

Poetry.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

Oh for one hour of joyful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright haired boy
Than reign a gray-haired king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one siddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said,
"If but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish had sped."

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the winter for day?"

"Ah, trust soul of woman-kind!
Without thee, what were life!
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my precious—wife!"

"The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew:
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

"Why, yes, for memory would recall
My fond past joys:
I could not bear to leave them all
I'll take—my girl—and—boys!"

"The smiling angel dropped his pen—
"Why this will never do!
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

"And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise:
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys."
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"To the Memory of Ellen Gordon."

"This is my parting gift, dear Alice," said a school girl to her friend, placing a Bible in her hand.

"Thank you, dear Nell! How handsomely it is bound!" said Alice with a glance of admiration.

"Do more than look at the cover, dear, for my sake—for your own," said the first speaker gravely.

"I will; but you know I never could pore over my Bible morning and evening as you do."

"Why not?" asked Ellen.

"Oh, my poor silly head could not bear so much thinking!"

The elder girl looked thoughtfully upon her friend for a few minutes, and then said, "Alice I shall pray for you."

"Do, said Alice, running to arrange her hair at the glass; "I should not like you to forget me, Nell."

"We have time, dear, let us kneel together here—how can you say that we shall meet again on earth?"

The thoughtless one was touched; she placed her hand within that of her friend, and they bent the knee together.

Earnestly Ellen prayed for her, that she might be awakened from her carelessness, convinced of sin, and led to seek for pardon through the blood of the Crucified; trembling she alluded to her own shortcomings in the time they had spent together, her want of faithfulness to her companion, her neglect of opportunity for religious conversation, and her cold prayers in her behalf; and with intense emotion she implored the blessing of her God upon the reading of his Holy Word, when in days to come her parting gift was opened.

"Oh, Ellen," Alice cried, as they arose, "if I were but like you!"

"Say rather, dear, if I were, but what God commands?" then, Alice, all were well."

"But what does God command?"

"That you seek pardon for your sins by faith in Jesus—that is one thing," replied Ellen.

"Ah!" said the other, "It is still the same old story."

"Alice!"

"I mean," said Alice, in answer to her friend's sad look, "you always say so much about my sins."

"I know I do. Why should I not, when I am well assured that you will never seek for pardon till you feel your guilt?"

"There it is. I am no great sinner; when you bid me repent; I can think of nothing to repent of."

"Dear Alice, do not speak like this!"

"It is the truth," said Alice. "But I hear the carriage wheels; kiss me once more, and say you have forgiven me, Nell."

"I have nothing to forgive," said Ellen, with a heavy heart; "ask pardon of God, dear friend, it is against him you have sinned."

And so they parted: Alice to her fair home in the sunny south, and Ellen to her equal loved hearth-circle in a colder clime. On earth they met no more.

Two years had passed, and in the gaieties amongst which she moved, Alice Monro had well-nigh learned to forget her early friend. True, in the quiet of evening, or when some disappointment had shadowed her fair brow, she would at times turn back to the true heart which had once shared her griefs, and for a moment wonder where Miss Gordon, as she called her now, could be. But that was all. Alice, after the first six months, had been "too much engaged" to write, and Ellen's three last letters remained still unanswered. One evening—it was Sunday, and she said she had nothing else to do—Alice sat in her room turning over her drawers and arranging her wardrobe. The sun was setting gloriously, and crimson rays fell on her brow, and on the fair white hands so busily employed; but, though she ever and anon turned smilingly towards the west, her heart rose not in gratitude to Him who makes the sun to shine, and the reproach of her neglect of the day's duties which that day's last glance might have brought home to her, she heeded not.

Her mind, ever intent on trifles, was too much occupied just then in planning a new dress, to give much heed to lessons, even from the skies—unless, indeed, they were

so brought before her that it was impossible to escape from them.

In a far corner of a drawer but little used, there lay a book, tastelessly bound, evidently seldom opened. Presently Alice lighted on this book and started. It was the parting gift of Ellen Gordon! Irresolutely Alice laid it on one side—took it up again, and carelessly turned over the leaves. At last she paged at the page on which Ellen had so beautifully written her name—"To my own Alice!"

