Poetry.

DEAR BROTHER.—The following lines were taken from a Tract for the "Intelligencer." Please insert them, if you consider them worthy of space in your paper. A SISTER.

Time and Eternity with the Sinner.

To-day the sinner's state is much admired,
To-morrow finds his wretched soul required.
To-day seeks what to eat, to drink and wear,
To-morrow plung'd in ruin and despair.
To-day put's off repenting for his sin,
To-morrow finds no time to do it in.
To-day thinks how to pass his time away,
To-morrow needs that time to mourn and pray.
To-day he would be counted rich and great,
To-morrow sees his miserable state.
To-day he hopes he never shall be lost,
To-morrow all his hope's give up the ghost.
To-day his conscience sleeps and is secure,
To-morrow shocks him with its dreadful roar.
To-day his sins are lovely in his sight,
To-morrow they his wretched soul affright.
To-day he never thinks on what's to come,
To-morrow finds his sad eternal doom.
To-day his worldly treasure has his heart,
To-morrow must with that and heaven part.
To-day he fain would be accounted wise,
To-morrow is a fool to his surprise.
To-day the jovial crew is his delight,
To-morrow ghastly floods his soul affright.
To-day o'er flowing cups his health is sung,
To-morrow wants one drop to cool his tongue.
To day he slights God's laws and gospel call,
To-morrow has to answer for it all.
To-day the great salvation he rejects,
To-morrow punishes for his neglects.
To-day he slights the children of the King,
To-morrow sees them shine and hears them sing.
To-day he proudly glories in his shame,
To-morrow is tormented for the same.
To-day takes pleasure in the way to hell,
To-morrow fix'd eterrally to dwell.

Boast not of to morrow, improve well to day,
Lest that should bring sorrow when this flies away

With the Saint.

To-day the saint with time things has todo,
To-morrow joyfully bids them all adieu.
To-day he darkly sees as through a glass,
To-morrow views his Jesus face to face.
To-day corrected by a chastening rod,
To-morrow solac'd by the smiles of God.
To-day he's burden'd with the weight of sin,
To-morrow purified from every stain.
To-day he's watching, fighting, full of fears,
To-morrow palms of victory he bears.
To day he's persecuted jeer'd and scorned,
To-morrow with a glorious crown adorn'd.
To-day he feels his wants exceeding great,
To-morrow he enjoys a large estate.
To-day as suppliant at the Mercy seat,
To-morrow casts his crown at Jesus' feet.
To-day he sighs, he looks, he mourns, he longs,
To-morrow all his sighs are turned to songs.
To-day he's rack'd with pain and sore distress,
To-morrow triumphs in eternal bliss.
To day to sow in tears is his employ,
To-morrow bears his sheaves with heavenly joy.
To-day he lives by faith and leans on hope,
To-morrow in fruition swallowed up.
To-day with saints on earth he dwells in love,
To-morrow joins the glorious host above.
To-day in feeble strains he tunes a song,
To-morrow sings with an immortal tongue
To-day he gets a taste of peace and love,
To-morrow drinks full draughts of bliss above.
To day all pleasing hopes may from him fly,
To morrow fill'd with joys that never die.
To-day in God's commands he loves to run,
To morrow hears the plaudit of "well done."
To day he's on the road to happiness,
To-morrow shall the same eternally possess.

The welcome to-morrow the Christian may say,
That ends all the sorrow and sins of to-day.

Deceiving Children.

I was spending a few days with an intimate friend, and never did I see a more systematic housewife, and, what then seemed to me, one who had so quiet and complete control of her child. But the secret of the latter I soon learned. One evening she wished to spend with me at a neighbor's,—it was a small social gathering of friends,—therefore she was very desirious of attending; but her child demanded her presence with him. After undressing him, and hearing him say his prayers, she said—

"Willie, did you not see that pretty little kitten in the street to-day?"

"Yes, I did," he replied, "I wish I had her; wasn't she pretty?"

