicine,	0	12
Dick's Complete Works, 11 vols. in 2	1	0
Webster's Royal Octavo Dictionary,	0	17
Rollin's Ancient History, complete in 2 volumes,	0	16
Layard's Ninevah and Babylon	0	12
Stephen's Book of the Farm,	1	0
The Evangelical Family Library, 15 vols.	1	5
Do. do do. do. continued, 21 vols.,	1	7
The Youth's Library, 70 volumes	2	10
Repository Tracts, 8 volumes,	0	7

Sabbath School Libraries, at $10, $5, $3 and $2.50
A large ass't. of Watts' Hymns from 1s. 1d. to 3s 9d.
Psalmody, Sacred Melodies and the Harp. A good assortment of cheaper Religious and useful books, from different publishing houses in Philadelphia, New York and Boston—an additional supply expected daily from New York. Books procured to order for parties.
A few copies of Mapleton or More Work for the Maine Law, price 0 5 0
Mysterious Parchment, 0 3 9
For sale at the *Religious Intelligencer* Office, King Street, St. John.
P. S. Parties wishing books, by sending us the money per Mail, will have them forwarded at the earliest chance.
April 26.

MARBLE MANUFACTORY, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.—M'KIM & CLEAR, Manufacturers of **Monuments, Tombtables, Grave Stones, Chimney Pieces,** and **Centre Tables.**—Every description of Ornamental Work executed with neatness at their establishment, Germain-street, 3d house north of Country Market. Monuments, Head Stones, &c. of the best material, in the most improved styles, and fully as cheap and durable as any which can possibly be obtained on this continent.
After a long experience in England and Scotland, M'Kim & Clear feel satisfied they can execute work, equal in every, and superior in many, respects to any thing in their line manufactured in the city; and, while they are prepared to allow all honest competitors "a clear stage and no favor," they feel convinced they can produce at all times and on all occasions, workmanship in every respect superior to that of those Americans who advertise their wares at "*twenty-five per cent less than any shop in the like city*"!! and who, uninstructed uneducated in their art, can only attract attention by prosecuting the rather unenviable and unprofitable business of denouncing (as "keepers of the petty shops that are springing up,") those who have carefully given their undivided attention to the study of their business, and who fairly and honorably enter the arena of public competition, determined to stand or fall by the superior excellence of their workmanship as judged by a discerning public.
For sale—a large quantity of Soap Stone, a superior article for lining stoves.
☞ A "Diploma" and Prize were awarded to R. A. M'Kim, for excellence in carving, at the last New Brunswick Provincial Exhibition. St. John, Jan. 6, 1854

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS, 1854.—C. D. EVERETT & SON, have been busily engaged for the last month in making up, and are now prepared to furnish the public with **Hats and Caps**, of all qualities and prices, of the Spring and Summer styles for 1854. We believe that the Spring style of Hats will be much admired. We have on hand, just made up, a very large and excellent assortment of Summer CAPS.
Our prices are, as usual, low. Notwithstanding the large advance in prices of Goods generally throughout the community, *we have not advanced one penny* on any article of our manufacture.
The remainder of our Winter Stock of buffalo Robes, Fur Caps, &c., will be disposed of at *extraordinary low prices.*
12, North side King Street.
March 31. C. D. EVERETT & SON.

CARD.—The Subscriber begs leave to return thanks to the inhabitants of Oromocto and vicinity for the very liberal support he has received since he has commenced business in this place, and further begs to inform them that he has now on hand an extensive and varied assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Ready Made Clothing together with a large assortment of Boots and Shoes, the whole of which he now intends to dispose of at prices hitherto unknown here, which will be as low as can be purchased at Retail either in Saint John or Fredericton. Customers desirous of making a saving of money, will find it to their advantage to call and examine the Stock before purchasing elsewhere.
Having procured the assistance of a person thoroughly acquainted with the business in all its branches, customers may depend upon being properly and punctually attended.
Oromocto, June 23rd 1854. (6m.pd.) R. M. BOWDEN.