How reproachfully it looked at her! She was about to close the book, when a paper fell from between the leaves. On it, in Ellen's hand, was a list of passages for Alice's perusal. Almost unconsciously she turned to the first of these—*How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?*

The clouds grew dim, and twilight deepened into night, yet there sat Alice still, those words for ever sounding in her ear, the voice of conscience echoing them in the recesses of the heart!

Truly, the word of God is quick and powerful!

Alice had scarcely risen next morning when a note was put into her hand. The postmark brought the colour to her cheek. All night she had, awake or sleeping, had the image of her friend before her; and now the morning brings a letter, which, though not addressed in Ellen's hand, must surely be from her!

Quickly she glanced over the first few lines then sinking into a chair—"it cannot be," she said; "it shall not be! Oh, Ellen, Ellen!"

Then with eyes filled with tears she read still more:—"I am very weak, dear Alice, almost too weak to write; but I must tell you once again how much I love you, and how much I pray for you. Write, dear, and tell me whether you have yet found peace with God through Christ, whether you read my little Bible, and whether you and I may hope to meet in heaven!"

"She shall not die!" cried Alice, passionately, but the sound of her own voice mocked her as she spoke.

How vain such words! As she read on, she knew that death must come. Calmly her friend spoke of the solemn hour—so near to her; sweetly she expressed her confidence that Jesus would be with her in it; lovingly she sent her last appeal to Alice, written with a hand so trembling as to be scarcely legible; and then in firmer characters there came a few brief lines, a saying that the note had lain for several days unfinished, and that at last Ellen, who had abandoned hope of ever holding pen again, had desired a friend to trace the concluding lines. One kind message followed, and that was all; ere this, perhaps, the room in which those words were penned had become the chamber of death!

The lesson of the previous evening, the thrilling words of Ellen—the memory of their last interview, all came on Alice with a power it was vain to resist. Tremblingly she sat down to reply to Ellen's note—she could not write much—there was a plea for forgiveness, a record of her conviction of sin, and earnest desires after pardon, and peace with God—there was almost broken-hearted expression of sympathy with her friend, and the beloved ones around her, in this deepening sorrow—and there were anticipations of the joys which soon would break upon the vision of the departing spirit, such as Alice a few days before could not have uttered.

When the letter was written and despatched, her inclination would have prompted her to sit down waiting the result, thinking of none but Ellen; conscience, however, whispered, "Nay, to-day is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation," and she felt that she must not rest until she had found peace. How important is the resolution of the sin-convinced enquirer—if made in humble dependence upon God—"I will give myself no rest until I can say, 'Christ is mine!'"

Again the little Bible was brought forth, and tears such as the angels love to see, fell on the open page. The texts which Ellen had referred to in her letter, and those indicated by the paper she had found the night before, were sought for, and eagerly, prayerfully read; the letters Ellen had sent in the early days of their separation were called for from their hiding-places, and their appeals perused as they had never been before. In weeping and in prayer she passed the night;—just as the morning sun appeared above the hills, the Son of Righteousness shone on her soul with healing in his beams—she had trusted in Jesus for salvation, and the night of sin's dark reign had fled for ever!

There were not wanting those around who said that she was mad—those she loved best in the wide world amongst them; but Alice kept straight on. Soon it was obvious that the world had lost its hold; the theatre, the ball-room, and the race-course, charmed no longer. As daughter, sister, friend, she strove to let no duty pass neglected by, no labour of love go unperformed, but she felt that she had a Master above all, and that henceforth she must live to Him.

A week had passed away, when, as she sat one evening dwelling upon the events which, in God's hand, were instrumental in her conversion, Alice received the letter she so anxiously expected. At the first glance she knew that all was over. Ellen was dead!

It was a touching letter, from the sister of the now glorified one. In it she spoke of Ellen's earnest prayers for her old friend, of her joy on the receipt of that incoherent but expressive note, of her broken words of love which she desired should be repeated to "her Alice," of her calm yet triumphant death, and of the beautiful repose of the pale features in their last long sleep. Alice could only weep, and pray, and weep again.

And evermore, in one young heart at least, the memory of Ellen Gordon is enshrined. In the grey dawn, at evening beneath the stars, in sorrow, and in life's serene joy, there comes to Alice, like an angel guest, the vision of her friend—the friend who was, to her, the instrument of everlasting good.