"Yes, very; now don't you want me to buy this kitty for you? Perhaps the man will sell her."

"Oh, yes, mother, do buy her."

"Well, then, be a good boy while I am gone;" thus saying, she closed the door, but he immediately called her back.

"Don't go till morning, then I can go with you; won't you stay?"

"No, Willie! the man won't sell it if I don't go to-night, so be a good boy."

He said no more, but quietly lay down.

"Is this the way you govern your child?" said I, after we had gained the street; if you but knew the injury you are doing, you would take a different course."

"Injury!" she repeated, "why, what harm have I done? I did not tell him I would see the man, I only asked him if I should."

"But you gave him to understand that you would. He is not old enough to detect the deception now, but he soon will be. Then I fear you will perceive your error too late.—You have yourself grafted a thorn in the young rose, which will eventually pierce you most bitterly. You cannot break off the thorn, or club the point, to make it less piercing.—On your return he will not see the kitten, therefore you will have to invent another falsehood to conceal the first."

We had now gained our friend's door, which ended our conversation. During the evening she seemed gayer than usual; my words had little or no effect upon her. She did not think her little one was doing all in his power to keep awake to see the coveted kitten on her return, wondering what made "Mother gone so long." It was late ere I reminded her we ought to return. But little was said during our homeward walk. She went noiserly into the room, supposing her boy asleep, but he heard her and said—

"Mother, is that you? Have you brought the kitten? I kept awake to see it, and I was so sleepy?"

"No, my dear; the man would not sell her."

"Why won't he, mother?" he asked with quivering lips.

"I don't know; I suppose he wants her to catch rats and mice."

"Did he say so, mother?"

"He did not say just that, but I thought he meant so."

"I did want it so bad, mother." The little lips quivered, and the tears started from his eyes. He rubbed them with his little hands, winking very fast to keep them back, but they would come; at last he fell asleep with the pearly drops glistening on his rosy cheeks.—The mother's glistened also. As she knelt to kiss them away, he murmured softly in his broken slumber, "I did want it so bad." She turned her dewy eyes toward me, saying,—

"You have led me to see my error. Never will I again, let what will be the consequences, deceive my child to please myself."

Mothers, are you practicing the same deception? If your are, pause and think of the consequences ere it is too late. Does it not lessen your confidence in a person when you find out they have been deciving you? Will it not also that of your children in you, when they become old enough to detect it? Besides, it would be very strange if they themselves did not imitate you in things of more importance.

It is the pride and joy of a mother's heart to gain and retain the entire confidence of her child, and it is in her power to do so if she but exercise that power by precept and example.

The Way of the Transgressor is Hard.

Mrs. Cunnigham (or Cunninghum Burdell) is undoubtedly a "smart woman,"—in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Her smartness carried her through the ordeal of the Coronor's Inquest, and left a load of odium upon the head and shoulders of Dr. Connery, which he has never been able since to shake off. Subsequently, on the trial, she was considerably smarter than the public prosecutor, and came out of court with a verdict of "Not Guilty." Notwithstanding a chain of circumstantial evidence against her quite as strong as that which led Prof. Webster to the gallows in Boston a few years since. Flushed with her successes in these several instances, it is not to be wondered at that she should be emboldened to attempt almost anything else in her career of crime; but, fortunately, there is a law of our nature that vice shall not be perpetually progressive. In meditating the stupendous fraud of improvising a suppositious infant, with a view to possess herself of the property of the unfortunate man whom she is supposed to have murdered, she made a great blunder, in supposing that every man as well as every woman had his price,—and that all the world was at heart just as corrupt as she is. From this blunder in *theory*, she went on to blunder in practice. Her secret was divulged before she was sure enough of her instruments and accessories. There were a hundred ways in which she might have baffled suspicion and—and defeated discovery, perhaps,—but there was a blindness in her very boldness, which led her to the bar of justice before she was aware of it.