NOTICE.—All persons having any demands against the Estate of Nicholas Roche, of Sussex, King's County, deceased, are hereby requested to hand in their accounts duly attested within three months from this date. All persons indebted, are requested to make immediate payment to either of the Subscribers.
JAMES ROACH,
ROBERT B. VAIL, } EXECUTORS.
THOMAS McMANUS,
Sussex, Vale, K. C., July 27th 1854. 3m.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—The subscribers have this day entered into Partnership under the firm of D. W. & J. R. ADAMS, and will carry on the SADDLE, HARNESS and COLLAR making business, heretofore carried on by D. W. ADAMS. The subscribers would intimate to their friends and the public generally, that they intend keeping the best of workmen, and by strict attention to business will endeavor to give general satisfaction.
Just received per steamer Admiral, some splendid Gentlemen's and Ladies SADDLES and BRIDLES; 1 Jockey do
Also—An assortment of WHIPS, of the very best quality.
April 17. D. W. ADAMS.
J. R. ADAMS.

JUST RECEIVED, and for Sale, 25 Bushels GRASS SEED; 1 Cask Clover do.; 5 boxes Oranges; 1 box Lemons; 10 barrels dried Apples: 20 boxes Cooking Raisins; 50 superior Hams.
April 21. HANNAH & UNDERHILL.

MARLBORO HOTEL, BOSTON.—JOHN A. PARKS *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.

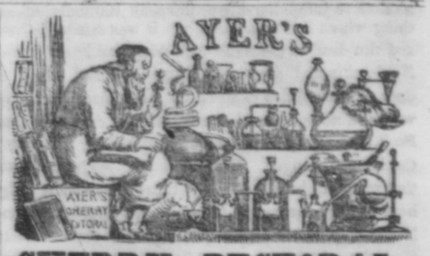
IN STORE.—15 casks raw and boiled Linseed Oil;—300 boxes 8 x 10, 10 x 12, 10 x 14, 11 x 15, 12 x 16, and 12 x 18 Window Glass; 300 kegs No. 1 White Lead; 2 tons Putty. April 28. S. L. TILLEY.

14TH MARCH.—Just opened at **Gilmour's Tailoring Establishment,** *FIRST SPRING IMPORTATION*, in Black Broad, Black Casimere, 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.,** Tailor's Brick Building, South side King Street, Saint John, N. B.

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.

THE BOOK.—Just Published by PARRY & McMILLAN of Philadelphia: "*The Book and its Story*;" a narrative for the young, on occasion of the Jubilee of the British & Foreign Bible Society. For sale wholesale and retail by
J. & A. McMILLAN.
☞ This work has already reached its 19th Edition in England, and the demand for it continues unabated.
St. John, Sept. 22d, 1854.



CHERRY PECTORAL,
For the rapid Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