Oh, could we all leave some good memories behind! Could we but lead one soul to Jesus, and then die, it were a glorious thing! May it be ours to do far more than this, and using every opportunity that God may give, turn many souls to righteousness!

Ye thoughtless, careless ones, who have not yet begun to seek true joy, may it be given you, too, to wake from your deep slumber ere it be too late;—for "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Can we be wrong in calling this brief tale wherein the story of her work of faith is so beautifully told—a tablet "To the Memory of Ellen Gordon?"

Personal Preaching.

"Sir," said a lady, one fine Sunday, to a clergyman, just after the morning service was concluded, "sir, I hope you will not preach that sermon again."

"Why not, madam?"

"It was so very personal."

"Indeed what part of it?"

"O! that part of it about worldly-mindedness and covetousness."

"But how could that be personal—the remarks were general enough?"

"You may not have intended to apply it personally, but the congregation will."

"To whom, madam?"

"Why, to me."

The lady and the clergyman parted, but not very cordially, as she could not extort from him a promise "never to preach on worldly-mindedness any more." A week passed over, and on the Sunday following, the same clergyman preached on the subject of "providing all things honest," &c.; his text occurring in the services of the day, which generally guided him in the selections of his subjects. "In this sermon," (thought he,) there is surely nothing to rouse the feelings of the lady who complained of the former discourse;" but on the following morning as he was bringing his letters from the post-office, he encountered the lady's coachman.

"If you please," said John, touching his hat, "if you please, sir, I can explain all about the hats."

"Explain all about the hats, John! I don't understand you."

"Why, sir, the hats as you preached about yesterday."

"Yes; I quite understand you."

"That's more than I can do as to you, John; pray explain yourself?"

"Why, sir, you see, Misses and me had a row about the lively hats; and me, sir, and the butler and footman, felt sure as how Misses had set you to preach to us."

"Well, John, call at my place on your way home."

John did so, and the sermon was produced and read to him.

"Yes, that's it," said John.

"Can you read writing, John?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now look at the outside of that sermon, and you see that it was written twelve years ago; and the reason it was preached yesterday, was because the text came in course of the service. I know nothing about you quarrel, and your mistress has not spoken to me since the Sunday before last."

John confessed himself satisfied.

"I see, John, that hats will sometimes fit as well as caps. God morning to you."

Anxiety.

When Whitelocke was embarking, in 1653 for Sweden, he was greatly burdened with anxiety at the distracted state of England. Resting at Harwich on the night preceding his departure, his mind was sorely distressed and disturbed. It happened, it is said, that a faithful servant lay in a bed close by, who, finding that his master was unable, from anxiety, to sleep, at length said, "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly," said Whitelocke. "Pray, sir, don't you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Undoubtedly," "And pray sir don't you think he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly," "Then, sir, don't you think you may trust him to govern it properly as long as you live?" To this question Whitelocke had nothing to reply; so, turning himself about, he wisely dropped his burden, and was soon fast asleep.

A WORD TO IDLERS.—A person once called and introduced himself by saying that "he was come to spend an idle hour with Mr. Benson." "Be assured," said that eminent man, "that Mr. Benson has no idle hours. From seventeen to eighteen hours he spends every day, either in reading, or praying, or preaching. Besides, he is going to preach this evening; and he mostly spends an hour upon his knees before he goes into the pulpit." With some degree of confusion, the person withdrew; and it was hoped that he learned, by the mode of his reception, never again to disturb ministers when they are preparing to preach, or to imagine that they have idle hours to spend with idle people, who are not conscious of the value of time.

Happiness.

It is not great wealth, nor high station, which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both. But it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials, and to enjoy little comforts, and which thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

Agricultural.

ROOTS FOR MILK COWS.—A Connecticut farmer (A. H. BYINGTON, of Norwalk), gives the following statement of the comparative value of different roots as winter food for cows drawn from careful experiment. Carrots prove to be the richest milk.—Sugar beets are next best; potatoes follow, and turnips class last in point, as to quality, but first as to quantity. In arriving at these conclusions they were fed pound for pound. He considers carrots are the best for small families when they desire but a small quantity of milk, but of richest quality and a fat, sleek looking cow. Turnips are best for those who sell milk, and desire to produce the greatest quantity.