Retribution has overtaken her at last,—and if she be still a human being, with any of a woman's sensibilities or a mother's feelings, we think she must lament that she had not been convicted of the murder of Dr. Harvey Burcell, and paid the penalty, long ere this, with her worthless life. For, apart from the new shame, and disgrace and humiliation,—which this last performance of this miserable woman has brought upon the heads of her grown-up daughters and her two younger children, the public now reverses the verdict of the jury in the Court of Oyer and Terminer—reasoning that a woman who is wicked enough to have conceived and executed a scheme so daringly bad, must likewise have been daring enough to have slain her friend and benefactor, if not her husband, under his own roof. This conclusion may be uncharitable and wrong; but, we venture to say, that it is the deliberate conviction of nine tenths of the community,—of everbody, indeed, who has formed any opinion at all upon the subject. Hence whatever punishment may await Mrs. Cunningham, as the penalty of her present transgression,—whether it may be five years, or ten years, in the State Prison,—it is as nothing in severity, compared with the judgment which is now morally declared against her,—even by many who, before, were disposed to give her the fullest benefit of the doubt. Truly, "the way of the transgressor is hard."—[Express.

Paying The Printer.

In the days of Mycall, the publisher of *The Newburyport Herald* (a journal still alive and flourishing) the sheriff of old Essex, Philip Bagley, had been asked several times to pay up his arrears of subscription. At last one day he told Mycall that he would certainly 'hand over the next morning as he lived. If you don't get your money to morrow, you may be sure I am dead,' said he. The morrow came and pass d, but no money. Judge of the sheriff's feelings when, on the morning of the day after he opened his *Herald* and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagley, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Essex; with an obituary notice attached, giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had one fault very much to deplored: he was not punctual in paying the printer. Bagley, without waiting for his breakfast, started for the *Herald* office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more? Full of perturbation, he entered the printing office, to deny that he was dead, *in propria persona*. 'Why, Sheriff!' exclaimed the factious editor, 'I thought you were defunct!' 'Defunct!' exclaimed the sheriff; 'what put that idea in your head?' 'Why you yourself!' said Mycall.—'Did you not tell me—' 'Oh! ah! yes! I see!' stammered out the sheriff. 'Well, there's your money. And now contradict the report in the next paper, if you please.' 'That's not necessary, friend Bagley,' said the old joker; 'it was only printed in your copy.' The good sheriff lived many years after this 'sell,' and to the day of his real death always took good care to pay the printer.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Mock Auctions.

SCENE.—*A Store in Broadway, near Warren Street. A red flag hanging at the door.*

A greenhorn named Mr. Jones, from Hartford, is stopped while careering down Broadway by the sound of a stentorian voice from within crying "going." He hears the whack of the auctioneer's mallet, and sees six gentlemen standing round a table. "Things are selling mighty cheap in there," says he, and goes in. Peter Funk holds a piece of linen in his hand, and is just on the point of knocking it down at six cents a yard,—"55 1-2 yards, going, at six cents!—an awful sacrifice." "Seven," says Jones. "Eight," says Stool Pigeon. "Nine," says Jones. Whack goes the mallet: "Sold," says Peter. "Mr. Jones, 55 1-2 yards of linen, at fifty nine cents," touching lightly on the fifty. The attentive clerk beckons to Jones, who steps back behind a mysterious desk with a screen in front. Clerk begins to make out the bill while Jones lays down a five dollar bank note to pay for the linen; the money goes into the drawer. Clerk hands Jones the bill, which reads thus:

"Mr. Jones bought of peter Funk 55 1-2 yards of irish linen, at 59 cents per yard—$32,74."

