

Poetry.

The Well of Bethlehem.

[From the London Patriot.
2 SAM. XXIII, 15, 17.]

"O for a cooling draught
Of Bethlehem's cooling spring,
My boyhood drank it off,
Exclaiming the Jewish king;
Through all the land there's a stream
So sweet as that of Bethlehem.

His words three worthies heard,
And instantly arose,
On them their arms they gird,
And thus their vow disclose:
"Monarch, this day a goblet clear
From Jesse's well thy heart shall cheer."

Around that crystal stream
Philistine warriors stood,
Their spears and swords horrid gleam;
They row they'll drink the blood
Of any Jew whose madness fell
Should dare approach old Jesse's well

But soon these foes beheld
The Jewish worthies come;
Instant their vanishing souls were quelled,
Their fears for their doom,
Goliath's fate awaited them;
Away they hied and left the stream.

A goblet from the well
Before the king was placed,
But horror on the monarch fell.
His thirst refused to taste;
"To obtain this drink, these men," he said,
"Their precious lives have jeopardized."

King David would not drink
The cup which life defied;
His princely heart recoiled to think
Three subjects might have died
The drinker's cup but thousands slain,
And shall we taste that cup again?

A Living Miracle.

OR, ALECK'S STORY OF POOR ALECK.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that does most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour high humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In desert adoration bends;
The weight of glory bends him down
The most when high his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

"Poor Aleck!" sighed many, as they laid
him low in his woodland grave, near Martin-
ville, Ind. Aleck was a living miracle, a
triumphant refutation of infidelity, a constant
rebuke to sin, an heir of immortality, locked
up in a cumbrous clay.

The heart swells with singular and lively
faith at the remembrance of this poor saint,
now sleeping in the dust.

He was born of poor parents. He was
poor in spirit, in a double sense. He was
impoverished in mind. He never could nor did
learn any of the commonest facts of life. He
never knew enough to tell one piece of
money from another. He frequently got lost
going along the public highway, in the neigh-
borhood where he was born. He often left
his clothes at houses, or in fields, and never
could tell where they were. He could not learn
his letters, nor learn to count. Many of the
people Aleck knew were wicked. He learned
to work at the plainest kind of labour, such
as shovelling or digging, and was often en-
gaged in public works. He often had to as-
sociate with swimmers, drunkards, and Sab-
bath-breakers. He learned to associate with
drunk whiskey whenever he could
get it; fought with loafers, and danced for
their amusement. It might have been truly
said, "Poor Aleck!" then.

His reason deteriorated or imbedded, his pas-
sions flamed up like those of a ferocious
beast, Aleck was, indeed, in a pitiable plight.
Aleck had no advantage, which many, alas
have not. His mother loved God, and she
loved, too, the blind and erring soul of her
boy. He was rapidly hastening to ruin and
death, when his attention was arrested by the
kindness of a simple-hearted and aged minis-
ter, familiarly known by the endearing title
of "Father Spilman."

He heard this servant of God preach be-
cause he loved him. He loved him and his
mother. Of these he often spoke—these he
never forgot. While all else of earth seemed
a blank to him, he never ceased to remem-
ber good old Father Spilman and his mother.
Aleck loved dancing, and whiskey, and fight-
ing, and swearing. Which will conquer?
The right or wrong?

He at last got a glimpse of the love of
Christ. He heard the wonderful story of
his death from the lips of the aged monitor.
There was a new idea; "Christ Jesus came
into the world to save sinners." Aleck lis-
tened to it. He thought that Jesus would
hear poor Aleck pray, if he came into the
world to save sinners.

"Then," said he, telling his experience,
"I prayed, and Jesus heard me, and changed
me, and made me happy; then I quit going
to the grogery, and the balls, and fighting,
and drinking."