WHAT MANURE WILL DO.—In speaking of manures and their almost re-creative power on worn out lands, the *Granite Farmer* says:—"No matter where or how our farms lie, or how good the soil may have been naturally, if fertility is now wanting, we shall possess a skeleton without the muscles or organs essential to a vigorous life; a store-house with the goods sold out; a manufactory without machinery or materials. Manures, properly applied, will clothe these bones with flesh; fill that exhausted store; make that manufactory once more active and profitable."

WINTERING HORSES.—An eastern farmer winters his horses, (as related in the Conn. State Transactions), with cut hay and carrots. In the morning each horse receives six or eight quarts of carrots, with half a bushel of cut hay; at night he has the same quantity of provender, consisting of oats and corn in the ear ground together. This keeps them in fine working order.

CHURNING MILK.—It is stated, as found from trial of both systems, that more and better butter can be produced from churning all the milk, than from churning the cream, only. Another advantage is stated to be, that the butter-milk churned from milk just turned, is better for promoting the growth of hogs, or even calves, than skimmed sweet milk. How does this accord with the experience of our dairymen subscribers?

English Register Grates. TWO very superior, complete with Fenders, Ash Pans, Fire Irons, Tickers, &c. For sale low. W. H. ADAMS. 11, South Wharf, dec 9

CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR.—For sale by DeForest & Perkins, 11, South Wharf, dec 9

THOMAS D. GARD. SILVERSMITH AND JEWELER. No. 25 Germain Street.

THANKS to the public for past favours, since he commenced business, leave to inform them that he is prepared to make at the shortest notice the Queen's Fiddle Pattern SILVER SPOONS and FOLKES.

ADAMS—Wedding Rings, Masonic Jewels, Temperance Emblems, &c. dec 10

CUT NAILS.—Cut Nails—Reduced Price.—3d, 4d, 5d, 6d, 7d, 8d, 9d, 10d, 11d, 12d, 13d, 14d, 15d, 16d, 17d, 18d, 19d, 20d, 21d, 22d, 23d, 24d, 25d, 26d, 27d, 28d, 29d, 30d, 31d, 32d, 33d, 34d, 35d, 36d, 37d, 38d, 39d, 40d, 41d, 42d, 43d, 44d, 45d, 46d, 47d, 48d, 49d, 50d, 51d, 52d, 53d, 54d, 55d, 56d, 57d, 58d, 59d, 60d, 61d, 62d, 63d, 64d, 65d, 66d, 67d, 68d, 69d, 70d, 71d, 72d, 73d, 74d, 75d, 76d, 77d, 78d, 79d, 80d, 81d, 82d, 83d, 84d, 85d, 86d, 87d, 88d, 89d, 90d, 91d, 92d, 93d, 94d, 95d, 96d, 97d, 98d, 99d, 100d. W. H. ADAMS. 11, South Wharf, dec 9

FRANGIPANII.—An eternal Perfume.—In Bottles and Sacks. For sale by THOMAS M. REED, Head of North Wharf, dec 16

GALLERY OF ART. SAUNDERS & DULAND. PROPRIETORS.

Poster's Corner, Corner of King & Germain Streets, St. John, N. B.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of the Public, to the above Card of SAUNDERS & DULAND, as Artists and Engravers, who are now in the Province, and a call at their rooms will satisfy the most fastidious as to the correctness of the art. ly 15 Jan 14

Rondeletia and Rondeletia Soap. Just received and for Sale by THOMAS M. REED, 57 King Street, dec 20

DAMAGED LINING COTTONS.—A few pieces damaged by Water, will be sold very low. BARBOUR & SEELY, 57 King Street, dec 23

MORE NEW DRY GOODS!!! For Packet Ship Importation. BARBOUR & SEELY.

ARE receiving the above vessel, another lot of reasonable GOODS, which will quite complete their Fall and Winter Assortment; and many other articles in their Stock on hand will make one of the most desirable to select from in the City.

Being determined to sell our Stock at such prices as will suit the present depressed state of the times, Wholesale and Retail, we are enabled to offer our Goods at a very low price. ly 15 Jan 14

Central Bank Notes taken to any amount in exchange for Goods. dec 16

NEW GOODS. NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE. 19 NORTH SIDE OF KING STREET. R. HUNTER.