Jones opens his eyes; clerk points to the sum, and holds out right hand with the remark: "Balance, $27,74." Jones opens his mouth, and essays to speak, but is dumfounded he has heard of these pesky mock auctions but never dreamed that he should ever blunder into one in so respectable a place as Broadway. Mr. Jones ruminates and Pinches himself to see if he is dreaming; he is awake—he is in New York; Broadway. But Mr. Jones, though green, has presence of mind he forks over the balance demanded, takes his linen under his arm and gapes at the auctioneer until that functionary gets nervous and announces that the sale is adjourned for the day. Mr. Jones accordingly, to prevent being housed with the precious scamps, steps out and travels toward the tombs, where he finds a Metropolitan Policeman, and tells his tale of woe. In a few moments the swindling shop and the inmates, which, meantime, have got under full headway again, are taken all aback with an apparition—it is Mr. Jones with that linen under his arm, and a person with a brass shield on the lappel of his coat. The man with the shield takes the clerk by the nape of his neck, and starts him toward the Tombs; Clerk remonstrates—explains—expletives, and so on, but keeps moving up Broadway and through Chambers street, when all of a sudden he concludes to disgorge the $32,74; which Jones takes, thanks the officer and vanishes.

Mr. Jones related these interesting adventures in person.—*Tribune.*

TALEBEARING.—Never repeat a story unless you are certain it is correct, and not even then until something is to be gained, either of interest to yourself, or for the good of the person concerned. Tattling is a mean and wicked practice, and he who indulges in it, grows more fond of it in proportion as he is successful. If you have no good to say of your neighbour, never reproach his character by telling that which is false. He who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults, and so the dish of news is handed from one to another, till the tale becomes enormous. 'A story never loses anything,' is wisely remarked; but on the contrary, gains in proportion as it is repeated by those who have not a strict regard for truth. Truly, 'the tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.'

MARRIAGE.—If I were talking to my own daughter, I would entreat her never to allow herself to dwell upon marriage as an object of life. Dignity and delicacy sink, I cannot say how rapidly, when once that idea takes possession of the mind; and so for happiness there is no more miserable being in existence than a woman, past the excitement of youth, aiming to be married, for the sake of being married. She becomes more and more dissatisfied and envious and neglectful of present duties. May you never become what I have seen many others, solely from the influence of this one false, degrading principle.

HATS AND CAPS.—The Subscriber has received per "Adelaide" from Boston—A large assortment of FUR CAPS, latest styles; together with a large Stock of HATS and CAPS on hand, of his own manufacture, he will dispose of at very low prices.
A. MAGEE
27, North Side and 58 South Side King st
N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order. Cash and the highest price paid for Shipping Furs.
St. John N. B., Nov. 29, 1856

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.
THE Subscribers having this day entered into Copartnership as TAILORS and DRAPERS, the business heretofore carried on by A. GILMOUR, will in future be conducted under the style and firm of A. & T. GILMOUR.
ANDREW GILMOUR
march 2 THOMAS GILMOUR

STATE SUPERFINE,
STATE EXTRA SUPERFINE,
PHILADELPHIA SUPERFINE,
ALEXANDRIA SUPERFINE, } FLOUR.
CORN MEAL; RICE;
TEA, TOBACCO;
BURNING FLUID; SALERATUS.
For sale at lowest market rates, by
HAMILTON & UNDERHILL,
may22 nwsaeis-n 15, South Wharf.

CARD.
THE undersigned would take this method of thanking his numerous friends and customers for the very liberal support which he has received since he commenced business, and flattering himself that he has a thorough knowledge of the SADDLE and HARNESS Business, to give warranted satisfaction to those who may favour him with a call; and with a disposition to accommodate all those who may favour with their support, he feels confident that he will give satisfaction. And having a general assortment of SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS, HARNESS, &c. &c., at his Establishment CROSBY'S BUILDING, 193 Union Street, where he would be happy to wait upon all those who may favour him with a call.
ROBERT COLLINS,
june6 1m 1 3, Crosby's Building, Union st.