O, how simple thou child of God, is thy
brief story! He generally wound up his ex-
perience by saying, "There I shall see my
mother, and Father Spilman, and all the good
people." Aleck was converted—no body
doubts—in Morgan County, Ind. There is
no doubt who can doubt it. Intellectually
he was poor; but in grace he was rich. He
commenced a new life at once. He prayed
without ceasing—often leaving his work to
pray. He would go to the woods and kneel
down and pray, and when done would not be
able to find the road. Aleck loved now to go
to meeting. All the mind he had seemed di-
rected to one object—salvation. He learned
to sing many tunes and hymns. These he
sang with all his might, swaying his head to
and fro, and interspersing shouts of praise
and thanksgiving. Many times have minis-
ters listened in astonishment to the ex-
periences, songs, and prayers of this poor
sinner, who could not go home alone, and
could not count ten. Let philosophers ex-
plain it if they can, how he who could not re-
member the names of the friends dearest to
him; who could not become acquainted with
anything pertaining to life or business; who
was once vicious and reckless; let them tell
how he learned to sing a hundred hymns, and
to repeat a hundred texts of Scripture.

Aleck longed to defend the church with
his tongue, weak as he was. An Irishman
one day asked him if John Wesley did not
steal his religion from the Catholics. "No,

you never had any to be stolen!" was the
prompt reply.

"Your religion is false," said one to him
one day.

"No, it isn't," said Aleck, "it's true. I
feel it, thank the Lord! Yours is false. You
pray to the Virgin Mary. I pray to Jesus.
Why don't you be good? What makes you
drink whiskey, and break the Sabbath, and
pray to pictures, and fiddle, and dance, and
serve the devil?"

All this Aleck said so fast that the con-
fronted Papist could not say a word.—When
he ceased, he said: "Why, Aleck, don't the
Bible say there is a time to play and a time to
dance?"

"Yes, and there's a time to quit, too; but
you never do that," was the apt reply.

A lawyer, one day, in a crowd, called to
Aleck, "Aleck, can't you give us a ser-
mon?"

"You'd better be prayin' now," was the
response, and turned the laugh on the law-
yer.

A vulgar fellow, one day, in Martinsville,
undertook to make fun of Aleck. It was at
a hotel. Aleck was walking backward and
forward, across the bar-room floor, singing
some joyful ditty. The loafer made some
vulgar remark, which made some of the
young men laugh, when Aleck turned and said
to the crowd very soberly, "Boys, never
laugh at a fool; it always makes him worse."

The whole crowd was convulsed with the
wit of the repartee, and the fellow slunk
away to get rid of their jeers.

His wonderful power of repartee was the
talk of the whole country, and yet he was,
on most subjects, almost idiotic. His pray-
ers were remarkable. He talked with God
like a child pleading with his parent. His face
would then be turned up; reverently would
he begin, and in monosyllables address his
heavenly Father. His eyes would stream
with tears. There was no rush or hurry;
but occasionally a repetition. How often
has my heart been deeply touched with this
scene—poor Aleck pleading with his God.

He who could scarcely tell his name,
who could not count his fingers, yet putting
up eloquent and prevailing prayer before
God.

Poor Aleck! My heart bleeds to think of
this. He had not much reason to guide him.
He felt a martyr to his religion. He would
go to the meeting whenever he could, pray
and shout all the way, and all the time while
there. One night, last Spring, Aleck went
to meeting, and after meeting got lost from
the crowd, and lay out all night, no one
knows where. Aleck could not tell. It was
a cold night, and he suffered much, and

patiently suffered for seven weeks, and died
with a joyful hope of living with Christ. He
used to say, "What a time we'll have when
we all get home!" When singing once, after
preaching.

No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,
Shall reach that faithful shore."

Aleck cried out to me, from his seat,—"Now
sing you glad of that?"

"Is Christ very precious to you now?"
said a minister to Aleck, when he was sick.

"He is that," was the poor saint's reply.
Aleck will have stars of rejoicing in the
final day. He has done an immense amount
of good. His example was an unanswerable
argument in favor of the Christian religion.