HAS received per recent arrivals, a large assortment of BROAD CLOTHS, Milton and Sattara CLOTHS, Pilot, Beaver, Mohair, Siberian and Winter CLOTHS, GASEMBERS, DOREKINS, SATIN, NETS, VESTINGS, &c., which are being sold on the premises; and solicits the attention of intending purchasers to his present extensive Stock of Goods, at the lowest possible prices for approved payment.

The Stock comprises an immense assortment of CLOTHING—in Over Coats and Under Coats, in all the various materials, and most fashionable styles; VESTS and PANTS in great variety, and in all qualities and prices required. Over-all PANTS and FROCKS; Good quality's Patent India Rubber Goods, in Coats, Caps, Leggings, Hats, Gloves, Horse Covers, Waggon Boots, &c. &c. TRUNKS, Valises, Carpet Bags; HATS and CAPS in great variety; GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, consisting of Shirts, Shirt Stacks, Collars, Under Shirts and Drawers, Hdkfs, Stockings, Neckties, Night Caps, Hosiery, Gloves, Braces, Umbrellas, &c. &c. Garments made to order in the most fashionable style at the shortest notice. No second Price—All Goods marked in Plain Figures. R. H. HUNTER. 19 North Side of King Street, (oct 1)

Dyspepsia, or Ill-digested Band Nervous Sufferers MARTYRS TO HEADACHE. WEAVER'S DYSPEPSIA REMEDY FOR HUMANITY. Look here, good men, for you!

Devote a few moments to the consideration of the TONIC EXTRACT, A Medicine which possesses extraordinary virtues, and has made many cures.

THE proprietor has been for years experimenting and endeavouring to discover a medicine, which could be relied upon to cure Dyspepsia, and is happy to inform the afflicted that he has at last succeeded beyond expectations; having never known an instance where the Tonic Extract failed to do good.

It is necessary, however, to use this medicine according to the printed directions, which accompany each bottle. This may, in some cases, involve self-denial on the part of the patient, but the only course which will bring about restoration to health.

This medicine is introduced for the sole purpose of making money; it is a useful article, and ought to be generally known. The Proprietor proposes to supply the afflicted with the Tonic Extract, upon the recommendation of a respectable party, on condition that the patients, will from time to time, make a statement of the effects of the medicine.

The Tonic Extract will make the stomach give good appetite, and bring about a regular state of the system; and there will be a prospect of health and long life. The Proprietor takes the liberty of using the name of the Rev. J. H. B. in his advertisement, for a reference in support of the good qualities of this medicine. The Tonic Extract is put up in four ounce phials—price is 2s per phial. Invented, Prepared, and sold by JOHN CHALONER, Apothecary, 101, King Street, St. John, N. B. (oct 19)

BALL HEAD DRESSES. SAMUEL BROWN, 37 King Street, HAS just received a superior assortment of the following Goods—suitable for Bridal Dress and Ball occasions: Large Evening FLOERS; Head DRESSES; Evening Dress and Fancy SILKS; RIBBONS, FEATHERS, &c., &c. dec 24

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS. Corner of King & Prince William Streets. MURKISSON. RETAIL DEPARTMENT. HAVING re-maked the whole of our large and well assorted STOCK, Retail Purchasers will be supplied with every description of DRY GOODS, suitable for winter wear, at astonishing low prices.

Having, in addition, particular attention to their Silk and Shawl Department, the stock of which being large, they are determined to sell at such prices that will command a speedy clearance. BLANKETS, GLOVES, FAMILY MOURNING. oct 22 19

STOP AND READ! THE PUBLIC BENEFITED. Undersigned's Notice. HUTCHINGS BURNHAM, has prepared to take charge of Funerals, furnishing COFFINS, either in Mahogany, Rosewood, Walnut, or Covered, trimmed up in the latest styles. Also, a splendid assortment of Coffins, every other article required, and of which will be furnished to order, at the lowest prices. HUTCHINGS BURNHAM, 101, King Street, opposite Church Street, nov 27

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STOP AND READ! THE PUBLIC BENEFITED. Undersigned's Notice. HUTCHINGS BURN