REMOVED.
FLOOD'S Daguerreotype, Ambrotype and Photograph Gallery, 46 Prince William-street, Building North "Victoria House." (Patronised by His Excellency the Lieut. Governor of this Province. The subscriber has removed his business to the above building, having thereby obtained greater facilities for carrying on Photography in all its beauty and extent. Being in possession of all the improvements the art have yet attained, he is satisfied that those who patronize him will get a Portrait or Miniature hereto re unsurpassed on this continent.
He does not Advertise *Cheap Pictures*, but persons calling will find they will be better served, and eventually as much the gainer by patronizing the Rooms No. 46, Prince William-stre-
June 1 C. FLOOD

REMOVAL.
GEORGE G. GILBERT Jr., Barrister at Law, has removed his office to No. 11 Judge Ritchie', Building Princess Street. vi aug21

HENRY ROBERTSON,
Importer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE,
No. 3, St. Stephens Building,
King Square, St. John N. B.

DOCTOR A. ALWARD,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE—137 Union Street.

WAR WITH CHINA!
THE
CHINESE
EMPIRE.
Illustrated with 4 Steel Engravings, at 1s. 3d each part.
London Printing & Publishing Company.
ROGER HUNTER, Agent, 9 Market Square, St. John. july31

JAMES H. HENNIGAR would respectfully inform his friends and the Public that he has Leased the premises, No. 16, Germain Street, two doors South of Fellows & Co., and directly opposite the Country Market, where he intends keeping on hands a good Stock of DOMESTIC MANUFACTURED FURNITURE, at prices as low as the Imported article can be bought for. All kind of Upholstry and Cabinet work done with neatness and despatch. Furniture cleaned and repaired.
N. B. Purchasers would do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
july17 J. H. H.

FREEHOLD PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The following LOTS OF LAND, situate at Salmon River, Parish of Chipman, Queen's County, viz:—Five Acres of Intervale Land, situate about a half a mile above the Gaspereaux stream, and bounded on one side by James Langin's farm, and on the other side by George Bennison's, having 20 1-2 rods front on Salmon River. It is at present under a good crop of Oats, and has a framed Barn thereon.
Also—The lot whereon the subscriber resides, fronting on Salmon River, known as being formerly the seat of the Salmon River Mills, containing 53 acres, more or less, having a front of 126 rods. About 40 acres are cleared, 30 of which are intervale. This lot in a good state of cultivation, having 8 acres of Oats and other crops thereon, with a good Dwelling House, and a Barn 40 feet long by 30 feet wide.
Also—A Lot in the rear, containing 200 acres, with an allowance of 10 per cent. for roads and waste, with about 25 acres cleared thereon. This lot is well timbered with large Yellow Birch and Hackmatac, suitable for Ship Building, also, beautiful Spruce logs.
Also—A certain Right from Government of 200 acres of such timbered land as the last mentioned lot. The particulars thereof made known to the purchaser.
Also—Four Horses, with harness, two of which cost £50 in St. John; one a Mare, 4 years old, and the other about 9 years old, with Sleds and Chains, fully situated for lumbering. Also, 3 milch Cows and some young Cattle, with 30 sheep, and everything necessary for Farming and Lumbering.
N. B.—A considerable allowance will be made to any person wishing to buy Land, Crops, Stocks, and Furniture as they are.
Further information can be obtained on the premises from the owner. JOHN WILSON
P. S.—There are in the neighbourhood a Baptist Meeting House, a Presbyterian Church, a Grist Mill, and Saw Mills in abundance. J. W.

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber offers for sale a lot of LAND, 200 acres, situated in the Mechanics' Settlement, Parish of Sussex. It is well timbered and watered, the river passing one end, and a large brook across the other, and a fine spring in the middle; the land is of a superior quality. For further particulars apply to the Subscriber.
Sussex, Aug 5 JOHN M. B. McLEOD.