TO CURE A COLD, WITH HEADACHE AND SORENESS OF THE BODY.—Take the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, and wrap up warm, to sweat during the night.
FOR A COLD AND COUGH, take it in the morning, noon and evening, according to the directions on the bottle, and the difficulty will soon be removed. None will long suffer from this trouble when they find it can be so readily cured. Persons afflicted with a seated cough, which breaks them off their rest at night, will find by taking the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, they may be sure of sound, unbroken sleep, and consequent refreshing rest. Great relief from suffering, and an ultimate cure, is offered to thousands who are thus afflicted, by this invaluable remedy.
From its agreeable effects in these cases, many find themselves unwilling to forego its use when the necessity for it has ceased.
TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS this remedy is invaluable, as by its action on the throat and lungs, when taken in small quantities, it removes all hoarseness in a few hours, and wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.
ASTHMA is generally much relieved, and often wholly cured by Cherry Pectoral. But there are some cases so obstinate as to yield entirely to no medicine. Cherry Pectoral will cure them if they can be cured.
BRONCHITIS, or irritation of the throat and upper portion of the lungs, may be cured by taking Cherry Pectoral in small add frequent doses. The uncomforfable oppression is soon relieved.
FOR CROUP.—Give an emetic of antimony, to be followed by large and frequent doses of the Cherry Pectoral, until it cures the disease. If taken in season it will not fail to cure.
WHOOPING COUGH may be broken up and soon cured by the use of Cherry Pectoral.
THE INFLUENZA is speedily removed by this remedy.—Numerous instances hrve been noticed where whole families were protected from any serious consequences, while their neighbours without the Cherry Pectoral, were suffering from the disease.
Repeated instances are reported here of patients who have been cured from LIVER COMPLAINTS by this remedy, so many that there can be no question of its healing power on these diseases. It should be perseveringly taken until the pain in the side and other unpleasant symptoms cease.
FOR CONSUMPTION in its earliest stages, it should be taken under the advice of a good Physician if possible, and in every case with careful regard to the printed directions on the bottle. If judiciously used, and the patient is carefully nursed meantime, it will seldom fail to subdue the disease.
For settled CONSUMPTION in its worst form, the Cherry Pectoral should be given in doses adapted to what the patient requires and can bear. It always affords some relief, and not unfrequently cures those who are considered past all cure.—There are many thousands scattered all over the country, who feel and say they owe their lives and present health to the Cherry Pectoral.
Many years of trial, instead of imparing the public confidence in this medicine, has won for it an appreciation and noteriety by far exceeding the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Nothing but its intrinsic virtues and the unmistaceable benefit conferred on thousands of sufferers, could originate and maintain the reputation it enjoys. While many inferior remidies thrust upon the community, have failed and been discarded, this has has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.
While it is a fraud on the public to pretend that any one medicine will infallibly cure—still there is abundant proof that the Cherry Pectoral does not only as a general thing, but almost invariably cure the malidies for which it is employed.
As time makes these facts wider and better known, this medicine has gradually became the best reliance of the afflicted, from the log-cabin of the Amertcan Peasant, to the Palaces of European Kings.

From Correspondence to the Morning Star.
THINGS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.
NEW YORK, Sept. 6, 1854.

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, do., in Fredericton, in Carleton by J. Cook, and by the Druggists generally.

LAND FOR SALE.—The Subscriber offers for sale, a parcel of Land containing 130 acres, situate in the Upper Settlement, Sussex, and adjoining the farm owned by Mr. Wm. Harmer. It will be disposed of at an early day, either by private sale or by auction. E. McLEOD.
St. John, June 23rd, 1854.

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, Raw and Burnt Umber; Raw and Barnt Terradie Steima; 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 Sallad 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 28. (usual papers) S. L. TILLEY.

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 LEATAER and SHOE FINDINGS, of the very best desctiptions, 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 Sides of Congress Boots; Buckskin for tender feet; fancy Boot Legs, &c.
J. J. C.

M. N. POWERS, Undertaker, &., *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.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that all persons having any demands against the Estate of the late Richard Roach of the Parish of Studholm, King's County, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to, within six months from this date; and all persons indebted to said Estate will make immediate payment to
JOHN ROACH,
THOMAS ROACH, } EXECUTORS.
WILLIAM ROACH,
Studholm, K. C., May 12th, 1854.

CLOVER AND GRASS SEEDS.—5 bbls. Red Clover Seed; 100 bushels Timothy Seed—the growth of New Brunswick. april 6. S. L. TILLEY.

BURNING FLUID.—Ex "Pearl" from Boston—10 Bbls. Burning FLUID. In Store—50 Bbls. Corn MEAL, also a few Barrels Sour ditto, for feeding—For sale by
Oct. 5, HANNAH & UNDERHILL.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,
is published every FRIDAY, for the General Conference of Free C. Baptists of New Brunswick, at
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.
At their Office, (over Chipman's Drug Store,) No. 6, King Street, St. John, N. B.
Communications, Orders, or Remittances for this paper may be directed, (post paid,) to E. McLEOD, St. John, N. B.