I asked an intelligent physician in Marti-
nsville, what wicked men generally thought of
Aleck's piety. Said he, "I never heard any
one hint that he had not the most implicit
confidence in him. His example, no infidel
pretends to combat—it always silences the
enemies of religion."

Should I ever revisit the scenes of former
labors, I would like to shed a tear on the
grave of this child of the skies. He who ne-
ver knew what power, ambition or money
was, knows now the new song—the song of
Moses and the Lamb. Alexander McGowan
will never again get lost while praying in the
woods. He has met Father Spilman and his
mother now. Who would not like to see him
again, that knew him here? I very much
want to see him. I want to know what Je-
sus can do for us.

"The nails are gone, but the Marks
are There."

Once there was a little boy, who had a
father that loved him dearly, and wished, as
all good parents do, to have his much loved
son a good child. So, one day, he told him
that he would drive a nail into a post, when-
ever he would do an act that was wrong, and
when he would do a good deed, he would
pull one out. Now, I think that this little boy
tried to be good, for, though there were
quite a number of nails driven into the post,
after a while all had been drawn out. Not
one remained.

Don't you think 'Bennie' must have been
a happy little fellow the day that the last nail
disappeared from the post? His father was
very much pleased, and was congratulating
his little son upon the fact that the nails were
all gone; but he was much surprised to see
that 'Bennie' was weeping instead of being
glad. 'Yes,' said the dear child, 'the nails
are all gone, that is true, but the marks are
there still.'

O, my dear children, did you ever think
that all your bad deeds will leave Marks?
Yes, marks upon your soul, and perhaps
upon the souls of others. Think of this
whenever you are tempted to do a wrong
act. Say to yourself, 'I shall make a mark
that I shall not love to look at—a mark that
cannot be taken out.' For even though this
sin may be pardoned, as to its guilt, and wash-
ed away, as to its pollution, by the atoning
blood of the precious Redeemer, still it will
leave a something that will prevent its being
forgotten by you. Memory, like a faithful
mirror, will often present it before you.

How painful the view will be. How you
will wish that you could have none but good
deeds to look upon. Bright and beautiful
would the tablet then appear, instead of being
stained and marred by dark spots and scars.

Then, my dear children, strive to make a
mark every day of your lives, but let that
mark be a good one—not that you will love
to see in days to come—one that will bring
smiles, and not tears, whenever you think
upon it—one that will leave a bright spot
upon your heart and the hearts of others,
and not a wound that will keep festering and
aching within your heart, or scar your
conscience. Now is your seed-time. Lay

not up for yourself that which will cost bit-
ter remorse; but gather a store of sweet
memories that shall refresh you in age—
that shall cheer you upon a sick or dying
bed, and even be remembered with joy in
heaven.—Pres. Banner.

The Slave's Story

On Saturday afternoon a poor fugitive
slave, who arrived three weeks ago at Liver-
pool from New Orleans, stowed away in the
hold of a cotton ship, was brought to this
office. The following is his own plain unvar-
nished tale, taken down as the narrative fell
from his lips:

"My name is Tom Wilson. I arrived here
in a ship called the Metropolis, Captain Fos-
ter. I am slave born. I have been under
slave bondage ever since I was born. I am
now forty-years old. I belonged to Mr.
Henry Fastman of New York, cotton presser.

I was under him for the space of seven years.
Before then I belonged to Colonel Barr of
Woodford, Mississippi. There I had a wife
and three children, besides having had an-
other child, which died. I was sold by auc-
tion, by Major Baird, auctioneer, for \$2,500, and
was taken down to New Orleans, away from
my wife and children, and I haven't seen
them since. Shortly after I got there, Mr.
Fastman's overseer, Burks commenced to ill
use me. I didn't understand tying me down,
it was new to me, and I was awkward, so I
was flogged. They used to tie me down across
a cotton bale, and give me 200 or 300 with a
leather strap. I was marked with the whip
from the ankle bone to the crown of my head.