ARCHITECTURE.
NICHOLSON'S DICTIONARY of the Science of Architecture, Carpentry, Joinery, Masonery, Bricklaying, Plastering, Plumber work &c., illustrated with 210 Engravings, and upwards of 1,600 working Drawings—in parts at 1s 3d each.
ROGER HUNTER, Agent,
9 Market Square, St. John.

VICTORIA HOUSE
WE have received per steamers, and block-ball packets, the greater portion of our NEW SPRING STOCK, to which we invite the attention of purchasers. The Goods having been personally selected in the best markets, and laid in on the most advantageous terms, we are prepared to compete with any house in the Province, as well in point of value as in novelty and variety of style. Our supply of LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, comprises almost every new texture and design. Our Stock of
Parasols, Bonnets, and Ribbons,
is unusually large. In connexion with our Shawl and Mantle room, we have added a department for
Infant's Cloaks, Cashmere Hoods and Hats,
Children's Dresses in Sardinian Plaids,
Holland Pinafores and Jackets,
Jean Pelisses, Merino Frocks,
Ladies' Morn'g Wrappers,
Muslin Robes,
Waists,
In Linings, Woollens, Cottons, Flannels, Gloves, Hosiery, Haberdashery, Trimmings, Muslins, Laces, Sewed Work, Veils, etc., we have our usual supplies; with a large assortment of Carpetings, Morrens, Damasks, Fringes, Gimps, Hearth Rugs, Door Mats, and Floor Oil Cloths, all of which are marked in *plain figures*, and offered WHOLESALE and RETAIL.
may8 FRAZER, ENNIS & CO.

ENGLISH PERFUMERY, &c.
Received per "Peter Maxwell"—
SPRING STOCK of Rondeletia, Vegetable Essence, Lubin's genuine PERFUMERY & Pomatum Fixature, Gosnell's FRUIT, Scented; World's Choice Ladies Toilet, Peach Blossom; Brown Windsor and Honey Cerasus Honey, and Burtons SANDAL SOAPS.
Whitehends Essence of MUSTARD, Cockle's Holloway's & Morrisons PILLS; Keatings Cough Lozenges; with a full supply of DRUGS, Medicines, Chemicals, &c., &c. For sale Wholesale and Retail by G. S. READ,
may28 Fellow's Building, 8 Germain st.

Sure Cure, or the Money Re-funded
GIVE IT A TRIAL.
COLEMAN'S Compound Cherry Syrup is a little the best article now offered for sale in this city. If you don't believe it, step in and take one Bottle. Should it not give satisfaction the money will be refunded. Call and give it a trial. For sale by JAMES COLEMAN,
Druggist and Apothecary,
13 No. 53 King street.

NOTICE!! NOTICE!!
BY LATE ARRIVALS.
2 CASES Assorted Fancy GOODS; 1 Case Tailors' Trimmings; 1 do. Carpenter's Pencils; 1 do. Mens Belts; 1 do. Vienna Matches, (free from Sulphur); 1 do. Imitation Jett Bracelets; 1 do. Locomotives, (wound to go without Steam); 1 do. Accordions and Flautinas. At Wholesale only by
F. A. COSGROVE.
july13—tf 75, Prince Wm. Street, St. John.

A CARD.—We would direct the attention of the Public to the large variety of HATS and CAPS now on sale at
HALL'S HAT STORE, 41 King Street.
The largest and doubtless the best assorted stock in this City, we can only notice a few of the leading articles, viz.
Gents Dress Hats,
In Black Velvet, Satin, Moleskin, and Silk, Drab Beaver, Felt, Silk, and Angola, English, French, and American make, every style and quality.
Soft Felt Hats.
Kossuth Hungarian, Julian, Magyar, Empire, Webster, Senator, Rockland, and Panama styles; Men and Boys plain and fancy trimed.
Straw Goods.
Gramma, Leghorn, Tuscan, Canton, Pedell, Black and White Italian and Neapolitan Braids; for Men Boys and Girls various trimed.
Cloth Caps,
In every Style Colour and quality.
Children's Hats and Caps,
In every Variety of Material and Trimming.
Ladies Riding Hats,
In Beaver, Felt, Straw, &c.
Glazed Hats,
India Rubber, Lown covered, Painted, Alma, and Patent.
We recommend all who want good fair value for their money to call at
D. H. HALL'S
HAT STORE,
june 12 41 King Street.

M. N. POWERS, UNDERTAKER
Respectfully gives notice that he will attend to all the duties connected with the management of Funerals at the shortest notice; also keeps in his Warerooms a large assortment of Coffins, of every size and description, consisting of Mahogany, Walnut, and covered, at all prices.
Coffin Mounting of all descriptions—English and American—Japanned and Plated. Plates Engraved and Lettered. Grave Clothes of all sizes and Qualities.
Orders left at Wareroom or Residence over Warerooms, thankfully received and promptly attended to, day or night. M. N. P.
P. S.—Two superior Hearses, with quiet horses, and careful driver. Palls, &c., furnished.
Aug. 16

CHEESE!! CHEESE!!—Just received from Nova Scotia—500 best New Milk CHEESE.
—ON HAND—
Mackerel; Herrings; Flour.
For sale by TAYLOR & TRUEMAN,
aug14 22, South Market Wharf.

PROFESSOR WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.
IT HAS WORKED MIRACLES!
THAT ALL THE BALD AND GRAY CAN BE RESTORED PERFECTLY to original growth, and color so far as their locks are concerned does not admit of doubt; besides it will cure every possible disease of the scalp, whether developed as dandruff itching or in the shape of cutaneous eruptions—even scald head—and in no possible case will it fail to cutting as if by magic, nervous or periodical head-ache, and if used twice a week by the young regularly, it will preserve the color, and keep the hair from falling, to any imaginable age. Read and judge.

Milford, Worchester Co., Mass., Nov. 1855.
PROF. O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir; I take pleasure in bearing voluntary testimony to the magic effects of your wonderful Hair Restorative. As far back as 1836, my hair commenced falling off, and the top of my scalp became bald and smooth as glass, and it has continued to fall for a great many years, notwithstanding I have used many celebrated preparations for restoration. Seeing your advertisement I was induced to give your article a trial, and to my utter astonishment, found, after a few applications, that my hair became firmly set, and assumed a glossy and beautiful appearance; and by the time I had used a quart bottle, my bald head was covered over with a young and vigorous growth of hair, which is now from one to two inches in length, and growing fast.
Yours, truly, HENRY GOODRICH.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS., Aug. 9, 1856.
Gents:—Nothing but a duty and sympathy that I feel to communicate to others that are afflicted as I have been, would induce me to give this public acknowledgement of the benefit I have received from Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative. When I first commenced using it, my hair was quite gray, and in spots entirely bald. I have now used the Restorative about five months, and my hair is entirely changed to its original color, brown, and the new hair is over three inches in length on the spots where it was bald. I have also been much gratified at the healthy moisture and vigor of the hair, which before was dry, and it has ceased to come out as formerly. Respectfully yours, &c., MRS. E. A. STODDARD.

From Mrs. Ingalls, a well known nurse in Boston
Boston Oct. 18th, 1856
GENTS:—At your request, and being so highly pleased with the effects of the Restorative, I am free to state that my hair had become quite thin, and entirely white. I had for the last five years been in the habit of using dye, but hearing of the extraordinary effects of the article, I was induced to try it. My hair has been restored to its original thickness, and also to its former color, which is light brown.
Yours respectfully, MRS. INGALLS.