Some years before I was sold from Missis-
sippi, the overseer there, because I rested
punishment once, cut my arm across the
muscle, and then had it stitched up! He did
that, as he said, to weaken me, because I was
too strong in arm. About a year and a half
after I had been in New Orleans I ran into
the woods. I was followed by Burks and a
pack of bloodhounds into the Baddenrath
Swamp. The dogs soon caught me. They
tore my legs and body with their teeth. Here
are the marks yet. [As he spoke he turned
up his trousers' legging, and exposed formid-
able scars, extending up the calf and above
the knee joint.] Burks (he continued) rode
up to me with his gun, and shot me in the
hip with fourteen buck shot, which can be
seen and examined at any time. The dogs
continued to pin me with their teeth. After
that I knew nothing about what they did to
me for about a week. When I got a little
stronger they burned my back with a red hot
iron, and my legs with spirits of turpentine,
to punish me for escaping. They put an iron
collar round my neck, which I wore for eight
months, besides two leg irons, one on each
leg. After that I was watched very closely;
but one night about a week after Christmas I
ran away and hid myself under the sawdust,
in a sawmill pit, below New Orleans. I was
followed by Burks, the overseer, and the dogs,
but they did not find me. I crept out, and
ran away, for more safety, to the Great Salt
Water Lake, behind New Orleans, secreting
myself under the bushes and vines. There
are alligators in the lake, and as I waded up
to the knees in the water, the alligators fol-
lowed me, grunting and bellowing and trying
to get me. I had several times to climb up
trees to escape them, but I felt safer among
the alligators than among the white men. In
the morning at four o'clock, I went down to
the wharf. On the road I came across some
of the men who were out watching for me
with guns and dogs. It was just getting light.
I began to whistle and sing, and walked close
by them, and they paid no attention to me.

When I got down to the wharf some of the
coloured crew of the American cotton ship
Metropolis took me on board, and hid me
among the bales. One of the coloured men
spit on me, and there was a search for me
that day, but they did not find me though they
came very near me, and I trembled to think
I should be taken back and tortured. I was
frightened, too, for the coloured men who
had befriended me. I was kept out of the
sight of the white men, and Captain Foster
did not know anything about it until after the
noon were paid off at Liverpool. I remained
hid from a week after Christmas until about
three weeks ago, when the ship came here.

During the time I was secreted I was kept
alive by the coloured men, who had been so
good to me. They brought me something to
eat and drink every night. When I first land-
ed here I was frightened at every white man I
passed, and I hid myself about where I could,
and begged at night for bread. I was afraid
I should be taken into slavery again. I did
not know I could not be a slave here.

With regard to the future, poor Tom Wil-
son said he would be very glad of a fireman's
place on board a coasting steamer. When in
slavery, in America, he had been hired out
as fireman on one of the lake steamers. He said
he could do that work very well, and could
stand any amount of heat.

In inquiries we have made, we are in-
duced to believe that the foregoing narrative,
which reads like a lost chapter of Uncle Tom's
Cabin, is substantially true.—Albion.

Necessity for Creeds.

The course of errorists shows the impor-
tance of good creeds. The stress of assault
reveals the strength of the fortress. It is
noticeable also, that the heretic objects to
confessions of faith only so long and so far
as he is endeavouring to pull down. When
he has brought things to his own level, and
becomes the object of assault from below, he
projects his own confession of faith. In his
offensive war he assaults the creed—in his
defensive war he entrenches himself within
one. Notwithstanding all the pious wailings
of the early Unitarians on the subject,
under the iron rods of Parker and his comrades
the American Unitarian Association, in the
year 1853, found it necessary to declare
their creeds. The Christians talk very
pleasantly on the subject while warming their
way into other churches; but when they or-
ganize a church of their own they lay down
(whether written or not) their code of doc-
trines. And it usually turns out at last that
when a man is disparaging creeds, his ob-
jection is not so much to the thing in general
as to this or that particular creed. He has
one of his own which he would like to put
in its place—that is all. Or when he advo-
cates a convenient looseness in the state-
ment of some doctrine, it is symptomatic
of a slight looseness in his own mind about
that doctrine.

Drunkenness and Insanity.

The following statistics show that insanity
exists in all countries in the ratio of drunken-
ness:—

"In Holland and Belgium, the consumption
of intoxicating drinks is two gallons to
every individual, and there is one lunatic to
every 3,000 of the people; in France, the
consumption is five gallons to every individ-
ual and there is one lunatic to every 600 of
the people; in Normandy, three and a half
gallons of intoxicating drinks are consumed
by each individual, and there is one lunatic
to every 750 of the people; in America,
three gallons are consumed by each individ-
ual, and there is a lunatic to every 650 of
the people; in England three gallons are
consumed by each, and there is a lunatic to
every 800 of the people; in Scotland, four
gallons are consumed by each, and there is a
lunatic to every 670 of the people; in Ire-
land there are five and a half gallons con-
sumed by every man, woman, and child, at
least that amount in proportion to the population,
and there is in that country one lunatic to
every 550 of the people.

It's not Right.

"It is not right," said a little boy whose
mother wished him to go for some whis-
ky; 'you gave me leave to attend the
Abstinence Meetings, mother, and there I
learned that it's not right for me to go for
whisky.'"

"Whist, don't make any more noise
about it; I'll go for it myself," said the
mother.

"But, mother," said the boy, "if it's not right
for me to go, what way is it right for you to
go?"

"Never mind," said his mother, "I'll do
without it just now;" and she did without
it then, and there has not been a drop of in-
toxicating liquor in her house since.

New Spring Bonnets, Hats, &c.

ALBION HOUSE.

WE have received per "Eastern City," 5 cases
containing a choice assortment of BONNETS,
ALSO—Misses', Boys' and Youth's HATS, FLATS,
BONNET SHAPES, &c. &c.
BEARD & VENNING.

TO LET.
THE SHOP in Union Street, No. 139, lately oc-
cupied by DOCTOR BEATTIE as an office.
mar11

Notice of Co-Partnership.
W. E. the undersigned, having entered into Co-
partnership under the style and firm of ENNIS &
GARDNER, will continue the business done by
SAMUEL GARDNER, at No. 55 King Street, under
the above name, from this date.
St. John, Jan. 26.

China, Earthenware, &c. &c.
The Subscriber having last winter visited the vast
China Earthenware Manufactories in Staffordshire,
made such selections therefrom as will give satisfac-
tion both to City and Country, will receive by Pack-
et ship "John Barbour" —

40 cases China and common Earthenware;
5 cases Black Teapots;
By Packet ship "Athens,"

50 cases China and common Ware;
10 cases CHINA TEA, TOYS, etc.;
10 cases Lustre Ware;
10 cases Black and Yellow Ware;
20 dozen Stone JUGS, with Bread Pans, Jars, etc.;
3 cases Glassware.

ALSO ON HAND:
5000 pieces Milk Pans; 2000 Butter Crocks, etc.; etc.;
and 100 dozen Jugs; and a further supply will be com-
ing by each packet. And all he asks of those who want
such selections therefrom as will give satisfaction to
purchasers, is, to take a look into his establishment,
and satisfy themselves that it is the best selection and
lowest price at any other house in this part of Her
Majesty's dominions.
[MEXAS Westm'd Times 2m; Wm Wm 1m.]

Glass Ware. Glass Ware.
THE Subscriber has received a new lot of Fluid
LAMP GLASS, FINEST EXTINGUISHERS, Tum-
blers, Plain, French and Hot Water do.; Glass
Plates, Dish, Decanters, Spoon Holders, gilt and
plain; Candy Jars, Fluid Wick, &c. Low for Cash,
by Jan 29.—3m

THE Subscriber has on hand a quantity of TIN
PARAFFINE LAMPS, which he will sell whole-
sale or retail at low price. PARAFFINE OIL AND
FLUID kept on retail.
A. N. PETERS,
Union Street.