The following is from the Pastor of the Orthodox Church, Brookfield.
BROOKFIELD, MASS., Jan. 11, 1856.
Prof. Wood—Dear Sir—Having made trial of your Hair Restorative, it gives me pleasure to say, that its effects have been excellent in removing inflammation, dandruff, and a constitutional tendency to fever, with which I have been troubled from my childhood, and has also restored the hair, which was becoming gray, to its original color. I have used no other article, with anything like the same gratifying and great benefit. Yours, truly, J. K. GRAGG.
[From the Jersey City Telegraph.]
WHAT IS THE BEST HAIR RESTORATIVE?—Is a question asked daily by hundreds. We answer without hesitation or fear of contradiction, that it is the only article known which will do all it promises for the human hair. It will renew its growth—it will stop its falling—it will restore its natural color: it is not a Hair Dye, but a speedy and efficacious Restorative.
O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, N. Y., and 166 Market street, St. Louis, Mo
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Throat, Asthma, and is particularly calculated to relieve the Whooping Cough, and all complaints tending to Consumption.

Above we present you with a likeness of DR. MORSE—the inventor of Morse's Indian Root Pills. This philanthropist has spent the greater part of his life in traveling, having visited Europe, Asia, and Africa, as well as North America—has spent three years among the Indians of our Western country—it was in this way that the Indian Root Pills were discovered. Dr. Morse was the first man to establish the fact that all diseases arose from Impurity of the Blood—that our strength, health, and life depended upon this vital fluid.
When the various passages become clogged and do not act in perfect harmony with the different functions of the body, the blood loses its action, becomes thick, corrupted and diseased; thus causing all pains, sickness and distress of every name; our strength is exhausted, our health we are deprived of, and if nature is not assisted in throwing off the stagnant humors, the blood will become choked and cease to act, and thus our light of life will forever be blown out. How important then that we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And how pleasant to us that we have it in our power to put a medicine in our reach, namely, Morse's Indian Root Pills, manufactured from plants and roots which grow around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's garden, for the health and recovery of diseased man. One of the properties which these Pills are made is a Stimulic, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists Nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corruption within. The second is a plant which is an Expectorant, that opens and washes the pus sacks to the lungs, and thus, in a soothing manner, performs its duty by throwing off phlegm, and other humors from the lungs, by copious spitting. The third is a Diuretic, which gives ease and double strength to the kidneys, thus encouraged, they draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which is then thrown out beautifully by the urinary or water passage, and which could not have been discharged in any other way. The fourth is a Cathartic, and accompanies the other properties of the Pills which operate in purifying the blood; the coarser particles of impurity which cannot pass by the other outlets, are thus taken up and thrown off in great quantities by the bowels.
From the above it is shown that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills not only enter the stomach, but become united with the blood, for they find way to every part, and completely root out and cleanse the system from all impurity, and the life of the body, which is the blood, becomes perfectly healthy; consequently all sickness and pain is driven from the system for they cannot remain when the body becomes so pure and clear.
The reason why people are so distressed when sick, and why so many die, is because they do not get a medicine which will pass to the affected parts, and which will open the natural passages for the fever to be cast out; hence, a large quantity of food and other matter is lodged, and the stomach and intestines are literally overflowing with the corrupted mass; thus undergoing disagreeable fermentation, rapidly mixing with the blood, which throws the corrupted matter through every vein and artery, until life is taken from the body by disease. Dr. Morse's PILLS have added to themselves victory upon victory, by restoring million of the sick to blooming health and happiness. Yes, thousands who have long racked or tormented with sickness, pain and anguish, and whose feeble frames have been scourged by the burning elements of raging fever, and who have been brought, as if were, within a step of the silent grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead, had it not been for this great and wonderful medicine, Morse's Indian Root Pills. After one or two doses had been taken, they were astonished, and absolutely surprised, in witnessing their charming effects. Not only do give immediate ease and strength, and take away all sickness, pain and anguish, but they at once go to work at the foundation of the disease, which is the blood. Therefore, it will be shown, especially by those who use the Pills, that they, will so cleanse and purify, that disease—that deadly enemy—will take the flight, and the flush of youth and beauty will again return, and the prospect of a long happy life will cherish and brighten your days.
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