CHINA! CHINA! CHINA!
NOW OPENED.
A New Lot of Cheap China Ware in Tea and Break-
fast Sets, comprising a variety of the newest
Patterns, Selling at a very low figure for Cash, by
HENRY ROBERTSON,
No. 3, St. Stephens Building,
King Square.

Pale Seal Oil.
ASKS, (a very superior article), landing this
day per "Julia," from Halifax, and will be
sold low from the wharf before storing by
JOHN J. WRIGHT,
24, South Wharf

Leather! Leather!
Received per Brig "Bilow":
IDES of a superior quality (Extra heavy)
New York Sole LEATHER. For sale low
J. CHRISTIE,
55, King-street.

STONE Ware.
STONE Butter Crocks, covered; Buckwheat JUGS,
all sizes; some very good; 1 tone Ware Fancy
JUGS; together with the varied Stock on hand, will
be sold low,
TEOS. CLERKE,
42 King Square.

A. & T. GILHOUGH,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
No. 10, King Street, Saint John, N. B.
HAVE just received per Steamer "Anglo Saxon"
and "Emperor," their first Spring Importation,
consisting of a splendid assortment of Black and Fan-
ciful DOBSONS, COATING, TROUSERS, &c., &c.
ON HAND—A few Raglan, Sack, and Business
Coats, made up to suit those that by business or other
matters never think of leaving their order until they
want them. These Coats are got up in the best style
and latest fashion.
mar19

50, KING STREET,
R. R. PAGE,
WATCHMAKER.

And dealer in WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWEL-
RY. 50, King Street, St. John, N. B.
Particular attention given to WATCH REPAIR-
ING.
mar19

JOHN C. MINTOSH,
No. 45, Dock Street,
SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

MANUFACTURER OF SHIP BREAD, FINE
BISCUIT, and all sorts of FANCY CAKE. All
orders from the country carefully and punctually at-
tended to, and goods delivered on board Steamers and
other vessels, free of expense.

TO LET—Possession given 1st May next—
The lower FLAT of a well finished house, sit-
uated corner St. David and Union Streets. Rent mo-
derate. Apply to
JOHN J. WRIGHT,
24, South Wharf

HATS AND CAPS.
Fall and Winter Styles.
The Subscriber has received per Arthur Adams, from
London, HATS, Fall Style, Alce from
the UNITED STATES, a large Stock of autumn
and Fall HATS, various styles and colors; LADIES'
FURS; BUFFALO COATS and Driving Cloaks; and
HATS, &c. &c. Also on hand—A large assortment
of HATS and CAPS, Domestic manufacture, all of
which will be sold Wholesale and Retail, at very low
prices. Call and examine.
HATS and CAPS made to order by Conformer
Measure.
Cash paid for Shipping FURS.
27 North King-street opposite Canterbury-st.
oct22

ENNIS & GARDNER,
55, King Street,
RESPECTFULLY call the attention of the Public
to their NEW GOODS, just received by Boston
per "Margaret A." consisting of New Dress Goods,
in PLAINS, STRIPES, and ROBES.

ALSO—Black SILKS, and Red and Colored Silk
VELVETS, now open for inspection, and will be sold
under the usual prices in consequence of their late ar-
rival. Call and see.
feb12

Winter is Coming. Winter is Come.
NOW IS THE TIME
TO buy your BELLS, BLANKETS, and HAR-
NESS, at 103 Union Street, where you will find
a good assortment of the above goods on hand—5
dozen "Body Strings BELLS;" 1 dozen black do.; 5
dozen common Neck Strings; HAMES, WHEELS,
Collars, Surcingle, Curry Combs, Brushes, Mane
Combs, Mane Brushes, Curry Cords, Worsted Tas-
sels, Dog Collars and Locks, Halters, BRIDLES,
Martingales, Double and Single HARNESS, on hand,
and will make to order all kinds of HARNESS. Call
and examine. They can recommend themselves, at
Mr. Crosby's Building, Union Street. Bring the
Cash along, and Remember
ROBERT COLLINS,
St. John, Nov. 19, 1857. 103 Union St.

A New Article.
LADIES' AND MISSES' RUBBER BOOTS, Draw
Tops, the latest ever imported.
R. GOLDING,
nov. 20. No. 51, Prince William Street.

TO WHOLESALE BUYERS!
China, Glass, and Earthenware
Ex Baudicca, Adm'l, and Adelaide:
53 PACKAGES of the above class of Goods.
On hand, Milk Pans, Jugs, various sizes,
Butter Crocks, and a general assortment of cheap
Earthenware, for country trade.

G. F. EVERETT & CO., Agents for St. John
Thomas Walker & Son, Wholesale Agents, also for
Thomas Walker & Son, Wholesale Agents, also for
F. Record, R. D. McArthur, O. Arnold, S. L. Tilton,
Charles Elderbrook, Cunniff, and others, of
P. Thomas, Canning, Pauls, Briggs, Salmon, Rivers, &c.
G. Burpie, Chapman, H. & B. Babitt, Cook, Mince, &
G. W. C. Crandall, Springfield, &c. &c. &c. &c.
Springfield, Samuel Foster, Kingston, and John Taylor,
downtown; Salisbury; M. D. Harris, Moncton; J. W. H.
Hart, Dorchester; G. C. Charters, Westmoreland; &c. &c.
Sackville.

FLOR and PORK—Per Adelaide:
75 bbls. Baltimore Superior FLOUR;
15 bbls. Moss PORK. For sale by
H. H. WARD,
No. 10, York Point Slip.

SWEET & FALLS,
SHIP AND HOUSE CARVERS
13, Brunsells Street, St. John, N. B.
Opposite Fairbanks & Co.'s Sawing and Planing Mill.
ALL ORDERS FOR
—ALSO—
Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite Capitals
In short—Every description of Ship and House
Work neatly executed, and punctually attended to.
June 26

M. N. POWERS, UNDERTAKER
Respectfully gives notice that he will attend
all the duties connected with the manage-
ment of Funerals at the shortest notice; also keep
in his Warehouse a large assortment of Coffins,
every size and description, consisting of Mahogany,
Walnut, and covered, at all prices.
Also, a mounting of all descriptions—English
and American—Japaned and Plated. Plates En-
graved and Lettered. Grave Clothes of all
sizes and Qualities.

Orders left at Watercom or residence over We-
ron, thankfully received and promptly at-
tended to. M. N. P.
P. S.—Two superior Hearsees, with quiet horse
and careful driver. Falls, &c., furnished.
Aug. 16

HATS, CAPS AND FURS
FOR SALE AT
No. 24, King Street.
A. A. B. SMITH.

OTTER CAPS a superior quality at reduced
prices by
BEAVER CAPS, best qualities, at reduced
prices by
FUR CAPS in great variety, at reduced prices
by
SILK PLUSH CAPS, latest styles at reduced
prices by
CLOTH CAPS, a large lot of the latest and
most improved patterns at 24 King Street.
A. A. B. SMITH.

GENTS, GLOVES, in Buck Skin, Seal, and
Fur at reduced prices by
A. A. B. SMITH.

BOYS' BUCK SKIN MITTS, very cheap
at
March 5
A. A. B. SMITH.

SHAPE and size of Head taken by Conformer
measure and HATS made to order, at
style or quality, at short notice, and warranted to
fit. Orders respectfully solicited.
D. H. HALL,
41, King-street.

150 BLS. Extra Super FLOUR;
55 bbls. CORN MEAL;
25 bbls. Peterburg Extra, a very choice New
York Flour, &c. &c. and Corn Meal from New York
For sale by
mar10 HAMILTON & UNDERHILL

PREPARED WAX—Coloured and prepared
for making Flowers. Just received from
GULFORD S. REED'S.

LONDON GOODS.
Landing ex "Arthur White," from London—
2000 K. & S. asd sizes, Brandy, N. 1, 100
3 pikes and 3000, Raw Lined Oil; 2 pipes and 2
hds. Double Boiled do.; 1 tin white